The International Times No 7 Jan 30-Feb 12, 1967 1/s

INNER/OUTER SPACE

WAR IN ETERNITY
ALLEN GINSBERG
FLYING SAUCERS

EROTIC

PULLOUT NOW

PAGE 8-9

ARREST THE HOME SECRETARY

TO the Chairman of the Bench, Bow Street Magistrates Court, London WC2. January, 1967: "Both the Home Secretary and the Director of Public Prosecutions have adopted a policy of silence and inaction. In so doing, these two public officers have exposed themselves to a charge of misprison of felony with intent to obstruct and pervert the course of justice. Therefore, on February 6, I shall make application at your Court for their arrest and trial on a joint indictment." These are the words of John Taylor still in pursuit of justice on the Fletcher Case. The facts of the case are as follows:

On July 27, 1961, at Warwick Assizes before Mr. Justice Sir Edmund Davies, Alice (Hayes) Fletcher and Roy Fletcher were convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment, which sentence they are still serving. In October of last year, John Taylor presented a dossier to the Home Secretary which he claims conclusively establishes that the Fletchers are innocent and that their conviction was obtained by the perjured testimony and other criminal actions perpetrated by certain police officers serving with the Birmingham Criminal Investigation department. Since then, the Home Secretary has taken no action and declined to comment on the mater. A copy of the dossier was recently forwarded to The Council of Europe submitting that the Fletcher Case is a fit and proper matter to set before the European Court. And John Taylor has written the following letter to the Home Secretary:

It is customary when charges of a serious nature are levelled at Police Officers for those officers to be suspended from duty pending an official investigation.

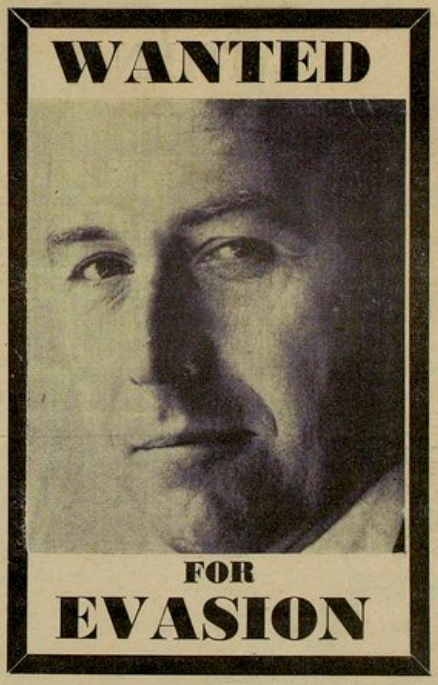
THEATRE OF ACTION

INTERNATIONAL TIMES with the kind assistance of Columbus Arts Productions Ltd., presents

"THE FLETCHER FILE" (not a play) by John Taylor, edited and adapted (not for stage) by Lee Harris, Presentational supervision (not direction) J. Henry Moore.

AT THE ROUNDHOUSE (AGAIN?), 5th FEBRUARY, 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. Prices: matinee 2/6, evening 5/-. Chairs 5/- extra.

On the 26th. October, 1966, a dossier was handed into your office containing accusations and supporting evidence against the Commander and Co-Ordinator of the Midland Regional Crime Squad, Assistant Chief Constable Gerald Baumber, charging him with perjury and with originating a conspiracy to obtain the conviction of Alice and Roy Fletcher on a charge of murder.



In maintaining your silence over the wrong and unjust conviction of the Fletchers' it has not gone un-noticed that you have further failed to take cognisance of the evidence proving the original actions of certain Birmingham C.I.D. officers.

Whilst I concede that in taking no action you are merely continuing the policy of your predecessor who gave Home Office immunity to rogue policemen such as Challenor and those Birmingham C.I.D. Officers who were the subject of the Machent Report (who incidentally were under the direct command of Mr. Baumber) your decision and inaction in nonetheless, in law, a felony.

Apart from publicly displaying your obvious contempt for the ordinary principles of law and common injustice, your policy may be equated with 'misprision.'

In the latter part of 1965 in a case, the first of it's kind, a man was charged with criminal libel in that he accused a police officer with the stealing of £10 and, on conviction was sentenced to thre years imprisonment. In my letter to the Director of Public Prosecutions dated 5th. November, a copy of which was sent to you, I quoted the foregoing case and publicly named the police officers together with my accusations. In 'The International Times' dated 10th. November, 1966, copies of which were sent to both you and the D.P.P. these allegations were repeated and the officers were named.

If the evidence contained in my dossier of 'The Fletcher Case' is not accepted by you as being conclusive in establishing the innocence of the Fletchers' and the guilt of Mr. Gerald Baumber—I challenge you, the D.P.P. or Mr. Baumber himself to prosecute me for criminal libel. Alternatively, explain why the man who was sentenced to thre years imprisonment was presented for a relatively minor libel whilst I go scot free.

Your silence in these matters is eloquent enough and, in those circumstances, I have to advise you that, in the absence of positive action by you I shall, on the 6th. February, at Bow Street Magistrates' Court apply to that Court for the arrest and trial of yourself and the Director of Public Prosecutions on a joint indictment of Misprision of felony with intent to obstruct and pervert the course of justice.

OPEN THE JAILS! THERE IS NO JUSTICE!

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EDITORIAL

THE

A MOSAIC THIS WEEK: been hearing interesting facts about the housing problem. Watch future issues for details on how those new Rent Acts have failed to prevent Rachmanism. Recent case in Marylebone, London: ceiling fell in, injured child. Landlord paid tenant 50 pound bribe to keep it out of court—but didn't repair ceiling. When things like this are happening, why do I get hysterical about LSD. Housing problem, inner freedom problem end up being equivalent. Cathy Come Home and Be Buddha.. We've stuck our necks out, with John Taylor's tough neck, by publishing this week's front page. The point is that the Home Office and Co. are loathe to prosecute which indicates . . . . somebody's got something to hide. The structure of "authority." Note that Britain, usually considered to have an enlightened policy on heroin addiction, needs

KINGDOM

American researchers to comment on the rise of addiction in this country. Note that America's policy on heroin addicteion is worldwide regarded as a complete fuck-up.. So why aren't the Americans taking advice from us?

Probably because one Henry J. Anslinger, head of American Narcotics Bureau for years, remember Naked Lunch, has moved into control of United Nations' narcotic section. Hear them sound out against LSD, put pressure on Britain. Watch each man extend his power. If the housing problem of most of Britain's H-addicts were dealt with, there wouldn't be so much heroin on the black market: the addicts wouldn't need to hustle and peddle so much for money. The North Kensington Playspace Group are setting up mile-and-half long adventure playground for adults underneath a fly-over. Western Avenue Extension, in a high-density slum area. Students from the Kingston School of Architecture and London School of Economics are helping on the project.

IS

Research is being done to see what kinds of amenities immigrant groups in the area would like installed.

But for good or ill? My own final word on psychedelics is that for me they were necessary to "open the door" on the mystical experience. To achieve permanent enlightenment they are useless. A state of permanent enlightenment implies no reliance on an external agent. But LSD did open the door. Black power, white power? "If I told my neighbour that I would like my children to go to a better school than they are going to now, or that I would like them to eat better, or if I said what kind of job I could envisage them having when they grow up, and all things like that he will accept reluctantly or otherwise. He will sit and talk with me, he will observe me trying to map out my child's future. This to him will not be offensive. In the same way, people of some ethnic group sit together planning their own future using the type of words I used with my neighbour. It will not be too upsetting. Yet if I said to my neighbour, I want power, he will panic. He will

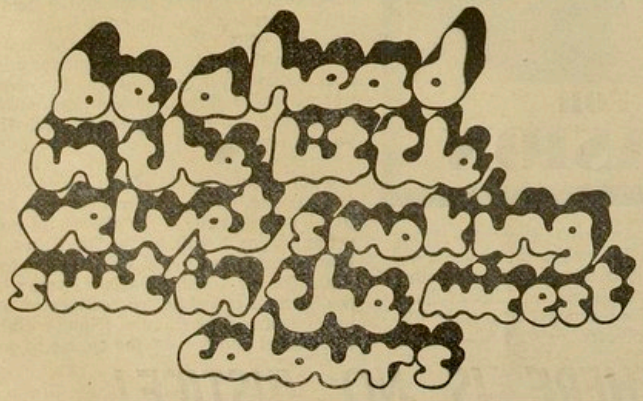
WITHIN YOU

see himself and his existence threatened. It is my contention that the right to plan one's own destiny is in itself power. Without it the basic ingredients in being a man is lost. That is dignity. Without this you are nothing, less than human, facsimiles of something once good, once beautiful, created in the image of God himself." Thus spake Michael Abdul Malik, leader of the nearest Britain has got to a Black Nationalist movement.

Study Marx, the I Ching, pray to Christ, dig Trotsky. Be a provo, don't join anything.

TOM McGRATH

at HUNG ON YOU 22 CALE ST. CHELSEA. for around £20



MILES

UFO in Tottenham Court Road affords us a unique oportunity to examine the London "Underground" generations. They would seem to consist of the following: The young kids (under 20) brought up on plastic toys, TV, sweets and 1950's rock 'n' roll. They live for enjoyment and love each other though they seem to have little tolerance for people not of their 'type'. They are capable of amazing free expression and lack of inhibition which is often the envy of the next generation up (over 20) who were brought up on illustrated volumes of "The Great War in Pictures", Dad's war stories, rationing and Frankie Laine. They committed themselves when younger to CND and worked out political positions for themselves to some degree of precision. After this they went one of two ways: They either sold-out for a mortgage and respectable job and continue to live vicariously on stories of jazz-musicians, drugs, extreme left-wing action, and complicated evaluations of all the above, or they carried on UFO. The former find UFO a safe outlet to commit themselves to in that it doesn't threaten their jobs etc., though it does little as yet to relieve their guilt at having sold-out but they are working on it. The latter have moved through CND, travelled, probably worked free-lance, gone through a number of changes and attempted to make a number of changes and are still trying. There are also people who know what they want to do and have just done it because no-one has got round to stopping them one of the joys of bureaucracy being so out-of-touch. Then there are the Americans, brought up on comic-book-heros, Cocoa-Cola, baseball and apparantly significant radio serials who are responsible to a degree for the professionalism and hustling that goes on round town. Many Americans see present day London as in an embroyonic state of the American west coast three years ago but they forgot that only superficially is Britain like the USA, in language, clothes, etc., deep down we associate more with Trotsky than with President Wilson, Dandy and Beano than with Superman & Captain Marvel. If Beano had been distributed in the States things might well be different! The direction of UFO and the other activities like it is very good, it allows the fulfillment of ideas; improvising to films of US propoganda, 'cartoon' theatre, "real folk happenings", and fosters a clothes revolution of its own: mini skirts reach mini-mum, Elizabeth Arden gives way to Woolworths spray-gold (paint), BriNyLon is replaced with Melanex . . .

* * *

The underground revolution starts with putting its own house in order: It introduces movies, slides, theatre, and events at dances, it has its own newspapers, movies, artists and galleries, presses, poets and writers, a possibility would be its own bank and money: The bank of Eire is just a private checking account with the Bank of England, the bank notes and coins just printed cheques drawn on its account! It expands the mind. Many of its members narrow down their view of life by being stoned all the time and attempt to restrict it even more by controlling their environment with more carpets, cars, higher fi, same high quality ba'albeck — no new elements allowed to creep in. The 'underground' has the edge of surprise in it, it surprises everyone. A freak in nature grows according to its own set of laws (the law of freaks — each one different) and we recognise that everyone has his own set of motivations. UFO as an organic structure cannot be planned, therefore predicted, only its existence can be advertised! Intuitive understanding will no doubt come into avant-garde advertising in a greater scale. Already many posters are un-readable but communicate perfectly on an intuitive level: Mick English is a master of this art.

* * *

This no doubt stems from this generations fathers' returning from the war and finding themselves inarticulate and unable to explain the changes they have been through and the things that they have done and seen. It was understood intuitively that Europe has this vast common experience which has never been articulated. Superman has nothing on this as a common symbol. The intuitive poster art, words to songs that are not quite understandable, superimpositions in fi'ms that don't quite focus into a subject all move us toward the new era: groups like the Pink Floyd where the melodic line has gone and been replaced by feedback, up and coming groups like the much hailed **Editorial Board,** who use fragmented texts by Apollinaire and Burroughs and whose music is a collage of all known types of popular and otherwise music (electronic, trad, skiffle, indian . . .) correspond to books like John Lennon's "In His Own Write", impressions of the childhood of a specific generation in a specific socio-economic situation. To return to the Underground, we should re-name the thing the LONDON ELEVATED and revive the Gothic tradition of "The higher you get the nearer to God"

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WAS BEN BARKA WORKING FOR DE GAULLE?

THE homes of hundreds of families may be threatened by the failure of the English banking firm, Davies Investment Ltd., which ceased business on January 20. The company, through various subsidiaries, owns houses in many parts of London, especially in the Notting Hill and Clapham-Wandsworth areas. As IT went to press, the company was in the hands of the liquidators and the fate of the properties could not be discussed.

These properties, bought by Mr. Davies a few years ago at a very cheap price, are mostly rented out to immigrants both European (particularly Irish) and coloured (West Indian, African, Pakistanis etc). The immigrants find "rent tribunals" and other procedures set up by the government to avoid landlord exploitation too difficult to understand to be useful. As a result, the Davies properties are appalling slums equal to the fruits of Rachman. The **Guardian**, January 23, describes some of them.

Extracts from this report will appear folded-in to this page.

A "Guardian" reporter visited several premises owned by the Davies group in a single street just off the Portobello Road in North Kensington. These houses— 1 to 9 Colville Gardens—were originally divided into flats, but these flats have in turn been subdivided to house two, three, or four families. One result of this is that the bathrooms and lavatories — mostly combined rather than separate—may be used by as many as 10 people.

Torture, vice and blackmail at Tucker Prison Farm, Arkansas, USA. A report released by the State's new governor, Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller, alleges that inmates of prison had meat once a month, eggs once a year, and that some had to go filthy, ragged and barefoot in a reign of terror conducted by armed

Torture

"trusty" prisoners. There is no justice. Open the jails. "Trusties" had key to gunroom where they obtained firearms, knives, knuckle-dusters, blackjacks, hatchets, cut-throat razors etc. They disarmed officers at the gate when Governor Rockefeller made an inspection trip to Tucker earlier this month. Since the scandal, three sub-wardens have been dismissed; the pension given to Mr. Jim Bruton, former head of the prison farm, is being questioned by the Governor; a full report on the affair has been passed to the Jefferson County prosecutor, Mr. Joe Holmes, for action. He is believed to be reluctant to act c.f. Britain's Home Secretary, Mr. Roy Jenkins' lack of comment and action on the Fletcher Case. Universal Establishment Diseases Inc.

YES, ACCORDING TO CONSIDERED AND WELL-INFORMED OPINION IN PARIS, BEN BARKA WAS EMPLOYED BY DE GAULLE TO FIX UP A TREATY WITH CHINA. THE AMERICANS DIDN'T LIKE THIS MUCH, SO . . . .

Cape Town, January 23: South African millionaires Mr. Harry Oppenheimer, of Anglo-American Corporation and French concerns, including the Banque de Paris et Des Pays Bas, about to sign agreement for £30 project to mine Mauritanian copper. Exploiters of the world unite. Blow up your local capitalists. At the time we wondered why France abstained on sanctions against Rhodesia vote in UN. France has doubled exports to South Africa by about 200 per cent in past five years. Military deals include supply of helicopters. French firms have also won big contracts in extensive dam building and electricity supply projects. Oh yes, and there is all that American investment in France.

STORM PARLIAMENT ON HOUSING ON FEBRUARY 15.

Further details next issue. Council and private tenants in Greater London have set up their own co-ordinating committee to campaign for a rent freeze for council tenants and lower rents for private tenants. First major activity will be to make these demands at a lobby of parliament on February 15, designed to coincide with committee stage of new Housing Subsidies Bill. They will urge MPs to FIGHT FOR HOUSING TO BE MADE A SOCIAL SERVICE.

WILSON AND BROWN: OK, KILL 200,000 CHILDREN

REPORTED that 200,000 Vietnamese children killed by US and its Saigon ally in last five years. 750,000 children wounded. Source: William F. Pepper, director of the New Rochelle Commission on Human Rights, January issue of Ramparts magazine. Pepper's revelation was disputed in Washington but not denied. Washington's latest "peace overture" was not taken seriously by most UN delegations. Defence Department, December 23 last year:

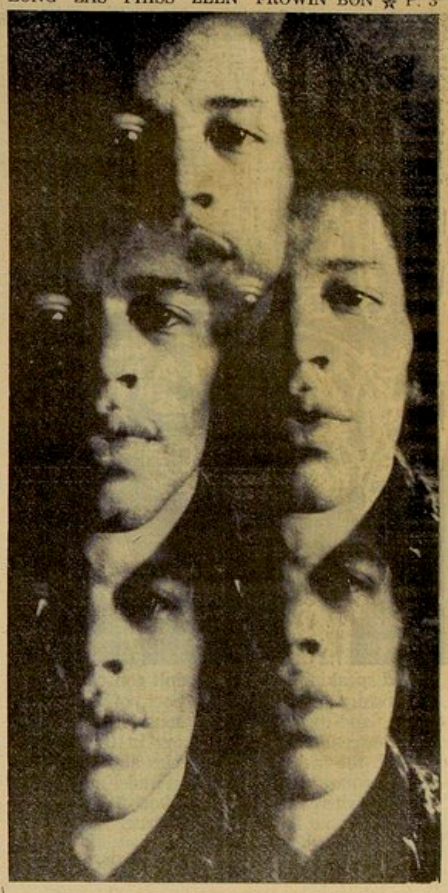
"We have no information which supports this kind of contrived speculation . . . . As had been said repeatedly, U.S. forces in Vietnam are under direct orders to avoid civilian casualties. The article pointedly fails to differentiate between civilian casualties resulting from accidents and those resulting from deliberate acts of communist terror and brutality. The moment aggression ceases there will be no civilian casualties."

Sic. Sic. Sick. Its alright, Mummy, I'm only a civilian casualty resulting from an accident. Herod rides again. Wisconsin Indians will receive $1,313,472 for land taken from them. The settlement of the claim, filed by two groups known as the Oneida and the Stockbridge-Munsee Indians of Wisconsin, was announced on January 17.

U.S. TO ABOLISH NIGHT with space mirror

International row brewing over American space plan to turn night into day. Idea is to put into orbit giant mirrors, each measuring 2,000 feet across, hanging 22,300 miles out in space. These would catch sun's rays and focus them on dark side of earth to produce, in effect, round-the-clock daylight. Glow would have twice brilliance of full moon, US Defence Department and National Space Administration have ordered a £175,000 "feasibility study" of the daylight idea. Why are they so interested? Yes, folks, you've guessed again: the American idea is to hang one of these space mirrors over South Vietnam, reports **Sun** newspaper, January 24. This would make it impossible for Vietcong to mount night attacks on American positions. Sir Bernard Lovell comments: "This is the most appalling prospect. If it came to fruition it would quite quickly mean the end of astronomy on earth, quite apart from the effect it might have on ordinary life." Marshall McLuhan had been expecting it all along.

South Africa: January 15, Cape Town: announced that draft legislation ready to tighten South Africa's already rigorous colour laws. The draft bill, which will go before next parliamentary session, will close loopholes in Populatin Register Act that is basis of classification of people as whites and non-whites. Outside parties will not be allowed to give evidence as to whether a person is considered whitee. No one classified as coloured before a certain date will be allowed to appeal the decision, thus clearing the board's long appeal docket. Johannesburg, January 20: a new oil refinery costing £15 millions is to be built in South Africa **with the aid of foreign firms.** The Iran Petroleum Company and the French **State-owned** Compagnie Francaise des Petroles to give the help. French engineering companies to supply technical drawings. Lovers of the world unite. CFP also willing to supply South Africa with crude oil from Sahara and Persian sources despite international boycott threats and politics. And, of course, South Africa is supplying Rhodesia. Rightists of the world unite.



