

THE INTERNATIONAL TIMES  
No 9 Feb 27-Mar 12 1967/1s

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*j.p. sartre • p.j. proby •  
tuli fugs kupferberg •  
physiodelic backlash.*



# The International Times

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Ian Johnston

### return of billy graham

Hallo Yoo.  
Leary and his organised religion (full-house New York theatre Tuesday) evenings and he ain't doing it for nothing has just done a complete circle on us. We could call it double-crossingly especially since he's fucked up some of the better people around. In fact it's the return of Billy Graham, see more time with feeling.

It's funny — I thought that IT believes in the complete freedom of the individual and yet this Swampy guy in New York, getting people not to eat this, don't smoke that and kiss any ass. Meanwhile, back at the gathering, Leary is telling the people you got to take acid and this is how you do it and come back next week and join the happy crew, or we want to fuck you around and show what's at it Hollo! Where it's at where you're at. You are your own God but you don't have to go through all this shit to realise it. After all, which human can honestly say he/she doesn't really think of himself/herself first above all others, whichever way you look at it. But no matterfucker is going to tell me I must take acid . . .  
Steve,  
Gallery 66, Stockholm, Sweden.

### informers

Dear Editor,  
I am at the moment editing a poetry/literary magazine called the INFORMER. In these four you are having a section on Psychoactive Poetry. If one of your readers would like to, they could submit poetry. We would be very grateful. No payment is made.  
Scilly Armstrong,  
Informers Magazine,  
16 Davenant Road, Oxford.

### schizoid

Dear Tom McGrath,  
Several points about the entire drug issue that you haven't really got round to saying in print yet you have mentioned to me often.

1. In many ways the entire drug bit is a gigantic bore. It's the human mind that's interesting and the chemicals and weeds. The main reason for discussing drugs now is to get them out of the way. Many people are hypnotised by them into hazy, dreary reality — just listen to all the talk around about how you're going to have a better future. In these areas, there are any, will remain the bright young psychedelic angels: the procrastinators. Yes, you've got one point: we've got to prevent people killing themselves off at the end of a needle. And there's one way we can do it — return them back on to creativity — jazz, poetry, painting, theatre, the whole art bit — and you won't do that by passing round the LSD. What you've got to lay down is that drugs are only an incidental thing anyone who's thinking about them is a fool. Just look at that drug scene: dealers, backstabs, bad deals, waiting hang-ups outside the late-night chemists, rotting in a prison cell, thinking what a martyr you are at the cause of inner Space. Drugs are something we've all been passing through but get stuck on a drug and you've missed the connection. Next stop along the line is that groove you and those boracic kids you like to rave about. Flesh and Blood, man, and the full-on sound of a man that means his poems and jazz as a man — not some Atman man jounalised by a dirty needle. Admit it: drugs are getting to be a big drag. Get rid of the drugs from your pants and pockets and you get rid of the fuzz from around your eye, get rid of the fear of the fuzz, and just dig the sunshine and get back to action-OK. I rave on a bit. End of point one.
2. Drugs are finally destructive — the body, the brain cells, the people you used to look at face to face look to look at instead of drooping eyelids to hallucination. Who did you mention on your last big crowd thinking what a martyr you are? Look at that's really happening to you instead of what the drugs keep pushing off the tip of your tongue (where do those words jump from? why are you always on the defensive about your substance? Is writing to blame the drugs for everything; you are right when you say it all begins with those big blank walls of a soulless city. But what are you doing to those walls when you project hallucinations on them? Why not go out into the world, look at the face of God's sake, for your own sake, look at what's happening to your thinking: flying stunts, when will those cars, who will they be? Who cares? Less, not even bother wanting to see. Right now there is a big place called NOW. I remember bebop.
3. I hear talk of your brave new art forms that set out to provide the drug experiences without anyone actually having to turn out. How about having groovy new films that come close to the joy of making art without actually having to paint a picture or write a poem or explode across the streets of the world? Hey, man, have you

heard about this new mind-expanding drug called The Sonnet? Or, hey man, have you heard this new group in town that actually make sounds in man — you know, man, they do an acoustic projection, not one. It's this great new music thing, man. Like, it's been hidden in the human psyche for thousands of years. You mean it's better than drugs, man? That sounds dangerously like insurrection to me.

4. Man, I've got this woman and she's almost as good as poetry. Hope to hear from you, baby.  
Love,  
Tom McGrath.  
Tom McGrath replies: you're just an old pervert.

### actions open

Dear Tom,  
I agree with John Michell's statement that political "pretence" and political "action" are useless (ITB). But does he go far enough in his withdrawal from politics? It seems to me rather incongruous to say, as in effect he does, that the reason for withdrawing from political action is that withdrawal is the only sort of action which is politically effective, i.e. the only sort of action which has an effect on society as a whole. He is thinking of withdrawal as a political action.

I see no evidence to suggest that the withdrawal of a politically utterly insignificant minority is going to cause any politicians needless sleep, or bring about the vast change in society that John Michell suggests. (Nor, incidentally, do I see any evidence to support the similar conviction of several of the contributors to IT that the millennium is just around the corner). The reason for withdrawing from political action is not that withdrawal is likely to produce an effect, but that to continue attempting political action is a waste of time which could be better put to other use.

The only action which is open to us is on the individual, not the social or the political level. One individual can tell to other individuals, and try to put his point of view clearly enough for them to understand it, and perhaps agree with it. Of course, if everybody did this it would produce an effect on the social level; but I see not the slightest evidence that this is likely to happen, so why should we concern ourselves with it? Isn't the important thing to be concerned with the individual one is talking to? As Theodore Roszak put it (also IT 8) "What you've got to do is get a quiet and reasonable dialogue going between people who are still willing to talk to each other . . . and keep it going . . . and going . . . and going." In this way perhaps a commodity of relatively few, relatively sensitive individuals can be kept alive within society.

John Dowdle,  
7 Warrington Crescent,  
London, W.9.

### MEMBERS

Though I cannot agree wholeheartedly with some of the views expressed in your paper, I am nevertheless an addict of IT, being particularly impressed by its refreshing honesty. I can hardly agree more with David Mairowitz when he says it will not do to palm off pornography as art, and that there is as much a place for hard-core pornography as there is for art in the world today. Why we should be allowed to enjoy pornography masquerading as art and not pornography qua pornography, I shall never know. I am a fool if I feel it necessary to maintain a distinction between fucking and loving. Fucking, fucking and loving is loving, we must be able to accept and enjoy each for what it is; and stop pretending, as we often do today, that every Puck is an act of love.

R. Cecil,  
21 Penbridge Gardens,  
London, W.2.

Dear Tom

Your questioning of David Mairowitz's erotic policy in IT raises a point upon which we should like to expand. It is almost a prerequisite for readers of IT that they reject the 'old morality', we are all in

### ADRIAN MITCHELL

THE APPOINTMENT OF MILES TO THE ARTS COUNCIL AND THE RESCINDING OF THE APPOINTMENT OF MILES TO THE ARTS COUNCIL

#### MILES APPOINTED

BUT he looks like a match with that yellowhead and the duck might burn and he might cause hummingbird kingfisher plagues and replace havanahamas with havanahamas and disrupt the council's true intent which is to fill the entire interior of the royal opera house with tins of chunky-spaget and the rest of England with custard the kind which thickens and grows a skin on top so

#### APPOINTMENT OF MILES RESCINDED

#### THIS FRIEND

I've got this friend you see and it was the Cuba crisis and the voices were telling him that there was a plot to set the world on fire and so he took his way round London lurking deliberately into policemen so they took him in and he knod out his front teeth and all the time they were knocking out his front teeth they were calling him SIR and after he had been in Briston for a week or maybe more he doesn't remember they decided he was mad.  
This friend now carries a certificate which guarantees that he is schizophrenic.

favours of sexual freedom etc. in all respects, but we believe that this is an entirely personal matter which every individual must debate and solve for himself; if he disagrees with sexual liberty then that is his own affair. We feel that there is a waste of time and valuable copy-space to focus so much attention upon such an obvious non-issue. Most readers of IT, no doubt, already think and act in the way you suggest, so why go on gabbling it? We feel sure that there are far more pressing issues, far greater wrongs to be put right.

