

The International Times No 8 Feb 13-26 1967/1s

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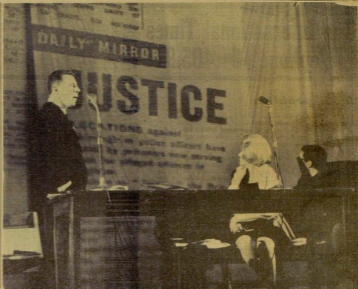


THEATRE OF FACT

John Taylor speaks at last Sunday's Theatre of Action presentation of the Fletcher Case at the Round House, Chalk Farm. The production was sponsored by International Times and Cr Columbus Art Productions, and put together by John Taylor, Lee Harris and J. Henry Moore. An audience of about one hundred sat through the two-hour presentation in a freezing cold hall. Although the venture was a financial failure, John Taylor felt sure from comments received that the presentation convinced most of the audience that the Fletchers are innocent.

The Home Secretary, Roy Jenkins, finally committed himself to a reply on the dossier presented to him by John Taylor: the life sentences of Roy and Alice Fletcher are to stand. John Taylor, who says that he will never give up till he has secured the release of the Fletchers, is now planning to circulate a letter to the Birmingham Watch Committee and to Birmingham M.P.s detailing how the co-ordinator and adviser to the Midland Regional Crime Squad Assistant Chief Constable Gerald Baumber (see IT 4) committed perjury during the trial.

With the help of the Friends of Roy Fletcher group John Taylor hopes to organise pickets at Victoria Law Courts in Birmingham asking jurors not to bring any 'guilty' verdicts until there is a full scale inquiry into the methods by Birmingham police and the authenticity of their evidence.



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STRIP IT

Mike Lesser, 23-year-old badgemaker/artist, is seen here adding final touches to a jelly and paint composition on newsprint, one of the spontaneous happenings at IT's Uncommon Market at the Round House on Sunday, January 29.

Biddy Peppin's 56-gallon jelly (foreground of photo) slurped over silver paper and trickled into the dust. Some people chewed a mouthful, others stomped in it, some threw it around. Mike Lesser basked naked in it. Most people just watched him.

It was all a raggy, spinning uncoordinated afternoon's motion in which over 800 people came and went, kids spoofed around, Barry Fantoni did a brilliant auctioneering job which all the same didn't raise all the bread that IT people were dreaming of, and Ivor Cutler had to be shuffled off the stage because of noise and re-established in a booth round the back where he sang and played an antique organ.

IT benefited—not a lot, more than enough to make it worthwhile anyway. There will be another in a few weeks. Bigger and better and more and . . . well, watch for details. Something is happening to Sundays. Join the Lord's Day Happening Society.



two people who happened on a particular friday - music - banners - toilet paper - lasted 30 minutes piccadilly circus

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the heroin problem

Two weeks ago the Home Secretary announced the government's new measures to deal with the heroin addiction problem. The usual spate of newspaper articles followed, ranging from the pseudo-scientific, with some news facts and libraries and weird generalisations, in *New Society* (February 2), to the hysteria of *The People* (February 5), to between them an Anthony Stone in the *Sunday Times* (February 5) sounding a welcome sane note. But Mr. Stone was saying little that has not been said before — and said in the *Sunday Times*. It is tragic that the government has not yet learned to listen.

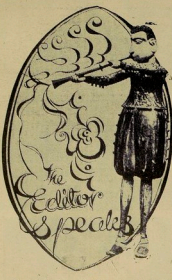
The new law achieves little, if anything. At best they fail to implement the heavy-handed policies advised by the Brain committee. At worst, they reveal a complete inability to touch anyone near the heroin addict's problems. Under the new laws, doctors will require a special licence before they can prescribe heroin; addicts must be notified to a central authority; treatment centres will be set up but will not be compulsory. These measures provide for a more careful watch on the doctors prescribing heroin and the growth of the number of addicts. For the addicts they do almost nothing. The treatment centres have been promised for how long now? Once they finally do get going, if ever, what kind of treatment is going to be practised? Has anyone any clear idea of how to help the heroin addict who wants to be cured of his habit? Likewise, the new laws do little to stop the spread of addiction. It looks likely that the gloomy forecasts of ever increasing numbers of addicts in the future will be proved correct. When that time comes will anyone think of blaming a succession of governments and Home Secretaries who repeatedly failed to make any real effort to come to grips with the drug problem and contrasted themselves with new legislation designed more to give the impression that something was being done than to actually do something? No. In all probability, the heroin problem will be blamed on some sinister underground of evil for years to come. The people who claim to be responsible (e.g. the Home Secretary) will not be held responsible.

why turn on?

I have looked at the heroin problem from every angle, inside-outside. I have read books, articles, surveys and magazines. I have seen films. I have seen addicts. I have seen friends who have died in the course of their addiction; others have kicked. Some are still using and unhappy. Some are still using and happy. This young man takes drugs because he is involved in a spiritual search; that one fixes because he simply wants an escape route. Many people manage to experiment with all drugs, including heroin and cocaine, without any ill effects — even with some enlightening gains. Others seem to have become addicted at the first sight of a hypodermic. There seems to be no possibility of a theory that will encompass all of the contradictory facts; it is tempting to become fatalistic about the heroin problem.

If I were to attempt to make such a theory it would probably start from that vague word, *allegation*. I would cite as an example my friend who died last week, who would die at any time in his life if he chose to live as he wanted to. He was born into a working class environment with the debility of "an artistic temperament." Both his own environment and his education made him aware of his own sensitivity and creative potential. He was destined for work in a factory or in a hole in the road. He couldn't take that destiny, so he "dropped out." He turned on to drugs, became the archetypic heroin addict. When I talked with him a few months ago, he told me that he had decided to become a heroin addict. At the age of 26, he said, there was nothing else left for him. Of course he was full of self pity, wouldn't you be? Aren't you? But he meant what he said. When he died, he was trying to climb into a friends hat and fell. The window ledge was marked where he had tried desperately to hold on to his miserable life.

Put down like that, it makes abstract melodrama. My friend's life and death need a poem or a novel to reach into their reality. Yet I feel that his tragic life, and the hundreds of other comparable lives I have seen, represent the hard reality behind the heroin problem. When the Home Secretary fails to deal effectively with the heroin problem, it is that miserable young man he is ignoring. A drug man who has become an addict will be blamed because the world around him would have him be other than what he sensed himself to be. He needed help but where was it to come from? Mental hospitals full of psychologists, just as unfurnished and authoritarian (just as "responsible") as the Home Secretary? Churches full of confusion and hypocrisy but little spiritual life? Art councils and colleges headed by bureaucrats that would rather give a grant to a person who decide he was "too neurotic" or not respectable enough for their particular institutions?



His soul was sick, empty. There was nothing in sight. It so he turned, quiet, deliberately, to drugs. If I were to approach a theory of drug addiction, it would be centered around that lost sentence. But, as I say, at the moment no theory fits all the facts. Even given that my angry criticisms of the "spiritual poverty of the capitalist society" do point in the right direction, they are by their nature, a new question presents itself: how do you make a society that provides spiritual enrichment? Which brings us, once again, to revolution . . . which brings us to how do you make a revolution? And so on and so on . . .

Big words like alienation are of little use to someone who is walking the streets at night, with no home to go to, anxiously looking for his drug junkie.

to help the junkie

What can we do? How do you stop addiction from spreading? How do you help the addict? Whatever we can do is, for the moment, inadequate. But we can make a start. I believe, if we begin to treat each addict as an individual and not as "just another junkie."

Last Christmas, Gino Foreman, a drug addict, tried to be admitted to a hospital because he was feeling ill. He was refused admittance because he was a drug addict. Shortly afterwards, he died from Peritonitis. That is an example of what happens when you treat a person as "just another junkie." Treating the addict as a person would involve ensuring that no addict ever has to go without a bed, a wash or a meal. It would involve setting up houses in any city where there is an addiction problem. These houses would have to be run by people the addicts look down liberal lines other than the usual patronising boister.

