



# The International Times No. 14

FRIDAY JUNE 2nd. 1967 1/-

COPS POPS JEWS QUEERS  
JAPS REAL NEWS  
DREAMS & MAGIC

## ALL HUMAN LIFE - for sale

Michael told this story to your IT reporter quite by accident. It was the morning after the Electric Garden opening. I asked whether hustlers, such as the ones we had seen the night before had ever tried to move in to make money from his scene. [Michael Abdul Malik, alias Michael X, nee Michael de Freitas, leader of RAAS, an organization whose activities are described, in part, below, and DEFENCE, the only effective legal action group in England - watch IT 15 for more on the law and your rights.]

What follows these brief comments is a two-part story. The first section involves temptation by the IRRESPONSIBLES. The second section written by Honore Ove, publicity head of RAAS project, is a plan for right action under extreme conditions. The first, though sensational, serves as an instructive parable to those who abrogate personal responsibility and take sides with the heavies, the film-flam boys. The second, in contrast to the first, outlines a programme of self-help designed to meet an organic need. One more word about the personalities of those involved in the hustle. The EDITOR mentioned, as you might guess, is the same one who screamed "irresponsible" at you and yours, and who admits receiving prior notice information about the IT bust (see No. 10), the HOTELIER a man of varied but bumbling duplicity has blown his cover in other ways. Although Jewish, under another name he is thought to be in the higher ranks of Colin Jordan's Neo-Nazi party. Does this make your flesh crawl? Read on !! wjl

1.

"I want to help you" he said, "For some months now my associates and myself have been observing you and

you are doing a wonderful job, but you need help." My experience tells me to be wary of such people as these. The circumstances under which I met them were very favourable. I was told by a mutual friend that they wanted to speak to me, my friend spoke of them in the tone of voice that straight people turn on when they speak of millionaires or of very successful businessmen, punctuated by "and they asked to meet you". I was told they were very clever, and was advised on how to dress when I met them. Finally a date was set, and I went to their office with one of my wisest friends for company. There they sat, a Fat Foursome: one of them was an Hotelier, he was their spokesman and he was very

talked about, came from their lips as if they were very accustomed to it. By that time I had succeeded in stealing some documents from the Editor to the Hotelier concerning one of the plans outlined to me. It appeared as if someone in my position, to be successful, should be feared. It was suggested that rooms should be rented by some black men calling themselves John 2 x and Harry 17 x or some such thing for positive identification with me, and in these rooms one would store petrol bombs, hand grenades, sub-machine guns, rifles, revolvers and other such paraphernalia supplied by them together with some of our literature. Then someone would tip off this fellow's

to take over a number of jobs within the context of the organisation, thereby placing the Black man back in time rather than ahead. There must be some way where Whites and Blacks could work together, wherein we can make the mistakes that are necessary to be made, so we may learn, but this format of working together I have never seen. Ideas on this we should like to have. Money is needed. But there must be no strings attached to it, we must spend it in whatever way we choose.

2.

Can you imagine a host of English people suddenly taken out of their environment and put into a foreign land where they had to work all day and when work came to an end there were no amenities for relaxation or entertainment and there were no shops to buy their traditional foods to make tea, bacon and eggs, fish and chips, Yorkshire pudding, steak and kidney pie? Where there was not even a local pub or bingo hall to go to?

What would the other scene do if there were no happenings to happen as so U.F.O. to go and freak out at, not even a trip or a draw? Man, you know what will happen—there will be complete chaos; every bitch and her brother will slip out.

Well, we have discovered such a lost community only 39 miles from London. In a light industrial town with a population of 120,000 there are 6,000 West Indians who work and live there. After their full day's work they go back to their little rooms and flats with nothing but the next day's work to look forward to and a belly full of telly. You might ask why they don't go to the local pub or coffee bar, but they are obviously not welcome.