HENDRIX IS HERE

TO STAY

Jimi Hendrix is 19 according to his press handout. Jimi Hendrix is beautiful according to Janet Morris, who talked with him last Wednesday when he broke all attendance records at the Marquee club and grossed a reported £800. Jimi Hendrix rides high into 1967. Hear him at:

Fri. 27 Jan.: Chislehurst Caves. **Sat. 28 Jan.:** The Upper Cut, E.7. **Sun. 29 Jan.:** Saville Theatre. **Wed. 1 Feb.:** Cellar Club, South Shields. **Thu. 2 Feb.:** Imperial Hotel, Darlington. **Fri. 3 Feb.:** Ricky Tik, Hounslow. **Sat. 4 Feb.:** Ram Jam, Brixton + Flamingo Allnighter. **Mon. 6 Feb.:** Star Hotel, Croydon. **Wed. 8 Feb.:** Bromsel Club, Bromley. **Thu. 9 Feb.:** Locarno, Bristol. **Fri. 10 Feb.:** Ricki Tik, Newbury. **Sat. 11 Feb.:** Blue Moon, Cheltenham.

S. AFRICA

Finance Minister Ebenezer Donges is to be South Africa's next President. In the last 18 years he has piloted a number of controversial bills through Parliament, including one barring interracial marriages and another requiring all South Africans to be classified by race. Demetrio Tsafendas, who stabbed Prime Minister Verwoerd to death last September is described as a 'maladjusted, rejected, frustrated feckless, rolling stone' who was acting on his own. It seems we've heard that song before. Legislation to be introduced to lengthen period of compulsory military service in South Africa, and make all medically fit white males liable for military service. These measures should be seen against increasing attacks on South Africa's apartheid policies in the United Nations.

U Thant considering practical methods for UN to take over administration of South-West Africa. Basil d'Oliveira is not to be allowed to tour South Africa as member of MCC team in 1968-69. Mr. Oliveira is a Negro, South African by birth. South Africa does not allow "mixed teams to play against out white teams here." About 200 British MPs demanded that MCC should scrap tour of South Africa in protest against racial discrimination in sport. Why limit it to sport? Maybe if all those economic tie-ups were scrapped too. . . Cuba: Cuban authorities punishing officials found guilty of bureaucracy with dismissal from jobs or loss of salary. Drive began following recent criticism by Castro that two-year-old drive against bureaucracy had itself become bureucratic.

MOSCOW

Jan. 22: first large public exhibition of avant garde art since Mr. Kruschev's action against an exhibition in 1962, was closed an hour after it opened at a youth club in an industrial suburb. Jan 23: Russia's Union of Artists called for a new drive against abstract art. News came through that banned exhibition was "first group exhibition by artists who were usually barred from public galleries." A crowd of 500 converged on that gallery before the police closed it. Jan 24: officials banned poetry reading by unconventional poet.

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MON. 30 JAN.—Regent St. Polytechnic. 7.30 p.m.
THURS. 2 FEB.—University College of London. Gymnasium. 8 p.m.
FRI. 3 FEB.—Institute of Education—London University, Malet St. 7.30 p.m.
MON. 6 FEB.—Hoxton Hall (Old Time Music Hall), Hoxton St., Shoreditch. 8 p.m.
WED. 8 FEB.—International Student House. 2 Park Crescent, W.1. (Opposite Gt. Portland St. tube). 8 p.m.
FRI. 10 FEB.—Horsey College of Art. 6 p.m.
All admissions: 5s.

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see What's Happening
8 p.m. Sunday Jan. 29

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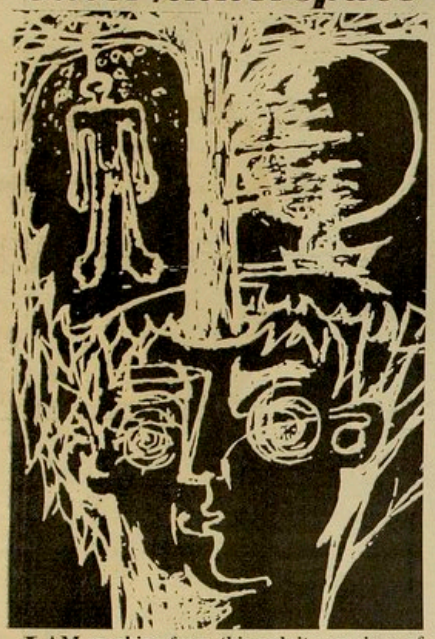


Allen Ginsberg:

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT

I AM speaking from this pulpit conscious of history, of my role as poet, of the addresses and essays in public consciousness by my transcendental predecessors in this city, with all the awesome prophecies about these States pronounced by Thoreau and Emerson, and elsewhere the more naked - Whitman: prophecies that have now come true.

"—I say of all this tremendous and dominant play of solely materialistic bearings upon current life in the United States, with the results already seen, accumulating, and reaching far into the future, that they must either be confronted and met by at least an equally subtle force-infusion for purposes of spiritualization, for the pure conscience, for genuine esthetics, and for absolute and primal manliness and womanliness — or else our modern civilization, with all its improvements, is in vain, and we are on the road to a destiny, a status, equivalent, in its real world, to that of the fabled damned." — Democratic Vistas

Because our governors and polis has failed to perceive the obvious I wish to make some political suggestions to this community; I make them as Poet, and claim powers of Prophecy as did the good grey bards before me in this country, because one who looks in his heart and speaks frankly can claim to prophecy. And what is Prophecy? I can not propose right and wrong, or objective future event such as purple balcoons on Jupiter in 1984: but I can have the confidence to trust my own fantasy and express my own private thought. All have this gift of prophecy, who dare assume it though?

The present condition of life for American Person is one of deathly public solitude. We've built a technological Tower of Babel around ourselves, and are literally (as in Gemini) reaching into heaven to escape the planet. Now giant overpopulation depends on a vast metallic superstructure to feed and transport all the bodies here together. The stupendous machinery surrounding us conditions our "thoughts feelings and apparent sensory impressions," and reinforces our mental slavery to the material universe we've invested in.

Yet according to Chuang Tzu 2,500 years ago, "The understanding of the men of ancient times went a long way. How far did it go? To the point where some of them believed that things have never existed — so far, to the end, where nothing can be added . . . Words like these will be labeled the Supreme Swindle. Yet, after ten thousand generations, a great sage may appear who will know their meaning, and it will still be as though he appeared with astonishing speed." Yeats appearing in Ireland this century declared:

"This preposterous pig of a world, its farrow that so solid seem
Must vanish on an instant, did the mind but change its theme."

How can we Americans make our minds — change theme? For unless the theme changes — encrustation of the planet with machinery, inorganic metal smog violent ourage and mass murder will take place. We witness these horrors already.

Abruptly then, I will make a first proposal: on one level symbolic, but to be taken as literally as possible, it may shock some and delight others — That everybody who hears my voice, directly or indirectly, try the chemical LSD at least once; every man, woman and child American in good health over the age of 14 — that, if necessary, we have a mass emotional nervous breakdown in these States once and for all; that we see bankers laughing in their revolving doors with strange staring eyes. May everybody in America turn on, whatever the transient law — because individual soul development (as once declared by a poet in jail in this city) is our law transcending the illusions of the political state. Soul also transcends LSD, may I add, to reassure those like myself who would fear a chemical dictatorship. I propose, then, that everybody including the President and his and our vast hoardes of generals, executives, judges and legislators of these States go to nature, find a kindly teacher or Indian peyote chief or guru guide, and assay their consciousness with LSD.

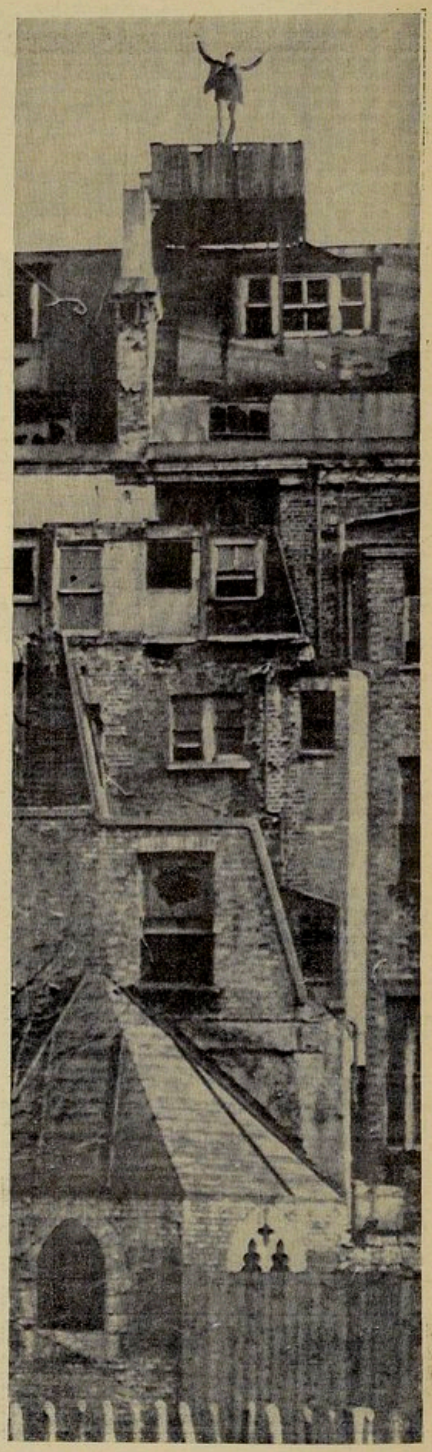
Then, I prophecy, we will all have seen some ray of glory or vastness beyond our conditioned social selves, beyond our government, beyond America even, that will unite us into a peaceable community.

The LSD I am proposing is literal. I hope it will be understood as not THE solution, but a, Typical, and spiritually revolutionary catalyst, where many varieties of spiritual revolution are necessary to transcend specifically the political COLD WAR we are all involved in.

Anger and control of anger is our problem. Already we have enough insight into politics to be aware of one very simple thing: that we can judge all politics and all public speech and ideology by perceiving the measure of anger manifested therein. All present political parties propose violence to resolve our confusions, as in Vietnam. We might look for a third party, specifically named a Peace Party — referring to individual subjective peaceableness (such as we have not seen in our populace or our leaders) as well as consequent public peaceableness; a party founded on psychology not ideology. We obviously need to feed China and India not ignore, manipulate, or threaten to destroy them. The earth is yet to be saved from our agression, and living organic life like unto our own nature be replaced on its surface which has been overgrown with cancerous inanimate matter, metal and asphalt. And the many mammal species have been made extinct in this century there are many we can yet save including ourselves.

Driving out of NY or into Boston at night we see the transparent apparitional glitter of buildings walling the horizon, and we know that these are transient specters. In cold daylight we believe in their finality. But it is that half-dreaming insight of normal consciousness that may provide the direction for our imagination to manifest itself in the material world.

What can the young do with themselves faced with this American version of the planet? The most sensitive and among the "best minds" do drop out. They wander over the body of the nation looking into the



Just Published!

PSYCHEDELIC PRAYERS

From the Tao Te Ching
By Timothy Leary

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PUBLIC SOLITUDE

ARLINGTON ST., CHURCH, BOSTON, NOV. 12, 1966

faces of their elders, they wear long Adamic hair and form Keristan communities in the slums, they pilgrimage to Big Sur and live naked in forests seeking natural vision and meditation, they dwell in the Lower East Side as if it were an hermetic forest. And they assemble thousands together as they have done this year in Golden Gate Park San Francisco or Thompkins Park in New York to manifest their peaceableness in demonstrations of Fantasy that transcend protest against — or for — the hostilities of Vietnam. Young men and women in speckled clothes, minstrel's garb, jester's robes, carrying baloons, signs 'President Johnson we are praying for you', gathered chanting Hindu and Buddhist mantras to calm their fellow citizens who are otherwise entrapped in a planetary barroom brawl.

But there has been no recognition of this insight on the part of the fathers and teachers (Father Zossima's famous cry!) of these young. What's lacking in the great institutions of learning? The specific wisdom discipline that that young propose: search into inner space.

Children drop out of schools because there are no, or very few, Gurus. Those elders concerned with this practical problem might consider that there is an easy practical solution: the establishment within centers of learning of facilities for wisdom search which the ancients proposed as the true function of education in the first place: academies of self-awareness, classes in spiritual teaching, darshan with holymen of disciplined mind-consciousness. One might well, in fact, employ the drop-out beatnicks as instructors in this department, and thereby officially recognise and proclaim the social validity of exploration of inner space. Tibetan monks, swamis, yogins and yoginis, psychedelic guides, Amerindian peyote chiefs, even a few finished Zen Roshis and many profound poets are already present and available in our cities for such work, though at present they battle immigration bureaucracies and scholarly heads of departments of Oriental Religion.

What I am proposing as policy, for us elders, for what community we have, is self-examination as Official Politics! and Official Politics of Control of Anger. With state propaganda reversed in that direction church and university teaching and research in that direction and requests to the government for vast sums of money equal to the outerspace program; and consequent billboards on the highways "Control Your Anger — Be Aware of Yourself."

There is a change of consciousness among the younger generations, in a direction always latent to Elder America, toward the most complete public frankness possible. As the Gloucester poet Charles Olson formulated it, "Private is public, and public is how we behave." This means revision of standards of public behaviour to include indications of private manners heretofore excluded from public consciousness.

Thus, new social standards, more equivalent to private desire — as there is increased sexual illumination, new social codes may be found acceptable to rid ourselves of fear of our own nakedness, rejection of our own bodies.

Likely an enlarged family unit will emerge for many citizens; possibly, as the Zen Buddhist anarchist anthropologist Gary Snyder observed, with matrilineal descent as courtesy to those dakinis whose saddhana or holy path is the sexual liberation and teaching of Dharma to many frightened males (including myself) at once. Children may be held in common, with the orgy an acceptable community sacrament — one that brings all people closer together. Certainly one might seduce the Birch Society to partake in naked orgy, and the police with their wives, together with Leroi Jones the brilliantly angry poet. America's political need is orgies in the parks, on Boston Common and in the Public Gardens, with naked bacchantes in our national forests.

I am not proposing idealistic fancies. I am acknowledging what is already happening among the young in fact and fantasy, and proposing official blessing for these breakthroughs of community spirit. Among the young we find a new breed of White Indians in California communing with illuminated desert redskins; we find our teenagers dancing Nigerian Yoruba dances and entering trance states to the electric vibration of the Beatles who have borrowed shamanism from Afric sources. We find communal religious use of ganja, the hemp sacred to Mahadev (Great Lord) Shiva. There's now heard the spread of mantra chanting in private and such public manifestations as peace marches, and soon we will have Mantra Rock over the airwaves. All the available traditions of U.S. Indian vision-quest, peyote ritual, mask dancing, Oriental pranayama, east Indian ear music are becoming available to the U.S. unconscious through the spiritual search of the young. Simultaneously there is a new Diaspora of Tibetan Lamaist initiates; texts such as the Book of the Dead and I Ching have found fair-cheeked and dark-browed Kansas devotees. And rumor from the West Coast this season brings the legendary Hevajra Tantra — a document central to Vajrayana Buddhism's Lightning-bolt Illumination — into public light as a source book for tantric community rules. LSD structured by ancient disciplines for meditation and community regulation.

Ideas I have dwelled on are mixed: there is some prescription for public utopia thru education in inner space. There is more prescription here for the individual: as always, the old command to free ourselves from social conditioning, laws and traditional mores.

And discover the Guru in our own hearts. — And set forth within the New Wilderness of machine America to explore open spaces of consciousness in Self and fellow Selves. If there be the necessary revolution in America it will come that way. It's up to us older hairs who still have relation with some of the joy of youth to encourage this revolutionary individual search.

But how can peaceful psychological politics succeed when $50 billion a year is spent to busy participation in armed conflict? "Vietnam War Brings Prosperity" — headline Lincoln Nebraska Star, February 1966. Certainly the awareness itself of this condition will help some of us: as did Ike's warning against the military-industrial complex running the mind of the nation.

As a side note: there **are** specific methods for combatting the mental dictatorship over "thoughts, feelings and apparent sensory impressions" imposed on us by military-industrial control of language and imagery in public media. W. S. Burroughs has provided a whole armamentarium of counter-brainwash techniques: cut-up of newspapers and ads, collage of political and entertainment news to reveal the secret intention of the Senders, observation of TV imagery with sound off and simultaneous apperception of noises on the radio or street. These methods are effective in jolting the soft machine of the brain out of its conditioned hypnosis.

Cutting out, or dropping out, of the culture will not lead to a chaos of individuality: what it will mean, for the young, is training in meditation and art (and perhaps neolitic lore), and responsibility of a new order, to the community of the heart, not to our heart-less society wherein we have read the headline in the Omaha World Herald: "Rusk Says Toughness Essential For Peace."

The "oversoul" to be discovered is a pragmatic reality. We can all tell signs of an illuminated man in business or the church — one who is open-hearted, non-judging, empathetic, compassionate to the rejected and condemned. The tolerant one, the Observer, the Aware. And we see that these souls do influence action.

Finally, detachment comes naturally: we all know the war is camp, hate is camp, murder is camp, even love is camp, the universe is a grand camp according to Chuang Tzu and the Prajnaparamita Sutra. This detachment is salvation. We have an international youth society of solitary children — stilyagi, provo, beat, mafada, nadaista, energumeno, mod and rocker — all aghast at the space age horror world they are born to, and not habituated to—and now questioning the nature of the universe itself as is proper in the space age.

There are many contradictions here, especially between proposed communal sex orgy and contemplative choiceless awareness (as the sage Krishnamurti articulated it this Fall in New York). Whitman noticed that too: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself." A dialogue between these contradictions is a good healthy way of life, one correcting the other. Indulgence in sexuality and sensational ecstasy may well lead to contemplative awareness of desire and cessation of desire.

"I know although when looks meet
I tremble to the bone,
The more I leave the door unlatched
The sooner love is gone."

What satisfaction is now possible for the young? Only the satisfaction of their Desire — love, the body, and orgy: the satisfaction of a peaceful natural community where they can circulate and explore Persons, cities, and the nature of the planet — the satisfaction of encouraged self-awareness, and the satiety and cessation of desire, anger, grasping and craving.

Respect for the old? Yea when the old are tranquil and not nervous, and respect the sport of the young. Holymen do inspire respect. One conservative Vaishnavite Swami Bhaktivedanta moved into the Lower East Side this year and immediately dozens of young LSD freak-outs flocked to sing the Harekrishna Mahamantra with him — chant for the preservation of the planet.

But a nation of elders convinced that spiritual search is immaturity, and that national war and metallic communication is maturity, cannot ask for respect from the young. For the present conduct of the elders in America is a reflection of lack of Self-respect.

I am in effect setting up moral codes and standards which include drugs, orgy, music and primitive magic as worship rituals — educational tools which are supposedly contrary to our cultural mores; and I am proposing these standards to your respectable ministers, once and for all, that you endorse publicaly the private desire and knowledge of mankind in America, so to inspire the young.

It may appear from this address that I find myself increasingly alienated from the feeling-tone, ideology and conduct of the supposed majority of my fellow citizens: thus the title Public Solitude. But I do not feel myself aliented from all our inmost private desire, which the prophet Walt Whitman articulated in his second preface to his life work 90 years ago, still passionately expressive of our hearts in Space-age America:

> "Something more may be added — for, while I am about it, I would make a full confession. I also sent out "Leaves of Grass" to arouse and set flowing in man's and women's hearts, young and old, endless streams of living, pulsating love and friendship, directly from them to myself, now and ever. To this terrible, irrepressible yearning (surely more or less down underneath in most human souls) — this never-satisfied appetite for sympathy, and this boundless offering of sympathy — this universal democratic comradeship — this old, eternal, yet ever-new interchange of adhesiveness, so fitly emblematic of America — I have given in that book, undisguisedly, declaredly, the openest expression. Besides, important as they are in my purpose as emotional expressions for humanity, the special meaning of the "Calamus" cluster of "Leaves of Grass" (and more or less running through the book, and cropping out in "Drum-Taps") mainly resides in its political significance. In my opinion, it is by a fervent, accepted development of comradeship, the beautiful and sane affection of man for man, latent in all the young fellows, north and south, east and west, — it is by this, I say, and by what goes directly and indirectly along with it, that the United States of the future (I cannot too often repeat,) are to be most effectually welded together, intercalated, annealed into a living union."