It is doubted if British officials had the ability to do this and the initiative towards such a venture is more likely to come from private individuals. Some addicts are married or live at home with their parents. They should be given some form of regular income without any patronising fuss.

If my suggestions were carried out, some old stiff shirt would probably be outraged. "Why give that . . . that . . . junkie . . . money." Yet the same old stiff shirt should probably know the usual policies about the addict being an individual who needs help etc. The main reason of providing for the addict in this way would be that the rate of growth of addiction would fall. For many addicts are without a regular supply of money or necessities and, consequently, have to sell some of their prescribed drugs. There is little to suggest that addicts actually want to sell from their prescriptions. There is plenty to suggest that often they have to.

It would also help if the black money was taken out of drugs addiction. The sensational horror stories published by some newspapers attract many young people like moths to a flame. The drug addict becomes equated with the rebel-outer hero of the young. If more emphasis were put on calmer articles giving accurate information on the different drugs available, the approval of the young to heroin might be much calmer and more clearly thought out.

In the meantime, no amount of legislation is going to stop an immediate rise in the number of British addicts, no number of warnings is going to stop the next young man from turning on.

But you can advise if you must turn on heroin, avoid including injecting directly into the vein; make sure the needle and syringe used are clean; avoid turning on every day because this is how addiction sets in; have respect for drug but don't fear it. And what exactly does that last phrase mean? Only someone who has served 12 months in a prison can give you the answer. Last piece of advice: don't turn on. Heroin is a beautiful kick but its insidious. It gets inside you and fills you with longing — for more heroin. That can get to be a drag.

Tom megrath

graphic credits

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WHO? Pete Townsend, that's Who. Lead guitarist, songwriter, destructivist for this off-number-one-and-pop group. He walks, he talks, he smashes. The WHO is the most popular among many auto-destructive groups out there at the moment. They are in the forefront of the smoke-bomb generation and are raising the boredom and expectation of the pop music world. WHO speaks.

Miles: Is your music an extension of anything you did at Art College?

Pete: Some fantastic things were done there. People were doing things which are now recognised as psychedelic images, and slides with liquid in them and things like that. Some great things were being produced but I got the feeling that it was all so good in the end and I got fantastically interested in auto-destructive because this was my answer to the problem which I had at the time. I didn't understand what was happening so I needed an answer and auto-destructive was the answer. This was apart from the rhythm and blues which we were playing in a group that I was in.

M: How do you see auto-destructive art?

P: When I was at art college Gustav Metzger did a couple of lectures and he was my big hero. He comes to see us occasionally and rubs his hands and says, "How are you?" He wanted us to go to his symposium and give lectures and perhaps play and smash all our equipment for him. I got very deeply involved in auto-destructive but I wasn't too impressed by the practical side of it. When it actually came to being done it was always presented so badly: people would half-witely smash something and it would always turn round to the people who were against it would always be more powerful than the people that were doing it. Someone would come up and say, "Well, WHY did you do it?" and the thing about auto-destructive is that it has no purpose, no reason at all. There is no reason why you allow these things to happen, why you set things off to happen or why you build a building that will fall down. The people who knock it can be so sarcastic, they're in such a powerful position.

M: Don't you see it as a creative act — creation through destruction?

P: Nobody knew what it was all about. Before the Who got big I wanted them to get bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger until a number one record and then wrap dynamic round their heads and blow themselves up on TV. It's just been one of those things. Well presented destruction is what I call a joy to watch like well presented pornography or obscenity. Although destruction is not as strong as obscenity, it's not so vulgar but it's rare, you don't see destruction so often, not malicious destruction just for the sake of it, and so when you do you normally watch and watch. I'd always thought of high class, high powered auto-destructive art, glossy destruction, glossy pop destruction, was far, far better than the terrible messy, dirty, disorganised destruction that other people were doing.

M: So you have only practiced it through music?

P: On the stage, yes. I have really done it, on a couple of occasions, gloriously and finally.

M: And it needs an audience?

P: When you've got an audience there it is one of the most exhilarating experience you can have, like dropping your trousers in front of an audience. It's THE exhibitor's delight, to do something really big in front of people. OK, they know you're going to go out there and sing and play so that becomes nothing. For the first couple of years that's great but then you want more. You want people to tear their hair out when you appear and when they don't you feel you've got to extend your end a bit, you've really got to make them spew up. I think a lot of groups are just now finding out what audiences want. This is probably why Jack's predator, because it makes you part of the audience. You take it, you sit back, there's no work, and off you go. It's 24 hours of toasting. I think everyone is a member of an audience, everyone wants to sit back and watch. I do.

M: You have obviously evolved your own type of destruction as an art form.

P: I'm not afraid of calling anything I do an art form, I've just never thought of it further than it being something that personally I get pleasure out of, and which made me money. And cost me money. I've smashed up 28 guitars now which all cost me £200 each, let alone the amount of equipment that I've set fire to. But people just don't care anymore.

I go on and smash a £200 guitar and they go home and say "Yes, they were quite good tonight!" When I first did it people used to come up to me and say, "You Bastard! I've been saving all my life for a guitar a tenth of that price, and there you are smashing it up on stage. Give me the bits!" and I have to say, "Calm down, it's all in the case." But nowadays people just come up and say "Like your LP?" Yet there I am getting the same kicks, it's the ultimate end to the act; along we go, we play through our LP tracks and we do our joke announcements and we do our commercial numbers and we do our movements. And then it comes to the end, we do MY Generation and we fucking smash everything up.

M: How is this aimed at the audience? Do you do it to



MILES INTERVIEWS PETE TOWNSEND



break through their materialism?

P: In a way. Unfortunately I've never really regarded my audiences high enough to say this. The materialism that I'm trying to break through is mine. It's my own. I'm probably the biggest most stupid materialist in existence. All the time I need to be fairly near to security. Money is great because it's just fucking paper.

M: Is "A Quick One" a reflection of your current direction in music?

P: Not really. I call it my first LP. It's our most important record but it's also weak because the group haven't really got together yet. It's good because the group have admitted that as the chief song writer I'm not a person to be scared of and that they can write songs and I'll play them and they'll be successful. The fact is that people haven't admitted that the group is still the basic vehicle. This is a problem. But then it's a beginner. This is our first LP. Our first LP in reality was crap. It was all my songs of which I had 1000's and still have 1000's and we just sifted through the bunch for ones which were fairly commercial and knocked them off in a studio with our shit. And then we came out with our shit LP. With this one, if someone came and started pushing me around because my first LP was shit, I'd walk away. But if someone started pushing me around with this one I'd stay and take it or I didn't agree I'd defend it. This something I was involved in and something which I'm willing to stand for.

M: I found "Run, run, run" the most interesting track because it gets away from conventional chords and into feedback and things like that which I've always thought was the direction which pop music was going in. But then I may be wrong.

P: Yes you may be wrong. Electronics take a lot of skill and good luck to control and feedback is a difficult thing. When I first started I could make a guitar feedback on any note for any length of time and I had such control I could do anything I liked. At the Marquee when we first started I used to have a guitar going on a chord and stop certain strings with my feet while I was playing something else on another guitar. In the end I was standing with one foot on a guitar which was feeding back and playing something else with one hand while turning a knob up here and I thought "What am I doing? Why bother?" The thing is to create the same dramatic effect musically. You could lean on electronic music if you think that's really what's part of what you are doing musically. There is a place for electronic music and there is probably a place for it in pop. I think that someone should take it up but I don't think that it should be a course of development for any group in mind. We're going to take a blatantly commercial move which will be very, very big but it will be blatant and commercial at the same time. And it will probably upset a few people that thought we were making progressive moves. What is more important is that record sales were going down.

M: MY Generation was one of your biggest hits and that was progressive.