A few months ago, some of these people contacted RAAS, who sent representatives to the town to see what could be done. R.A.A.S. did some research and discovered that there were no sort of West Indian amenities in the town at all. There is no grocery shop selling their special types of food, no blues club to go to to dig sounds, no coffee bar; they are made blatantly unwelcome at the local laundrettes and barber shops.

Again, you might ask why they don't open up their own shops, etc., but they lack the capital to do so.

R.A.A.S. has therefore started to recruit its own members to help the scene. Firstly, they have bought a house to use as an office and also as a restaurant and coffee bar. Now they are looking for other premises to open a grocery shop, (so that West Indians can get their sweet potatoes, peas and callaloo), a barber shop, and a club where they can dig their blues.

## FREE HOPPY

STOP PRESS

With great sadness and clenched teeth we report the sentencing to nine months in Prison of Mr. John Hopkins, one of the editors of the International Times, the creator of U. F. O., the man who made the fourteen hour Technicolour Dream and the man who, until now, loved everyone.

There will be an International Times supplement dealing with this in detail in a week.

With love and concern for you all,  
The Editorial Board.

charming; on his left sat his partner in business; on his right was his friend, the Editor of what is the largest selling Sunday paper in this country if not the world. The other gentleman owned one of the big taxi fleets in London. They had all their research right, they knew as much of my movements as anybody could possibly know and they were deeply impressed by my work, they said. Some things they thought should be improved upon like my means of transport for example. "Whoever heard of a Great Leader travelling by bus" or my mode of dress. "We'll have to do something about that". Propaganda also was very important I was told, "The image you present is most important". I could not help but listen, they were interesting people; rich I think, and fat, so I could only assume they were well fed, and clever, for by their meeting, the dimension of money they

paper and he would do a fantastic exploit, wherein his friend would be paid some large amount of money, which will go towards the development of our organisation, the inference being that there were many such arms dumps in the country, and this, presumably, would attract many more people to us. Well, I listened. I must admit they were dead right, this kind of action could have possibly won over a large percentage of the black population for one no doubt needs guns with vicious penitents like them around, but this is not our way of organising. RAAS Membership is for Black People only, this decision we came to after examining "Black" organisations here and in the U.S.A. The "White Liberal" could be a very valuable asset to Black Self-help Groups but when he gets involved, because of his superior knowledge of organising and his discipline, he tends

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## The International Times

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ED.

## Ishback

Dear Jack Moore,  
If I, the undersigned, a freelance author with no other source of income but my writing, am appalled (to use the terms of the ad in IT 13 headed "Censorship Kicklash") at your giving housingroom to it.

I hold no brief for John Calder. Once he had the MS of a novel of mine in March, told me in June he was enthusiastic and wanted to publish it, didn't give me a penny, didn't send me a contract, didn't answer my letters—and by November when under pressure from the Society of Authors he sent me back the "books" topology was destroyed and it has never sold and never will. But—

Why is it when someone gets up on a soapbox and makes statements like "the public should be free to purchase all books in any edition as soon as they are published" and never seems to pay any attention to the guy who made the book possible: the author? Doesn't he deserve a smidgen of consideration?

Lets' get some facts on record. Doing what Munday, Kasha, Uncle Tom Cobling et al. want would chop my earnings by a third. In any case you don't know, Richard Findlater's survey of the British writers showed that only about a sixth of them make over £1,000 a year anyway. Also, if more than 1,500 copies of the British edition of a book (2,000 under US legislation at present) are introduced, I believe are imported into the U.S. anyone can come along and print as many more as he likes without paying the author a cent.

This happened to the Lord of the Rings trilogy, goddam it! Houghton Mifflin, the American publishers, laid themselves wide open to pirating because they didn't think the book was going to be popular enough to worry about, and as a result, if it hadn't been for pressure from a number of professional organisations (including Science Fiction Writers of America, which I belong to) and eventually shamed the pirate into paying up, Tolkien wouldn't have received any royalties at all on a paperback version which sold in the hundreds of thousands.