Much that appears in IT is excellent; we would cite Allen Ginsberg's address in IT, your editorial on heroin addiction, and Gary Snyder's Buddhism and the coming revolution in IT8, among many others. Such articles are constructive in their approach, lucid, and (we hope) prophetic.

The editorial on heroin stands out from the ponderous mass of verbiage on this subject as a gem of insight and sensitivity. Flogging sex to death in this vulgarised way will get you nowhere, except perhaps the emptying of your treasury, which if it can ill afford it and we would not like to see. It's a drug, so why not drop it?

It is in a unique position, since it is completely independent of any political or social institutions. The poverty, hatred, and human alienation manifest in our societies and others must be tackled from a firmer conceptual base than the vast majority of our free societies, and Gary Snyder's Buddhism and a rather important re-hash of dated sexual attitudes.

When IT shows real evidence (as it is starting to already) of working towards a utopia which we all want to see, it is a metaphysical and not a geographical concern, where national boundaries no longer mean anything, then the establishment will start getting worried, the state will grow into itself and will suffer away.

#### Love and Beauty

Larry Hall, Emile Anne Sherman, Vanetta Houghton, Martin Sillars, Sarah Sheppard, Bill Smathers, Rich Mason, Stephen Cook, Paul Field, David Tate, Robin Gilchrist, Helen Gooding, Alan Savage, John Healey (Distributor), Peter Phillips, Terry Matthews, City College Ipswich

### FREE!

International Times will be sent free to people in prison. Get your name and address on a postcard or letter and send it to us now or some friend of yours in prison who would like IT. Maxine Hogg, Executive Editor, 110 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. Telephone 4663464.



## homelessness 'the people' exposed

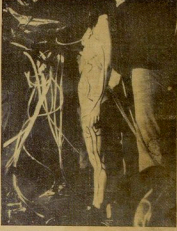
Odhams Press Ltd, through its Sunday newspaper 'The People', makes a lot of money out of the 'exposure' technique. On the last two Sundays (January 15 and 22) and the next two Sundays, it is jumping on to the bandwagon of protest about the treatment of homeless families, with big, well-publicised articles by Johnny Stafford, author of the BBC TV film, 'Cathy Coxe House.' With the publicity that has been raging around this film, it has become respectable to campaign and protest about homelessness. Yet only 12 months ago, it was not respectable. At the time, while the great campaign for the exposure of the protest at the treatment of 60 homeless families in King Hill Hostel, Kent, was in full swing, 'The People', published an article by their staff reporter Pat Eliason, about Roy Mills, the husband and father of one of these families, who was taking a leading part in the Campaign. Through 'The People's' sole concern about circulation figures, it is accidental that some of its exposures do indeed blow the puff on rotteness in our society. Some expose the rotteness of 'The People's' itself. The Pat Eliason article did precisely this. It was one of the most vicious, lying and distorted pieces of journalism ever to come out of Fleet Street.

The title, across two pages of the piece supporting the homeless in the January 15 1967 issue of 'The People' was 'Cathy: now we PROVE Britain's shame.' On January 2 1966, the title of their piece attacking the homeless was, 'Don't waste your pity on this PHONEY MARTYR.' Roy Mills began an action for libel against 'The People.' The Friends of King Hill, a group of people with very little money, who had worked with the homeless families throughout the campaign, pledged their support. Because of the lack of money, it has been exceedingly difficult to keep the legal action going. The inability of 'poor' people to take legal action against powerful

national newspapers which libel them is not widely enough appreciated. So far, because we can get no more cash, we are charging from legal action to direct action. When you see news reading is the first step.

Roy Mills, and his wife, Mildred, have six children, including three who are epileptic. He went to prison on two occasions—for two weeks and 51 weeks—because he defied a court order granted to the Kent County Council prohibiting him from living with his wife and family. When Pat Eliason visited the Mills family just before Christmas 1965, she told them that she was writing a hard-hitting article describing the plight of their homelessness and the terrible conditions in which they were living at King Hill Hostel. She pretended to show great sympathy and said that her article would most certainly get them a house. The Mills family talked. Pat Eliason then visited KCC officials and accused social workers who were so astounded by the Campaign that they regarded all participants with the greatest animosity. In their attempts to discredit the Campaign, they were only too pleased to denigrate and lie about prominent campaigners like Mr and Mrs. Roy Mills. She visited people who had known the Mills. She attributed to them statements which, as we shall show, were the opposite of the truth. 'The People' needed a different angle on the Campaign which was getting a great deal of national publicity. The Goebbels technique was used. Amongst the downright lies were covered a few 'dramatic' facts, e.g. Roy Mills was put out probation for 'smoking' the electric meter to make ends meet.

The above is the opening of a statement put out recently by Andy Anderson, Secretary of the Friends of King Hill. The statement continues by stating the People's lies in detail. It concludes: "There is something you can do about it. If you buy 'The People', you could change to another paper. If you advertise in 'The People' you could stop. If you believe in direct action, you may think of some other way in which to show your disgust." Copies are available from Andy Anderson, 40 Tudor Close, Dartford, Kent.



Tibbe Van Eysen inaugurates a happening situation in the museum of modern art in the Hague in February, see 26 kingly street from 27th of February for 3 weeks.

on wednesday and thursday next week mark boyle is putting on two events, son et lumiere for bodily fluids and functions and son et lumiere for earth air, fire and water, as a late night double bill at the cochrane theatre. they will be the latest in a long series of events and experiments with moving projections he has presented in london over the last four or five years. most of these have been done in private for whoever happened to be present when they occurred but many were public, provoking reactions ranging from enthusiasm to scandal. see p. 13 for further boyle.

Wanna see the IT-girl's chest? Try page 11



following it's article on the  
**SEX SUPERMARKET**  
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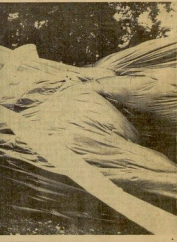
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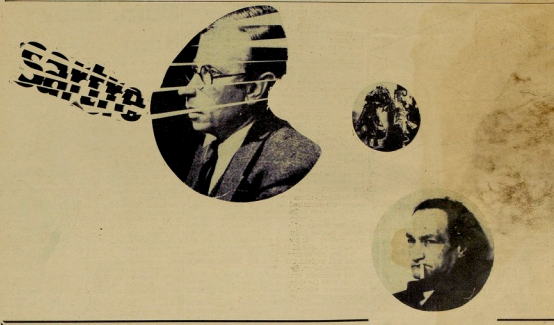
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The unstable environment, the proposition and use of pneumatics. A discussion at the I.C.A. on Tuesday March 7th. Speakers are David Medalla, Geoffrey Broadbent, Walter Newmark, Cedric Price and chairman Peter Sluun. See next issues sight sound smell section for full story.







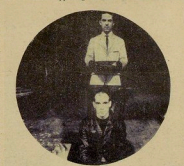
On reporting for the Village Voice on the 1966 Casis Festival where a giant happening occurred in the streets and on the port of the little Mediterranean town—6000 people and a great 300 foot plastic giraffe were involved—Jonas Mekas wrote: "It seems that European undergrounds are breaking open. The American happening artists are becoming classicists in a way, concerned more with creation than destruction. They have accomplished their demolition and freeing plan—no one feels, or hopes, it's Europe that has to go through it's destruction and breaking out period now, and the happenings staged in Europe are so much wilder, messier and so much less Art." This is a remark which could well have served as conclusion to the Destruction in Art Symposium (a week of happenings, debates, movies) held in London this season and attended by a hundred or more artists from all over Europe.