P: Yes but that wasn't what sold the record. It was the sizer that turned it over. It's a very big social comment. MY Generation, it's the only really successful social comment I've ever made. Some pilled-up mod dancing around trying to explain to you why he's such a groovy guy, but he can't because he's so stupid he can hardly talk. People saw different aspects of the record, it was repetitive, there were lots of effective key changes in it so it didn't bore you too much. And there was a bit of feedback at the end to keep people happy. It was our biggest seller and we never hope or want to produce anything like it again.

M: There seems to be a bigger and bigger difference between your recorded music and your live performances.

P: This commercial move answers every problem we've ever had. The idea which we've got, the idea which our managers have got, will answer all these problems. The group will be able to do what they like. I can bring out an opera a day if I want to, or conduct at the Opera House, and they would all be tremendous successes because of this little secret, which even I'm not very clear about at the moment. All I know, is that there's this beautiful land ahead where all the problems are answered and I believe in it. Just like some people believe in heaven, because I believe anything. I think that this is inevitable, this most happen to someone. British pop, although it's not so much on the decline as some morbid miserable groups say, is generally taking a drop.

M: How do you fit into the world on a general level?

P: I don't see myself in a position of power or anything. I see it as quite convenient because it means I can lead a quiet uneventful life other than the fact that people point. I get away with murder because for instance in the case of the Small Faces is sheer hell because they're so approachable. You can go up to them and you can poke them, they're

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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PETE TOWNSHEND

cont. from P.5

little and cuddly and you can poke your finger in their eye and stud their buttons, and you can take their shoelaces off when you're talking to them, and you can scratch big screws/drivers into their cars because they're the Small Faces and you can kick them and they're cuddly and you can get in their car and you can stand outside their house throwing pennies up at their window. But you can't do that to Pete Townshend. Thank God?

M: Do you have a philosophical standpoint?

P: No, I don't think I have. I understand life now I think, and I understand work and I think understanding work is far better than understanding life because work is really what keeps one living. You see it's so easy to deteriorate off into a Twilight sub-culture pot-smoking world, where you sit there smoking, and work only so that you can get enough bread together to buy some more pot, so that you can sit in your red light and play Jimmy Reed records. Oh I did that for years! Fine, so you are in a position of great understanding but you are one of the people who wailies and that's the drag. The best thing it's so involved in something that's moving, rather than saying, "Well that's moving. Dig it! That's moving. Dig That! Look at that! Look at that plane!" It's far better to be on the plane, it's far better to have painted that picture, it's far better to have done something. I'm not saying that everyone that comes out is part of the sub-culture, it's just this thing I've got.

M: Do you like people like Stockhausen?

P: I like his music, but I always tend to do something else with it. It's good to play it through stereo carphones so you get all those funny little noises running all over your face and read Edgar Allan Poe while it's going on, and end up in a screaming frenzy. Once I did this and I had cars on carphones in stereo with Stockhausen playing through them and I was speaking in stereo. I had two microphones, one with re-verb on and one without. So that if I went near this microphone I was miles away and if I suddenly leapt over to this one I'd be speaking very close into this ear. I had all the windows open and there was a storm going on outside, and Stockhausen was playing and I was reading Edgar Allan Poe. In the end I put the book down and I was saying my own terrible, revolting things into the microphones. Suddenly there was a big clap of thunder and it came in through the cars and the rain

you bastard! ive been saving all my life for a guitar a tenth of that price; and there you are smashing it on stage. give me the bits!

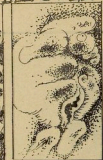
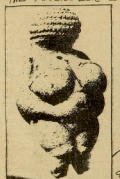
was falling and Stockhausen was wailing and I was screaming and I thought "God, this is going to be fantastic! I'll play it backwards, with Stockhausen, stereo recording of thunderstorms, me doing this fantastic narrative, jumping up and down screaming." In the end I got this guitar and jumped up and down on it. Then the record ended and everything subsided after the scene. There was the tape recorder going round and round with the knob clearly on 'play'. I just collapsed. It was one of those terrible things.



ELIOT DEBERRY

ALMA FREEDY BEE DEMONSTRATES THE PHYSIOLOGIC EXPERIENCE IN

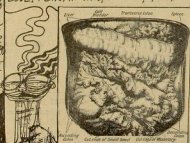
THE APOTHEOSIS OF VERA CROIN



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HERE SHE IS CONSIDERED VERA CROIN NOTHING MORE THAN YR FRIEND AND MINE THE GOOD OLD FERTILITY GODDESS YR NUM MY NUM THE FUNDAMENTAL FEMALE STRIPPED OF HER STRANG DEODORANTS AND INTER-UTERINE DEVICE THE BAKIN GODDESS ONWARDS THE ONE WHO MIGHT EVEN SAY FUKK HATE, SMELL LOVE APPRECIATE MURDER GET MURDERED BY, PROTECTED BY, TRANCE INVOLVE YRSELVES KIDS INVOLVE YRSELVES INVOLVEMENT WILL PRODUCE NAVSEASITACY LOVE, FEAR, HORROR, TRIUMPH, GUILT, ALL MORE OR LESS THE SAME IN THE END.

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...spread up...
...the earth...
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...it...
...up...
...vision...
...advantage...
...vision...
...your own...
...exists...
THIS VISION WORKS



YOU THINK I'M FOOLING?

PRESENT TIME IS ALL YOU HAVE. IF IT ISN'T PRESENT TIME, IT ISN'T YOU.



RACIALISM CUBA

The story of Robert F. Williams, the Afro-American leader-in-exile who recently left Cuba for China, will make uneasy reading for those who once heard their hopes for a better world in the future in "Cuba Si" Cuba and Castro were once the romantic meeting point for the aspirations of the various factions of the Left from CP members to Beat Poets. But there were signs, even in the earliest days of Castro rule, that all was not as "free and beautiful" as many of us had hoped. That was to be expected, to stay in control in Latin America, you have to be tough. More recently, however, there was the disruption of the Cuban Embassy in London, which has yet to be fully explained, when the Cuban Ambassador defected and the poet, Pablo Fernandez, so popular in "beat" circles but unpopular in Communist circles in this country, was called back to Cuba; there have been reports of Castro's intransigence in carrying out a purge against bureaucracy—the purge itself became bureaucratic. There is one of the most disturbing news yet—if it is true. Its author, American journalist Richard Gibson, is a "reliable source" who was actively sympathetic to the Cuban revolution from the beginning. He is one of the few people resident in this country who has an expert "inside" knowledge of the intricate splits and machinations of the world's Marxist Left. There is no reason why he should want to criticize Cuba or Castro. Of Robert Williams, from this distance, we cannot speak. Perhaps his complaints are entirely justified. On the other hand, he may be caught in some Peking-Havana political maneuvering. At the moment, what is impor-

tant is to get the story out. The next step is for "official" Cuban sources to make a reply; it will certainly be welcomed in the International Times. If there is no reply, we can only assume that Williams has a very strong case. Whatever, it is essential that we drop the romanticism about Cuba, the Vietcong, the Red Guards, and so on, and be prepared to criticize them when they deserve to be criticized. Otherwise we will end up in the same embarrassing hole as those who believed that Stalin could do us wrong.

Tom McGrath

Robert F. Williams, Chairman-in-Exile of the militant All-Black Revolutionary Action Movement in the United States, has left Fidel Castro's Cuba for what he calls a "second exile" in China.

Former President of the United States, North Carolina Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), Williams, who is now 41 years old, fled to Cuba in 1963 when local police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation sought to arrest him on charges of kidnapping a white couple during a racial clash in Bogalusa, his home town of Monroe, La.

In those days, one of the president boasts of Cuba's revolutionary leaders, who had they wiped out racial discrimination on the island, and he certainly seems to be true. Although few black Cubans were strong leaders of the revolution, the revolution quickly gained support from the country's large black population. And in the United States, Williams was a leader of the white and anti-communist white proded movement in the west in New York City.