So it's stupid to shut out the copy of your Journal which includes MacFie's True. But somebody goofed, and it probably wasn't a publisher. There's a distinction between serial rights, sold to a magazine, and book rights, and if someone had bothered to think of that Penguin wouldn't have a case. Most of my novels get magazine exposure, but it doesn't interfere with my book deals.

So it's infuriating to have to wait and wait to see Creely's For Love? True. But why didn't the contracts include a time clause, saying that the rights revert and can be sold elsewhere if the book doesn't get out within some reasonable time? An author can do this—I know because I do it—and a publisher who sees his advance payment going for nothing because he's been dilatory gets the finger out, and the book.

I'll tell you why by the way—answering that question in the last paragraph. Because virtually every self-respecting author sometimes finds himself glad to get any money at all out of something he's written. A bookseller's regular share of the sale price of a book, in this country, is one

third, and sometimes more. Typically the author gets 10% (less than a third of that to 15% less than half). Of course authors wouldn't be any where without booksellers, and I'm bloody glad Better Books and Mandarin Books and the rest of them exist—I wish there were more like them. But where would booksellers be without authors?

Sincerely,

JOHN BRUNNER.

## yoko ono

What happened in the Electric Garden was that I was on a platform and the audience was there in front of it. We were communicating. A beautiful love vibration was there growing. It was very quiet, very silent. Then something happened. Complaints, shouts, bad vibrations from the corner of the room. Maybe the world is so paranoid that some people just can't stand silence. They're so insecure that they need music grinding into their ears to tell them they are alive. We were all just very silent because we were communicating with each other. It was a peaceful thing. Then Tony Cox came and told us that we had to stop and leave the joint because they said the police didn't like what I was doing and they wanted me to stop, that threats were made by the owners that we would not get out of the joint alive, etc. I looked at the audience. They looked back. I wanted to say something but the microphone had been cut off. We had to go. I was hurried away to the car outside. The police came in. Was all this necessary? I think that people should make it a rule to take off their pants before they fight.

Later people commented on my having accepted to perform there. They said I should never know that it was a bad scene. Listen, baby, in any scene can be a bad scene or a good one. I don't have any preconception as to what scene is in or out. All I know is that I had a thirst for a beautiful scene. People long for things like that, and it's never enough I felt very bad. They said the police in the audience actually came all the way to participate in the event. Some people probably paid the ten bob to get in. I still can't get over this. There is a talk that in this Electric Garden incident, my art was defamed, I was insulted and my art was physically attacked, and therefore we should make a court case out of it, that is our social responsibility, etc. Maybe so. But as far as I'm concerned those were not the most regrettable things that happened that night and later. Let's not throw bad vibrations at each other. Let's all be beautiful together. Let's.

YOKO ONO

(see What's Happening for Sunday, 4th June).

## LETTER

21st April, 1967

Dear Mr. Martin,

It must be a surprise for you to receive a letter from an unknown prisoner presently incarcerated in a penitentiary of Korea. This sudden letter is to thank you for sending me your interesting and explosive magazine "International Times" every time. I've been receiving it three up to now, and enjoying reading it very much. I think it must be by the request of Mr. Sparks, a friend of mine, living in London, that you came to send your magazine to me if not impossible because I do really enjoy reading its many incoastal articles. Judging from its articles, it must be a magazine of what they call Beatniks protesting against the factors of human alienation among which are, above all, war, power, organised genocide, snobish opinion on sex, censorship, slavery and so on. Although I am not a professed Beatnik myself, I feel an intense sympathy with your motive for the liberation of humanity from the yoke of every fictitious civilisation upon which contemporary world is based. Especially I was impressed by the message of some poems submitted to Queen Elizabeth II which appeared on your magazine.