GLASS CONCERT
8 p.m. Sunday, Jan. 29
See **WHAT'S HAPPENING**

ONE FLOWER

While wen watched the cities disintegrating
Princesses saw me building our community of new people
who once were write-offs in the old world.
We toiled with a vigour that made them ask
'for what?' and 'where are you going?' — even 'why?'
It was late in the year and their peace feelers were out —
but we could not hear, our hands were full. The only sounds
were the hammers and saws of the carpenters.
Music we call it. Bombs fell around us.
Those they could gather were thrown in their jails.
We went on, they could not tear down our town.
Their bombs kept raining but one building stood,
it shone like a light amid the ruins.
They could not understand, our foundation was solid.
It is made of the new material — I D E A.

Michael Abdul Malik

VIET NAM

SAIGON, Jan 20: US fighter bombers attacked railroad lines within 15 miles of a buffer zone bordering Communist China. "I have come back home feeling we're winning this war" — Barry Goldwater, January 20, after four-day visit to Vietnam. He suggested that US abolish any restrictions on its military leaders in the war. He noted that many targets were forbidden as objectives of aerial strikes and that Washington must approve all targets. "I don't think this is any way to run a war", he said. (New York Times, January 21).

THE last time they moved the two-ton cactus of Kew it took 12 men with lifting gear. It was growing through the glasshouse roof.

That was ten days ago. And if it doesn't flower within two months they'll have to move it again. For it's still growing an inch a day. Another 5ft. and it will be through the roof of the 20ft. high Orangery at the Royal Botanic Gardens.

The cactus, Agave Atrovirens, var. Laussima, came to Kew from Italy 45 years ago ... a sturdy little specimen of a Mexican cactus.

When Mr. Edward Macdonald, 59, the present foreman gardener in the cacti and succulents house poined the staff 16 years ago its spikey, green leaves had a 5ft. span.

After that, with patient care and frequent drinks of 50-60 gallons of water at a time, it grew to 12ft. Now it has thrown off a long, thin spine growing, and growing.

In nature, the spine would reach 40ft. and sprout its first first mauve-green flower.

A week later, Agave would shrivel and die.

HARRY Ashmore, executive vice president of Centre for Study of Democratic Institutions, California, told press conference in Los Angelese, January 20, that American bombing of non-military targets in North Vietnam could not be accidental. After a recent visit to North Vietnam he said: "After looking at the site, I cannot believe it is a case of accidental bombing. I don't know how accurate our bombardiers are today but I wouldn't even call it a near miss." New York, January 22: about 25 persons seized by police during mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral when they staged demonstration against Vietnam war. Carrying pictures of a maimed Vietnam infant, they walked out of cathedral after sermon. They were immediately taken into custody in cathedral's central aisle by number of plainclothes policemen. Brisbane, Australia, Jan 20: South Vietnamese Premier Ky beckled on arrival and throughout his visit the problem is to allow nature to take its course. A pane of glass cannot be removed from the Orangery roof because frost would kill the cactus.

Placards called him KY-Butcher of his own People. He has a beautiful wife, full of smiles and charm. La Paz, Bolivia, Jan 18: Students shouting "Down with the murderers of Vietnam" and "Bolivia yes, Yankees no" stormed American Government buildings in second largest city of Cochabamba. Students had gathered to protest government move to allow establishment of private universities in Bolivia. Smashed windows, broke furniture and burned documents in American Consulate and offices of United States Information Service and Peace Corps. Hurrah. Remember there is also an American Embassy in London. January 23, Rev. Ambrose Reeves, former Bishop of Johannesburg, now Assistant Bishop of Chichester, Rabbi Abraham L. Feinberg, American citizen with congregation in Toronto, Rev. A. J. Muste, Veteran American pacifist, returned from Vietnam where they had interviews with Ho Chi Minh and Pham Van Dong. Rabbi Feinberg said that during interview **President Ho invited President Johnson to attend talks in Hanoi without "a gun at his hip."**

Bishop Reeves told of area where there were no military targets where 300 houses had been demolished.

Mr. Macdonald said: "If it goes on growing it will have to be moved again—heaven forbid. I only hope it flowers before it grows the final 5ft." He saw a hamlet which had had a population of 345, where only the church was left standing. A child of eight whose spinal cord had been severed by a fragmentation bomb. Totally paralysed. Etc. Etc. The list goes on. Armament manufacturers have shown profit increases over past two years ranging between 36 per cent and 176 per cent — from two to six times the average for US companies. Big profits are also being made by American companies employing Vietnamese labour. In past five years, according to Business Week, 100 million dollars have been invested in South Vietnam. Australia: Camberra, Jan. 24: Australia began registering around 4,000 aliens for service in the armed forces, despite protests by European governments. Medical supplies collected by a Philadelphia Quaker group will be carried to North Vietnam next month on a 50-foot sailboat. Supplies will be given to Red Cross Society of North Vietnam "for the relief of sickness and suffering caused by United States bombing." Jim Radford and Committee of 100 to hold march of shame at Easter in London, starting from sewage farm, council refuse tip, or public lavatory and finishing at Westminster Abbey. Led by band playing funeral music. Banners: "We are ashamed." US investments in Far East have grown from 309 million dollars in 1950 to 2,000 million in 1965. Last week, beginning Jan 15 was costliest of the war for Americans: 1,194 men killed, wounded or reported missing. South Vietnamese: 197 killed. Other pro-American forces: 32 dead. Communists dead: 1,17:. Grand Total: 2,599.

Mr. Macdonald will save the seeds and he is already nurturing two small cuttings. But he said: "I'll be dead before they flower."

ANOTHER 16,000 South Vietnamese villages have been uprooted from their homes and removed to concentration camps in an operation carried out by South Korean troops under U.S. command.

A U.S. spokesman there said that two villages near Quang Tri had been shelled by U.S. Marines "by mistake" last weekend. Six civilians were killed and ten wounded.

MUSH ROOM

biggest thing that has happened to Danish pop and beat music — The Exploding Mushroom, now bursting in the ears of latter-day Vikings from Copenhagen to Esbjerg.

Since their debut last October, they have had television appearances, signed recording contracts and regularly blown Danish minds out of their blond heads with inspired rhythm and blues.

The Mushroom consists of three folk guitarists who have individually featured big in Copenhagen folk clubs, Englishmen Tony Weaver and Mac Macleod, and Chicago-born Tom Bailey, plus Danes Willy Johnson (organ) and Simon Koppel (drums).

The Danish Press afforded them instant recognition, raving that they play "up where the air is thin."

Watch out. They plan an English tour in March.

ROME

ROME, Jan. 18 (Reuters)—An Italian social reformer, Danilo Dolci, announced today he would boycott a 15-month-old defamation action against him because the court had refused to hear 83 witnesses for him.

He has also instructed his lawyers to stop defending him in court, he said in a statement.

Under Italian law, a defendant need not be present in court, and the case goes on without him.

Bernardo Mattarella, former Minister of Foreign Trade, Calogero Volpe, a former junior minister, and a group of other Sicilians are sueing Mr. Dulci for publicly linking them with the Mafia.

In court today the hearing was adjourned to Feb. 8.

'NIHILISTS' PLAN EASTER REVOLUTION NEW DRUG WEAPON —IS IT A HOAX?

TOM McGRATH WRITES: the story below was given to me by a stranger who stopped me near my home around 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, January 24, two days before this edition of IT went to press. It is either the biggest story I have ever had to handle, perhaps monumental in British history, or it is an irresponsible hoax. Apart from the fact that by reporting it I am made to look an idiot (could be, could be), the irresponsible hoax possibility doesn't worry me. If it is true, though . . . Well, first better let you judge for yourself. I have written up the story as close to my mysterious stranger's own words as possible. A description of the man and other relevant details follows the story. Anyone who can supply further information should perhaps contact me before the police. The story:

When, at Easter, the usual factions of the English Left assemble marches and demonstrations to protest the Vietnam war, Rhodesia, who will lead the main protest march into Trafalgar Square, and so on, a new and bizarre, very "un-English" group will make its debut. This group calls itself The Nihilists. It will take part in the main march but instead of the anti-war placards will carry banners "advertising death." Examples: DEATH IS PEACE, DEATH IS ONLY A BEGINNING, THANK GOD FOR WAR. The Nihilists have no doubt that this admittedly unusual contribution to the march will not be understood: it may even arouse antagonism from more fanatical of the marchers. They claim not to be against the marchers, however, and are really only pointing to the limitations in the thoughts and feelings that go towards "British Radicalism" in the 1960s. The main action of the Nihilists will be directed against the police in the Square in particular and the British government and Establishment in general. They will tell the police that they have in their possession a hallucinogenic drug similar to LSD but providing a "much more controllable, less frantic experience."

This they intend to distribute to the demonstrators in the Square in the "traditional" sugar cube form. They warn that if there is any attempt to stop them doing this — either from the police or anti-drug demonstrators — there will be dire consequences: in the event of instant arrest and improvement on the like, the private section let the Nihilists will go into immediate action by putting the new drug in the water supply, sugar bowls in cafes, and so on. Although the drug is more easily controlled than LSD, its effect on an unprepared population will be to cause widespread panic and confusion — madness, the entire country could be in hysterical squalor in the course of 24 hours. On the other hand, the Nihilists are loathe to use the drug at all and are willing to negotiate with the government. Providing the government immediately sets about implementing a revolutionary charter drawn up by the Nihilists, the drug will not be put into use. That was about all the stranger had to say. When I questioned him on the story, he told me that further details would be going out to the national press. The Nihilists had decided to give the advance news of their project to **International Times** simply because they like the paper and feel that its readers would understand best what it is they are about. The new drug, which they call Nihil, was synthesised accidentally by an English chemist engaged in making LSD for the black market. Other t han that, he would give no further information and told me "just be patient. Wait and see."

The stranger was, from his voice, a Scotsman like myself. It was dark when I met him and I could only make out that he was, at a guess, in his late thirties, about 5 foot 8 inches tall, ferret-faced with a sharp nose and small eyes, "respectably" dressed in a trench coat and soft hat. He certainly had a remarkable knowledge of my living habits: very few people in London know where I live and when I return from work. He also indicated that he had certain information which he could only have picked up by tuning into private conversations in the IT office. This has led me to speculate that the whole business might be a hoax initiated in the IT office behind my back. But it could be for real. Like the man said, we will just have to wait and see.

NH / LFS / PF

Brian Cohen, whose researches have been instrumental in exposing the housing situation in Notting Hill, started this project some months ago in the context of the London Free School. He works under Peter Jenner, man behind the Pink Floyd. Last year Notting Hill saw an embryonic tryout of what is now happening on a larger scale.

Sture Johannson and Alexander Baldal painted a Mantra for an exhibition in Malmo, Sweden. A journalist interviewed Sture, who told him that the painting was about a psychedelic experience and that it was done under the influence of drugs. The police then arrested Baldal, searched him, found nothing, said "you are free", put him in a cell. He shouted and was focibly quitened: Sture had his head banged on the wall. A third policeman sat on his face . . . Baldal kicked one in the balls, got 1 month for assault. Sture wasn't allowed to speak for him. Sture's wife laughed and was told not to laugh in court. She replied that since she could cry there she could also laugh. Baldal's got a deportation order against him and his pregnant girl is Swedish. The Swedish Embassy is in the telephone book.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

LORD PARKER, Lord Chief Justice, today called for a tightening up of the way in which courts throughout the country were dealing with prisoners suffering from mental disorders. The loophole closes. When only a hospital order is made in court, the prisoner can be discharged by hospital staff or relatives. Once discharged he is no longer liable to recall.

"It is inevitable that the hospital's first concern is the welfare of the patient and this sometimes results in a patient securing his discharge earlier than he should do," said Lord Parker.

"NOTHING I have ever felt has seemed to me as real as my present lack of reality. And I laugh, Joke? Yes it must be a joke. Laugh? I fall about grab myself a dry towel, and return to the dormitory.

"In the dentist's waiting room yesterday sitting opposite was a young girl — she couldn't have been eighteen — reading boldly and bodily **Tropic of Capricorn.** She saw that I had noticed and she strained to see what I was reading. I held up Cocteau's **Opium.** And we both smiled . ."

BRIGADIER Mark Maunsell, who admitted on TV that he had never negotiated with a Trade Unionist or been in a civilian prison, has been appointed Inspector General of the Prison Service, by Roy Jenkins, Home Secretary (see page 1).

Maunsell and Jenkins worked together when Maunsell was a director of the John Lewis Partnership and Jenkins was their Director of Financial Operations.

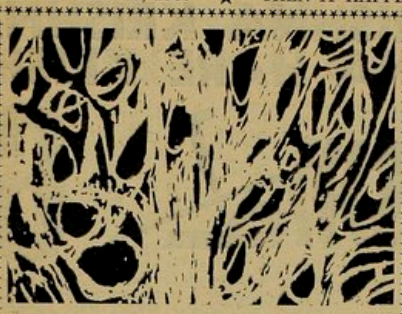
PEACE NEWS May 27, 1966. What is new is the fact that it is possible to transplant fingerprints. The implications of mass fingerprinting are serious. We have seen that the police are not averse to planting evidence—is there any reason to suppose that they would hesitate to plant fingerprints? **UPS January 27, 1967.** Rumour has it that the Government are making a large capital investment in bugging devices for security purposes. Keep an eye on visiting telephone engineers. **LEISURE** last week, reports agent 194, six policemen spent their time ripping down all available posters flyposted in central London. The Round House promoters lost the benefit of 4,000 posters that way.

FRANK PERRY was fined £1 and 3 gns. costs at West Ham Magistrates Court for "wearing a Service uniform in a manner likely to bring it into disrepute." Isn't it about time we had a carnival parade with everyone wearing uniforms: the power of ridicule is strong. Priests taking confession in the streets, wigged magistrates drinking and dancing, armies of businessmen. Watch the Nihilists.

HAILE SELASSIE'S regime is propped up by political disappearances, secret trials, exile and brutal prisons. 28-year-old **Abbe Gobenja,** Ethiopia's most popular novelist, attempted to stand for Parliament. He was arrested by the political police, and his last book "I do not wish to be born" has been banned. Needless to say, it fetches very good prices on the literary black market there. In **Little Rock,** made fabulous by Faubus, new governor Winthrop Rockerfeller admitted torture at Tucker prison farm. The descriptions are nauseous.

TO MISS L.S., incarcerated in a boarding schol somewhere in Kent, the Crime Page staff send their love. Pressure of work prevented a further reply, but we hope to complete arrangements in a few days.

WHAT YOU SEND US IS THE NEWS. MAX RIGBY AT 40,000 FT. OVER AND OUT.



WHY ARE UFO's MAKING EVERYONE SO UPTIGHT?

I FIND it necessary as a a point of basic intellectual honesty, to take account of the fact that intelligent life from outer space has arrived. Consider: life is easily generated in many different chemical environments, and there are many stars with planets that have chemistries virtually identical to our own. If life on earth progressed from primordial protein molecule to moon rockets in a couple of billion years, isn't it rational to assume that somewhere in the infinite universe something similar is happening — or has happened? And when there are thousands of credible incidents of sightings of extremely peculiar and consistent aerial phenomena reported in a period of twenty years, the very twenty years that have brought mankind to the brink of space travel, isn't the presence of extra-terrestrial life the only logically acceptable assumption?

The individuals who made the following statements would agree that it is. **Dr. Herman Oberth,** the grand old man of German rocketry, said: "Flying saucer come from distant worlds". **Air Chief Marshal, Lord Dowding,** who headed the Royal Air Force during World War II, said: "Of course the flying saucers are real—and they are interplanetary." **Albert M. Chop,** deputy public relations director for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, wrote: "I've been convinced for a long time that the flying saucers are interplanetary. We are being watched by beings from outer space." **Professor Claudio Anguila,** director of the Cerro Can Observatory in Santiago, Chile: "There is scientific evidence that strange objects are circling our planet. It is lamentable that governments have a veil of secrecy around this matter." **Rear Admiral Delmar Fahuney,** USNR: "Uridentified flying objects are entering our atmosphere at very high speeds and obviously under intelligent control. We must solve this riddle without delay." **The Hon. John McCormack,** Speaker of the House, wrote: "I feel that the Air Force has not been giving out all the available information on the Uridentified Flying Objects. You cannot disregard so many unimpeachable sources." **Dr. Walter Reidel,** noted German rocket expert, states flatly: "I'm convinced that saucers have an out-of-world basis."

It is becoming increasingly clear that the governments of the leading western nations are acting in co-operation conspiracy to keep the true facts about the saucers hidden. Our own Air Force, which has been seriously investigating the UFO's since 1947, has practiced a systematic and wholesale deception in the matter, involving control of the press, bribery and coercion of individuals, and much outright lying.

In 1955, a UFO reportedly crashed near Spitzbergen, Norway. The Norwegian government was quoted as saying that they had found a flying saucer, badly damaged, but recognizably extra-terrestrial in origin. **Colonel Gernod Darnbyl** of the Norwegian Air Force stated: "It has—this we wish to state emphatically — not been built by any country on earth. The materials used in its construction are completely unknown to all experts who participated in the investigation." An extensive report would not be issued, in Colonel Darnbyl's words, "until some sensational facts have been discussed with U.S. and British experts. We should reveal what we have found out, as misplaced secrecy might lead to panic"

The American and British policy of secrecy had been in effect for years, so that the Norwegians, knowingly or not, were in the strange position of asking both governments to reveal their own long-standing deception. Obviously, the Norwegians were silenced, probably by economic pressure. No report ever was issued.

The incidents of the repression of the facts about saucer sightings by our government are numbered in the thousands, and this clearly is another indication of the UFO's extra-territorial origin. Why, indeed, has the space program proceeded as slowly as it has? Certainly the cause is not lack of technical advancement. Our own government always reacts with a zealous and paranoiac hostility to any nation or fact that threatens in any way to overshadow America's omnipotence.

Whatever is cruising around in those UFO's definitely has military superiority over every and all nation on earth. We are, in other words, theoretically subject at any future time to total control by a race that has come to us out of some unknown part of the universe for reasons and purposes that are equally unknown. The most significant single event in the history of mankind, the meeting of another form of intelligent life—is clearly in sight. IN VIEW OF THIS SITUATION, THE TIME HAS COME FOR US OF THE PSYCHEDELIC GENERATION, WE WHO ARE THE INEVITABLE INHERITORS OF POLITICAL CONTROL OF SOCIETY, TO TAKE COGNIZANCE OF THE SITUATION.

Joel Meltz: extract from an article which appeared in the East Village Other, November, 1966.

FLYING SAUCERS

as a portent of the revelations which will attend the opening of the aquarian age

AS well as in months and years, the passage of time is measured in periods of far greater length, periods known to early pre-Egyptian civilizations which recorded their cycles. The end of one such period, the age of Pisces, which coincided with the reign of Christianity, is now at hand, and the spring-point is entering Aquarius. At such a time, according to all precedents, significant changes must be expected, involving a shift in the archetypes and leading to chaos and bewilderment for those not prepared to receive them. Already the symptoms and portents of these changes are becoming apparent.

This was the last message of C. G. Jung in his book "Flying Saucers" published in 1959, a book derided at the time, but now appearing more and more obviously inspired. The time which Lenin foresaw, when our obsession with politics and with purely terrestrial systems would be replaced with an entirely new system of thought, is now imminent, partly as the result of our growing consciousness of the existence of extra-terrestrial life.