It was an accident that Robert Williams came to Cuba to continue his struggle against the neo-fascist Fair Play for Cuba Committee, the white and anti-communist white proded movement which originally 30 founding members were Negroes, including such well-known writers as James Baldwin, John Hays Heyward and John Killeen.

Such Negro participation in a movement not directly related to the civil rights struggle was virtually unprecedented.

After his arrival in Havana, he was named shortly thereafter by his wife, Mabel, as their two-year son, Williams resumed publication of his monthly newsletter, "The Crusader," in April 1962 and at length persuaded the Cuban Government to allow him to broadcast to the United States several times weekly over Cuba's "Radio Progreso." He called his program "Radio Progreso" and its theme was set in Williams' first broadcast on July 27, 1962, the day after the end of the 1962-63 year anniversary of the beginning of the Cuban revolution struggle against the Batista regime.

The spirit of the 20th of July is no longer just a spirit of the "Cuba or the Cuban people," Williams declared. "It is a spirit for all of Latin America. But for Africa, Yes, and for the down-trodden and oppressed black people of the U.S.A., whose lives are valued less than common street dogs."

On August 8, 1964, Williams renounced bitterly a rally in Peking. "Some so-called Socialists, who were comrades and class brothers, have joined the inter-imperialist Ku Klux Klan fraternity for white-supremacist domination. To our consternation, we have discovered that the bourgeois-oriented power structure of some Socialized States, even one with a black and white population, would prefer to preserve the white reactionary and communist power structure in neo-America, their natural national independence and support the moderate fraternal Socialist class brought about by the revolutionary struggle of the white and black, that would serve the interests of all people of all races. Like their Yankee counterparts that they have to use violence, we have the pain of enlisting their racism, they would like to remain in the United States to frustrate and defeat the revolutionary movements of the oppressed people throughout the world."

The rally had been called to celebrate the third anniversary of Mao Tse-tung's "Statement Called for the United Front World to Unite to Oppose the United Discrimination by U.S. Imperialism and Support the American Negroes in their Struggle for Freedom." (Radio Progreso, made in August 12, 1963 in reply to a request by Williams. Although given extensive coverage in the international press, Williams and other publications of the U.S. Communist Party ignored the statement.)

Williams had never been a member of the CPUSA and the Party's leaders made no secret of their fear that the black militancy that Williams and

the late Malcolm X were advocating might eventually lead the Party's lingering hopes for a "Negro-Labor Alliance" that might eventually make the American political scene more radical.

In the years between 1962, when Williams arrived in Havana, and 1965, when he left for China, there had been occasional signs of potential racial antagonism in Cuba. There remain open social prejudices against mixed marriages. Black working-class Cuban Army officers, and to a lesser extent, the militant Chinese position in the Sino-Cuban dispute, had serious difficulties with the routine.

In 1964, Carlos Mesa, a young Afro-Cuban of Jamaican origin, violently attacked the Cuban Government in an article in the Paris-based French magazine, African Review Press. Africaine, charging that there has been no revolution—which explains the fatal abuse of postwar and Afro-Cubans who were "the dirtiest of the post-war generation" and "the people." By this, the openly ill-communist Merleized that the revolution was not merely another attempt by white Cubans to maintain their traditional hegemony over the blacks on the island.

In a letter to me on September 7, 1965, Williams categorically rejected Merle's argument. Williams added that Mesa had "not too much to say about the 'black organizations for comfort' Williams added. 'A lot of things have been said, but the case looks hopeless. Some of the things that are being said are trying to instigate violence."

Williams visited China twice before deciding to leave there. His own move to a Chinese school before that, he did ask for permission to leave Cuba for Africa, but from doing so for many months in his Cuban host country, Williams suggested that Mesa had "not too much to say about the arrest on Mississippi charges, teaching China at last, Williams said. Williams resists for leaving Cuba in an unpublished 16-page, 825-word letter to Fidel Castro on August 28, 1966. But the Cuban Embassy in Peking refused to accept the letter for transmission. The letter was sent by ordinary airmail. In October, receiving no reply from Williams, he sent the text of the letter.

Williams said he was "always be grateful to the Cuban people" for assisting him in his flight to neo-America. Williams told the Cuban Premier he was leaving, "because he could not believe that those around Castro had informed him of the situation in Bogalusa experiences that I encountered while living in Cuba."

Outlining in detail more than a dozen specific grievances, Williams declared that he found "the controlling and alienating experience to indicate a new fascist tendency on the part of the Revolution. The only complaint that I have is on behalf of my people, the Afro-American people who are engaged in a struggle for racial, liberation, equality and justice. I would like to make that complaint because of the fact that your government has also attempted to sabotage our struggle and have set us up for a number of years and have allowed them to frustrate and demoralize our people and stir them against our oppressive system."

Williams said that many people had been by Cuban officials had not been kept and many more had been killed. He was never allowed to open an

information office in Havana to tell the world of "the revolutionary potential of the Afro-American struggle." He was expelled from Cuba for progressively worsening the facilities of Radio Progreso and never permitted to broadcast over shortwave on Radio Progreso. Even the government refused to give Williams a passport for the program was not supported by the Cuban Government. He began to donate records and other material, much of this was stolen in the Cuban Post Office and even from the trunks of the Cuban Foreign Ministry, Williams charges.

Unlike other American immigrants in Cuba, Williams was never authorized to visit Canada on business for her husband, Williams remarks. "I just discovered that this was just a ploy to try to restrict our struggle and to crush our organization, and was done in conjunction with forces within the U.S., including the U.S. Communist Party which was opposed to our method of struggle and which advocated a policy of non-violence." There were more than 1000 people in getting The Crusader published. There were always severe excess about paper, as far as he could get a lot of old type which would make it impossible to publish these letters which often ran to extremely late. Williams said that when a so-called "October 1965 Special Edition" of The Crusader was forged and distributed, containing an attack on the Soviet Union and surreptitious anti-Chinese and anti-Cuban propaganda, Williams said he was able to cooperate from the Cuban Communist Party in making a "public" announcement about the forgery.

Moreover, mail was held up or even returned to sender. Long-distance telephone calls were sometimes bad that Williams was unavailable. When Williams requested permission for his revolutionary action

Movement and Negro journalists to visit Cuba for talks with the Cuban Government, the request was refused, although some of these persons had already traveled for as long as a year and a half on route to Cuba.

When the Tricontinental Conference was held in Havana in January 1966, not a single American Negro journalist was permitted to attend and Williams himself would not be invited because of his exclusion. While American journalists were present, however, "The Cuban Government had not invited especially the Afro-American and the Afro-American officials had this was being done by officials of the Cuban Government and not by the conference as a whole," Williams charges.

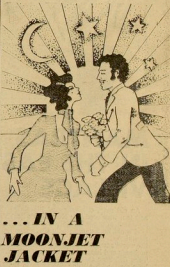
Williams tells at length how Cuban officials refused to inform him of his charges that a Communist newspaper, El Homenaje, had received \$1500 and a coded message from him to be sent to some Afro-American people working in the struggle to help them out. Neither the money nor the message ever reached "New York. Williams maintains he also claims that "secret organizational information" that he had had with the Revolutionary Cuban official, Commandante Pineda, was later cynically cited to him by an official of one of the so-called free world embassies in Havana.

When he was asked to make a speaking tour in Sweden, the Cuban Government refused to allow him to travel there. And by now he was criticized for receiving a grant stipend in Paris as the government's support of it and his activities in behalf of the Afro-American people. He said he refused to continue accepting the stipend.

The only Cuban official who showed any genuine interest in our struggle and who had really promised to help was Commandante Che Guevara," Williams writes. He recalls

continued on page 18.