Here I introduce myself briefly; I had been a student of Seoul National University at the Faculty of Political Science before I was jailed because of my role as a student activist. I have been jailed for six years and have two more years to go. I expect some change in my situation after the coming election. I am greatly interested in watching avant-garde tendency emerging throughout the world, whatever kind it may be: political, philosophical, musical, art or else including journalism of your kind. I want you to include more detailed information about various clubs and associations of "outsiders" and Beatniks of different countries in Europe and U.S.A. And I have no idea of what "Psychicdelic" means, nor of what UFO means.

As you may well guess, I am bored of my drab routine life here so that I do always look for any way to dissipate this tediousness... and want you so much to help me get many refreshing informations and reading materials, like your magazine, from you hereafter. I thank you again for your kindness and wish you continued success and progress in your further efforts to keep your magazine go on.

Sincerely,

Yos, Kun II.

P.S.—Please don't be puzzled at my spelling my name as Yoo, while you seem to have been suggested to spell as Yu at first. It doesn't make any difference as long as both are pronounced same way as [Yu].

What with the recitals from the aggressively commercial scene at the Electric Garden, and the sad horror of the con attempted on Michael X this issue could almost have been a special on hustling. But all this talk about hustlers seems both irrelevant and irrelevant this evening as I write this, because someone who is very important in several senses to both myself and to the scene as a whole is in custody tonight. And no-one except perhaps a very old man in a very high place can know what is going to become of him. John Hopkins had always been one of the main muscles in the heart of both the newspaper and of what is now known as The London Underground! by those who either need labels or who make their living from other people's words). The man who drives our UFO is in the hands of the enemy. The enemy who can laugh over drinks and admit privately that "of course we realize that the present drug legislation is very unrealistic," and the next day send a loving, freeing person to a mind-destroying jail. Just in case there is going to be a final judgement (and it may be wisest anyhow) seems that one is going to have to sever relationships with these bastards once and for all so as to have no involvement in their inhumanity which is costing us a fortune). Don't buy things from them you can buy from your friends. Don't tell them anything. Don't let them show you off as a demonstration of their own goodness. If you can't turn your parents on, turn on them. Remember—your father thinks that the police are right and you are confused. Admit to yourself that your mother pretends you have no genitals. Realize that they drink and get high and feel great, and you do other things and get high and they shit on you. They will not care when you are locked up or fucked up because "you brought it on your-

self". But that is exactly what you should be doing. You must bring the world on yourself.

Don't love the wrong people, but make sure you love someone, because there are hundreds of thousands of us all over the world, and we know that, and that's some love.

Jack

FREE!

International Times will be sent free to people in prison. Get your name and address to us, or let us know of some friend or prisoner who would like it.

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# SOME NEWS FROM SOMEWHERE

## NEWS FROM THE COLONIES

By Harvey Kramer  
You wander through the amphetamine streets of New York. It's another grey night in a city of people framed in swift, hard 45° angles. Living in squares and rectangles, separating them from the streets.

**POP, BAM, ZING**—growing from a plip of tangerine light an actual mermaid of a girl appears, a vibrating flower painted on her right cheek. She is clad in colourful plummage.  
She sings of love, fun, playing in the Universe, of new dimensions, other possibilities.

The neon-like waste paper basket flashes into a blend of electric reds, yellows and greens. She smiles at you as she hands you a flower.

New York is on the threshold of the spaced-out electrical future. Large giant dance balls full of projections and lights swirling and swirling in and out of the new big sound Rock groups have taken over the Discotheque scene. The Cheeths which draws thousands of people six nights a week now fills these walls with geometric, colour vibration slides, always changing. The Trick, a new psychedelic dance-hall opened last month. It is already 'drawing herds of people.'

Many new places are scheduled to open this summer. The biggest one will be The Electric Circus. This project, originally organized and sponsored by William Morris Agency will open next month on St. Marks Place in the East Village. They are completely redesigning a whole building to create a full electric universe.