Already politicians and their world seem remote and irrelevant. Some event is awaited which will inspire us with a new ideal and open our minds to a further realization of our potential. What form this event will take is impossible to say, for it will involve us in experiences and visions for which we lack any precedent and can not therefore express in language or even in thought. All we can do to prepare ourselves for the magnitude of the changes to come is to study that period in the remote past when, as today, some dramatic event was about to occur.

RUSSIANS

As far as we can tell, the first and most recent of the great crises in human history was that which involved the introduction of our present concept of civilization, the appearance on earth of a force from outside the terrestrial limit. The re-interpretation of mythology and all our subsequent religious and social practices in the light of the recognition of this event is an immense and urgent task to which certain people, including an influential group of scientists in the Soviet Union, are now applying themselves. In this the Russians have the advantage that they do not have to reckon with the atrophied religious system which still inhibits their western colleagues. This does not mean that their work has no religious significance; in fact it represents a return to an earlier and purer form of religion than that contained in Christianity.

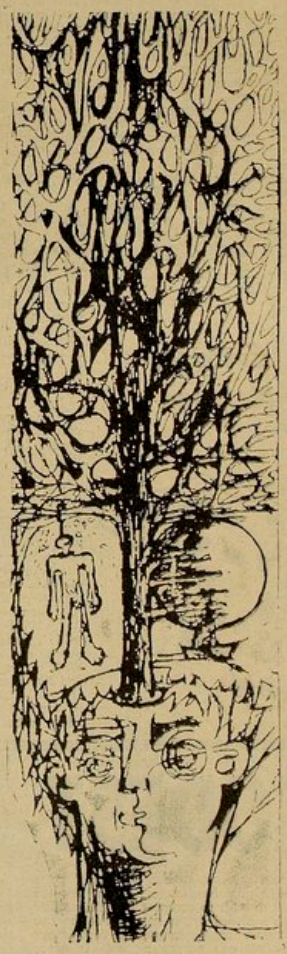
Earlier religions were concerned above all with understanding the nature of God and the forces which control the rhythm of the universe, whereas Christianity represents a system of ethics rather than an approach to an understanding of the higher forms of life outside the earth. It can therefore be said that the approach to the Bible of Soviet scholars such as Professor Agrest is more truly religious than that of strictly Christian theologians.

Agrest sees in the Old Testament traces of a traditional mythology of extreme antiquity. An article published some years ago in Literaturnaya Gazeta gave his interpretation of certain Biblical themes in terms of an invasion of the earth in the past by a superior extra-terrestrial race, a people who, he suggests, built the gigantic stone platform of Baalbek as a launching site for their space craft. The extraordinary universality of archetypal myths is explained by Agrest by relating them to the times when the arrival on earth of an alien race inflicted a lasting trauma on the human mind.

This way of thought which considers the probability of life outside the earth is shared by many Soviet scientists. The famous astrophysicist, Shklovski, believes that certain pre-historic rock paintings, particularly those found in the Sahara desert, are portraits of past extra-terrestrial visitors, and he has shown by calculation that one of the peculiar satellites of Mars is hollow and therefore presumably artificial. Another leading scholar, the palaentologist Flerov, has indicated that a people from space may have been responsible for what appears to be bullet holes in the skulls of animals and men thousands of years old.

The possibility that an alien race may be infiltrating human society has always been an influence in Russian literature; Dostoievski in particular was obsessed by the figure of the alien among men. And a short story published a year ago in **Encounter** by Sinyavski, one of the two Soviet writers recently sent to prison, described the plight of an extra-terrestrial compelled to live unobtrusively in a human community.

A great deal of evidence points to one origin for the tradition on which our civilization is based. At some period in the remote past, after untold ages without any conception of the possibility of another way of life, men were suddenly faced with an incredible vision, the arrival of an



extra-terrestrial race descending to earth in circular airships. According to the earliest myths, expressed in oral tradition and in certain pre-historic illustrations, these people, the gods, flew through the air in vehicles described in the same way as are flying saucers today.

The study of the early legends relating to flying saucers in the past, the discovery of the artificial mounds and pyramids and of those hilltop sites in Britain and elsewhere where the memory of the old gods and their circular airships still survives is an immensely important subject on which more work is urgently needed. For only by studying the period of the first flying saucer vision when men's minds were suddenly expanded by contact with an extra-terrestrial race, can we begin to realize something about the experiences which we will shortly have to undergo.

MR & MRS HILL

Already our revived consciousness of the mysterious discs in the sky has brought to the surface a number of old beliefs which, since the days when the Gods last appeared on earth, had been on the decline. The enigmatic creatures associated with flying saucer reports are becoming identified with the legendary other race which has always been known to exist alongside our own. Whereas in the past it was fairies, spirits and succubi who haunted the fringes of our world, impersonating, abducting and seducing human beings, it is now of the flying saucer people that such stories are told. The extraordinary series of modern reports of sexual encounters between men and extra-terrestrials, of which the recently much publicized adventure of the American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hill is but one example, can be compared with those legends found in all parts of the world which record the mating of a man from earth and a woman of unearthly origin, often explicitly described as one who has descended from the sky inside a flying saucer.

Among the Algonkin Indians, a race with many traditions clearly deriving from the time of open contact with the gods, the vehicle in which the erotic woman descends is said to be a circular basket, levitated by the singing of its occupants, a clear reference to what many people suspect are the powers of sound to create movement and flight. There is indeed evidence to suggest that this power may have been rediscovered by certain individuals in recent times, notably by John Keely of Philadelphia at the end of the 19th century, but, as so often happens with inventions which may threaten the monopolies of the oil companies, they have been persecuted and their discoveries suppressed.

Far more people than is generally realized claim to have seen flying saucers, for until recently the subject has not attracted much serious interest. The only two groups of people who have inquired closely into it are the societies of amateur researchers and the governments and military leaders of the great powers concerned at the appearance of the mysterious flying objects. But now the flying saucer phenomen is coming more and more to be accepted as a potent of great events shortly to be expected.

THE GODS

Just as the sight of the gods' flying discs gave primeval men their first indication of the mind-expanding vision which the coming of the space people represented, so today the mysterious objects in the sky, reported from all parts of the world, are part of our preparation for some devastating revelation. The influence of some force, working to prepare us for this event, may be seen in other recent developments such as the new interest in psychedelic drugs and in astrology as a means of interpreting the larger patterns of the rhythm of time.

The remarkable revival of interest in astrology, both on a popular level through newspaper horoscopes, and among serious students of this ancient science, is the more impressive since astrology plays no part in our present educational system, unlike in the past when among earlier civilizations it was studied to the exclusion of almost everything else. Its resurgence at this time can be seen, like the appearance of the enigmatic flying discs, as deliberately inspired to open our minds to the approaching revelations of the Aquarian age.

by John Michell

John Michelle is author of "The Flying Saucer Vision" to be published by Sidgwick and Jackson later this year.

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it CENSORSHIP 6

THE John Sharkey - Gustav Metzger trial is scheduled for 15 Feb. at a Magistrates' Court. They are being charged with unlawfully causing an indecent act to be shown at the Destruction in Art Symposium several months ago. They are being tried under a law which does not allow for expert witnesses to be called. Full details next issue.

* * *

AN often overlooked fact about the Stass Paraskos Leeds Trial is that the charges originally brought against the Leeds College of Art, the organizers of the Paraskos exhibition, were dropped. The fuzz don't seem ready to tackle institutions. The painter was a surer target in this instance.

* * *

NEW Stones single, "Let's Spend The Night Together" banned in many American cities.

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WHAT would Dylan Thomas have thought? Pamela Hansford Johnson (Lady Snow to we of the pornographic masses) recently called for more artistic censorship in the pages of that great American obscenity, the Saturday Evening Post, **"Total licence in the arts at best engenders boredom and produces a kind of ghastly sameness, at worst is produces a combination of sex and sadism."** And there's more: "Theatre of **Cruelty is one of the nastiest ideas that has ever set literary persons ululating with joy."** Naturally Lady Snow has no intention of inviting the police into her little academic clique of liberal close-thighed, open-minded fascists. Perhaps we'll let her do it herself. Perhaps C.P. can help out.

* * *

JAKARTA: Police in Bandoeng, West Java, are publically shearing off Beatle haircuts worn by teenage Indonesian kids. Tight jeans and pointed shoes are also under attack as being contrary to Indonesia's national identity. Police have been rounding the kids up and lecturing them on moral decadence . . . Who better qualified than they?

* * *

SIEGFRIED Hermann Hirsh, 21, publisher of "Total", a West German satirical Quarterly, has filed a complaint against "Oberpostdirektion Bremen" and against West Germany's GPO at Bonn over alleged censorship of his magazine. Bremen post officials took objection to pre-Xmas edition of "Total" which included an advertising prospectus of British magazine "Bizarre" and among other contributions a poem by Arno Reinfrank, German born London resident, 32, Member of PEN Centre German Writers Abroad, author of a number of poetry books and thrice winner of West German literary awards. Bremen post office withdrew from publisher Hirsh the right to mail his magazine at printed paper rate alleging that his publication is offending public welfare and morals. Backing Hirsh in his protest, Reinfrank wrote to "Oberpostdirektion" Bremen: **"My poem is a warning against radio active fall-out and its genetic consequences and thus, against serious dangers to the public welfare. If you consider mentioning of 'pubic hair' in context of the poem as immoral then you'd have to shave all men . . . ."** The post office's ruling more than doubles mailing costs for the publisher who has to post "Total" at normal letter rate in sealed envelopes. A number of West German papers have reported on this latest action of Bremen's self-styled censors in matters of art and literature.

* * *

CAIRO: The Egyptian government is easing its rules on belly dancing, so that costumes can be less restrictive, skirts can be split up the side, "art" can flourish. The old restrictions, instituted three years ago by the Nasser regime, forbade the dancer to "take positions which carry sexual implications." In a desperate attempt to powder his country with artistic sugar, the Minister of Culture said that dancers would now be allowed a "little more freedom in their movements — but not for pornography." Why, of course!

* * *

A NEW Australian board is being set up to develop some consistency in the field of censorship. Although Lolita and Lady Chatterbox have come off the banned book list recently, they have been replaced with Henry Miller's **Nexus.** Wait till the kangaroos read **Sexus!**

* * *

UNDERGROUND Pornography of the Fortnight: The Advertising award goes to Janet Dickinson Nylons for their picture of a nylon-clad, open-thighed cutie atop the words: LIE BACK AND ENJOY IT. Caress her on your way down the local tube escalator.

* * *

EAST-SIDE, West-side: Across the glittering continent of the United of Stately Americas, come some mags of latent interests to censorshiptologists. **Intercourse** is the manual of the infamous Berkeley Freedom League (write to Box 2258, Berkeley, California, 94711). Issue 3 lets you know about all the sexual scenes West of the Rocky Mountains and due North of LSD. What are you selling, baby? Read it if you're looking forward to being embarrassed. I.E., how hip, how liberated, how intercoursy is your mag with its grey 1930-type African nudes, posing in utter respectability?

From the East Village comes No. 1 of **Down Here,** published by Tompkins Square Press. What looks like a promising new mag gets off to a censorshitty start in its treatment of a chapter from Apollinaire's fantastic pornographic novel, **The Debauched Hospodar.** From the **Down Here** introduction: **"Eroticism, or pornography, as the censors would have it, should excite pleasurable sexual feelings in the reader. But in this novel, the writing does not excite; it appalls us. It acts as a purgative . . . This is not 42nd Street; this is a serious work by a major French poet."** For those who don't know, the reference to 42nd Street is intended to be pejorative, meaning the Soho-like porno-embroiled section of New York. As to the Apollinaire novel — it is erotic, designed to stimulate, purposely pornographic, obscene — in short, terrific. This novel is closer to pure and beautiful smut than almost anything I ever read on 42nd Street. And that's where it belongs. God save obscenity from the downtown poet-alchemists who would turn it into Art as their only defence for showing the world that its groovy.

* * *

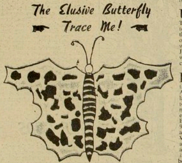
BEWARE the Ero Genius. He's coming into your mind.

* * *

IT seems as if the number of recent obscenity busts in London town are beginning to relate to one another in a tactical way. Having won their obscenity trials, the fuzz are seemingly pushing for a slap-down on "indecency" — so much so that one expects to see cases come out of the Magistrates Courts into bigger and better things in the near future. If the cops succeed in winning their cases in the higher courts, this will, in effect, give them a free hand in deciding the nature of "indecency." Be cool, folks, for one wonders whether psychedelic events, raves, etc. will be exposed as "indecent." If so, London may be in for the kind of polarisation of forces now occuring in California.

* * *

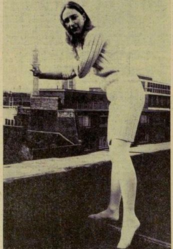
NOW its party-time. Censorshit is expanding as of this issue. We hope to provide licentious antidotes to what the column itself exhibits. Chicks, bananas, candles, contraceptives, national free love year, whatever looks nice, whatever may titillate. Objections, suggestions subversive pornography, graffitti, etc., should be sent to Fantasy Editor, IT.



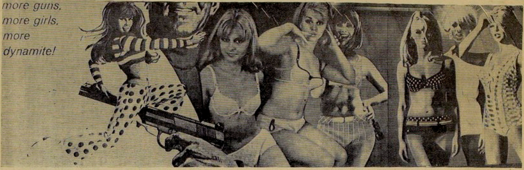
WHITE WOMEN PLAN

THE beautiful and disconcerting thing about Provo sexual reform is that it has no organized core of attack. So that the White Women Plan, suggested by Provo Irene Donner, turns out to be an impetus, but not, alas, a plan. She struck at the heart of fear in Amsterdam by publically calling for legalized abortions, the availability of contraceptives and related information to girls under 18—until the police got her on a technicality and forced her to sign a statement saying that she, a Provo, would not provoke.

The most inventive of Irene Donner's ideas is one which calls for surgical removal of the hymen in cases of fear of penetration to ease the sexual dilemma—a sort of Dutch detulipping. However, these are mainly attitudes which carry with them no active plan. Hence, some organized suggestions from our Fantasy Dept.: Provo chicks dressed in white (as they normally are) should be armed pushers of contraceptives; if an under-18 needs either details or material, she only has to locate her local lady in white for help (which Mama is probably reluctant to provide). Next, a White Women Plan to parallel the White Bike Plan might be useful—that is, there was a time in Amsterdam when a bike painted white was common property to any Provo.



Provo Mary Noordhoek-Hegt Duyvendak



A TRANSPORT AND DELIGHT

Paul Francis

IF the English language were to include a letter or ideogram to represent the idea of sex, it could hardly do better than adopt the symbol of London Transport; male and female signs combined in their simplest form. This image alone must subliminally attract a vast number of individuals to venture down into the warm subterranean labyrinth in search of an abstract companionship and security — "prepare to meet thy womb."

Travelling by tube cannot normally be described as an elevating experience, most people, surely, find it depressing at the best of times. An ever-increasing number of people, far and away the greater part of the working population, seems to be getting around by tube and the nervous strain and anti-social feelings reach a horrifying climax at the rush hours. There is, however, a happy band of strap-hangers and stair riders who are today finding more and more release through the collection of erotica displayed beneath the city. An increasing number of advertising agencies seem to be employing sexual images as a means of selling their wares; no new idea of course, but definitely on the spread. No longer confined to the well-established not to say familiar undergarment and swim-gear manufacturers who have done service to generations past (one imagines).

Now the niceties depart, the demure young ladies vanish from the walls, and the unsubtle have inherited the earth or at any rate the burrows; and like rabbits they are multiplying and coming to rely entirely on the sexual urges of the rest of us. One cannot but welcome this trend towards a more explicit world, and apart from one or two rather sinister sado-masochistically tinged images, and a sprinkling of homosexual overtones, its all good clean dirty fun, and the various captions and selling lines are not without a certain humour; "Lie back and enjoy it" invites one flimsily clad girl, while another, for no apparent reason declares that after her bath, all she needs is me. A lovely young lady gazing out at us from beneath long dark eyelashes claims that she has "the ultimate in plunge", and a slightly more mature woman seems unable to pose in her underwear without an older female companion, fully dressed, breathing down her neck. The latest swimsuits for 1967, although not especially daring in their design, are filled with rampant beauties obviously in the last stage of orgasm; there they stand, legs apart, mons veneri thrust forward, their mouths open, gazing off-camera feigning shock, or delight, no doubt at some male splendour hidden from the public view.

The male figure fares badly as yet, the only suggestive one of recent months appears to be an advertisement for a string vest, in which the man's chest fills the picture, adorned by a naked oriental lovely, who is about to kiss the gun he is brandishing in her face.

Guns, of course, and their accompanying sexual connotations, figure widely in advertising technique. Reed girls, for instance, who get the best assignments, should presumably go along to their nearest employment bureau heavily armed and clad in black leather cat-suits, Mr. Dean Martin uses guns for various purposes, including transport and a masturbatory device for his harem.

As the summer approaches, and the minis emerge from the fur and leather of the English winter, perhaps the rush hour, previously a sexual highlight for only a select few, may provide a beginning and end to a day's work more fitting to a man or woman than the usual panic, and help them to attain the long awaited age of homo eroticus.

By the IT-GIRL's Green Candle

THE IT-GIRL, Maureen, wears a transparent dress designed by two local tripped-out chicks, Karen and Angela. Light does fantastic things with it. It is the new trip sexuality. Buy one for your psychedelic mistress. Transparent dresses available on order thru International Times. For Info, write Fantasy Editor, It.

Candle provided by International Times Fantasy Waxworks. Photo by John Haynes.

How's your IT-GIRL itch? Show your pretty face on these pages. Contact the Department of Dreams; Love. . . .

A MODEST PROPOSAL

EVERY four years the nations meet in solemn congress for the Olympics, and the problem now hardest to solve is not the number of athletes or nations who wish to compete but the number of athletic events which can be included in the games. Yet the one physical act to whose fulfillment we devote the greatest part of our time, our imagination, and often our energy as well is never included in public competitions nor to be found in the list of recognized sports, neither at the Olympics nor at other less publicised events. What we propose, for those hard of hearing, is in fact to admit the sexual act on an equal (at first) status with other sports activities in free and open competition. It is obvious that the time is ripe, if not over-ripe, for this to happen, and the only possible objections such a move might attract would have to do with details or organisation.

It is proposed that these competitions should be limited at first — though only at first — to Male Events, in grudging conformance with the conservative notion that female athletes may prove to be slightly more reticent than males, though this may not turn out to be the case. This is merely to get things started. **In any event the first matches are likely to prove somewhat primitive and experimental, the main criteria for male attainment being number, duration, and productivity of orgasms as measured on a relatively passive female partner of standardised attractiveness or suitable plastic substitute.**

It should be obvious by now that women will not be long excluded from these competitions, thus opening the first to Female Events. These may also be judged by the number, duration, and, in this case, **intensity** of the orgasms, and it is clear that the miniaturisation of electronic techniques has a great role to play in this last category, as submicroscopic monitors may be placed in appropriate areas of the anatomy to guard against feigning by overzealous female competitors.

These two categories of Male Events and Female Events can be significantly refined, introducing new elements of timing, obstacles, and incentives, but the most interesting, as well as the most popular, feature of these matches is likely to be the Team Events. Here the criteria can be as varied as taste and imagination may require — the possibilities are almost endless, even without the use of various props, sound effects, and chemical stimuli. Some of the simpler competitions are likely to depend on:

a) **the smallest number of strokes leading to simultaneous orgasm;**
b) **the greatest number of strokes in sustained competition leading to final simultaneous orgasm;**
c) **the attainment of mutual satisfaction against a time limit or under certain special conditions.**

For differing tastes, there might be events involving specific kinds of dressing, undressing or caressing, events in specific historical or geographical settings, events requiring a specific number of steps to be completed in a specific order, as well as more all-in events involving improvisational elements. Some kind of prize should possibly be awarded to the most spontaneous performance by a couple who, through marriage or other circumstances, have competed together over a long period of years. For the traditionalist steeped in romantic usages there might also be an event called Classical Seduction. In all of this the many well-known positions are certain to play their role, adding zest, various, and new competitive possibilities to each event. And having gone this far, there is certainly no reason why these competitions should be limited to any particular gender of combination of partners, as prejudice in this regard is clearly a thing of the past. **Animals should not be excluded, and there is no reason to limit the number of competitors on each team.**

The imminent opening of our sports arenas to these competitions is certain to herald the beginning of a new era in social organisation, which is, to say the least, long overdue. Where today our sports pages and television screens are filled with groaning, straining athletes desperately striving to lift a leaden weight or beat each other to a bloody pulp, tomorrow's pages and screens will be populated with images of an entirely different nature. **Even the columns of statistics on the sports page will take on new life, with orgasms for goals and ejaculations instead of wickets.**

Our children will grow up trading cigarette cards showing the greatest champions of all sexes and events in moments of passionate triumph, and huge sums of money will be paid by magazines for accounts of how they felt as they won or lost the championship. Everything possible will be done to encourage the general public to admire and emulate these champions, and detailed books of instruction and encouragement will be made available to one and all.