TO THE WORLD'S END



... IN A MOONJET JACKET

Genny Takes a Trip 488 King's Rd SW 10

rave or stiff upper lip

BY RAYMOND DURGAN

Sure, okay. It's beyond doubt. The U.F.O.'s Friday night liturgy is the greatest of free-and-easy people can live into a happily kneaded oil condition.

But "rave" suggests something else, that quiet happening. It's nearly, but years still, like everyone stands around waiting for Jesus to turn the water into wine, for the entertainment to become happenings for the pleasure of disfigure in turn psychobabble. It doesn't.

This new "thing" is tomorrow's equivalent for the (or less than those).

It shows so far how suffered from a lack of righteousness. I guess, maybe and maybe, which may build up. The colored slides are great, as something between sheeted galathea, a Brahmarach, and a leptomachus, and wallpaper. What's lacking is a stroboscopic "attack" on us as well as anything strong enough to send some here before in a dark hysteria.

2. The neo-Dada master seen based on the idea that, but a certain emotional status set unconnected things through your mind, so allowing unconnected images will get you in a certain emotional state, but that doesn't work in reverse, or only very weakly. Maybe you have, after all, to come at things with ideas, thoughts, etc., that set them off emotionally.

The English artist, Calliforman. The latter may react to massive sound-light stimuli in a positive, kick-ass-over-the-

traces way. The English seem to snark back into themselves, to absorb pain and sit down quietly to listen. Sure, it's a legitimized and, right, we can all turn back occasionally to back we've flipped. But practitioners can drive people back into themselves, the penetrating as programs can dissociate people.

My forebodings about this were structured when the Brothers Grimm did their fantastic, neurological, normative, one-time number, Mother; the credited audience was a dead in response the leading or had to ask if they wanted him to go on. Very few audiences would give a performer so little lift.

My forebodings were confirmed when the Daily Mirror photographer took his Liked picture. People about three-deep watching a hooting pseudo-event. If they were going they hardly watch.

If it were as what were said, do auditors need sharper processes? Say into a room, multiple-protectors, on a turntable, thinking on and off stroboscopically, issues pointed out on walls, but on dancers? Scripting living processes on a colored grid stinger? Baby Berkeley musical numbers with their soundtracks, choreography by Cosmo's MacMahon?

For obvious reasons, happenings rarely equal important consequences. So they have to live after, all, to come at things with ideas, thoughts, etc., that set them off emotionally.

The English artist, Calliforman. The latter may react to massive sound-light stimuli in a positive, kick-ass-over-the-

Slight, small, small, and all those things which heard the senses in an environment, elements created by the thoughts and process of such as, the inflatable plastic chair, the mobile, the hanging screen, the plastic form, but that's acceptable. The body becomes a chair, the huge building in Balboa, plastic chairs, plastic fur, rubber concrete, soap, vials, glass micro-tubes, mirrors, light and color, materials, structures, what people are doing with them, all there, it's all formed, formed, heated, treated, built, sleek, shaping things around us.

We live, sweat, and destroy in these environments, that we create, it restricts us, we control it, it makes us react, we react. It's your reactions, we want. You're living in a man-made environment, you're making it, tell us how, where, who, when.

Fuck to Munk.

Environmental sounds, as in the case—Bertoldo's cascade from a Munk booklet entitled "The Science of Music."

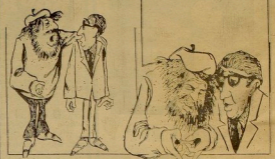
These various created emotional and physical responses in people, both on a conscious and unconscious level. Munk asks this powerful effect of creating pleasant and productive human environment. Unlike some other forms of music, made by Nazari was designed to be unobtrusive and to require no active involvement of the audience. You sat in the present day Munk concept of "functional environmental" a technique for motivating people with projected light and planned musical conditioning, a "subliminal pop at work, maybe?"

It's, in the end, Street, looks out at desks, windows, desks, chairs, shoes, dresses, faces, arms, eyes, heads, muscles, thoughts, sense, relations, the form, structure, all that makes the human environment. Through the central point of the eye can be seen and heard the beautiful form workings the brain. The brain of Keith Alvira. Tom Kuzick.

24. Kingly Street is and will be a magnetic point where ideas, thoughts, people will flow in and out. A central system into which ideas flow, the applied, the abstract, the scribbled, exploded and the main in great waves. Keith calls it a laboratory through which his company and ideas evolved into the gallery.

The artist is naturally interested in creating film situations, creating operator participants, not just drawings, in particular situation, but allowing the situation to create his environment. Thus the center being a tool for the discovery of ideas towards life. Naturally, the groups approach is a feedback mechanism, more intuitive rather, than strictly rational, for in ideas and the applied, the abstract, the scribbled, exploded and the main in great waves. Keith calls it a laboratory through which his company and ideas evolved into the gallery.

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the diggers mystique

Bartering \$10 bills typewritten that do exactly what the Diggers believe.

Not that the Diggers, a mystic-headed Haight-Ashbury group, has become a big poe beyond in the last four months, a lot of money-diggers are used, they want it that way. Not only they do not try to get money, by, say, making sandals or selling mud clothes — they give everything they get away.

MEALS
Free is the keyword in describing the Diggers: The group—somebody precisely how large it is or who belongs to it—provides free food, but need a day in the Panhandle for hippies and anyone else needing it.

At the Free Fringe of Berkeley, the Diggers' headquarters on Frederick's street, there are several racks of clothes—free for the taking.

The Diggers, clothed with the field agent, a giant from Glad, New York. Day furnished 50,000 sandwiches for the Human Be-In, and they conduct free poetry readings and movies at the Free Fringe of Berkeley.

SHELTERS
The group has used kitchen facilities, guidance and shelter on a 24-hour-a-day basis.

For new arrivals in the Haight-Ashbury, the Diggers had sleeping accommodations in homes where they have shared mattresses.

Beginning February 1, there will be a permanent free law-aver on Haight street, as part of a legal aid program.

HCS
And a group of Diggers is rebuilding an old school that they plan to use to provide a free health service for the Haight-Ashbury area.

But always doing it for free" is done automatically without what they call the "culture of poverty."

In their statement of ideology, the Diggers explained: "We...refuse to consume. And we do our things for nothing, in truth we live our present. Everything we do is free, because we are failures. We've got nothing, so we've got nothing in hand."

MONEY
Some of the food the Diggers give away comes from a farm in Mendocino county but the group will not discuss where anything else comes from.

However, the Diggers have sent more than one donor angry, angry and confused after they have shown their disgust for money by destroying it. "We don't always burn it—sometimes we put it or roll it into cigarettes," a denotation.

Their music is taken from a 17th Century group of communal farmers in England who cultivated waste land and believed that all were free, economic in origin.

The group believed annual elections, free land and the abolishment of buying and selling. They were quite utopian.

They're present-day Diggers' saint' George Melaki, the Hall Member of New York in 1887. All Digger's' occupation is signed with Melaki's name and he was selected because he "could get used to an absurdity."

In fact, absurdity is a key-note of much of the Diggers' philosophy. "Ten thousand people marching around the Federal Building, protesting the war is done, one explained "That would be great to have 10,000 people marching around the Federal Building for no reason at all."

Not only in their view, but in everything they do, the Diggers continue the "hang on" philosophy of the late '60s turned on and dropped out and back to the "street rooms" of the 1967.

Free Fringe of Berkeley — a scene where art, music, music, writer, poet, or whatever, can voice and do whatever it may be. There's one, only one rule: "You can't force your thing on anyone, as many as you wish."

On a typical afternoon, the "front rooms" may have as many as ten activities: A clean-shaven man, dressed in a blue suit, white shirt and tie, passes pictures on the wall.

On the other side of the room, a painter outlines the possible relief of tax on the white wall with a barbed pen and a couple sit on a coked-up chair, lock-sock music.

Gathered around the center of the room, a group of three guitar players and a half-dozen onlookers are lost in their own interest.