It is a fact that more and more attention is being focused on the dialectics of destruction and creation. Destruction is not new to art, on the contrary, the Paris Museum of Modern Art's historical Dada exhibition (in first class funeral!) is there to prove how anti-art is inevitably reintergrated after a while into the cultural and commercial circuit. Nevertheless the directness of the new idioms (happenings and theatre of cruelty) contrasts with the symbolic destruction and symbolic audience participation of the past. In stating that "we approach a time when the total human situation must be considered a work of art," McLuhan acknowledges the fact that certain moral and social barriers are being, or have been abolished between "art" and "real life"—as such is in any case, the basic tenet of "the new consciousness."



Destruction as a creative process is also the subject of the following statement by Jean-Paul Sartre which is reprinted from a recent interview published in the Belgian magazine *Le Point* (January 1967) in which the philosopher expresses his views on the general problems of contemporary theatre. Unlike Mekas,

Sartre seems unaware of the many varieties of happenings; he tends to generalize and put them all in the same bag. Perhaps he should have seen a few more before passing a judgement. Had he witnessed the work of Kaporov, Whitman, Dine, Mark Boyle, the Japanese Zero Group or the Dutch Provos, he would have had a more objective and complete picture of . . . what's happening. He fails to notice that most



happenings are not theatre people, but painters and sculptors bringing with them such techniques as collage, projections, chance operations and inter-media in general. Also when Sartre speaks of the audience being according to him, subjected to "torture" or shock, he is still thinking in terms of a quiet evening of entertainment, whereas shock is merely being used as a method to awaken and open the audience's perception. Nevertheless, his remarks about the explosion of theatre are to the point and reach far beyond a personal value-judgement.

The works of Sartre specifically uses as examples are *Publik* by Ben Vantier, *Les 120 minutes dédiées au Divin Marquis* by Jean-Jacques Lebel and *Mela* drama *Sacramentale* by Alexandro Jodorowsky (all these were presented at the yearly Festival of Free Expression organized in Paris by Lebel). After analysing the opposition between the theatre of Genet and theatre of Cruelty, Sartre quotes Artaud: "A theatrical production will be as exciting as a game of cards in which all the spectators will participate . . ."

. . . If Artaud was right in saying that theatre was not an art but something like an action which liberates great powers from within us, if the spectator is nothing but a possible actor who still straightaway get into the act with all the violence that is being loosened up in him, well Artaud stopped somewhere

along the way. And then, in fact, if we want to be logical with Artaud, we must simply confront the spectator with a real event (in which this time, there will be total belief). In that sense the contemporary result of Artaud's theatre of cruelty is what's known as the happening.

"Happenings are occurring in England in France, in America, in Japan, they are precisely speaking: a real event taking place. There is no stage, it happens in a room, in the middle of the room or in the street or by the sea, between the spectators and the people we no longer call actors but agents, there is but an ephemeral difference. A difference in time. The agents actually do things (never mind what) they provoke events and make something—anything—really happen.

Some happenings speculate on "being bored" or on "waiting," to free those powers from within. For instance, in one of the most classical ones, a man enters. He is the agent, we look at him, we don't know what he is going to do, he sits on a chair and stays there, his arms crossed, for two hours. The fact is that "ennui" after a while provokes violent reactions, some spectators even burst into tears. One can also directly provoke the sexual instinct. In Paris, for example, a happening was stopped by the police because there was an entirely nude woman covered with whipped cream and everyone could come and lick the cream. At other times an appeal is made to the death instinct or to violence: I saw a happening where roosters were beheaded and where the blood was spattered onto the audience. It's not important whether the event was particularly prepared or not—because to kill roosters you have to buy them beforehand—but the fact is that the real happening is the audience's reaction. The first phase almost always consists of a scandal, then comes division into pros and cons, with an array of violence. And then, in some cases, deeper feelings: freedom from sexual inhibition or a death wish, never mind what, brings together an organized group of spectators and actors. For instance in Paris, although nobody actually came to demonstrate, a happening somehow turned into a street protest against the war in Vietnam.

As it is, the happening is a reality, it exists, it actually leads to a certain freedom: we can consider it as a fact. The problem is: what becomes of the performance as an appeal to the spectator's imagination? Is not the conditioning of the audience by some more or less cruel means the contrary of theatre? Or rather is it not the point where theatre explodes?

Most of the time the happening puts a clever use of the cruelty Artaud spoke of. In France, Lebel exerts a certain sadism on the audience which is blasted with spasmodic blinding lights, showered with all kinds of objects, mostly dirty. One must go to these happenings in old clothes. In fact the audience reacted to torture.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9



Just heard that of a new break out centre is opening in the east end to be more specific, a cellar in Stepney. Basically it is centered around Mick Farnes group the Social Deviants, aiming to provide a link between underground and surface activities. Creating an atmosphere which anybody can become a part of. More from this zone later.

Throughout time there has been only one thing; energy. Out of this energy continuously arise two forces that manifest themselves infinitely in every phase of life. These two forces are yin and yang. They are reflected in light, form colour space. In breathing we exhale yang and inhale yin, in love making we see man (yang) superimposed on woman (yin) with the result of achieving a union of forces that is neither yin nor yang but energy. These two opposite yet complementary forces which are both different aspects of the one thing are in a constant state of change in relation to each other. In food these forces exist in different states of balance. In order to best apply these forces to achieve harmony in ones

life one must choose ones foods with an awareness of their yin and yang potentials when they are transmitted by the body into our blood. Unless a balance is maintained one can fall into extremes of yin and yang, thus losing touch with the central source; energy. Extreme yin is reflected in the personality by silence, coldness, inactivity, and other conditions approach death. Extreme yang is characterized by frustration, impatience, restlessness. Knowing this, and knowing the yin and yang nature of our foods is to be able to consciously direct our fate so to be fully in harmony with our living energy. We become what we eat, so we must eat wisely in order to be alive. Avoid sugar; it is yin-poath. Avoid nightshade plants such as belladonna, potatoes, tomatoes, aubergines. Eat brown rice; it is yang. Knowing this, and knowing the yin and yang nature of our foods is to be able to consciously direct our fate so to be fully in harmony with our living energy. We become what we eat, so we must eat wisely in order to be alive. Avoid sugar; it is yin-poath. Avoid nightshade plants such as belladonna, potatoes, tomatoes, aubergines. Eat brown rice; it is yang.

Diffusion is everyday, anyway, at any time it emerges anywhere. It is a total potential and a total activity. The tyranny of objects is over. The dichotomy of art and life becomes a nonsense; art work becomes the perceptible distillation of energy. End products are catalysts.

Soundform, airmatter, breathing, the forms of energy are perceived in activity through activity. Their limits are defined through use.

Illusion is cluttering the world with useless objects. The frameworks of our lives—house, car, street, cinema, theatre, gallery, park, etc.—are an insidious artifice which with obsessive repetition reinforces and sanctifies the limits of initiated existence.

The new environments are revolutionary situations which will explode the enfolding determination of the existing forms.

The pneumatic environment, in being absolutely distinct from the character and values of the existing environment edifice, is a vital means of exploring such a program.

It is a program of the disillusion of those formulas which insulate man from the stresses of confrontation with his process of being at a particular place at a particular moment.

The new situations redefine this confrontation to make available to everyone an immediate opportunity to explore their unlimited individual capacities for being and doing, for the extra-ordinary.

Where the world is a field of total possibility, the extraordinary is imperative.