Alex Gross

DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, TAKE IT!

INTERPOT 6
From all over

MAFIA-LSD sources are reported to have cut off a London agent without supplies following a series of bad deals he made with substantial buyers on the retail market. Clue: Tobacco Pouch. **Aldous Huxley** died the day after Kennedy. Any other time he might have got more publicity for his final gesture: a 2000 microgram trip into the horizon. Documented correspondence now that **LSD was used in May 1963 by USN Commander J. C. Busby** to solve problems connected with "the application of artificial intelligence to military problems". His subsequent attempt to get LSD research facilities is also documented.

Received: A Psychedelic Essay by Sture Johannson dedicated to Alexander Baldal. When we can get it translated it will get used. Thanks. The best journalistic enquiry into LSD appears in issue 71 of French magazine CRAPOUILLOT. Articles by Maurice, Cau, Leary, Modiano, Pierret, de Roux, Titus, Hofmann. Obtainable from 18 rue des Trois Portes, Paris 5, France. Price about 15/- or $2. 70 large pages.

Hofmann called by the prosecution in trial of John Esam at the Old Bailey. Defence called Nobel Prize winner Cheyne and won. But make no mistake. The first big acid bust will get about 10 to 15 years in the pen. Two students were fined £100 in Glasgow, Scotland, and quoted Leary's **Sunday Times** article in defence of possessing pot and acid. Their agent in court said that LSD was non-addictive, and as far as he knew, no crime had ever been committed as a result of people taking it. This is the first case of its kind in Scotland. As they left the court the two men were met by a crowd of friends outside the building.

Speaking at Stanford University, Dr. Joel Fort said that those who claim to be worried about LSD and marijuana would, if consistent, be much more worried about alcohol. He said alcohol is the most widely-used mind-altering drug and is responsible for about half the highway accidents and half the crimes that happen in the US every year. 6 million Americans were dependent on alcohol.

"The attention paid to LSD by the press and politicians involves a search for scapegoats, is a form of anti-intellectualism, and amounts to laying a smoke-screen to hide the really basic problems of society. "People in entrenched positions don't like to have their values and way of life questioned," he said. "There's no way to pass laws against youthful activities, and LSD is more easily condemned than alcohol because it is concentrated among young people."

He suggested that marihuana be regarded as a 'dangerous drug' rather than a narcotic, reducing the offense from a felony to a misdemeanor. He also suggested that LSD be classified as an experimental drug so that research into its effects can be resumed. Most of those hospitalised after using LSD had psychotic personalities to begin with. Their condition was precipitated by the drug.

"There is a great deal of abnormal, psychotic behaviour in our society that has nothing to do with drugs," he said. Dr. Fort is now with the Center for Special Problems, a division of San Francisco Health Dept.

Received: An open letter to the Chief of Narcotics Squad, Anywhere, from Terry Taylor. Its best line: "Chief. In all seriousness. The Revolution of the Mind is taking place. The Young realise it's now or never. They know if it doesn't take place now, a maniac can emerge — a creature of evolution born from an era of negativity — who would gladly commit Ultimate Suicide."

Arrested: In an unknown US city, Warren Gardner, for vagrancy and possession of marihuana. He told police he found it in a field in Arkansas (they said). The bearded bicycle rider's latest musical composition was "Smile on the Outlaw Dreamer's Face" (he said).

Brainblood dept reports that the BMA has a film on trepannation. Graphic on page 7 by Amanda Fielding is about trepannation also, the ego-sun under the blood tree with an adult hanging from the branches, and the moral — get a hole, little man. Bart Huges is now saying that many of the psychedelic generation have the third eye anyway, and drilling may not be necessary. Anyone want to buy an unused Black and Decker?

Received: Innerspace 2. Available at hip bookshop(s) price about 6/-. Contains very detailed information about police and government policy in USA. Klips on NeoAmerican Church, correspondence, and literature abstracts properly presented. There is no London correspondent. Address: Innerspace, Box 212 Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011, USA.

Received: Book of Grass, by George Andrews, to be published Feb 15th, by Peter Owen, price £1-17-6d. Together with the recently published Marihuana Papers (in USA only). Book of Grass forms one of the best references ever compiled on Cannabis. The Daily Express managed to write a scathing editorial complaining that Lord Kennett — Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Housing — had written in praise of hemp in the book. But an article elsewhere in the paper stated that the article had been taken from an already published Penguin book. But see next issue for the Pricks behind the Press.

Agent 49xx cables: Is it true that the police are stopping and searching anyone seen carrying copies of IT? in their endless search for happiness without laying out any bread? I have to carry a supply of brown paper around with me, before I can get anyone to touch IT, and all the pushers around my area get the horrors at the mention of the name too loudly in public.

Bradley to 49xx: Supplies in the matter duplicator. Stay in orbit till we can raise the money for something to bring you down.

Fables Dept: The early Americans first smoked pot and not wanting to let others into their delightful secret they palmed the early intruders off with a particularly nasty weed: tobacco. Who is the doctor doing a private investigation for a government department on the social LSD scene?

The Queensway Bust case caused court uproar at Marylebone when barrister Du Cann, appearing for one of the six accused, made mincemeat of the charge sheet. Five still out on bail while the Drug Squad file their teeth down a little.

Marihuana Bust Fund Plan took a lurch forward when Lovebooks offered their drug source material for use. Lists of source material will be printed from time to time, and applications are welcome. Top advice on country cooking. International experts etc.

Friend or foe? Mike Hennessy, Melody Maker correspondent in Paris thanks Pete Townshend in the current issue for doing one or two things for the drug scene. I wonder if Pete will thank Hennessy for writing a letter that has sinister equivocations stuffed between its morsel-packed lines. More about this sort of tactics in next issue, where the Press will be examined a little. But here's something to juggle with: Certain local papers were injudicious enough to print the phone number of the **Reverend John McNicol** — mogul of the National Association of Drug Addiction — which turns out to be that of **Fleetway Press, an International Printing Corporation** subsidiary. McNicol is assistant editor of the Sunday Companion. In the next issue I'll take a look at the way the Church is capitalising on the drug issue.

Best Press Stunt of the year so far: McNicol of NADA makes histrionic press statement calling for opening of Brain-Report type clinics. Three days later, drug addiction figures are published (as they always are this time of year). Evening Standard prints hysterical story containing the following mind-benders:

> **Restricting H will keep the Mafia out. Prescriptions will be posted to chemists shops. Extra beds will be made available to addicts wishing to escape the clutches of the drug. There will be 75 new treatment centres.**

The Sunday Times last November, carried an article in which Kenneth Robinson, Minister of Health, was accused of lying in Parliament about the number of treatment centres open for addicts. It accused the Government of taking refuge in the politics of fantasy, and contained the following observation, which probably reveals the true face of the Ministry of Health:

"As there is no scientific way to prescribe exactly for an addict's need, some degree of over- or under-supply is almost inevitable. Either way lies the possibility of grisly disaster capable of blighting several bureaucratic careers."

NEXT: THE RESPONSIBILITY MACHINE VERSUS THE MATTER DUPLICATOR. SILENT SAM TAKES ON BOTH WINNER AND LOSER.

Bradley Martin

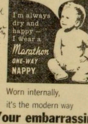
PHYSIODELICS BY JEFF NUTTALL. SEEDY BEE (ALIAS CLIFTON DE BERRY ALIAS HIPPETY GEARY) OUTLINES THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PHYSIODELICS, THE NEW FAITH —

In a short time these elegant salons will be fragrant with piss and Jeyes Fluid, will be resplendent with shoulder high dadoes of lime-green tiles. Alimentarily stuttering radiators will be installed and painted in glossy chocolate brown and the truly hip, switched-on visionary in-group of the intellectual élite can masturbate freely with Dettol-impregnated glasspaper, can eat eight meals a day of cabbage, wet boiled potatoes and stew, with Sunday admass specials like spam and margarine on prepackaged bread (thus rendering bowel movements frequent stiff and difficult) and will be encouraged to the ultimate high sanctity of bleeding piles, athletes foot, dysentry and dandruff of the subtler visionary levels of mild aching in the head, ear or gutrrrrzzbrbrbr

Now there is no excuse for any mother to let her baby suffer the pain and misery of pies or tarts which have a bottom crust, always put in a layer of fruit first and then

After years of suffering from embarrassing itching in the lower and delicate parts of the body this lady from Torquay writes: "Having derived wonderful relief from just two applications of T.C.P. brand Ointment... I feel I must write and sprinkle over the sugar so that sugar does not come directly into contact with the pastry as this makes it soggy.

NAPPY RASH? Not for me!



Worn internally, it's the modern way

Your embarrassing itching relieved

You can reboil the jam and add the juice of two lemons and cook until you get a set, or you can

can relieve **Constipation**

How to Relieve *TENSE NERVOUS*

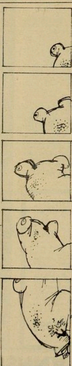
wet soggy nappy. To stop nappy rash and skin irritations before they start—you simply use a Marathon One-Way Nappy next to baby's skin.

Softest cotton wool for comfort, a cellulose centre for extra absorbency and special protective backing.

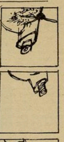
bring the jam to a full boil, remove from heat, then add an

elastic stocking

Pain and cruelty will be administered carefully stripped of all sado-masochistic compensation. There will be net curtains in all windows. The radio will be perpetually playing the British Home Service in all rooms. Perpetual masturbation will be forbidden but perpetual menstruation will be encouraged in female residents. Lavatories will be replaced by chamber pots and these will be infrequently emptied. Should residents fall in love their bloodcount will activate an electric system which will sound off hyena laughter through the nearest concealed loudspeaker. TV sets will show nothing but newsreels. The first wedding, carried out by myself, will involve the complete Baptist ceremony complete with military obscenities and organ music. During the over-familiar hymns, films of birth,



miscarriage, nappywashing, measles, mumps, croup, influenza and runny noses will be projected on a stained sheet above the altar. Normally residents, after a brief stay, will reach their First Level of External Illumination whereupon they receive their First Scroll of Visionary Distinction inscribed with Gothic letters of cheap gilt:



This Is Where You're At, you Starry-eyed get

They will then proceed to the ultimate nirvana called, in physiodelic argot, Human Life. In a fortnight's time I will demonstrate external vision in The Apotheosis of Vera Gray

A WAR STORY

THIS WAR STORY is, as far as it goes, true. Danny is real; and this interview is based on a conversation which we had in New York last year which I taped. Statements represented here to be his and views presented as his have been edited only as much as seemed necessary for the sake of coherence.

Danny is twenty and a former student from the state of Washington. His crewcut is so sharp, his gaze so direct, his sincerity so obvious that he seems to be some kind of parody of the 'All American Boy'. His major in college was psychology since he hoped to eventually become either a minister or a high school counsellor. For his fellow students as for him the Viet Nam war was a cardboard conflict and none of theirs. . . . "The war didn't concern us. We felt that the government was giving us little information about what was going on and not enough to know where we stood.

"WHEN I got my draft notice I knew that I probably wouldn't go until summer at the earliest and might have been able to get deferred as a student; but I decided to get it over with and enlist in the Chaplains' Corps of the Army Airborne Division. My reasons were conflicting, partially it was because of friends that I had seen return from the war and some who got killed in it. I've had eight friends killed in Vietnam and I don't know why. Four of them died together instantly when they were hit by a mortar shell. Another was walking in the streets of Saigon one day when a smiling little boy rode on his bicycle. As he passed my friend dropped dead from a knife wound inflicted by the kid on the bike. And still another friend was confronted by situations in combat where he had to kill several Vietnamese women and children; and this was something that he could not justify to himself although he knew that it had been literally a case of his life or theirs. The worst choice that he faced was when a three-year-old boy toddled out of a hut carrying a hand grenade and pulled the pin. What could he do but shoot the child down? When he arrived back in the States this friend was so eaten-up by guilt that he broke down and is now in an asylum. He just couldn't kill kids.

"TO me the Viet Nam war seems not so much a war as a conflict of individuals and my responsibility there is not to my country or to the president or to the Vietnamese people but to individuals such as my friends who have been there. Perhaps if that friend who went insane had been able to talk to someone about it while he was still facing the war then he would be sane today. I hope to be able to do something for such men in combat, talk to them and get them to talk in ways that they cannot in their letters home. It might relieve some of the pressures on them. I'm going willingly because by so doing I'm acting rather than just waiting for something to happen to me. The possibilities of death, that I will be killed, are more real than ever before in my life. I feel, sometimes, that there is a good chance that I will be killed there since I know that the mortality rate for chaplains is fifty per cent higher than for the ordinary infantry man. Chaplains do not carry weapons to defend themselves though they do have bodyguards; but those bodyguards may have no experience of a combat situation.

"AND death comes quickly in Viet Nam. Friends have all pointed out that they had no warning of anything that was going to happen. Of course I don't want to die; but I still want to go so that I can, in some way, act out some of the stresses that were never satisfied in me as a student. Today we tend to glorify the intellectual man at the expense of the physcial man; and the war in Viet Nam is a war in a totally physical world, a masculine world based on a kind of aggression that I want. I need to learn my capacity to run or crawl or punish my body in the mud and the slime and the dirt and have it not phase me. This has a sort of bittersweet value for me since there isn't any other situation in our lives today that demands that a man go through such torture.

"IT'S a way of proving manhood. Maybe the truth is that in America today the only way to prove your manhood is to die and so affirm your existence. I guess it was possible in the old west; but there's nothing like that now. I feel jealous of my ancestors, the western men who conquered the territory. I've been cheated by a hundred years of that experience and the only way that I can approximate it is by going to Viet Nam even though I don't believe in the war. I feel that our government's obligation has gone too far, we should have backed out long before this time. It doesn't seem likely, knowing mankind, that there will ever be peace; and there's certainly nothing that I can do, as an individual, to promote it.

"MOST of the men that I'm going to Viet Nam with have no sense of obligation to anyone in this war they go simply because they have to. But at the same time they get angry at the peace marchers, they'd like to see the demonstrators rounded up and drafted and sent to Viet Nam along with everybody else. I don't agree with either side. I symsympathize with the marchers; but they're fighting a lost cause. Maybe the best thing for them would be to go over to Viet Nam and get their part of the war over with.

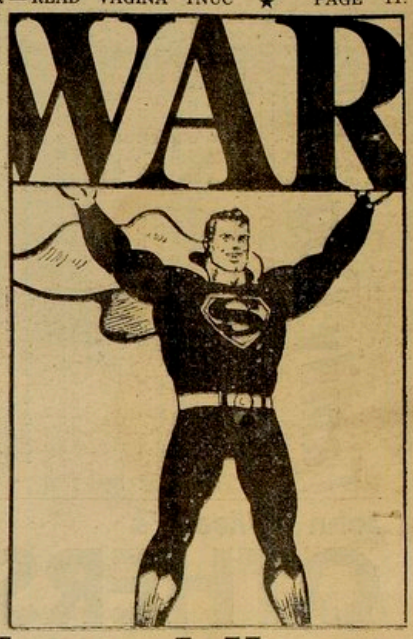
"IT'S not my war, this one. I don't necessarily believe that God is on our side; and I don't feel especially patriotic; but I think that the only thing that I can do is to go over and try to work out my own salvation there."

AT THE TIME OF THIS WRITING DANNY HAS SEEN HIS WAR. IF HE IS STILL ALIVE HE HAS JUST CELEBRATED HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS IN A WAR WHICH HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND, ON A BATTLEFIELD WHICH IS FOR HIM A SORT OF 'SUPER OLYMPIC' PROVING GROUND FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. PERHAPS BY NOW HE HAS FOUND HIS MANHOOD AND HIS MISSION, A RATIONALE OF WAR, IN DEATH.

by Bill Butler

inner/outerspace

Outer space: war, the most urgent and horrific problem of our "down-to-earth" reality. Inner space: the mind of the politician and the soldier. The politician is notoriously silent on his inner feelings on the subject of war. The soldier, unless he is a Field Marshall or a zealous conscientious objector, rarely gets the chance to register his thoughts in print. Below are taped conversations with two soldiers. They prove nothing: another two soldiers might have said completely different things. But they fill in some more details on the map in the terms that we must finally judge war by—the individual human being, man alone on a battlefield.



A Scottish soldier

"My attitude is that if the good Lord says you're going to die of malaria, you'll die of malaria. If he says you're going to die in Vietnam, you'll die in Vietnam. If he says you're going to die crossing the road, you'll die crossing the road."

Jock comes from Glasgow. He is relaxed, easy to get along with, 28, typical of so many young men with hard-living, working class backgrounds from that tough but warmhearted city. He likes football, drinking, betting, girls and babies. Most of all, he told us one evening, he likes fighting — real fighting in which a mistake can mean death. So keen is he that he would gladly be a mercenary: "just give me a rifle and a bandaleer, and put me in there, and I'll be happy." To be honest, we had heard nothing quite like Jock before. When the chance of another conversation arrived, we planted a tape recorder near him. Below are the results. They are likely to horrify some and throw others into despair. Why do we publish them at all? We're not sure. Maybe because people like Jock exist and anyone who wants to "change the world," be he Marxist, anarchist, pacifist, acid-head, will one day have to come to terms with tough yet gentle little Scots who suit exactly the requirements of war-making Establishments.

We have retained much of Jock's "colourful" language, not through any desire to shock or offend, but simply to reproduce the man as accurately as possible. The strange spelling of some of the words is an attempt to catch the Glasgow dialect. In general the meaning should be clear enough. In cases of outlandish difficulty, we have placed "translations" in parenthesis. Even with this attention to detail, however, Jock comes over distorted in print: when he speaks he is not as brutal and unfeeling as his words suggest. Behind every word there was that mysterious Glasgow code in which violence is something to be accepted, even admired, certainly nothing to fear or condemn.

THE tape begins in mid-conversation. Jock is telling of how each company in his regiment put a red star on its flag pole for each communist killed. This led to competition between the companies. Often they would kill people who were not communists but the stars would go up just the same. ". . . You want to huv seen the stars oor company hud. We used to huv f—— hundreds . . . We killt this female an' we put two stars up on our pole. The CO came along an' he kicked up f——. 'Two stars? It's only one star, you know'. We said 'two', he said 'one'. So we told him 'she was pregnant, so we put up another star.'

And why did you kill her? Was she running away from you, or what?

She was a Commie.

And that was the only reason?

Och aye, we used to shoot them for f—— anything there. Stealing a banana and you'd get shot and marked down as a Commie. Even though you wurnae (weren't), you just got f—— shot. F——ridiculous it wis.

Have you any idea how many people you have killed yourself?

Oh no, its an impossibility. You cannae tell. Every —— opens up at the same time. The minit a bullet get fired, every —— fires, you know? Ah know for a fact ah've killt four. That's bayonetting them. They're aw (all) dying, or on the brink of it, and you just f—— pht! (mimes putting bayonet into body) and walk away from them.

Does it give you any kind of sensation killing them?