The Diggers began operations four months ago, offering free food and later shelter in the first Free Fringe of Berkeley on San street.

However, in early December, the Public Health Department ordered the Diggers to move out of the multi-colored grass and the second Free Fringe of Berkeley was established.

So far, the Free Fringe of Berkeley No. 2 has operated in satisfied health authorities, but there have been several accidents with police. Recently, seven persons were arrested during a movie session.

However, charges against all were dropped the next morning.

The Diggers can't predict what will happen to them or what their future projects will be. But one thing is sure: clear. The Diggers' concept is operating.

In months after the Diggers started in San Francisco, a similar group called the Free Fringe, started in Berkeley. And, the Diggers, said, they have received word that similar groups have been started in Southern California and New York.

Reprinted from San Francisco Chronicle, January 23, 1967.

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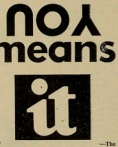


A GUIDE TO INTERNATIONAL TIMES PUBLICATIONS AND EVENTS

- * IT 1—The launching issue featuring Charles Marowitz review of the Adhocracy production of US.
 - * IT 2—First publication of several wartime speeches of Ezra Pound. Underground Film Supplement; Previously unpublished text of "Living Theatre" Yzenkaemetic.
 - * IT 3—The first part of William Burroughs' "Invincible Generation"; articles by Jakob Lind and Morton Feldman.
 - * IT 4—Interviews with Dick Gregory and the Paul Butterfield Blues Band; Tokyo Strip Club Guide.
 - * IT 5—Exclusive interview with Port Clinton Actor Oskarberg; First publication of Jim Dine concert trial photos.
 - * IT 6—Three-page interview with Paul McCartney; Second part of William Burroughs' "Invincible Generation"; articles by Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsberg, David Hadfield, Charles Marowitz, Michael Hastings.
 - * IT 7—Outer-East! Space issue, featuring a major speech by Allen Ginsberg; articles on flying saucers, and a special musician publicist section.
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CELEBRISM

...time on display at the Victoria and Albert, were declared in...there in week in singing, Edinburgh.

The Ladies firm of Ispoux...guilty to selling and keeping for...they being seized from City Lights Bookshop in San Francisco. As the trial begins, Ispoux...lights ago. City Lights alone had...here, then 12 multi-media...over 30 IT for deactiv. Coming...Jean Karstedt, erotic...

Actress Gladys Cooper came...London last week calling for...their own "sex-pistols". "We're it was glamorous on it's...the theatre. Now, in all so dirty...and if a play is described...well constructed it is an insult...All this political rant pours...through the television set into...all these people's little homes...and they don't understand it. Once...only the right things not...through. What can it be like...that again?" Theatre of Sensity...old.

London Post writes: Following the last-month...Lewell also runs the local poetry...the Asphodel Bookshop, which...has arranged an awareness...charge of distributing obscene...arrived from Cleveland to tell...us that a levy, the marvellous...hub of Ohio opening, spring...ing-should be wanted by these...some old farts.

Several Aubrey Beardsley...illustrations, which were at one...

The gamins who raided the...Asphodel were a "sarcastic...guy, who, finding no "dignity"...decided to hire Lewell for what...ever they could. So they found...another little magazine, some...coups of leys' Marijuana...Quarterly, and probably a few...other things he does, and issued...a warrant for his arrest."

Impressario Imrie Luttler and...Peter Saunders, dealers in good...clost. Lately

Swanders suggested a plan for...the book. Lewell had just...to see the good clean Lord Chamberlain...is their Lord Protection...And since they obviously need...to warty about their porno-graphic...productions like "Sardis...The Minister", they...into upon the maintenance of the...good clean old Lord Chamberlain...to keep them out of trouble...with the law. Certainly the...notice would have closed down...the "Algebra Christ play as well...as the "Strand Music."

Days of Fear - The groovy...Mise, the group that has been...whacking all records as well...as all their equipment, satis-factory...how far into...some censor mood of late Top...Rank refused to allow the group...into their ballroom unless they...were "outed" during their act. The...Mise said that...

The Mise also turned down...an offer to appear at Birmingham...Cathedral for a BBC-TV...church service because they were...refused permission to chop up...an offering of the devil in the...chairs.

The Lords are attempting to...crack down on talkshows because...of alleged obscenity resulting...from the process. Naturally, allowing...them only be ad-mitted to appear...under 18. Does...mean that one has to be...under 18 to contract the supposed...tuberculosis, syphilis, etc...which they learn that the...way to deal with these things is...to give...information about...such detrimental effects, and act...to morally... Obviously never...only never. So lords, butt off...and pass the fun boys.

Conson IT: From time to time...



an open letter to david marowitz

Dear David,

Since this is an open letter intended for publication in the paper, some explanations are necessary for our readers: David M. is mainly responsible for the censorship column and pretty chicks who appear in International Times. I tend to be a jazz singer. David M. is a photographer, photo-grapher, theatre etc. I give him his head. I do some direc-tions; Maureen gets upset about the housing problem, American imperialism, African racialism etc., so I let her make those subjects. I am going thru a big mysticism phase and feel free to blast off about it, knowing that other members of the staff are balancing my spirituality out with some flesh and blood. At the same time, the paper and people working on it are open to outside in-puts, and the fact that IT is a newspaper gives it a sex consciousness.

This letter is mainly about those girls that have ap-peared recently in IT with men, hence the "sex less, banana-ness" in our paper: everyone knows their lower regions. Why are they there? I don't get it. You and I decided to put the Hare Krishna Mantra around the page to emphasize the sacredness of the human body and sexuality. But that carol between the girl's legs is about something other than the Holy.

Well, is it social comment? "See what they put on advertisements these days..." If it is simply that, I don't think we need bother putting it in our paper: everyone knows the sex-sell business already.

Or is it simply a desire to shock? If so, who are you shocking and to what end? Presumably most of our readers are more or less turned on to the idea of "free" sex at least "free" I don't know and the rest of "low morality."

Freud the puritans of the world, those who practice and promote censorship - the MRA, Sir Cyril Black and the like. Why bother shocking someone who has decided to be shocked already?

You see what I'm getting at? I see you becoming joyous at the sight of a lass with a banana up her and I wonder what your scene is. Maybe I'm missing out on something. Or maybe... Maybe you have some darker hidden intention behind those photographs. What happens in a man's mind and groin when he compares his penis to a gun or a very large banana? Is it just the joy of metaphor or my love is like a Wacheter? Or does it reach further than that into his relation with his own body and that of his love partner? A girl remarked to me that she thought many of the supposed erotic photographs in IT degraded the female. I had a sense of this myself. Are these photographs the last outpost of the "dominant" male: "look, look at my magnificent cock!"

The gun is a symbol of violence. Do you regard the act of love as violence?

Note that I am not accusing you with any of the above

Two cream-brothers born in spasms of the eroticogenic carotid artery. Came to UFO's the Ero Gestus will per-terrate... . your mind.

questions, just asking. I'm confused because here I am, a healthy, rarely male, unmoved by International Times' erotica. If only because I'm the editor of the paper, that bothers me. But I have deeper worries. At UFO last week you presented the first chapter in an erotic novel. I watched it and thought how beautiful it was: two bodies, male and female, weaving and dancing, to Eastern pipe music, as if at the proposed bedchamber of the Pope and his religious fellows. With all those people standing around, quiet and calm in the darkness, it had all the qualities of ritual. Suddenly the whole thing fell apart, to me, when the dancers turned down the Pope's image and reflected his dry old antics as if to have sex with him. I wasn't shocked or anxious to preserve IT's purity. I just sensed a big drop in the quality of the pre-verbal excitement, that touched each of the audience at a prehistoric level, should be interrupted by a statement about "the old morality." It was as if turning a wonderful poem into a protest against the Vietnam war when every good poem stands against war. Likewise dance is a movement against and away from the guilt and aridity spread by the Christian for, more accurately, Paulian, for it was Paul, not Christ, who so simply "religions." If your danced-out novel had remained at the proposed level, it would have achieved much more than simply farting at the Kirks.