Psychedelic theatre is beginning to get a strong foothold in New York. As far as a year and a half ago the Back Flows began mixing theatre with surreal universes to begin to evolve a new form. At Timothy Leary's celebrations at the Village Theatre, the Millbrook residents were doing psychedelic theatre, dance, film performances and filling the 2,800-seat theatre.

All kinds of new groups have been forming to experiment with the new form and holding gatherings in any available place, usually a left or church hall. Group Image, one such group, claims to have 40 or 50 members who make their lighting machines who make their lighting machines and the music which they use by their benefits.

The warmth sweeps in through a chilly wind; no cold can exist where love is present. The New York Be-In, the city's first public org., blew a force field of love through the city. It established a sunshine dome which protected its inhabitants. Thousands of beautifully costumed hippies all smiling, flowers, cheers, and a brighter future.

The Be-In was so successful that two weeks later, New York City's had its Clean-In. Women's groups and social organisations, acid-heads and grandmothers moving through a six-block square area of New York slum. They cleaned the inside of the run down, filthy apartments and got rid of all the trash on the streets.

Glow-worms light flicker in. Each small burst igniting the next, creating a louder heart beat of love and good vibrations. New York is becoming a smiling city.

**CHARLES LLOYD FOR ELIZABETH HALL**

Charles Lloyd and his quartet will give two concerts at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall on Saturday, 17th June.

**SETBACK IN INDIAN MUSIC**  
Indian music in London has received to setbacks. Last Friday the Sam Gopal group had their equipment stolen, and on Sunday, the Tales of Olden dance group had their collection of Ravi Shanker albums destroyed by vandals.

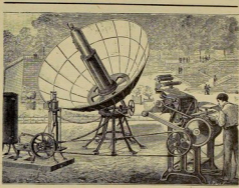
## NEWS FROM INDIA

Psychedelic missionary and film producer MIKE WILSON has formed a new company INDUS INTERNATIONAL in partnership with SATYAJIT RAY, to make a science fiction film with Vedic overtones. Directed by S. Ray; script by ARTHUR C. CLARK. MARLON BRANDO and PETER SELLERS have been approached and both are extremely interested in starring in the picture; provisional title: THE ALIEN. Shooting scheduled for this Autumn here in West Bengal.

This is not a "For God's sake, Srinca, activate the Zorges Arcumulators before we're dopelangered from here to Alpha Centauri". A space capsule lands in the Lotus Pond of a

Bengali village and when first noticed is taken for a temple that has risen from the bottom of the pond. The lead part is that of an American Turbo-well driller who is in the neighbourhood drilling for water. Like there's a drought and the Hicks are getting hungrier. Marlon Brando has been approached for this part and Peter Sellers to play an INDIAN Industrialist who is financing the drilling work. That's enough about the plot as everything is still provisional.

The picture is being made for both Indian and International release. This will be the first time that International stars will have worked for an Asian director.



A NEWSPAPER PRINTED BY THE SUN'S RAYS.

## SMOKEIN

On Sunday, 21st May, the first ever Smoke-in took place at Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park.

Although sparsely attended, the smoke-in achieved its point, in the fact that a number of people were able to smoke cannabis openly in a public place without being arrested.

## NORTH COUNTY

(NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE)

I went to see an unfortunate production of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" at the Playhouse. It annoyed me to the extent of considering going to the Arts Festival next year (we did Albee's Zoo Story, and Sand Box this year) but I don't really think there is a girl powerful enough for Martha—whole city full of Susans though.

Now most important of all, is it possible to obtain that grotesque film you dripped my senses with at The Dream . . . i.e. Rubies, Hoogies, Nuts and Crackers or whatever its name is—Cocks Cherut? (Fleming Creatures by Jack Smith, which IT might know something about).