Its like huving a great hangover lifted off you. They're very strange people. They live to die. It's their ambition. As long as they can take somebody wae them, they're quite happy about it. Tae fight them you've goat tae understand them. In Malaya — its the very same in Vietnam just now — you've goat tae use the jungle as an ally. An' it's a very hard f—— thing if you don't know how. And I don't think the Americans know how to use it yet. They're getting trained in European warfare and they're getting thrown into this jungle. And I think they're fighting against the actual jungle itself Once you learn to live wae the jungle, it becomes your greatest ally. It's fantastic the things that the jungle can teach you. It teaches you the law of survival. Like there are certain trees in the jungle : if you're hungry, you climb to the top of one of them and cut off maybe the top six feet of it. You bring it down, cut it up, boil it and its just the same as cabbage. There's certain berries you can eat. And certain ways of fishing. Certain fish you can get. An' there's certain ways to go about a swamp. You cannae just cut straight through a swamp. Like you see in aw these movies cunts jump into a swamp and start cutting through it, well that's an impossibility. You've goat to learn how to pick your way through it. Once you've been in the jungle three or four months you learn how to go through a swamp easily. But aw these things you see in the movies are a lot of crap. There's certain ways to do everything in the jungle.

If you are out for a few weeks in the jungle, don't you get supplies?

No. What happens is . . . In Malaya, when we were fighting the Commies there, if you're goin' out on an ambush, they work it out — the Commies are gonnae collect their grub on, say, the 30th of January. Well, you'll go oot maybe on the first of January in case they change their minds. You take two weeks rations wae you. And after that period, you might get air drops or you might huv to come aw the way oot (of the jungle) to get it, or else you have to live off the land. It depends on the type of ambush. But if its a red hot tip that your're getting, you've got to live on what you've got and that's you bust. You're no allowed to wash or shave or clean your teeth or do anything, you know, like make tea, heat up grub, smoke, anything. Fur six weeks we wurnae allowed to wash or shave or nothing. We hud to live off corned beef for six weeks solid.

How did you manage to do without cigarettes for six weeks? (Jock is a very heavy smoker.)

You get searched before you go out on these ambushes to make sure you don't have any cigarettes on you. Ah was always lucky. Ah always managed to get cigarettes out with me. Ah don't know how. Couple of wee tricks, you know. But you were never allowed matches. That was wan thing you could never get out. So you used to just sit around wae a fag in your mouth. For f—— sake, ah went fur aboot three days wae the same fag. Used to call it Jimmy. You got a sensation. You'd be sneaking this fag out and you'd think it was great just because you had it, you know? See at the death, you were talking to the f—— thing. Used to be praying for these bastards to come. Every week that went by it was getting worse and worse. And when they did come, nae —— believed it. And when they did come, you really hated them. You f—— hated them. Let no man, woman or child pass . . . What a f—— massacre we gave they —— that day. Only eight of them as well. They must've been torn tae ribbons when we finished with them. Ah think every —— was taking it oot on them. F—— sin so it wis. They were that happy. This couple comes in first down to the food supplies. We're standing there wae f—— bren guns. The two of them come in and mess aboot. Then they go scouting the area. They don't go more than about five yards out from where their food is—typical Chinese. Then wan runs away up the track and comes doon wae a big team of them. And the eight of them are all shaking hands getting into this grub and laughing and joking. And we're aw thinking, "ya-bastard." Then our officer gives the signal and we shoot right into them. A f—— sin, so it is. Ah felt sorry for hauf of them. No, I didnae feel sorry for them because I was getting fun oot of them really. They're hardy bastards. We shot a —— 25 f—— times and the —— run for three days. He was dead when we got him, right enough.

What makes you think that they want to die?

Drugs. Opium. They don't live a normal life. They smoke opium. And during the time they're away on this stupor, these —— come round and convince them that the British are no use and Britain's taking all their money off them. And these —— go all against British. Actually they're taught in the schools that Communism is the greatest thing in the world. And that we're no-users, that we're trying to steal their money from them, trying to make them serfs and —— knows-whit. These people believe it. They want to die so as to be some kind of hero . . . which they can never be because we used to shoot them and tie them to the front of a f—— motor . . . arms out here, legs sticking out there . . . and strip them . . . just to show what could happen to any —— that comes against us. Never did any f—— good to them. They still wanted to die to prove that we were wrong.

Tom & Maureen McGrath

Family Dogcatcher

CHET HELMS HE FOLLOW THE SUN. GO HOME SAN FRANCISCO.

BUT he'll be back. Back to bring a little of that sunshine and good lovin' to the cold "reasonable" folks of London. Sometime in the near future, London will get a taste of Family Dog Productions, the outfit which produces the much publicised San Francisco Friday-Saturday night raves at the Avalon Ballroom.

TO Family Dogcatcher, **Chet Helms**, his organization is "relig-eose — a weekly communal, cathartic, ecstatic expression." In this sense, his raves live within a dimension as yet unknown to the Roundhouse events and others here in London. In fact, the sense of religious community, in the most literal sense, seems to be the inspirational core of what is usually thought of as just a pop dance:

"I think that religion has been characterised by the same constellation of aspects, which are a collective partaking of sacraments under the controlled situation of ritual for the purpose of reaching a relatively common state of mind for a period of time. All sacraments in all times have been psycho-chemicals and have somehow altered a state of consciousness, and history I feel has been divided into psycho-chemical ages, Psycho-pharmacology has been involved in each age.

"In ancient times there were psycho-pharmacologies that involved the burning of laurel leaves, swamp gas, etc. An important aspect of the controlled situation of ritual is that of sanctuary, i.e. there is a customary removal from the traffic and flow of human affairs."

The New Ritual does not limit itself to concentrated public evenings. It is happening all over San Francisco (and since travelling, he is convinced its an international phenomenon), it is in the air, it was not created by Family Dog — "It exists; people are just trying to name it." Take Chet's own psychedelic wedding last year — performed by a priest of the Brotherhood of the Waya legal, state-recognised religious group. The ceremony lasts a total of 25 seconds: **"Have you two cats been living together?"** Affirmative. **"Would you like to continue living together legal-like?"** Affirmative. **"Then I suppose I better declare you man and wife."**

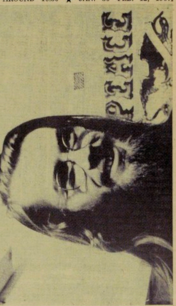
He digs London (even though some "turned-on individuals tried to steal a piece of his aura), but admits that its really all happening back home:

"The energy of the younger generation is feeding off the energy dissipating in their elders. A lot of momentum comes from the energies generated by the empire which is falling apart at the seams. Mental rigor mortis strikes before physical.

"There is an extreme sense of community in San Francisco among acid users, who represent at least one in ten of the population. Wherever you go you see acid heads, I think the energy is hostility which we are using constructively. Acid is the medium."

Again, I ask: Why San Francisco?

"Because the sacrament is far more advanced in distribution, promotion, control, and quality than anywhere else in the world."



John Wilcock's

OTHERSEENS

Sometime this year a long-planned pirate radio station is expected to open up offshore from the California coastline — a station theoretically immune to local and Federal legislation. It will broadcast for 18 hours each day on an AM frequency clearly heard throughout Southern California, concentrating upon "material of a less conventional, uninhibited and uncensored nature" than that heard over most FCC-licensed stations in this country.

The station will be called Radio Free America and, according to Larry Lipton originated in the minds of students in his class at the Free University of California, some of whose experience in broadcasting technology and programming will be invaluable to the new station. It is planned to operate the "pirate" station under foreign registry and staff it with foreign personnel.

Operators of the proposed Radio Free America seem to feel that as long as they establish their transmitters off the Continental Shelf, in international waters, they will be free from FCC control. They have previously explored an abortive plan of other speculators who attempted to establish a new "island" by sinking a concrete barge in shallow waters. Unfortunately, the water turned out to be not so shallow as it had been hoped and the barge sank.

Playboy's current issue includes portrayals of "the Playboy Girl" by top contemporary artists. Hefner, having bought reproduction rights, now wants the originals, has paid Dali (it's rumoured) $25,000 for his, is trying to get Warhol's (a nude visible only under black light) for $4,000. So far no sale: Andy wants $9,000......Philip Morris and the other major cigarette companies are promoting a special "tax-free-cigarettes-to-servicemen-in-Vietnam" deal ($10.61 for 100 packets) so that you can do your bit to help along the Saigon black market without even leaving home......The people who originated the hula hoop, Wham-O-Corporation of San Gabriel, recently reintroduced the gimmick in "a few test areas" to see if they could chalk up some more sales. But, according to one of the partners (quoted in **Los Angeles Magazine**), "The trouble is that today's teenage dancing has far surpassed the body movement of the hoops"...... Steve Allen is by far the most logical candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles ......The man who took the pictures for Ron Boise' Kama Sutra love calendar is planning a dirty movie with Ken & Barbie dolls ...... A healthy occupation in some households is the adorning of such dolls with pubic hair... Flapping Your Arms Can Be Flying (Orbit Graphic Arts, 1345 Howard Street, S.F. 94 103, $2.95), a series of wistful pictorial-poetic pages, is described by its publisher as the book "the psychedelic generation has been waiting for"... "The term avantgrade ought to be restored to the French army where its manic sense of futility propitiously belongs. It does not apply to any American art that I know about." (Dan Flavin, sculptor who specializes in presenting clusters of neon light tubes which, in places like Max's Kansas City, popular NY tavern, are often mistaken for the normal lighting arrangements).

Probe, a division of Capitol Records, issued the first in its series of documentary albums ("sound where there has been silence") — a melange of quotes, interviews, assessments on the life, and death, of Lenny Bruce. Next in the series is an LP about the controversy over the JFK assassination. Interesting mainly because of its early indications of a trend: with the increasing prevalence of tape cartridges we'll probably soon have "tape magazines" with, say, half a dozen sound stories and semi-musical features, for two or three bucks an "issue."

Jack Kent Cooke, who made millions before he was 35 from Toronto's CKEY radio station and the Maple Leafs ice hockey team, intends to buy the L.A. Herald-Examiner. You may think it couldn't be any worse, but wait and see.

TO THE WORLD'S END

. . . in a MOONJET JACKET

Granny Takes a Trip 488 King's Rd SW10

MR BARON & THE INCIDENT OF THE SCREWS (A LIVERPOOL STORY)

THERE is a shop in Myrtle Street with a counter behind which stands Mr Baron and a few racks of ancient pin-up magazines.

Mr Baron is small and wears glasses and a red scarf tucked inside a rather grotty raincoat. By the door there is a huge box containing Mickey Spillane books and other crumpled thrillers. If you look around the shop you can make out in the semi-darkness jars of sweets and stand-up cigarette adverts. If you buy Aspro he offers tennis rackets and ping pong balls, just in case.

Mr Baron likes to tell this story:

ONCE upon a time a negro came into the shop and asked if he had any screws. Mr Baron had a couple of hockey sticks, a brass statue, some newspapers and a few American comics, but no screws. The negro went away puzzled.

Meanwhile in a room above Mr Baron's other shop, a junk shop a few doors down the road, are sitting three of four plainclothes policemen and the occupants of the room. The police have heard that there is going to be a drug orgy and are waiting excitedly for the guests to arrive. They have just found a few ounces of weed and opium and have been asking about LSD and sniffing bottles of milk. There's a knock on the door. It's Mr Baron's friend come with the groceries. The police search the cabbages, finding perhaps a frozen caterpiller but no weed.

The greengrocer who it is possible, went home that evening and tried to smoke a cabbage, told Mr Baron about the incident.

There's a touch of the William Borroughs about Mr Baron's sweet shop. The police came there once after a gun which he says, didn't exist. But they got a tramp lurking among th gobstoppers and confiscated a sack full of objects.

By and by a number of young men went into the room above the junk shop and were Immediately Caught. Later they all went to the police station where statements were made and later still a few were fined and a few went to jail. One who didn't turn up in court was found in bed having a last smoke.

MR Baron tells that story. He keeps on selling Aspros and offering ping pong balls and when people come into the shop he asks about screws. He is delighted with the word. Screws, not nails, but screws. Screws. Mr Baron has found a new word, Screws. He smiles when he says the word. More ammunition for his daydreams.

Ah! if it were legal and sold behind a counter, among the racks of dusty nudes and ping pong balls then I would go to Mr Baron's for it, and we would both smile, and standing face to face in the semi-light mutter, Screws.

Brian Patten

GLASS CONCERT

8 p.m. Sunday, Jan. 29 See What's Happening

★ ★ SHORT SAD MUNICH NEWSLETTER ★ ★

MY wife says nothing ever happens in Munich so why bother with a report at all; actually, she's 90 per cent right and that's why it's a sad newsletter. It can get to seem hopeless for a lonely handful here trying to blow 1,500,000 Bavarian minds — so the message is help. Come and see us, send us musicians, dancers, looners, poets etc.; sometimes the spirit weakens and you can't be on acid all the time when the rest of the population has decided on beer. Something may happen here someday, but not unless other dedicated idiots like ourselves are prepared to sacrifice the best years of their lives for it.

That was the forecast; here is the news. A rare evening was spent in the 14th floor pad of valve trombonist Hermann Otto, where Messrs Banerjee and Chatterjee of Calcutta delighted a small audience with a recital of Indian music, playing sitar and tabla respectively. In the recent Indian week here — notable mainly for two film displays of classical Indian dancing by Sitara Devi and Manjusree Chaki — they had had a tough time with lousy acoustics and goofy technicians; this time surroundings were better, and they played a long evening raga which knocked me out. For an interlude Mr Chatterjee demonstrated tabla technique including a fantastic impression of a train-ride from Munich to Berlin which was much better than the real thing; a quick Dhun rounded off the evening. Nothing to smoke but the music groovy the view from the balcony a gas, and nouveau-riche Klaus Lea turned up in a ridiculous brown cord suit.

Finally, selfconfessed Freudian psychotherapist Dr Walter Marseille gave an interesting lecture to packed audience on 'LSD, subjective and objective impressions'. (Your correspondent got on a weird scene trying to find this lecture — travelling up 8 floors in a lift full of blue-haired old women with a sensation-hungry look in their eyes, clucking "Wo ist der LSD-Mensch?") Marseille proved to be a groover with 20 happy trips behind him, gave acid a good press and is obviously doing good work turning on all the schizos he can find. His Freudian techniques on LSD-therapy merit a longer and more serious discussion, which will be found in the coming issue of MAGMA; readers are asked to contribute to, and buy this magazine, who and wherever they are.

Felix de Mendlesohn

BORED? SCORE!

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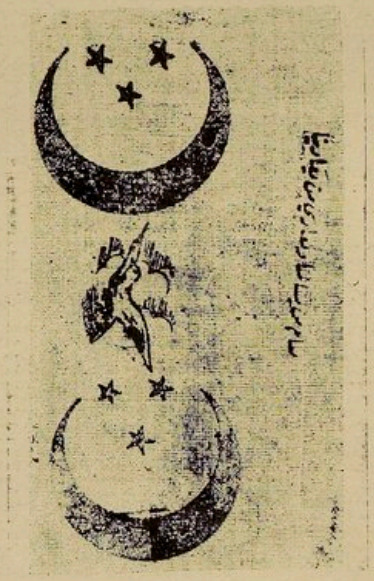

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★ **IT 3**—The first part of William Burroughs' "Invisible Generation; articles by Jakov Lind and Morton Feldman.

★ **IT 4**—Interviews with Dick Gregory and the Paul Butterfield Blues Band; Soho Strip Club Guide.

★ **IT 5**—Exclusive interview with Pop Artist Class Oldenburg; First publication of Jim Dine obscenity trial photos.

★ **IT 6**—Three-page interview with Paul McCartney; Second part of William Burroughs' "Invisible Generation"; articles by Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsberg, David Halliwell, Charles Marowitz, Michael Hastings.

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"Where is the Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre?"

—GUARDIAN THEATRE CRITIC

THEOBALDS ROAD is the correct answer, although I'm sure its easy enough to come up with a better one. The London Traverse Co., lately of Edinburgh, lives there now. The driver and six further members of the American Troupe, "The Living Theatre," at present making guest appearances in Munich, were taken into custody at around 11 o'clock on Tues. night in the lobby of their hotel in the Dachauerstrasse and brought to the police station.

It began when their driver, the 29 year old Italian Gina Franco Mantegna was put under provisional arrest because he had been driving against the law and his car was not in condition. Other group members joined in and wanted to prevent the arrest. Two police officers and — according to statements from the Stage Company — **seven of their members suffered wounds during these altercations.** The troupe members were set free upon deposit of their passports.

There is a moment in Cecil Taylor's "Who's Pinkus? Where's Chelm?", the current show at the Cochrane, in which actor Bernard Bresslaw learns to say "no," thus transforming himself from an emotionally inert cripple into a giant of self-esteem. **It is the first time in five months that I have been moved (if only for an instant) at the Traverse Theatre. Moved to what? To anything, In any way. Of course not to social or political action. In this case, it was merely a matter of what committed theatre people sometimes call Magic.**

This magic moment was not repeated all evening. Shortly before 11 p.m. on Tuesday a squad car observed a Volkswagen bus driving in the wrong direction down the one-way Schleissheimerstrasse in the direction of Stiglmaierplatz. The car had a license plate only in back, and its right headlight was not burning. Followed by the police officers the car drove into the Dachauerstrasse and stopped before the Hotel "Munchener Hof. **The officers checked up on both car and driver and ascertained that there had been a short circuit in the car.** The driver — Mantegna — didn't have his driver's papers or passport with him. He said he would get them from the hotel. They could not be found there. The car papers were in fact lying in the vehicle, which the driver did not know. Clearly, the actor himself was moved, perhaps at the satisfying recognition of a slice of substantial purposeful human endeavour in secluded portions of his role.

Pinkus is taken from a Shalom Aleichem fable about the mythic town of Chelm. I find the best of fables to have a complexity about them (as opposed to the simplicity normally attributed them) which provide a multitude of wonders in the most deceptive nucleus. Since there was suspicion that this might be a case of a stolen car, Mantegna was placed under arrest. **When he refused to come with them and when other members of the troupe proceeded against the officers and wanted to stop them from taking the driver with them, the police used force and drew out their rubber billy-clubs.** However, **Pinkus is a simple-minded play. It is always predictable, often dull, and never interesting.** With the help of reinforcements of another six squad cars seven of the troupe members who had taken positions against the police were brought to the police station, two of them first being submitted to a blood-alcohol test. Police Chief Dr. Manfred Schreiber declared: **"Hindering the investigation of a case like suspicion of car theft should not be put up with by any police in the world. With foreigners one must always suppose there is a danger of flight."**

There is one song in Pinkus. That is, there are many songs, but my ear will only allow me to recall one, which suggests all the rest to me. Monty Norman's music and lyrics (along with Cecil Taylor) are monotonous and reactionary. **Pinkus isn't even good fun, or an evening's entertainment, despite the fact that one critic publically thanked Director Charles Marowitz for bringing gaity and good fun back to the theatre.** (This was meant as a compliment). According to troupe members six of them sat down on the floor of the hotel lobby to demonstrate their passive resistance — right in front of the driver who was supposed to be arrested. In this connection Lawyer Burger pointed out that in England sitting protestors would be carried away by the police if need be and that they would not be gone after with rubber clubs there. Altogether some 20 members of the troupe gathered around and took position against the police.

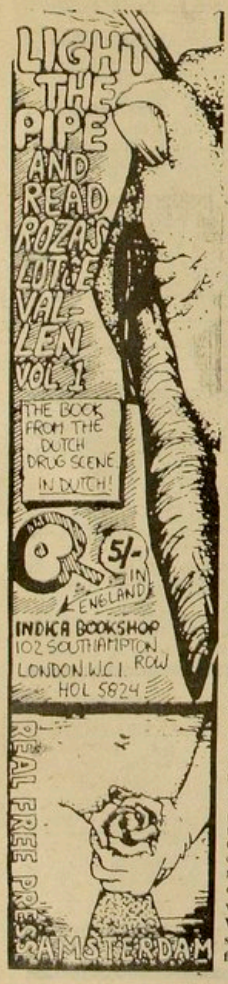
Even to say that the Traverse Theatre Co. did this play as a commercial necessity (which I doubt) is not enough — there's nothing wrong with doing commercial plays. There is, however, a lot wrong with doing potentially valueless plays. For Pinkus is useless; it doesn't even bring a smile to one's face and make one glad one's alive after all (the way musical's are designed to do — musicals of this kind). All we have is the simple tale — the script carries it nowhere, carries the audience through no dilemmas, no confusions.