Perhaps what I'm really asking is too big a question for either of us to answer: hell, has "The new conscious-ness" affected our sexuality? How does it relate to the "new morality"? Now, that to anything from Beat Poetry to Zen to LSD to Krishnamurti, God Lives, and many of us have experienced what we could only define



is the mystical, what kind of awareness do we bring to the sexual act? Once you have seen and felt that your body is indeed the "Temple of the Holy Ghost," do you lose your sense of humour (God forbid)?

These are only further approximations at questions I cannot formulate. Maybe I should be asking you to sleep with me. The fact is, though that since you're thru the periences, I have gone thru LSD - including "out-of-body" experiences - I am uninterested in most of what I used to regard as erotic. My obsession with sex has disappeared to the point that I don't even dream. In fact, I enjoy sex in most positions, at any given moment, preferably with a female. I enjoy masturbating. Unfortunately for me, I don't enjoy making it with a man - altho I can love men. Yes, I have had sex with men, but I have been redefined for me: there is a sense in which everything is erotic, everything is sexuality, everything is love. The ecstatic union of man and woman is what the scientists will eventually discover as the source of all that is.

There I go with my mysticism again. What do you make of it all? How about a photograph of man with erection, arms outstretched, blue organs flooding from the atmosphere thru his body to the tip of his cock?

letter to the editor

Dear Tom,
A brief reply for fear of the endlessness of point by point analysis. No need to perplex our readers even more. You call upon us to express ourselves as to the knowl-edge of your sexual beliefs. Perhaps you are confused by my pages because their intention is anything but sacred. You say God Lives; I think not, Barbara Lives.

It would be more rather to see my statements as porno-graphic than erotic. I have no love for the very common attitude which places clerical literature and pictorial matter in the realm of Art to justify it to the establishment. To me, erotica degrades our appreciation of ourselves as be-yond mysticism. We must go further than that, for that attitude is now acceptable. There is a definite place for hard-core pornography in our world - a world unopposed and made inhuman by vague artistic and scholastic notions and fantasies.

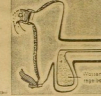
Alas! I am not implying that IT has been able to achieve a proper level of pornographic content, which it could. Perhaps the impossibility of so doing is what con-fuses you. But after all, we can't afford to be busted just yet, so instead of displaying the collected organs of the IT staff on our pages, we substitute bananas and candles as the most abundant form of genitalia.

Perhaps this gets us nowhere. I don't know, My inten-tion is not to shock anybody. Nor it is to degrade the female (far be it from me to do so.) I merely want to open all the doors as far as they will go at the moment. I do not refer in bananas. But these days I feel I am in the Zone and there seem to be more bananas here than there is Hare Krishna. D-16

BEWARE of human bondage

KG-Spezialausführung

Größe	mm lang	mm Durchmesser
1	DA 170	DA 30
2	DA 180	DA 32
3	DA 190	DA 34



-sex supermarket

As you go in you pick up a brightly coloured basket. The merchandise is arranged in aisles and plastic display cases. The brand name, a description of the item and price are clearly shown on small labels in front of each bin. The items themselves are wrapped in attractive paper — aesthetically pleasing lines arranged in an artistic geometric pattern. The atmosphere should not be more pleasant than the checkout counter. If you don't want to buy anything they will be happy to give you free catalogue service. The question immediately arises: why is there no cash store in England?

Almost every brand and variety of birth control device can be purchased here, at Beate Uhse. Germany's answer to the Madison Avenue style of Berlin, across the street from the Gadschewski department store exception to the pill, but this is due to German law which in England forbids the sale of the pill without a prescription. But the store also provides for medical consultation which can lead to such a prescription.

But Beate Uhse is far more than a birth control device store. It is in almost every corner of the world, a Sex Supermarket. Wrapped in the same soft touch of paper is a variety of other merchandise, including the sexual act — a wide choice of special equipment appealing to many sexual tastes, not to mention books, bedtimes, clothing, perfumes as well as silk, ornaments, and liquors described more or less as aphrodisiacs. Part of this is fringe material from a medical perspective, but some of it seems to work on the brain to work as a placebo — and if it does so, it is already a great deal more than most doctors readily admit to regularly practice.

There is also a series of "Special Courses" whose intricate ships and curtains may be the French Tickler inspired by comparison. Most may find these highly unimaginative (though women a great deal less so), and

they are probably designed more for excitement than for birth control. Some are furnished with them with buds who are on the pill to give them an extra edge of sensuality. They are probably also useful in sexual education problems, though Beate Uhse makes even more realistic equipment for this occasion. Perhaps most interesting is the Special Condoms are designed to be used more than once. They cost about 3/6 each, and a full set of setalls at about 7/6, with a tube of lubricating cream and a box of condoms to help dry them through in another eight bob will get you an appropriately shaped dry rack and a powder sprinkler.

Probably the most provocative dimensions at the Beate Uhse catalogue are those of the auxiliary racks for truck accessories for men and women, which range from simple contraceptives to genuine sex aids. Some have stimulating devices to arouse interest, others have special water gun-like mechanisms to simulate orgasms. It is fair and fitting that these devices should be free by available to those women who need them and also to those men, whether the notion is in reality of intimacy or otherwise, it has long been assumed that we are no longer any joke in being crippled or blind — why should there be at this case?

One cannot help wondering if Beate Uhse may not be a stroke that will soon be out of the world will soon be out of the world will soon be out of the world, an equally well-lighted, sure with prominent display windows in Piccadilly Circus? It is there something about the farthest edge of Charing Cross Road establishments that appeals to the imagination, as it is to Beate Uhse. A willing to accept applications for orders from England, though it is not known if Her Majesty's Customs will grant a special licence to speak, to all the devices. Those who wish to take the full should write to the mail order centre.

Versandhaus Beate Uhse
239 Flessberg
Postfach 113
Darmstadt 115
Germany

Pflicht 185 CROSS

On January 26, I was one of my employees, was sent for trial at the Old Bailey on a charge of "Corruption of Mairi" and what did I do? The Editor spoke to me on the phone and suggested that I write something for you in "What he writes you see up in" that, you are behoving in such an unimpeachably way that if you find speeches based with honest intentions in this country, I am sure you can take it. If you had been able to elicit an opinion from any woman who had pressed your own version of the criminal proceedings, I am confident you would have been a great deal more successful in your country. "These men for trial on sexual charge." I am sure that if I did not know anything about the trial, I would have thought it was everybody including myself to corrupt the moral of



made a point which leaves me as confused as I have still not, and a fortnight, been able to sort out its significance. And this is the point that the moral philosophy raised — deliberately no doubt, the Prosecutor says "It is not suggested that there is anything of a sexual nature in the offending material".

Based on that, if you please, All my books have been drawn at and written for married people. Their constant message has been that even if its motivation are, he said or even "lovely" it is better to love than have to bear to play fight — better almost anything than to wage. If I have said anything — and I have written a million words or so in a year — I have said that if two people in a marriage do not love one another to distraction and — yes, the source enough for his or her own satisfaction, then they should have said straight: I have written for people, at first

there is anything of a sexual nature in the offending material".

After having been offered a million pounds to have all my stock since October 26th, customers are a bit thin on the ground. I have had a very typical day last week I saw an American doctor in France, a Frenchman from Paris who had just finished his training with "Doctor in Holland", an Alderman from a great Midlands City who had attended at Oxford Circus Station and with the description of my own career. The People had "quarantined" the West End zone of the station for an hour and three quarters but I had to see, and an American who passed through London about once every two months.

One of them wanted a repair job on some rubber clothing and to order some more. He could deal with us on my normal satisfaction. The other came and what was happening, and I had to send them away empty-handed, except for a few lines words.