That reminds me, this young lad (he is really a boy-sized freak) did a rather strange thing the other day. It all occurred when an angelic bisexual artist borrowed one of his girls but did not return her. Infuriated and quite beside himself with rage, he ran to the slaughter house and purchased a bull's cock and two bull's balls which he lovingly wrapped in tissue and placed in a chocolate box. The whole was wrapped in tissue and placed in a chocolate box, and left on the artist's doorstep while Gathered the freaky swells in the backyard to hide and watch the fun. Unfortunately the artist had a young lady with him when he was seen to throw up in horror and retire to bed refusing to see anyone for a day.

You see I did not really know if that is what you mean by Newcastle.

## lebel à la riviera

Jean-Jacques Lebel is joining forces with Pablo Picasso under a tent behind the pagayo in/at/on the waterfront at Saint Tropez to bring about some after dark sunshine. A three-part programme consisting of Picasso's Desire Caught by the Tail (co-directed by Lebel and Allen Zien) in which Bernadette Lafont and Rita Renoir will alternate in the lead female role; the second and third sections will be Lebel Free Expressionism with lights with sounds . . . six nights a week; 10.30; from 10th July to the end of August. The organizer (a mysteriously talkative American) also intimates that happens and others in the mood and in the neighbourhood might be allowed to use the tent earlier in the evening.

## U.F.O.

On Friday, 28th April, a cylindrical, highly polished object was sighted by hundreds of people on the south Devon coast, amongst them seven trained Coast Guards of the Berry Hill Coast Guard Station at Brixham. They reported that the object was first seen at around noon hovering at about 15,000 feet, and revolving slowly. It was cylindrical, highly polished, and one of its revolutions revealed a door in the side. Later a Royal Air Force plane circled the U.F.O. and it climbed to 20,000 feet and disappeared into a cloud.

The coast guards made a detailed report to the ministry of defence and let the matter rest.

Two weeks later however, the Ministry denied ever receiving the report, and when pressed by reporters said that it was possibly a reflection or meteorological freak. The R.A.F. at Plymouth refused to say whether it was one of their aircraft that had circled the object, but they admitted that it had been tracked by radar.\*

## from MONICA SJOOO-TRICKEY

(Swedish activist and porno-graphic painter)

I left school at the age of 16 with a degree to meet people who share my views. There was however, only one small group, living in Stockholm, and these I found not completely alienated from all that was taking place around them that I left Sweden utterly disillusioned. I returned 11 years later to a completely changed scene, the social people seemed to have picked up some of the ideas I had been carrying around in my head for years.

I feel really that the classification of a group of people into anarchists is wrong. There are many people outside this classification who are very active, not only in some cases than those called the Anarchists. The Provos for instance are much more active than the French anarchists who attended a conference in Milan. They knew all the theories and would have argued for the whole 4 days on how one should organise this conference. Provos are like artists in a street where even when the police have the right to play their number three in the same direction as are the 'acid' cult in the States and Allen Ginsberg — they're all part of the same movement, a revolt against rigid patterns.

The Swedish anarchist movement isn't one unified thing it is essentially decentralised. Both Stockholm and Gothenburg are centres of intense activity. Stockholm is the focal point for the Syndicalist Trade Unions, they number about 15,000 members all over the country. There are also the Young Socialists who are quite differently aimed and more radical in their outlook.

The Anarchists in Gothenburg . . . they are activists in comparison. Not associated with the Trade Unions. More thoroughly against the establishment . . . they have a paper called Road . . . to the Anarchists.

The young people of Gothenburg have recently brought out a kind of Provo paper called a Shit paper. They call themselves the Veliger Anarchists. Veliger meaning the kind of things ordinary people do. Shit meaning something you do in the toilet where you express your innermost . . . something that is hidden away. Something someone doesn't want to be aware of.

Shit paper encourages people not to do their military service; encourages people to go out and steal from the shops because someone is stealing in the first place.

Go on the trains without paying. Refuse to co-operate with the whole of anything. There is also the Provo group in Stockholm. Most of them wouldn't want to be labelled anarchists but their interests lie in the same direction. The one snag among the Provos is the lack of organisation, they are just a crowd of people who feel the same about the establishment.