Of course, when dealing with a Jewish parable the actors admitted that they had called the officers "Nazis" and other insulting names. The actor Rufus Collins described it as unheard of that the officers in the criminal squad of the police station, where he had been brought wounded, had only laughed when he called out "Eichmann" at them. (Meanwhile there were also reports of insults against the troupe members.) Collins, who had suffered face wounds, alleged that an officer drew his pistol and held it to his forehead. In all events this statement was not confirmed by other witnesses. The actor who had been submitted to a blood-alcohol test also accused the squad car officers of having said — in fluent English — **"You belong to prison. Once we get you out there we're going to shoot you dead."** Neither of the officers concerned has fluent control of the English language, one is dealing with a story that is complete in itself, a tough nut to crack or penetrate. But much-lauded playwright, Cecil Taylor, has brought no imaginative firearms with him this time.

I must say that Bernard Bresslaw seems to be the one imagination that has caught fire in this whole enterprise. He passes through a puddle of drowsy actors and almost (I won't go that far) makes the play worth going to see. Of course, his task is made easier by the fact that his character is the only one not entirely a cardboard cut-out. The seven taken into custody were set free on deposit of their passports after the acting State Attorney was called in. The passports had to be brought from the hotel. Lawyer Till Burger stressed that according to the principle of equality the personal data ought to have been examined at the hotel. He intends to bring charges against the police for inflicting wounds while on duty and for deprivation of liberty.

Where indeed is the Jeannetta Cochraine Theatre? Let's forget for a moment that such a Company is best equipped to deal with "experimental" theatre events or "activist" productions. Nonetheless, these are among the most enlightened theatre entrepreneurs around town — there is no excuse for bad taste in production choices. **And above all, there is no magic in the Traverse endeavors at the moment. Perhaps a resident acting company is the answer — one to which the artistic directors would be responsible — instead of a bunch of out of work West End grimace-makers who adorn the Cochrane stage time after time.** The seven accused will be obliged to account for resistance to state authority insults, and bodily wounds. According to the manager of the troupe, the performances — the last takes place on Friday — will go on uninterrupted. (Suddeutsche Zeitung, Munich, Wed., Jan. 11). The Theatre is meant to engulf the spectator in whatever emotive devices it can muster. At the moment the unwritten fire laws do not allow the sparks to fly.

DAVID MAIROWITZ



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THE EXPERIMENT

HALLIWELL DONE

SEEING THE EXPERIMENT is like watching a butterfly. You can't catch hold of it, its wings slip between your fiugers; you try to describe it, every word seems inadequate as it flutters free. Sometimes it's a beautiful Red Admiral, now it becomes a grubby grey caterpillar.

They told me it was a send-up of US. Well yes, but having participated in those five cool, frenzied months of preparation, I wasn't exactly shattered by searing shafts of satire into our basic beliefs and methods, in spite of David Halliwell's funny, arm-waving Brook-like director-figure, punctuating phrases with solemn silences as the cast hung on his every word.

No, let me try simply and say what happened. I see in this morning's paper someone's just written a play called **A MURDER OF NO IMPORTANCE**, and that would have fitted **THE EXPERIMENT** fine. Davids Calderisi and Halliwell and the Quipu boys and girls give us theme and variations on the assassination of President Garfield, an event which meant nothing, achieved nothing, altered nothing. The framework is a company-within-a-company: in the first few minutes the actors sketch in a number of stock theatre-types (why do **plays-within-plays always set up such pasteboard actor-figures — look at SIX CHARACTERS.**

. . . . .We get a quick canter round the externals of most theatre-styles available today—naturalism, 'poetic' a la Christopher Fry, coming out into the auditorium, music-hall escapadesque, Brecht/Weillish etc. And thank you, Quipu, most of that is very enjoyable, you're quite a group for working with each other, and like one of you says, jazzman or actor, it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing, and swing it certainly does for most of the evening. As to what it means —well, let's come to that in a moment.

What is nice in **THE EXPERIMENT** is that so much of this fun persists on the stage before an audience, and that the Davids have shaped the improvs somewhat. But the fact remains that on the first night, the precision of aim at certain targets was wavering to say the least: the music-hall chase just wasn't well enough done, the send-up of 'poetry' in the theatre opened up far more issues than it, or the show elsewhere, ever attempted to answer, and so on and so on. **I don't know what the answer is when you invite actors to be authors as well; I'm sure there's a great area of freedom possible there, but we need to go into it at much greater leisure and length. On this level, THE XPRMNT marks another and significant contribution to the jumpy line which links COMMEDIA, OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR, THE ESTABLISHMENT, TWANG! (ugh!), THE PREMISE and THE SECOND CITY.** Long live the jump in the dark. But it needs a clear head as well as strong legs, a brain as well as quick wits. A question posed: what kind of brain do we need in the theatre, then? Ah.

What I liked best about **THE XPMNT** was this sense of the rock-bottom of theatre now. Focus of this is Halliwell's climatic discourse on 'infra-art': I paraphrase: **Hitherto most plays have strained upwards to make meaning, to rise above the meridian line which we may call daily life, events. Using skill, training, beauty, cohesion, grace they have created a theatre whose apex is Shakespeare. Now infra-art plunges below the meridian line, and using ugliness, uncoordination, inaudibility etc., creates—infra art.'** That's the crux, along with various sidewipes at Bernard Miles, founding father of infra-art despite himself, and good gags like variety shows in infra-theatres would be of course monotony shows. The infra-art scene which follows this theoretical discourse is the funniest and most mind-stretching thing in the show — a dada — patafhysical goad to test all our artificies. Only one other thing in the evening feels as real: when an actor acts straight a speech by Garfield's murderer. **The imaginative leap made by this actor shoulders out the frantic demonstration of so much else.**

Two last things: there's an interminable cross-cut sequence in part two showing the drawn-out dying of Garfield, and his assassin in prison. It's written in schools-broadcast clipped you-were-there-historybook style. If it's meant to be serious, by which I mean as real as those two other prongs, then it's disaster. Finally, the Irish barlady in the pub next door the Arts asked me when I came out if the play was good. I said Yes. She said, Is it serious or a musical? I didn't know what to say. I thought and said, They make it up as they go along. She couldn't understand that and went on washing her beermugs. Next day the papers came out, panting to keep up with the newest thing. Horny hands closing on quicksilver.

MICHAEL KUSTOW

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HAPPENING NOW WHAT'S

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event: The People: Nuttall/Long/Darling/Palmer. MONSTER SALE, EVERY-BODY REDUCED. At Betterbooks, 94 Charing Cross Road, 8-30 p.m. To be continued on Tues. 7 Feb.

poets at large: Alan Brown-John, Kingsley-Amis, Edwin Brock, Vernon Scannell, presented by University of Surrey Union's "festival two" at The Brewhouse, Guildford Central Library, North Street. 7.00 p.m. Admission free.

poetspeak 6: Many of England's best-known poets in concert: Stevie Smith, George Macbeth, Adrian Mitchell, etc. (festival two) at Chelsea Town Hall, King's Road. 8.00 p.m. Tickets 5/-, 7/6.

illustrated talk: "Goats and Glaciers (West Pakistan)" by John Staley, at The Cinema, Kensington High Street, W.8. 5.45-7.00 p.m.

films: "Jazz on a Summer's Day", "4 in the Morning", presented by University of Surrey Union's "festival two" at University Great Hall, Battersea Park Road, S.W.11. (MAC 9191-131). 7.30 p.m.

dance: Flamenco with the Sierra Morena, London's top Spanish Flamenco dancers, presented by University of Surrey Union "Festival Two". (MAC 9191, Ext. 131). At Chenil Galleries, King's Road, Chelsea. 8.00 p.m. Tickets 5/- from Union or at door.

fight: BBC-TV shows the Heavyweight Championship Fight between Ernie Terrell and Cassius Clay from the Astrodome in Houston, Texas.

environmental events: Opening night at 26 Kingly Street, W.1. Situations membership equipment at 26.

THE LIVING THEATRE

30-31 January: Frankfurt (Theatre Am Turm)—"Frankenstein"
6, 7, 8 February: Hamburg (Universitat durch Congress fur Culturelle Freiheit)—"Mysteries", "Maids", "Frankenstein".
18 February: Krefeld (Stadt Theater)—"Antigone" Premiere (Holderlin, Brecht, Malina).
5 March: Kiel.
End March: Italy.
Apr.-May: France.
June-July: England (Oscar Lewenstein).
Living Theatre Arrests: See p. 14.
(Living Theatre Publications available through IT buying service. See p. 13).

TUES. 7 FEB.

lecture: "Baudelaire et l'Imagination" by Garnett Rees at Institut Francais du Royaume Uni, Queensbury Place, South Kensington, S.W.7 (KEN 6211) 6-30 p.m.

lecture: "The Failure and Future of Town Planning" by Mrs. jane Jacobs, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. 6:00 p.m. Tickets should be obtained in advance.

lectures: "Psycho-Analysis and Problems of Scientific Method," by Dr. Sidney Crown. Presented by the British Psycho-Analytical Society, Porchester Road, W.C.2. 6.00 p.m. 9/- (students 2/6).

monster sale: At Betterbooks, 9-30. See Mon. 6 Feb.

talk: "Vocal and Global History of the Hebrew Language" by Dr. Meir Gertner. Presented by the Theodore Herzl Society at Zion House, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3. 8.00 p.m.

WED. 8 FEB.

song: Sally Miles sings "For the Love Of ..." on the top floor of Horshoe Wharf Club, 6 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4, until Friday, 10th February at 8.30 p.m. CEN 7902.

play: "The Seagull" by Anton Chekov. Presented by Central School of Speech and Drama at Embassy Theatre, Eton Ave., Swiss Cottage. 7.30 p.m. Tickets, 2/6, 5/-, 7/6. PRI 3454. Until 10 Feb.

meetings and partings: folk songs with Davy Graham, The Young Tradition, Shirley Collins, Ronnie Hicks, at the Civic Hall, Guildford. 8.00 p.m. Tickets: 2/6, 5/-, 7/6 from Guildford Central Library and University of Surrey Union ("festival two" series). MAC 9191—Ext. 131.

jazz convention: Humphrey Lyttelton, The New Jazz Orchestra, and guest artists. At 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, 7.30-1.00 a.m. Tickets: 7/6 from Dobell's Record Shops and University of Surrey Union (see above).

THURS. 9 FEB.

radio opera: Music Programme broadcasts Boulez record of "Wozzeck" by Alban Berg.

films: The Russian Cinema, presented by "festival two" at University of Surrey Union, Battersea Park Road, S.W.11. At University Great Hall, 8.00 p.m.

poets at large: part of "festival two" (see above). Elizabeth Jennings, Nathaniel Harn, Mike Baldwin. At Battersea District Library, Lavender Hill, S.W.11. 7.00 p.m. Admission free.

lunchtime films: "Glass", "Very Nice, Very Nice," and "Incident at Owl Creek." At Mermaid Theatre, Puddle dock, Blackfriars. All seats 1/- unreserved. 12.10 and 1.30 p.m.

opera: Wilesden Operatic Society presents Verdi's "La Traviata" in English at King George's Hall, Adeline Place, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Tickets, Thurs. Fri. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 12/6; Saturday, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 11/6, 13/6. 7.30 p.m. ARN 1869.

concert: Berlin Philharmonic Octet plays octets of Hindemith and Schubert. At 51 Prince's Gate, S.W.7. KEN 3648. Admission FREE.

FRI. 10 FEB.

son et lumiere for bodily fluids and functions: Bristol Arts Centre. Mark Boyle, Joan Hills, Peter Schmidt, John Claxon. 8 p.m.

event: aspearance of International Times No. 8.

opening: Exhibiton of New Building in Yorkshire, until Feb. 24, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1.

illustrated lecture: "Art Cities of Russia: Palaces and Country Houses" at Victoria and Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7, by Miss Mary Chamot. 3.00-4.30. 5/-.

festival all-night pyjama dance: Chris Farlowe and the Thunderbirds, Spencer's Washboard Kings, The Time Box, Savoy Brown's Blues Band. University Great Hall. 11.00 p.m.-6.00 a.m. Licensed Bar to 3.00 a.m. Tickets: 10/- from University of Surrey Union, Battersea Park Road, S.W.11. MAC 9191—Ext. 131.

show: Croft's Dog Show, Olympia, Kensington. W.14. 9.30 a.m.-8.00 p.m. Also the 11 Feb.

readings: West Hampstead Writers Club (see continuous).

lunchtime films: for programme see Thurs. 9 Feb.

opera: "La Traviata" (see Thurs. 9 Feb.)

SAT. 11 FEB.

film: "All the King's Men," story of graft, blackmail, and intimidation makes powerful film, with excellent acting by Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, John Ireland, John Derek, and Mercedes McCambridge. Beginning of Robert Rossen Festival. At the National FiFm Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo. WAT 3232/33. 6.15.

film: "Red River" (beginning of Montgomery Clift Festival) directed by Howard Hawks, with John Wayne, Monty Clift, Joanne Dru, Walter Brennan. At the National Film Theatre (see above). 8.30.

festival folk concert: only London appearance of New Lost City Ramblers. Also The Tinkers, The Watersons, and Rachel and Yossefa with special guest artists Sebastian Jorgenson and Tim Walker. Student prices: 3/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/-. At Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7. KEN 8212. 7.30 p.m.

doggie show: (see Fri. 10 Feb.)

opera: "La Traviata" (see 9 Feb.)

concert: London Repertoire Orchestra plays Holst, Mahler, R. Strauss (horn concerto) Bliss (colour symphony) at Duke's Hall, Marylebone Road. 8.00 p.m. 660-6278. Tickets: 5/-.

SUN. 12 FEB.

film: "The Search," Montgomery Clift sentimental classic. At National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo. WAT 3232/33. 4.00 p.m. 6.15 p.m.

concert: Sir Adrian Boult Mozart, Beethoven, Holst, New Philharmonia, at Royal Albert Hall (KEN 8212). Tickets: 3/6, 7/6, 10/6, 15/-, 21/-. 7.30 p.m.

film symposium: London Filmmakers Coop "The Future of film: the Fim of the Future" at Old Place, 39 Gerard Street. 7.00 p.m.

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Rosario, Manolo, Juan Martin at
CHENIL GALLERIES, King's Road, Chelsea
5s. Tuesday 7th February.

WEDNESDAY 8th Feb.
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON'S JAZZ BAND
ALEC WELSH JAZZ BAND
JOHNNY VAN DERRICK QUARTET
7.30 - 12.30. Bar extension

JAZZ CONVENTION JAZZ
at the 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St.
tickets 7s. 6d.

ERTAEHT

AFTER years of threats, promises, and false starts, there has at last been a real underground theatre production in London. (By that I mean a theatre self contained and isolated from the "professional" theatre in every possible way). Last Monday and Tuesday nights, in the conspicuously unconverted basement of Better Bookz, Jeff Nuttall presented his first piece, THE PEOPLE SHOW. It was an almost complete success and the standard was well above that of comparable New York — Off Broadway presentations. The piece has mostly to do with physiological actualities, lasts about fifty minutes, and is rumoured to have been scheduled for a presentation either at the Uncommon Market, or a future UFO showing. It's a real treat for those who have given up hope for the Cochrane. Watch out for it.

Meanwhile Jeff and his anti-professional aggressors are reported to be working on a new piece for a Better Bookz showing in two weeks. — JACK H. MOORE

CONTINUOUS

ica: PICCASO AND CONCRETE. Sandblasting techniques and photographs by Carl Nesjar. 17/18 Dover St. Through Feb. 11.

arts council gallery: JAMES GILLRAY (1756-1815). Drawings and caricatures. 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Thru 4 February.

the old place: 39 Gerrard Street, W.1. all night every night jazz, food, warm sit-down. 8 p.m. till 4 a.m. Admission 5/- memebers and students (bring card). 7/6 guests. After 10.45 p.m. FREE ADMISSION (except Saturdays).

jazz: Old Mill Jazz Club, Old Mill Hotel, Batheaston, nr. Bath, Somerset. Every Sunday, 7.45-11 p.m. London and local groups.

ronnie scotts old place: Every Saturday Night 12.30 to 7.00 Jazz with Bob Stockey, Oragn, Dudu Pukwana a'to Johnny Marshall, drums.

mermaid films at lunchtime: Every Thursday and Friday at 12:10 & 1.30 p.m. All seats 1/- unreserved. Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars. Box of CITY 7656. Restaurant, licensed Bar and Coffee Bar. Films exclusively from the Short Film Service during current season.

lunchtime folk: Bungles, 27 Litchfield Street, London, WC2, 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 and addresses, and titles or descriptions of their films to: Film Makers Co-op., 94 Charing Cross Rd. Catalogue available soon.

troubadour coffee house: Basement 265 Old Brompton Road, London SW5. Mon. Flamenco; Tues. Folk; Wed. Folk; Thur. Modern Jazz; Fri. Eric's Bluee 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, W1. Artists: Jansch, Campbell, Behan, McCarthy, Kennedy, Smith, Castouse, Byford, Bridger, Lockran, Matt McGinn.

vincent crane combo: Every Wednesday at the Witches' Cauldron, 50 Belsize Lane, London NW3. 2/6.

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

little theatre club: Garrick Yard, St. Martins Lane, London WC2. (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, W1. Weekdays from 7.30 p.m. Friday and Saturday all night from midnight. Membership 2/6 per year. GER 5413.

folk wang dang doodles: Mike Raven. Every Tuesday at the Railway Hotel, Harrow, Wealdstone, Middlesex.

chris macregor quartet: At the Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard off St. Martin's Lane. Every Tuesday and Thursday at 9.30 p.m. till 1 a.m. Avant Garde Jazz. 6/-.

oxford: SWEDISH AND DANISH SURREALISTS at St. Catherine's College from 4 Feb.-18 Feb.

oxford: Oxford University Experimental Theatre Club presents "The Empire Builders" by Boris Vian. At The Oxford Playhouse from Tues. 31 Jan. to Sat. 4 Feb. Evenings: 8.00 p.m. Saturday Matinee: 2.30. Box office: OXF 47133. Tickets: Opening night, 4/-, 5/-. Rest of week: 4/- to 9/6.

indica gallery: LOURDES CASTRO, shadow objects. Mason's Yard, S.W.1; Tues.-Sat. 10-7 p.m.

robert fraser gallery: DRAWINGS AND PRINTS BY MASTERS AND CONTEMPORARIES. Edin Self, Clive Barker, Jann Haworth, Peter Blake, Richard Hamilton. 69 Duke Street W.1

axiom gallery: TERENCE IBBOTT, JOHN McLEAN, JAMES MOYES. 19 Duke St., W.1. Thru 18 Feb.

wright hepburn gallery: Four New Theatre Designers — FRANCESCO COLAVECCIA, DAVID COLLIS, BERNARD CULSHAW, JOHN SKINNER. 10 Hakin Arcade, S.W.1. Thru 25 Feb.

travelling posts: Dennis Goold and Jim Jefferson on poetry tour. In Manchester: Jan. 10-Feb. 16. Open for bookings. For further info write Gould, 56 Jackson Avenue, Mickleover, Derby.

hampstead theatre club: Roy Dotrice in John Aubrey's Brief Lives. Adapted and directed by Patrick Garland. Designed by Julia Trevelyan Oman. Thru Feb. 4. Mon.-Fri. 8.00 p.m. Saturdays 5.00 p.m. and 8.15.

jazz: every Thursday, Chris McGregor Group, "a pretty uncompromising free form unit" at Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard, St. Martins Lane, 10.30-1.00 a.m.