# Burn, Baby Burn

A Personal to the North American People.  
CLAYTON ESHELMAN

We are all aware that there is a war in Vietnam now and that the U.S. Air Force is conducting a vigorous air campaign against the Communists in the North. However, while we read the statistics and see photos almost hourly in the newspapers, see and hear newscasts on TV and occasionally even have the opportunity to talk with a returned GI, one feature of the present conflict is that the North American public at large still does not seem to feel the Communist threat in its own country and it is still possible to walk the streets of a large North American city, such as New York City, buy from vendors and see store windows but find little evidence of the North Vietnamese Communist threat.

What an ironic sound to this: the North American public should be better informed than the North American public at large still does not seem to feel the Communist threat in its own country and it is still possible to walk the streets of a large North American city, such as New York City, buy from vendors and see store windows but find little evidence of the North Vietnamese Communist threat.

Therefore I would like to propose the following: that, were there a set period of time (say, one day) in a hand-picked number of North American cities, a Vietnamese Communist baby in public be burned alive.

This not as difficult as it might sound again it is common knowledge that North American troops daily invade hamlets and villages that are often infested with Communist stooges. These enemy agents have families. In fact quite often North American troops have flushed from holes and various weakens mothers and teenage girls (as well as old women) who are identified immediately as being in league with Communist forces.

While one has no evidence for the following it surely must be true too — that even in wartime and under duress such as napalm while phosphorous bombing) the people of the earth make love (it is a fact that starvation leads to more frequent copulation).

Under these conditions U.S. Marines could certainly pick up a baby in their arm, as well as take a larger Communist baby by the neck of the neck. The infants would be right easily transported to their mothers (or some kind of wetnurse) could accompany them back to the North American camp to nurse them until it were decided to fly them to the United States.

(It might be added here that such a measure would quite possibly raise GI morale — for reports consistently show it is about the high percentages of Vietnamese Communist babies that are stolen from the North American troops).

Once in this country the infants could be given to various large institutions (all with their mothers if that were to be a time lag between decourture and execution). The government could then establish and administer programs be gathered, and rather than a tepid newspaper article debunking an unknown source, the North American public could actually witness in the flesh, a situation truly dar-



ing in its vulnerability to what has been taking place in both South and North Vietnam, without people, for the past five years.

If it were not deemed feasible to feed the infants between capture and execution, they would be unobtrusively killed and put on ice — it might actually be difficult for the North American public to tell the difference, or still yet they might be kept alive — who has not seen a walk-down on Avenue N in New York City; the large seated restaurants that often display a handsome guy whose filled with ice and piled with labels, their pieces rendered harmless by the insertion of a small wood peg in the vulnerable parts. The Communist infants might likewise be killed or shot full of something so that they would in slow motion make sucking gestures or perhaps quietly cry.

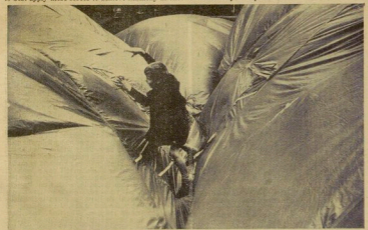
It will be asked, "Who infants? Why not larger Communists?"

My answer is three-fold. First, because the infants (or babies or young children) are the real enemy; it is they who supply the larger battle-trained Communist with the courage and belief to continue their aggression in the South. Captured larger Communists have often confessed when tortured why they were fighting: "First tin-poop" ("for my son"). If as many as one hundred Vietnamese Communist babies were burned alive in public weekly it could be devastating for larger Communist morale.

Second, it could be an excellent lever, by nature of reason 1, upon which to force the enemy into negotiation heavily weighed in our favor.

Third, and finally, there is simply something overpowering in seeing, actually being, an infant burned alive.

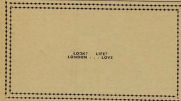
CONT ON P. 12





## KARMA-SIGMA

TWENTY GOSFIELD STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE 636-8480



The following piece needs to be written— we're being IT and all the things and people that imply in the public mind. We've been created by the press, the feeling photographic face of public men. We are an image, we have your publicity. Financially, we need it, we need more and more of it; and I suppose there's even that flickering moment when we smile at our worn-down faces in the glossies and the enthusiastic mentions of our efforts.

In the past three weeks, we've had no less than fifteen articles, interviews, etc. encompassing every one from Granada Television to Dutch TV to Turn to the New Statesman to News of the World. Oh and the "Kies." You have separated me from our common brotherhood with your phrases and categories, checking my free fall. You have made me a threat, a rebel, a misguided youth, an enthusiastic "freedom" whatever you have wanted to see.

O.K. Ideally you need to be ignored, friends and enemies alike. John Mitchell's letter in the last issue of IT will tell you where that ideal is. I'm going to tell you, however, my reactions before I go into hiding once again. I do this because some of our friends have lost their jobs or influential positions, or have had to drift away from us because of you, and we are angry that some of you from the steaming gutters of Fleet St. are working in conjunction with the police to try and bust us.

Other publications have placed us within their own social scheme, as a new breed of outcast. I could write the pieces up by saying IT is the centre of an underground movement, inspired by "mystical" things which takes drugs and has happenings that are not really relevant to it.

In Anne Sharpley's Evening Standard article (Jan. 30) "My Loud Psychedelic Weekends," a headline screams: "here was the promise of the sensation of drug-taking without the drugs." Who promised you, Anne? Not one piece of publicity for any of the three events you confused in your readers' minds mentioned the word "psychedelic." You brought it with you, we never promised. We couldn't do so without actually turning you on; had you expressed such an interest, we might have helped you find whatever it was you were looking for.

Perhaps we are to blame for giving you the words Psychedelic and Happening. For we're through with them already — they've lasted their customary nine months.

Understand that we've no more use for them once you've picked them up — except to exploit those of you who come sniffing after those imagined sensations in the heat.

The gist of the matter is that what you see as a spacious plan of attack is merely a conflagration of ARBITRARY ACCIDENTS. International Times is not the centre of the underground movement as you say it is; it is merely a temporary article which can easily disappear once it has served its purpose. And the things that happen in the paper itself, those manifestations of policy you see, are nothing more than a conglomeration, some of which conflict with one another, others on private wavelengths.

Also arbitrary are the so-called "leaders" of the so-called movement. They range, according to the press, from Miles Ferris to the Editor of Harvey Matsoos to Mike Herowitz, Will Miles has a swing bookshop and is easily found by reporters. Miles also happens to know everybody else, so he's a likely leader. The other is well-a reporter coming in, meets an arbitrary member of the paper, says he's done a piece on the scene, says he wants to talk to the leaders, gets an assortment of names and presto: the under-25s are hereby with powerful friends and readers (who might have been different people had the reporter shown up another day.)

In the New Statesman, D. A. N. Jones says of a recent UFO: "there was little sign of revolutionary

innovation. No news from the psychedelic oracle." (Note misspelling of "psychedelic", perhaps because of a need to explain what's happening with the notion of a "news" report on what's happening on anything? psychosis). Well, again, who promises you anything? All the publicity might have indicated is a possible good-time with music, food, and films. The Blarney Club is not the proper premises for a revolution; he sides, if that's the kind of show you wanted us to put on for you, we'd have to charge you more than 10 bob.

For it is a show you want. You want us to perform for you like so many freaky trained seals. There were any number of news reports of a Happening in Piccadilly several weeks back. Well dig; that event was organized by Granada Television, so they could show the viewers up North what the London freaks were like. We obliged because of its good publicity.

Once again, I must reiterate that IT is not the centre of any movement. Unfortunately for some of our friends nearly everything that goes on is attributed to us. Both the New Statesman and London Magazine go on at length about "Psychodelphia vs. Ian Smith" at the Round House, finding contradictions between the concept of the event and the kind of attitudes expressed in the paper, WHEN WE HAD NO CONNECTION WITH THIS EVENT AT ALL. Only two of the many Roundhouse events were ours, the rest are operated by private interests.