When they had all gone I thought about them. Were they corrupt? Not certainly, of course! Well, they certainly did not LOOK corrupt, their conversation was most definitely not "beached" — unless a friend of theirs had an old friend in corrupt as it will be in this age of "my own own business".

Just suppose they were corrupt and I knew nothing about it. What conditions had they been in when they first found out where my office was? Well, I have known two of them as assistants for rubber clothing for the best part of three years. Since those two men had certainly well over 45 years old today, I should have thought that any corruption there might have been, was well under way before I met them. The Frenchman was a stranger to me. He certainly knew what he was looking for, he wanted a hand and some "bondage equipment", meaning rubber straps and gear, strap from straps and leather and costing what you would expect when someone else has done all the hard work. (Nothing of a sexual nature about it.)

The Alderman was half Mad. I had given nature persuaded. "The wife" he said, "like a bit of fat" I gathered that he liked her to be hard and give her a few whacks on the bottom. "Nothing rough, you understand", he hastened to add, and it is easy.

"My first" he added, "are asking me if I could have had a couple of things off you to work with — best worth it!" He was, until fairly hungry, saying "I have never seen you before" he had discussed the current financial problems in England, and stood as an expert witness for me! No! on my behalf.

Is he going to lay all of my customers cruelly harmed for my sake, although several have offered. (He particularly said, "I would like to see you for you as a witness, but I've offered.")

The French-domiciled Englishman, was a proprietor of a business in that country and a specialist English in deliberate manner as though trying to make himself understood. I am sure he should be careful, he suggested.

"what you say over the phone. They will have your job topped, of course."

Having nothing to conceal I was in a state of great relief all over, having had difficulty in getting through to my office. I picked up the handset, dialled 01 and said, "you would discover that ridiculous tape-recorder perhaps the best thing I could offer." My surprise I was able to find a girl a member that had closed me all morning.

Of course, one of the talking points is going to be the rather wonderful rubber boots. I have designed and made. It's very simple and easy. I shall make a rubber boot that fits closely! As a matter of course, and at another field of honour in what to me is not a very unconvincing sense, at the very moment when one of your contributors has called "the fags" were carrying a hat of beads in triumph over two young boys playing outside the Mrs. G's waiting a black plastic "barrier" for the only difference between them.

When I think of the ones I make it is more fit better and a lot more! But I find I don't like to do without them. I have to think what Hurton is doing in the name of a psychologist and a Father Confessor. My customers say that this has been of advantage to them; but for me I know that I was a fool not to have done it at a Harley Street address.

An eminent psychologist has written to me, "What you write is in the forefront of modern psychiatric thinking." He adds, "In the light of what you have discovered, we shall naturally have to modify our traditional counselling in such cases" (a matter involving marital status). The Police write that I have "Corrupted Mairi".

Everyone I know who is not as much as a plank with me is well and tell me that I have nothing to worry about. Men and women of letters ask me to give them the Universities, they have to modify our traditional counselling in such cases (a matter involving marital status). The Police write that I have "Corrupted Mairi".

Everyone I know who is not as much as a plank with me is well and tell me that I have nothing to worry about. Men and women of letters ask me to give them the Universities, they have to modify our traditional counselling in such cases (a matter involving marital status). The Police write that I have "Corrupted Mairi".

I shall think International Times is having the strong news. You have sent me a £1 million readership all the time you are a high value on joint venture. C. I. TRAILL HILL

gary snyder
a range of poems 35/-
forthcoming by gary snyder
mountains and rivers,
the black country (paperback)

published by
fulcrum press
16 lawn road n.w.3

INTERNATIONAL TIMES
KARMA
TWENTY GODFIELD STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE 636-8400

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HAPPENING

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CUBA

CONT. FROM P. 17

how Guevara had told them that he would be returning to Havana from a trip in 39 days and would help Williams. Then, Guevara said he was not leaving the country. "My interview with Commandante Che Guevara was one day before the letter that I had sent from Miami over the radio and television and dated 10 February 1967," Williams adds. "I had this hard to believe." Williams says he did not meet Guevara at this time because he was not in the interview and that may be the same people who were planning to do away with him in the same manner.

In conclusion, Williams explains why he is writing to Castro because of his personal obligation and loyalty to the Cuban Revolution and that he knows that he will miss Guevara. Williams says that he has been in Cuba for more than four years that he is proud of his country and that he has to say in important circles for a personal response and he hopes will not permit this very important, delicate counter-revolutionary agents of the same racist, capitalist, counter-revolutionary hands of U.S. imperialism are responsible for frustrating and sabotaging that part of the Afro-American revolution which is being conducted from the revolutionary territory of Cuba."

Robert Williams still waits in Peking for an answer from Fidel Castro or any other official of the Cuban Government. That silence itself marks a significant point in the Cuban Revolution and certainly by the end of the special report on Cuba's spiritual leaders with black militants in their neighbour to the North.

INFO

CONT. FROM P. 11

Dada.
 The best happening would be a considerable world festival with a poetic emphasis. The UFO-hall "show", half-dance— an ideal framework.

6. Also, on current info.
 British shippers, privately angry, mean that most happenings consist of three (prepaid) singlets, people who spontaneously responded 86,552 Londoners who watch, brood and drift home alone.

7. As a venue, the Round House is ideal, many available. You can't leave your coat off, you can't make up the announcements, you can't have a "pride party" framework? To repeat: I'll be there, at the next one.

THE PEOPLE

Mark Low, Syd Pollner, John Darling, Laura Gilbert, Jeff Nuttall in

THE EXAMINATION

BETTER BOOKS BASEMENT

Munday, 20th Feb.
 Tuesday, 21st Feb. 7.30

THE LIVING THEATRE

- 26 Feb. *Onions of Brevity, Antelope in Russia.*
- 27 Feb. *ANTHONY TRAM*
- 28 Feb. *ANTHONY TRAM*
- 29 Feb. *ANTHONY TRAM*
- 30 Feb. *ANTHONY TRAM*
- 1 March *ANTHONY TRAM*
- 2 March *ANTHONY TRAM*
- 3 March *KRAMERSKAYA*

For more information see advertisement available through International Office—see page 12.

SUMMER FESTIVALS

This is a regular, well-organised feature and will include help of all available resources.

5th-8th March: *South-east Festival* (March 5-7) Three performances of William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* at the Royal Albert Hall, London. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

12th-15th March: *International Theatre Festival* (March 12-15) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

19th-22nd March: *International Theatre Festival* (March 19-22) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

26th-29th March: *International Theatre Festival* (March 26-29) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

3rd-6th April: *International Theatre Festival* (April 3-6) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

10th-13th April: *International Theatre Festival* (April 10-13) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

17th-20th April: *International Theatre Festival* (April 17-20) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

24th-27th April: *International Theatre Festival* (April 24-27) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

1st-4th May: *International Theatre Festival* (May 1-4) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

8th-11th May: *International Theatre Festival* (May 8-11) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

15th-18th May: *International Theatre Festival* (May 15-18) The Glasgow Festival of Theatre. Performances by the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company, the Glasgow Theatre Company. Tickets: £1.50. Bookings: 01-262 2626.

There will be a kind of **CONVIVAL HAPPENING** at Fildham Town Hall, on Saturday, Feb. 25, including Games, light shows, songs, food, drink, hoovers and all the rest. Bring anything anybody, woadsley, parrots, goats, etc. Further details in next issue. Watch out for posters.

ADMISSION 10/6, 5/-
 Application by post only to Secretary, Royal Shakespeare Club Aldwych Theatre WC2. Mark your envelope "RSC" and enclose s.a.e. Box office (TEN 6004) open for personal and telephone bookings from 3 p.m. on Sunday February 26.

TAKE A TRIP
 to the New Arts Theatre, Gt Newport St, to see "Will Somers/Who Please Say Something" by David Baxter. Opens Feb. 14. TEL. 3334