GLASS CONCERT
8 p.m. Sunday, Jan. 29
See What's Hapepning

INDICA BOOKS
102, SOUTHAMPTON ROW
LONDON, W.C.1. HOL 5824

FOR LITTLE MAGAZINES, SMALL PRESS BOOKS MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, RECORDS, NEWS & INFORMATION. "Indica is the spiritual centre of the new movement" — Village Voice.
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What's HAPPENING

LONDON • ENGLAND EUROPE • NIGHT DAY • CONTINUOUS

Deadline for publication is the Monday before printing. THIS IS A FREE SERVICE. Write to Diary Editor.

DAY – EVENING

FRI 27 JAN

sikh festival: The beginning of a religious and cultural festival marking the 300th anniversary of the birth of Guru Gobind Singh, Tenth Master of the faith. 6,000 Members of the British Sikh community are expected to attend. Royal Albert Hall.

concert: "Monteverdi: the Church Musician." Heinrich Schutz choir. The Degani Players. At St. Stephen, Walbrook, E.C.4. Tickets 5/-, 10/-, 15/-. MAY 7600. 8 p.m.

films: lunchtime at the Mermaid Theatre.

illustrated lecture: "Art Cities of Russia: Zagorsk, Yaroslavl, Rostov, and Susdal." at Victoria and Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. by Miss Mary Chamot. 3.00-4.00. 5/-.

film: BBC-2 presents "Up the Theatre", a film on provincial rep which questions the idea that culture is good for you. Directed by Tony Palmer, and including extracts from "Volpone" recorded in Oxford.

rave: Music composed by Paul McCartney and Unit Delta Plus; Dancing to mystic Rock Groups at The Roundhouse, Chalk Farm Road, N.W.1. from 9.00 p.m. 10/-. First of two performances. (Also Feb. 4).

walk: North London Rambling Club walks to Northern Heights. Meet at Highgate station at the entrance in Archway Road. 2:15 p.m. Leader: Betty Callaway.

music: Folk Cellar at Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1. 8.00-10:30 p.m. Single 4/-, Double 7/-.

live radio pop: DONOVAN and THE THREE PEOPLE take part in "A Cellar Full of Folk," evening programme on the Light, introduced by Cliff Aungier.

rock and roll show: The Cymbo's and The Original Dyaks, at Starlite Ballroom, Allendale Road, Greenford, 2 mins. Sudbury Town, Piccadilly Line. Buses 16, 18, 92, 187.

talk: "Shakespeare on Record" by Jack Henderson, presented by The Highgate Society, at West Winds, Merton Lane, N.6. 8:15 p.m. No tickets at door.

dinner/talk: "Women of the USSR" by Vera Rice. Supper: a Russian dish. At 76 Fairhazel Gardens, N.W.6, sponsored by 'Creative' Association. 7:00 p.m.-9.30 p.m. 4/6 (for full programme).

folk song festival: The Spinners, Martin Carthy, David Swarbrick, Bob Davenport, The McPeakes, Anne Briggs, Sydney Carter. At Royal Festival Hall. 3:00 p.m. Tickets: 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, 12/6, 15/-, 21/-. From British Peace Comm. (VIC 0768) or Royal Festival Hall.

concert: Gomez String Quartet play works by Brindle, Benvenuti, Cardew, Berio and John Cage. Presented by Park Lane Group in association with Italian Institute. At Wigmore Hall. 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 5/-. WEL 2151.

talk: "This is Liberal Policy No. 5 Economic Affairs" by Richard Lamb—Party spokesman on monopolies and tariffs. Presented by Hampstead Young Liberal and Radical Association, at Central Library, Swiss Cottage. 8:00 p.m.

illustrated lecture: "Lessons From Indian Prisons" by Mrs. Norman Butler. Colour slides. Presented by Highgate Literady and Scientific Institution, at 11 South Grove, Highgate, N.6. Membership details: MOU 3343.

plays: "Trifles and Tomfooleries" at the Mermaid, Puddledock, Blackfriars. Three one-acts by Shaw: "Augustus does his bit", "Press Cuttings", and "Passion, Poison and Petrifaction." Opening night 7:00, other nights 6:00 and 8:40 (except Mon. and Tues. 8:40 p.m. only). Thru Mar. 14. CIT 7656.

open forum: "Creating a Ballet"—John Carter, choreographer, Joseph Horovitz, composer, and John Lanchberry, conductor, discuss relationship of music to ballet. At Lecture Theatre, Kensington and Chelsea Central Library. 8:00 p.m. Presented by Kensington Music Society. Annual subscription 2 guineas, or temporary membership 5/-.

UNCOMMON MARKET

Come Early — Have lunch

This Sunday Jan. 29, 12 noon
Roundhouse Chalk Farm

BAZAAR!
OUTRAGEOUS
PEOPLE
STALLS
CHILDREN'S
CORNER
KEBAB
WARMTH

ZABAM!
AUCTION
THINGS
EAT
SUPERSCOT
BEAUTIFUL
BRING
STUFF.

Thrill and throng happen things You need IT needs you Bring somebody's children bring anybody. Ivor Cutler (pic.), Barry Fantoni, WHO else Pete Townshend that's WHO. Ring HOL 9164 and give clobber. ARRIVE NOON SUNDAY. ADULTS 2/6,, CHILDREN 1/-.

play: "Diary of a Madman" by Gogol. At Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 12:15 and 1:15 p.m. 5/- including lunch. COV 0660.

colour slide competition: set subject: Steps. Judge: H. L. Griffiths. sponsored by Hampstead Photographic Society, at Y.W.C.A. 6-8 Kemplay Road (off Rosslyn Hill), N.W.3. RUI 4541.

meeting: "Dudek demandoi" gvidos F ino A. Solar. Presented by the London Esperanto Club. 7:30 p.m. at the Fred Tallant Hall, 153 Drummond Street, N.W.1.

lunchtime improvisation: Keith Johnston, "Caught in the Act", Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Theobald's Road. 2/6.

poetry reading: Calvin Hernton reads his own poetry. At Betterbooks, 94 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. 9:00 p.m.

event: Ammmmusic. Pink Floyd. Five-Acre Light. Plight of The Erogenius. Chapter 1. Presented by UFO and International Times under Berkeley Cinema, Tottenham Ct. Road. 10.30 p.m. 15/-, members 10/-.

SAT. 28 JAN.

concert: FOUR TOPS at the Royal Albert Hall, other guest artists to be announced. KEN 8212. Tickets: 5/- balcony only 7.30 p.m.

guitar: The Jim Hendrix Experience. At the Refectory, Golders Green. 7:30-11:30. Gentlemen 5/6, Ladies 7/6.

last nite: Roland Kirk, at Ronnie Scott's Club, 47 Frith Street, W.1. GER 4752.

parade of the pops: Bob Miller and the Millermen, Dougie Arthur, Tony Crane. BBC Radio Playhouse Theatre, Northumberland Ave. (Embankment end), W.C.2. Doors open 12.15 p.m. No admittance after 12.25 p.m.

SUN. 29 JAN.

auction-bazaar: The amazing buy and sell, sponsored by IT. Roundhouse, 2 p.m. See above for details.

glass concert: Anna Lockwood, presented by Grass Roots Productions at the New Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, W.C.2. Lighting and staging by Mark Boyle and Harvey Matusow.

first showing of RUSH TO JUDGMENT: BBC-2 presents whole evening special programme called "The Death of Kennedy." Enquiry by Cliff Michelmore and Kenneth Harris at 7:30 to be followed by the first public showing of "Rush to Judgment." Emile de Antonio's film, based on the book by Mark Lane. Assessing the evidence presented by BBC's special programme will be Lord Devlin.

**A Million volt light and sound
Electronic music composed for the occasion by Paul McCartney and the Unit Delta Plus.**
This Saturday, January 28th, 8.30 p.m. to 3 a.m.

The Soft Machine
Electric Poets with Earl Fuggle on welding kit.
The New Vandeville Band, The Tonicks
Sunday and Hillary, Sam Gopal, tabla
The Round House, Chalk Farm Road, N.W.1.
LIGHT SHOW by Ray Anderson of San Francisco in conjunction with Binder Edwards and Vaughn.

Admission at door 10s. Hot Food and Drink. Late licensed bar.

discussion: "Nature and History of Comedy" presented by Hampstead Heath Adult School, at Friends' Meeting House, Heath Street, N.W.3. 9:15 a.m.

MON. 30 JAN.

lecture: "Theaterregie—Entwicklung und Aufgabe" by Heinz Joachim Klein at the Goethe Institute, 51 Princes Gate, Exhibition Road, S.W.7 (KEN 3648/9) 8.00 p.m.

play: "The Pleasure is Mime," return show by Ben Benison, until February 3rd, at Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 12:15 and 1:15 p.m. 5/- including lunch. COV 0660.

jazz club: The Freddy Logan Quintet, The Sandy Brown Quintet. BBC Radio Club, The Paris, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. Doors open 9.45 p.m. No admittance after 9.55 p.m.

illustrated talk: "72,000 Miles Through Malaysia" by Major R. Thomas, at The Cinema, Kensington High Street, W.8. 5:45-7:00 p.m.

white event, at Alex. Watford Art School, Ridge Street, North Watford. Mark Boyle, Peter Schmidt. 5 p.m. Free admission.

contemporary theatre: Pinter's "A Night Out" and Schisgal's "The Typists." At Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N.8 (MOU 5885). Membership 7/6 Tickets: 3/-, 4/6, 5/6 Mon-Thurs. and 5/-, 6/6 Fri. and Sat. 8.00 p.m. Also on Wed. 1 Feb. and Fri. 3 Feb.

TUES. 31 JAN

jazz of new wave: Chris McGregor Group at Scott's Old Place, 39 Gerrard Street, W.1. 8.00 p.m.

lecture: "La condition de l'homme de lettres de Racine a Sartre," by M. Raymond Picard, Professeur a la Sorbonne, at Institut Francais du Royaume Uni, Queensbury Place, South Kensington, S.W.7 (KEN 6211) 6:30 p.m. Free.

lecture: "Guilt, Conscience, and Social Behaviour," byb Prof. Elliot Jacques. Presented by the British Psycho-Analytical Society, Porchester Hall, Porchester Road, W.C.2. 6.00 p.m. 9/- (students 2/6).

plays: Wood's "Prisoner and Escort" and Ionesco's "The New Tenant," at Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N.8 (MOU 5885). Membership 7/6. Tickets: 3/-, 4/6, 5/6 Mon.-Thurs. and 5/-, 6/6 on Fri. and Sat. 8.00 p.m. Also playing Thurs. 2 Feb. and Sat. 4 Feb.

concert: BBC Invitation Concert, featuring two pieces by John Cage, "She is Asleep" and "The wonderful widow of 18 springs."

illustrated lecture: "Art into Industry—The Long Haul Back," by Corin Hughes-Stanton. Chairman: John Lewis. Members and students 2/6, non-membeds 4/-. 8:00 p.m.

WED. 1 FEB.

plays: Pinter and Schisgal one-acts at Mountview Theatre Club. (See Mon. 30 Jan.)

radio play: "Alas, Good Friday—An Experiment in the Theatre of Fact. "Written by Ray Jenkins and presented by the Third Programme.

song: Sally Miles sings For The Love Of . . . , on the top floor of Horseshoe Wharf Club, 6 Upper Thames Street, EC4, until Friday, 3 February. CEN 7902.

play: "Period of Adjustment" by Tennessee Williams. Presented by Central School of Speech and Drama at Embassy Theatre, Eton Ave., Swiss Cottage. 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 2/6, 5/-, 7/6. PRI 3454. Thru Feb. 3rd.

film: "Paths of Glory", superlative war film, by Stanley Kubrick. At the National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo. WAT 3232/33. 6.15, 8.30.

folk music workshop: "Songs and Music of the Shetlands"—Pat Shaw. Presented by The English Folk Dance and Song Society, at Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1. 7.30-9.30 p.m. Single 4/-, Double 7/-.

opening: Four New Designers at Wright Hepburn Gallery. See Continuous.

readings: Michael Bulloch and assorted actors read from Bulloch's plays and dialogues. At Betterbooks, 94 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. 9:00 p.m.

THURS. 2 FEB.

lecture: "Some impressions of the Administration of Justice in Poland," by Dr. I. Lapenna at the Polish Cultural Institute, 16 Devonshire Street, W.1. (MUS 6032) 6:45.

lecture: "The texture of sensibility of **Les Fleurs du Mal**" by J. M. Cocking, at Institut Francais du Royaume Uni., Queensbury Place, South Kensington, S.W.7. (KEN 6211). 6:30.

special film: "Rough Passage" recreates the life of Malcolm Lowry, author of "Under the VoVlcano" who died in 1957 after an extraordinary and violent life. For "New Release" on BBC-2. Introduced by Alex Glasgow, produced by Melvyn Bragg.

talk: "Vietnam and the U.N." by W. J. Barnes. Presented by the United Nations Association (Hampstead Branch) at Holy Trinity Church Hall, Finchley Road, N.W.3. 8:15 p.m.

plays: Wood and Ionesco one-acts at Mountview Theatre Club. (See Tues. Jan. 31).

poetry reading: Jack Hirschman reads his own poetry. At Betterbooks, 94 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. 9:00 p.m.

open forum: "Marriage by Arrangement" by Marjorie Moore. Presented by 59 Society of Kensington at Kensington Central Libdary (Children's entrance) opposite Kensington High Street Underground. VIC 8906. 8:00 p.m. 2/6.

films: "Canon", "Highway" and "Night and Fog" at Mermaid Theatre, Puddledock, Blackfriars. 12:10 and 1:30 p.m. All seats unreserved 1/-. CIT 7656.

concert: Herman Godes plays works of Russian Composers. Wigmore Hall, Wigmore Road, W.1. 7.30. Tickets: 4/-, 7/-, 10/-.

FRI. 3 FEB.

illustrated lecture: "Art Cities of Russia: St. Petersburg (Leningrad)" at Victoria and Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. by Miss Mary Chamot. 3:00-4:30 p.m. 5/-.

talk: "Combination Prints and Photo-Montage" by G. Crosby, F.R.P.S. Presented by Hampstead Photographic Society, at YWCA, 6-8 Kemplay Road (off Rossyln Hill), N.W.3. RUI 4541.

meeting: Writers' Workshop: Reader: Gerda Mayer. Chairman: Peter Porter. 7:45 p.m. at the Lamb and Flag, Rose Street (off Garrick Street), Covent Garden. Guests 3/6.

plays: Pinter and Schisgal one-acts at Mountview Theatre Club. (See Mon. 30 Jan.).

mixed media: Audio-Visual rock and roll by "Social Deviants" at the Old Place, 39 Gerrard Street, W.1. After midnight.

concert: Northern Sinfonia Orchestra, University Choir, New English Singers. Music by Hindemith, Bach, Haydn. Presented by University of Surrey Union "festival two" at Royal Festival Hall, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 5/-, 7/6, 10/-, 15/-, 21/-.

filmmakers' meeting: London Filmmakers Co-operative general meeting. All interested are invited. At Betterbooks, 94 Charing Cross Road, W.C.4. 8:30 p.m.

lunchtime films: see Thurs. 2 Feb.

event: Soft machine, Brown's poetry, Plight of the Erogenius, chapter 2, Bruce Connor movies, Filmmakers, Coop, Food. Presented by UFO and IT under Berkeley Cinema (see Fri. 27 Jan.).

SAT. 4 FEB.

rave: at Round House (see Sat. 28 Jan.)

sing-in: Ewan McColl, Alex Campbell, Matt McGinn, The Incredibble String Band, Gordeanna McCulloch, Bobby Campbell and Gordon McCulloch Sing to Freedom in Vietnam at St. Pancras Town Hall. 8:00 p.m. All tickets 7/6 from Collet's, Dobell's Folk Record Shop, Hampstead Record Centre, or F.F.V., 28 Gordon Mansions, Huntley Street, W.C.1. MUS 9327.

plays: Wood and Ionesco one-acts at Mountview Theatre Club. (See Tues., 31 Jan.).

sing-along:- "All Fogels Olde Tyme Music Hall, the complete Victorian entertainment, song sheets provided. Presented by the University of Surray Union's "festival two" Battersea Park Road, S.W.11 (MAC 9191). At University Great Hall. 8:30 p.m. All seats 6/- from Union and at door.

cat show: At Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, Greycoat Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Adults 3/6, children 2/-. 12:30-6:00 p.m.

phenomena symposium: Open meeting of British Unidentified Flying Object Research Association. Discussion of "The Westminster Phenomena.") At Kensington Central Library. 7:00 p.m.

SUN. 5 FEB.

discussion: "Class Relations and Values" presented by Hampstead Heath Adult School, at Friends' Meeting House, Heath Street, N.W.3. 9:15 a.m.

concert: London Symphony Orchestra introduces two brilliant Soviet musicians, Naemi Yarvi, conductor, and Victor Pikeizen, violinist. At Royal Albert Hall (KKEN 8212). 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 3/6, 7/6, 10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-.

piano recital: Beethoven and Chopin Recital by 20-year-old Austrian pianist Rudolf Buchbinder. At Royal Festival Hall. 3:00 p.m. Tickets: 7/6, 12/6, 15/-, 21/-. WAT 3191.

theatre of fact: production concerning the Fletcher Case as exposed in International Times. At the Round House. 2:30 and 7:30. Tickets: aft. 2/6 standing, 7/6 seats; eve. 5/- standing, 10/- seats. COV 0248.

MON. 6 FEB.

play: "Croque Monsieur" by Marcel Mithois, presented by La Cercle Dramatique Francais de Londres, until 9 Feb. At the Institut du Royaume Uni, Queensbury Place, South Kensington, S.W.7. Members: 6/-, 4/-, non-members: 10/6, 7/6, 5/-. For information call Mrs. Nordell (LAD 3554) Thursdays only. 7:30 p.m.

lunchtime play: "The Proposal" by Anton Chekov, until 10 February, at Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard, St. Martins Lane, W.C.2. 12:15 and 1:15 p.m. 5/- including lunch. COV 0660.

● **Continued on page 15**

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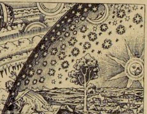
EVERYONE IS
SAYING SO . . .



UFO

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FRIDAYS 10.30 p.m. 31 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

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★ NOTES TOWARD A 25-HOUR CITY ★

- **25-Hour Minicabs;** 373 3176
- **All-night Bladder relief; for men only (sorry):** Hyde Park Corner, Leicester Square, Marble Arch, Piccadilly Circus, Victoria Embankment Gardens.
- **Tuesday night/Wednesday Morn Haircuts:** Cliffords, 23 Charterhouse St. EC4.
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SOCIAL DEVIANTS play
AUDIO VISUAL ROCK AND ROLL
ON FRIDAY FEB. 3 AT THE OLD PLACE

- **London Airport** for all-night eats.
- **Late Night Flix** (11:15).

★ Classic—Baker St.
Jan. 27—Peach Thief (Veulo Radev)
Feb. 3—2nd Bergman Season, "The Seventh Seal"
Feb. 10—Wild Strawberries (Bergman)

★ Classic—Chelsea
Jan. 27—The Gypsy and the Gentleman (M. Mercouri)
Feb. 3—The Vanishing Corporal (J. Renoir)
Feb. 10—The Innocent Sorceress (Andrzej Wajda)

★ Classic—Notting Hill
Jan. 27—The Sun Also Rises (Henry King)
Feb 3—"Fright at Night—Horror season" Freaks (Tod Brown)
Feb. 10—The Body Snatchers (Bella Lagosi and Boris arloff)

- **from tony wight:** West London Air Terminal, Cromwell Road, for 25 hour 7 day-week Fortes restaurant—super loos but Female bogs shut at nite. Mini supermarket, open 12.00-24.00 hrs., on south side of Earls Court Road/Old Brompton Road intersection. 25 hour city inevitable soon due to increasing leisure from automation and the need to use expensive equipment continuously to recoup investment in a few years. But, indeed, why must we wait another 10 years?

LATE NIGHT - EVERY NIGHT
THE OLD PLACE ✦ **39 GERRARD ST.**