A contradiction which D. A. N. Jones finds in IT "that" — it urges people to be non-joiners, to "drop out" — and fills its pages with membership forms.

mad. At least when scenes like this can happen in the name of "freedom of expression." Usually these raves are harmless but "happenings" like this — pictured last week at the Round House, the "cultural" centre in Chalk Farm are as shocking. Before children, designer Mike Lesser, stripped naked and rolled sensually in coloured jelly."

"Overall, from the lighting effects and the awful sounds created by the groups, the atmosphere is oppressively psychedelic, creating the feeling that one is intoxicated by LSD without actually having taken it."

William Burroughs, Paul McCartney, the Move, the Cream, the Pink Floyd and AMM, Dick Gregory, Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsberg, John Cage and Cornelius Cardew are "it brightly in the avant garde. This is a collection of tremendous talent which is squandered in the interests of experimentation and exploration." What can you say about these statements? That a child is not conscious of anything wrong with a naked body until he's old enough to read *London Look!* That the London Look staff should take trips. What can you say?

The bloke who wrote the piece is a young man — he could have been one of us. He came armed with questions like: "Have you taken LSD?" "Are you on LSD at the moment?" "Do you have public school intercourse at your raves?" We told him the Round House was too cool. What else could we say? Could we have told him to be cool?



They urge nocturnalism — "make London a 25-hour city" — with 15 shillings admission fee. They want to "reclaim the night" and I can say this very strange remark is that we're in this capitalist world, Mr. Jones, and we don't like it any better than you do. But we are no longer foolish, like the Old Left, thinking that we can't live within it (and even foster it in our behalf) even while hoping to undermine it. If we could give all the copies of IT away for nothing, we would do so with as much love as the San Francisco Diggers are giving away clothes and food. But we're struggling to breathe. The sound of the words "You can't put out a newspaper without funds" catches in my throat — I feel foolish even having to think that to anyone. In the new Love Capitalism if you will, and all we can hope to do is make the best of it without dehumanizing ourselves and our brothers.

O.K. New Statesman, News of the World, Standard, even a pretty little girl from Oxford's *Cherwell* who doesn't yet understand that she is "one of us" — there you go, it's they've all written their one article on WHAT'S HAPPENING and it will be months before some High-up Editor says go see if you can dig up something from those hippies. But London Look has been holding in my veins for weeks now and there may be some words here. Some quotes from Michael Vestey's piece: "London isn't swinging any more, its raving

Had I known he would act like a snake and turn all our friendly offerings into the usual nonsense, I might have said them what I am going to say now: DROP OUT, MICHAEL, VESTEY. Our hands is cheaper and less brutalizing than the liquor you drink at your swinging soirees, our chicks are more open and promiscuous than your secretaries. DROP OUT, D.A.N. JONES. Drop out and join the IT staff, we can't pay you as much as New Statesman, but you can be assured of writing whatever you like without editorial pressure. Drop out, all of you with any spirit left. For you haven't summed us up.

We've changed yesterday and we'll change tomorrow—that's the closest statement you'll ever get to poetry from us. We're not what you think we are, because we know what you want to believe of us and we won't be what you want us to be. We'll win the war you create between us because there is no such thing as losing for us—we merely reshuffle our forces, or forget about it and start something else. Drop out, drop away from the Fathers, from Paul Johnson, from Roy East, from Lord Goodman. Free fall with us, float, give up your ambitions, your pre-conditions or at least your need to make war on those who don't want them. Come down and see us, talk to us, turn on with us, whatever you like, we won't put you down or turn you away. Drop out, drop out, wherever you are.

DAVID MAIRWITZ

WHEN THE  
WHILE  
MODE OF  
THE MUSIC  
CHANGES  
THE WALLS  
OF THE  
CITY  
SHAKE  
tuli kupferberg

At a recent anti-war rally at Long Beach University I heard Paul Goodman say that we were all headed for nuclear destruction & death within 10 years unless 30-20,000 American students (at our finest) stood up publicly & announced that they were refusing to be drafted.

He said it calmly & stated that he'd said it before & he would say it again, but he didn't know quite how to put it in any other way—whether to sing or scream it or whatever—he was just simply stating it.

That statement has haunted me & this essay is an attempt to come to some grips with that million.

The country is splitting in two. On one side the hawks, most of the politicians, the old time politicians, the pro-hated mothers, the sex started folk judges, the retired army officers, the Spellmans of the eclesia castris, the judicial policies, the most stupid soldiers, the robots, the frustrated, the Madison Avenue alcoholics, the suicidal nannies, the robot-teachers, the fundamentalist Boone-dockers—what we used to call "reaction".

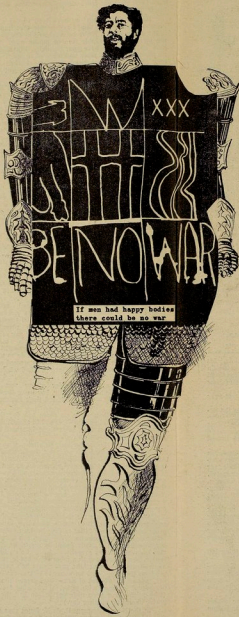
On the other side, the youth, the doves, the beatniks, the poets & artists, the protesting students, the minorities claiming their life, the singers, the rock & rollers, the psycholics, the young parents going for the fallow of their lives, the lively performers—whatever remains of the old humanism & classic liberalism, idealism & socialism of America.

And that socialism has failed. It has failed for 100 years. It has had its chance & been overplayed—so that the problems it concerned with no longer exist. The Marxist & anarchist ideas have failed (except the anarchist idea survive much into the present & the future).

Marxism was too mechanical. It became stagnant & mycotic. It was formed in the era of steam & rail. It was pre-psychology, pre-antropology, pre-electric, & pre-polytechnic. It was a great theory of the 19th century. Marx always postposed the essential human problems for "after the revolution". But it is now after the revolution.

The revolution (or revolutions) that have already occurred are as follows:

- 1) the sexual revolution: basic because it liberated the basis in personal energies of entire generations, of entire nations
- 2) the automation revolution: in 20 yrs it made all previous economic tools obsolete
- 3) the artistic revolution: it brought art into life with such force that the two are now inseparable
- 4) the psychotic revolution: it built on the sexual & artistic revolutions to create new unconscious worlds. What are the obstacles to these new activities? A functioning of these revolutions?
- 5) the sexual revolution: the obstacles are simple: most come over 40. To be under 20 is considered a fact. Nothing even to talk about. The revolution is proceeding so fast that 4 yr old youths by Muller & Selby (for example) are seen old fashioned. The obstacles are Catholic (or Jewish) dietary attorney, frustrated judges, sadistic cops, vengeful (half-filled) parents. This is however the strongest sector of revolutionary front. (Stuck in a diamond military analog?) There will be defunct: Gumburg direction. Requires process in Calif. but nothing can stop the pill! When sex runs, it's lovely lead... Variety in the spirit of wife. New-old combinations yr grand-mother never even fantasized as here... more are coming (mostly) filled with joy. We call this a "sexual" revolution. It is a revolution of love.
- 6) the automation revolution: it mixed (top) form. It was already possible in the form of the history if production were rationally requested to have an advanced (not a primitive) which was always possible & even if I think denigrate communism. Now automation make it so simple one wants to weep. Cut out irrational & war production & every American could have an incredible (material) standard of living immediately, for a few hrs of work per week. In 3 to 10 yrs this standard of life exposed to every spot on earth. Meaning people share all over the world & kill each other in various subtle & unobvious ways in competitive games in the great UN of A.
- Only the youth really know this is the age of affluence. I used to worry about how careless young people were in returning small loans I had made to them. In my (para) depressive youth money was hard to come by. Today it's all over. When there are a million apples who cares what happens to a few? This has given the youth great courage.



They are independent, they don't lick ass. They just fuck you on "career", a jail sentence is a badge of honor not a feverish label. The establishments (including the economic establishment) is a face to blow—so to be taken seriously. Somehow the means to survive will always turn up.

The idea of the commune is reappearing. The East Side anarchists, the M Dugan, the Proves of LA, Karkota, the Living Theatre, USCO, Millock & the League for Spiritual Discovery. An imp. new journal devoted to utopian-intentional community and its parameters has just begun to publish (The Modern Utopian, Box 144, Fair University, Medford, Mass.).

The contrast between the affluence of some & poverty of others, however, both in our country & abroad is one of the most serious threats to the survival of all of us. Unless this problem is solved & quickly, it alone may be enough to bring us all down to spiritual & bodily death.

Here some of the traditional socialist ideas are of most use... but they must be used in new & imaginative ways & combined organically with the new technology. SDPs & militant Black organizations are trying to come to grips with the ideological & practical solutions to these emergency problems. Absence now!

We must have dramatic demonstrations of the (economic) brotherhood of man. This country must give such strong attacked just quantities of its superabundance to the poorer nations. One first step might be immediately to donate & give 1/2 of our war budget to China, 1/4 to our internal poor, 1/4 to the rest of the world. Such "utopian" solutions must be taken seriously or we may face "realistic" annihilations at the hands of those who want of those who were to keep, or a mutually destructive symbiosis of both.

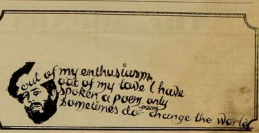
For those who can—a total redistribution of their personal goods & a Viola Bhave or Danilo Doki may be personally saving. As a spiritual life factor, however (This is what the social revolution, but it is a way of dramatizing it). Certainly there are those among us (myself!) who would benefit by a living local demonstration of the revolution. Those who are rich in their souls can give to those who are poor—not without losing that which is most precious! Maybe now only some use your "non-ownership" of primitive communism & community & sharing (a living together physically) of the most disparate, say like Jacqueline Kennedy & a flower "man" on a sea. If I feel like it, Bob Dylan were to give their entire fortunes to the cause, what a final freedom & wd make America—of capitalism—of greed of man being the prey of man.

It is of course easy for me to speak so. (0 hypocrite reaction—some sustainable non force). I have not done it. I only the occasionally come close to do this. This is the

- 1) the artistic revolution: Great advertiser of the hollow society. Mass you media—your biggest help before our skills. You don't know if we are parodying you or we are parodying us anymore. Beatles, Dylan, happening, pop, Rock & roll great occasions. The Box will destroy you! Our bodies are opening. A thousand petals will bloom, Cans too. We will force you to support us—to support the artists who are digging yr dark grave. Join us before it is too late. Do not die. This is life! more for everyone!
- 2) the psychotic revolution: This is our organic! "When the mode of the music changes the walls of the city shake."
- 3) the psychologic revolution: This is our marriage. When we break open heads & new worlds emerge. We will believe!

Break the pattern. Shatter the images! Down Road! Time Is Tern On Drop Out. Fake patients? Ye games are fake, boring. Man was made. Man was made to change. No single thing abides. Flow with me. Foot flows the abiding tide. God is a bottle!

But Lord! they said you were everywhere. Out of my enthusiasm, out of my love I have spoken in poems. Only sometimes do poems change the world. Sometimes the world change poems. Is this the call of the abyss? Have I misnamed derivatives? Many will die between the time I write this & the time you read this. I only did what I had to do. I will not express fear & death. I will express life & hope. Someday some youth's vision will spring us full bloom into Paradise. Either that or die. Come dance with me in Johnson land!



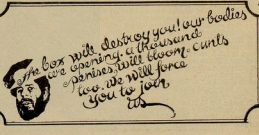
SHARE  
SHARE cont.

"Can we say we have here gone beyond the limits, the idea and the essence of theatre?" In England Peter Brook has tried to find a way to the outside, to keep happening inside the limits of the theatre performance... the first part of it was about the horrors of the Vietnam war and the second part was about the impotence of the theatre. "Some one on stage opens a box of batteries. They leave the box and a hand holding a lighter sets fire to them. They burn alive. This happening is a happening... because something really happens; the lighter really catches the paper and really burns; that nevertheless... it's not a happening because the actor and the spectator, seat back in his solitude, leaves with a certain faith and hope, a certain faith and hope, a certain feeling of desperation and confusion, a feeling of having been entrained with hatred and impotence. One doesn't come to any conclusions, but confusion could there be? It's true that the Vietnam war is a crime... it's true that the Left is perfectly incapable of any action. It is theatre? This is really the level of an intermediate form of which one can say to oneself "this is theatre" or "this is not theatre". In any case, let's say that if this is theatre, it is a situation which manifestly expresses what we can call today the theatre of the happening. With happenings, it's finally reality which absorbs fiction. In the case of documentary theatre, reality is transformed into fiction; fiction which is absorbed and eaten up by the real; realistic action directed at the audience, as in a happening, and more really as represented in a theatrical document when it is eaten up by illusion, we perceive the crisis of the image."

"In any case (if we think that way) we can say that such a crisis, even if it would later bring about a certain explosion of theatrical forms, expresses a progress in thinking. "We no longer work according to the old confined and indistinct principles of the director, but of the philosopher, that of the poet for whom the essence of theatre implied in it's greatest moment a non-artificially human reality and not a theatrical one. You can look at that mirage, behold as a mirage, presented as a mirage, necessarily determined real feelings in the audience... that was the Greek idea of catharsis: ..."

"Art is not to be ignored but it is not to be abandoned. It is the violence of dehumanization and the brutal oppression of instincts which we called free world expression as normal, art abnormal, art society normal, or vice-versa? Here again artists are filling a well which centuries of stupidity have emptied. Here again artists are filling a well which centuries of mass-murder in North Africa, protestant Jean Genet's play set in colonial Algeria... It is not the same and particularly not when such as Cardinal Spellman in Vietnam ("toward Christian Soldiers") who decides to be a "warrior" in the "war" of Vietnam, or when that "Total theater in the arts" at art's worst produces a combination of sex and sadism and that theatre of cruelty in a "massy death". It is the sexual revolution, just another version of the traditional Old-versus-New struggle. It is more than that!"

For the psychologic generation with its distrust of all ideologies, with its deeply anarchistic and anarchistic impulse, with its practical knowledge of the social power of the personal games played for pleasure or survival by the surrounding robots is beginning to see their such conflicts of the ones resulting from the industrialization, the industrialization. Expanding minds and bodies are demanding—sometimes violently, sometimes non-violently but always with force—their own space. They are demanding and invade with them. How useless it is to judge three demands and this first according to moral, ethical or social values which for this generation, are worth nothing! The fact is that in Tokyo and Amsterdam, in Los Angeles and London, in Paris and Buenos Aires, in Stockholm something is happening and, as Bob Dylan put it: "You don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?" EMILE HENRY.





# THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

Three years ago a singer named P. J. Proby appeared on "television show with the Beatles." P. J. Proby became an overnight success. His records, concert appearances, television shows all the marks of material achievement. Then disaster struck, in a spagetti of unfairness. The "Beatles" who were supposed to be the beginning of a string of hits for Proby. He was beaten from Johnson and barred from a variety of some hotels in some cities. Last spring Proby left Britain for the States. Now some hotels and limousines have it back.

I went to meet Proby at his hotel along with David Seides the TV photographer.

The Proby I met was an ordinary guy with a hot old front and this is his background.

**N.P.** Where did you get the name P.J.?  
**Proby:** From an agency named Gibbs-Tinsell and Lord when I first got to Hollywood. No, wait a minute. In Powers one day, P.J. came from Liberty records.  
**N.P.** Liberty. They just started up on their own.  
**Proby:** Yeah, because there was an ex whose initials names were going around, like Henry, Charles, Hubby Boy, Joey. Oh, all those sounds so they bring that bit of sound names on.

**N.P.** And whose did you pick up Proby?  
**Proby:** Proby? They just handed that to me too. Actually there was a guy named P.J. Proby I think.  
**N.P.** You've written a couple of songs, have you?  
**Proby:** Yeah. I've written a few.  
**N.P.** What was your biggest one?  
**Proby:** The biggest one was "Ain't Gonna Kiss You" by the Searchers. And that's the next biggest one was "Ohly Gabe to the Searchers" by a German boy.

**N.P.** You never had any one in the States before you came over here?  
**Proby:** I had a few minor hits that other artists did but they were since you came over here. But I can't remember the names. I'll just remind you of one (laughter).  
**N.P.** My mother says you've done it over there. Did you?  
**Proby:** Well, I tell you whether I'm sorry or not.  
**N.P.** Is there any big moment in your life. I mean here you felt reborn or changed?  
**Proby:** I mean it's the P.J. Proby that was here and the one that's anything there.



## p. j. proby talks to norman pilkington

Proby: No. The only thing I'm sorry for is what I...  
**Proby:** Did that?  
**Proby:** Yes, she's a very big fan of yours.  
**Proby:** Which album was that?  
**Proby:** The American one with "If I Love"... That's her favorite song man. She just went crazy, ask me see what his here was it, "If I loved you". She couldn't get it by anyone except Paul Anker and she wouldn't give up until she had a copy for a while! I mean I found your style?  
**Proby:** Yeah, I'm a bit of everybody. That's my style. Like a complete melting pot and it keeps on stirring.  
**N.P.:** You don't seem to be a beautiful kind of solo people make you out to be. When I read a lot of interviews...  
**Proby:** Well that's Piss. You know I mean I could talk to Press all day and sell them that you go back and write what they think is going to sell papers, no matter what I say, so I really don't matter what I say. I got interested in what I know usually what's going to happen.  
**Proby:** I'm usually always involved in the movie. Like I know I don't do any. Somebody might jump over his back. Gotta to keep on the move. Baby Gotta to be able to do anything. I mean I just keep going...  
**N.P.:** You sound with all this breaking logic in the face?  
**Proby:** There? Where?  
**N.P.:** All these people chasing you up.  
**Proby:** Oh no no. A guy

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Germany, Nazi's and German infiltration, flicked his wrist at Comrade Mac and China, said he could do nothing about Gerald Brown in Bayless Prison and then wished everyone a happy Lunar Vietnam New Year.  
It was the questions which he didn't answer which made the news that no one reported.  
He was asked about the young people in the Soviet, about new wave of Soviet artists, about opening up the Soviet Union to a real exchange of ideas in the arts, and his answer was silence. He was asked if anyone in the Soviet Union smoked pot or turned on, and again there was no reply.  
He was asked about love, and he smiled but again didn't reply. He was asked about trust, and this seemed to confuse him. Trust me was his attitude, for who else in the world is strong and can be trusted.  
But again he asked why we should trust Kosygin. And there was no answer. Kosygin was like a computer programmed to charm the western middle class society with good manners.  
The whole scene was like a giant war or freak out for fleet street. It was a P.R. man's happening with food and television. It didn't need a rock group or mini skirts, for Kosygin's subtle bomb waving made up for the lack of rock and his mini answers made up for the shirts.



A. Kosygin

## harvey matusow talks at ALEXEI KOSYGIN

Today, as I sat a few feet from Alexei Nikolaevich Kosygin during an interview at the Dorchester Hotel, I couldn't help but think that the whole thing was a lot of crap. He dropped upon me because that I've been covered with shit for so long that I was no longer recognise the smell. This was no shoe hanging Khrushchev, but an ultra cool, smooth talking man.

I asked him when was the last time he sang the Internationale, and received no answer.

The questions asked him by the 500 press representatives there were selected, watered down and answered little that the world didn't already know.

The great magic eye of television seemed to control the whole affair. Ten TV cameras surrounded the room so that even Lyndon Johnson sitting at Lane in the White House could see and listen to this event LIVE. Kosygin didn't seem to care about the press there, somehow you had the feeling that he was talking direct to L.B.J. and saying "fuck off, my old man can lick you old man anytime." And L.B.J. back in Washington, waving his red, white and blue eyes saying, "see."

And meanwhile, back at the ranch, the shit kept pouring on our heads, and Harold Wilson seemed to enjoy it.

Kosygin spoke for 45 minutes in what one journalist called the ass-kicking event of the year. He put down the Common Market, Technical cooperation with the United States, defended the anti-ballistic missiles programme, talked of non-proliferation with

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CONT. ON P. 12





# PSYCHING IN THE NEW AGE

By Peter Stamm

A massive plan to organize and coordinate different artists and projects aimed at creating and establishing the New Age Bureau of the New Age is now being drawn up at a centre in London.

The body responsible for this project is a new organization, non-government, called "Centre", which has premises at a large house in Kensington.

Leading the work there is 39-year-old Christopher Hills, a former businessman, who 15 years ago started the Hills Galleries in Kingston, Jamaica.

He is also Director of the Commission for Research into the Creative Faculties of Man, an international body set up in 1961 which has carried out most of the background investigations into the possibilities of establishing a Centre.

Through a great number of related activities, some of which are already under way, Centre intends to try to meet the creative and cultural needs of people in the Aquarian Age.

Activities will include meditation, spiritual healing, health dieting, creative writing, folk singing, new art forms, creative science projects, psychic groups, personality readings and the clearing of auras, and the opening of a macrobiotic restaurant which operated in the basement of a couple of weeks ago. Hills has already expressed the interest of scores of people to have a centre of this kind in London, and to do people a favour and create a centre in London, and to be prepared according to Zen principles of a balanced diet, such as Yin and Yang food elements. (See TV mail order section, page 14 for the brochure available on this subject.)

## DEAN OF FEIFFER

How can this man be a successful cartoonist? He draws like a pig, he's predictable to a degree, he's long-winded, he's prying in dialogue, mostly he draws like a pig.

His Ho and Hch Hch, Such a prize piece of editorial barnyard wit! That's how we'd describe him as a cartoonist to review what a laugh he's got out of his satirical and punning in his cartoon, but not our cartoonist but Feiffer!

In fact any other cartoonist so liberally endowed with intellect, weakness, more miserably fat, but Feiffer is not a cartoonist, he's a writer, an accurate analyst, a cunning commentator. Perhaps the only cartoonist with a healthy idea for dialogue. (Perhaps also the only cartoonist to need a beautiful girl for dialogue). His characters are developed fully and epistemologically, even those of the missing end of his punch lines. And sympathy with human feeling and concern for hypocrisy and stupidity are commendably voluminous.

The book that is a selection from Sick, Sick, Sick, The Ex-phasers and Hch Hch, A sound, reasonable, Ferginist, satirical, the odd favourite moaning, but it's mostly good last meat. Recommended as a birthday present for teens.

Also recommended: The Penguin Health Robinson and the Arts Council Exhibition of James Gray, both could be available.

Hills outlined the objectives of Centre: "I travelled all over England last year finding out whether people really did want a centre, as I don't want a centre for myself."

The British are unlikely to be swayed by enthusiasm, they are more likely to be swayed by success in achieving aims that by listening to someone talking about their aims. In America it's possible to get by being half-baked, but in this country you can't.

"I've been everywhere in the world and started many centres similar to this. It's much easier in other countries because one has the spiritual enthusiasm of participation, whereas the British are seekers. Britain wants to discover it, savour it, and still remain an seeker of reality instead of an experimenter of reality."

One reason for starting Centre in London is because of England's brand of detective, in which Hills sees signs of rebirth.

"The New Age means to try again, to be reborn. A New Age is concerned in a position of absolute knowledge, possessing a glimpse of purpose, providing a form of salvation. Though it may lead to the Cross, we must know by experience and not by theory that it is possible for man, as little a piece of cosmic dust that he is, to be infused with the creative

energy. Sound is the experience of man which can put him in contact with cosmic activities which are beyond his ability to sense. He can listen on the fringes of the universe. The Zen Buddhists were able to contact a cosmic sound.

"There are certain things which arouse sensual energies. I believe in channeling them and not wasting them in unproductive ways. I have to make a choice and I go on oiltable things which enable me to make changes in my body in a conscious way."

"The secret of sex will be taught here. The world is our sacred spirituality when man can understand that when male and female are vibrating on the same wavelength a third sound is produced which unites them back into a harmonic. There's energy in that third sound which comes from nowhere, from nothing, from the void created by two wavelengths which annihilate themselves and lose themselves in each other."

"I am especially interested in sound as a concrete form of energy. Sound is the experience of man which can put him in contact with cosmic activities which are beyond his ability to sense. He can listen on the fringes of the universe. The Zen Buddhists were able to contact a cosmic sound."

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This can be taught at an elementary level in half an hour. The New Age man in commerce, industry, the arts, and philosophy, will, if it is not forgotten, be at least working towards it.

"I don't know what pigments I am going to mix in the next five minutes. . . . I am part of the world sensation. I don't know how Centre will manifest itself, because my image of it is a centre which is all people. The way they fulfill this is important to me. It is not for me to impose my will on their fulfillment. This is why I will tell myself how to fulfill themselves, but I will tell them how to contact the one within who knows, already what they should be doing in life, where they should do it and where they will do it. All my job is it to provide a framework."

A New Age is someone who can sense at a distance

To cook: to prepare and slice and combine and balance the foods which we are made of is to make love. To eat to constantly renew the new ending rhythm of life within it is to make love. This is what is happening at the Macrobiotic kitchen and visualists people are learning to with a bowl of brown rice, a whole meal chapati dipped in tea, roasted fish marinated in ginger and soy sauce and a cup of tea.

Two girls Ann and Jill do most of the cooking together

"J. Feiffer says: What's Your Soap? That's the World. What's your soap? There's something lacking around every corner that can really do you in but that's you're not doing it. 24 hours a day which is impossible. Trust is the biggest pitfall in the world as far as I'm concerned. Trust a person and you're yours in a position to love the holy cow knocked out of you. Depending on what kind of person you are. If you're a very sensitive person I would advise not trusting anybody."

N.P.K. Are you sensitive? No. Are you sensitive? Too much so, for my good and for everybody else's good too. And on that note, shall we try sensitivity? Could you ask for some more tea John?

with Craig and occasionally friends who will happily join in creating part of a meal out of a variety of fruits, berries, experience and to watch Ann make a variety of dishes. Jill make a nice and light sauce with love and to eat it with any less love would be a crime just like to eat any less love with at least a little bit of grain planted and green is transformed into a variety of dishes, which is what it means to eat a meaningful rice, and to be any less than a thousand times thankful for that meal. It is a crime.

To turn on to the Zen Macrobiotic way of life is also to become healthy to never be tired, being up, get colds, crave sweets, lose either your appetite or the joy of eating and being (which is one) and then all sorts of other things start happening.

Books of literature on Centre is available to anyone interested. Send a card or note to CENTRE, c/o P.O. 102 Southampton Row, W.C.1, and we will see that you are put on their mailing list.

## PROBY

CONST. FROM P. 10

Proby: Complete with it? I don't have to compose with it? I don't suppose it. It holds me, but I suppose it because that's what I'm doing. It's a blend of imagination and the visualists people are learning to with a bowl of brown rice, a whole meal chapati dipped in tea, roasted fish marinated in ginger and soy sauce and a cup of tea.

Two girls Ann and Jill do most of the cooking together

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## BABYBURN

CONST. FROM P. 6

An other Communist one can identify with in that he can speak, curse and scream. But as many North American know, an infant cannot. One only needs to know a little of a child's mind (or, perhaps, a hand or two held up, blacked, and uncontrived) to see the other helplessness, the total inability to communicate that marks the Communist infant world.

"Leon Rosenblon tells the truth. Adrian Adichell

In fact, Leon Rosenblon rings it on the new **Leony Records LP, 'Songs for Septical Circles'** (BF 6029).

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- \* IT 3 - The first part of William Burroughs' "Invincible Generation", articles by Jake Linn and Monroe Feldman.
- \* IT 4 - Interviews with Dick Gregory and the Paul Butterfield Blues Band; Selo Strip Club Guide.
- \* IT 5 - Exclusive interview with Pop Artistic Class Orchestra: First publication of Jim Dine obscenity trial photos.
- \* IT 6 - Three-page interview with Paul McCartney; Second part of William Burroughs' "Invincible Generation", articles by Norman Mailer, Alan Ginsburg, David Halliwell, Charles Matthews, Michael Healey.
- \* IT 7 - Outer-liner Space issue, featuring a major speech by Alan Ginsburg, articles on flying saucers, and a special crucifixion picture section.
- \* IT 8 - Includes major pieces on Buddhism and Mastery by Gary Snyder and Alan Glazer, an interview with the WHO's Pete Townsend, as well as articles on sexual being biology.

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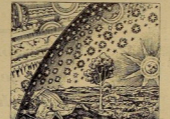
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books event: Concrete Frontier presents Adrian Mitchell reading his new poetry, exhibitions by sculptor Sam Smith, tape music by Bert Worrell, local poems, ephemera, poetry, etc. At Leeds Institute Gallery, Cookridge Street, Leeds 2. 7.30 p.m.

travelling poets the whistler and short poets and folk singers (Dennis Goff and Jim Jefferson) in Durham until 2 March. In Edinburgh from 3 March - 9 March. In Aberdeen from 10 March - 16 March. For further info write Goff, 58 Jackson Avenue, Millersburg, Derby.

poetry in marketplace starting 2 March and every following Thursday, informal poetry readings at Castle Hill, Oldham Street, of Piccadilly. Bring your own/other people's work. All kinds of musical instruments, record, listening posts, etc. welcome. Further information: David Stringer, International Centre, 64 George Street, Manchester, M.4.

conf 8 event: Happening March 1st, Totnes International Times. Bruce Horrocks, great soft music events, performing people like James, Wellington Square, Oxford. 8.00 p.m.

poetry in another reading/conference at Totter University March 4th. All day. 11.30 a.m. Ronald Dennis, Ken Smith, Thomas Clark, John Barrell, Michael Howitt, Lee Flanagan, Brian Patten, Roba Eschke, James Philip, David Ansell. Admission free.

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8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

**SUN 26 FEB**

10:00-11:00 a.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

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**SAT 25 FEB**

7:30-8:30 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

7:30-8:30 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

7:30-8:30 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

**this is NO THING this is** a situation of opportunity. Breathing, airmatter, soundform, **DISILLUSION**. Jeffrey Shaw **Tjebbe van Tyen** from February 27th for three weeks at **26 KINGLY STREET, W.I.** Ephemeral situations on the Monday evenings. Members and guests only. Special membership terms during **NO THING** (27 Feb - 18 March)

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**notes towards a 25 hour city**

**MON 27 FEB**

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

**TUE 28 FEB**

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

**WED 29 FEB**

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

**THURS 1 MAR**

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

**FRI 2 MAR**

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

**SAT 3 MAR**

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

**SUN 4 MAR**

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.

8:00-9:00 p.m. **Montreal Philharmonic Orchestra** presents "The Spectator and Friends" at the Montreal Hippodrome. Tickets \$1.00.



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- Tuesday night/Wednesday Men Haircuts: Clefords, 23 Chatterhouse St. EC4.
- 25 hour service: Dyed-on, Sewer and Drain Cleaning, VAN 117.

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