The Syndicalist Trade Unions are not extreme left, they do however, believe in 'ordinary workers making decisions.'

The Provos are the only group who seem to be doing anything at all, although fairly disorganised, they have been quite successful. For example there was a demonstration against the Vietnam War 1966, it seems now that public opinion has turned against the war.

(From an interview with Rita (noo))



\*Radar can only track a solid object.



# military police

Something very nasty is happening to good old English democracy down in Colchester, Essex.

Military police were called in to control a peaceable student demonstration when Harold everybody-for-awhile - prime minister Wilson arrived to receive an honorary degree from the University of Essex and several students ended up at the local hospital.

One girl was said to have had her foot broken after M.P.'s "stamped back"—the official military jargon word for how to control crowds without them really dying—and, said David Triisman, the demonstration organiser: "two M.P.'s seemed to be throwing one of the girls between them until she just collapsed. . . . I overheard one say it wasn't as much fun as stamping back the wogs in Aden." Another M.P. asked David Triisman to take off his glasses so he could hit him.

These students were demonstrating against the cost of installing Lord Butler as University Chancellor and the Vietnam war. Earlier David Triisman had gone to the trouble of telling the local fuzz that the demonstration would be peaceable and responsibly conducted. And, say the students, so

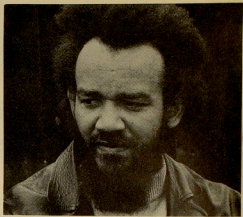
it was until the civilian fuzz called in the redcaps.

The military were already attending the function "for ceremonial reasons" and were enlisted by the local constabulary when, they say, the students started a disturbance.

The local paper reported a police spokesman as saying: "When a request is made the military police are bound to come to the aid of the civil authorities in much the same way as any private citizen." If this is true, and as private citizens are bound by law to follow the instructions of any policeman, then any two-bit station inspector can declare martial law as and when he wishes.

Indeed, Chief Superintendent Norman Wood, of Colchester Police, brazenly admits: "For some time we and the military police have been having joint patrols in the town at nights." Purpose undisclosed.

Students at the university have kicked up hell about the way the demonstration was handled and are pressing their M.P.'s for a Home Office inquiry. Which, of course, means that their protest will come full circle back to dear old pillar-of-democracy socialist Harold Wilson—a most sympathetic ear.



cont. from page one

As a West Indian, I can assure you that a scene like this where the only thing that you can groove to is work, is real tough. We are people used to sun, work and play, and if we can't have sun, give us SOMETHING!

Anybody who finds this project sympathetic and interesting, and can offer help, advice or finance, please contact R.A.A.S. c/o International Times, W.1.

On Friday, June 2, Michael and other members of RAAS went to the industrial town described by Horace Ove for the purpose of launching their organising drive. IT wishes them the best of luck!

PHOTOGRAPHIC CREDITS

- p.3-antique freak-J.Hopkins
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- Lova-Elektra Records

MEANS CAN BE DONE BY OTHER BE DONE CHEMICALLY ANYTHING WHICH CAN

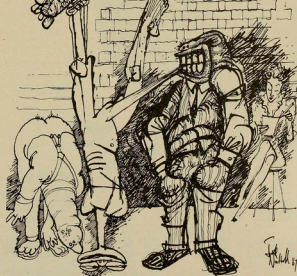
## Sauce Box

Lacy is in the Sky with diamonds  
By golly it does you good!  
It's a good idea to follow Germans.  
Amphetamines do not create Physical dependence.  
Loving Spoonful are rumoured to be grasses.

In spite of much effort I.T. has not been able to get any money from the C.I.A.  
Freemasons Conspiracy.  
Secretary of Committee of 100 Sue Abrahams has resigned because the Committee is falling apart.  
Pink Floyd play police ball at Aber-genny, Wales, 24th May.

# SPEDY BEE RIDES AGAIN

BUT NOT YOU, CONSTABLE  
— NOT WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT

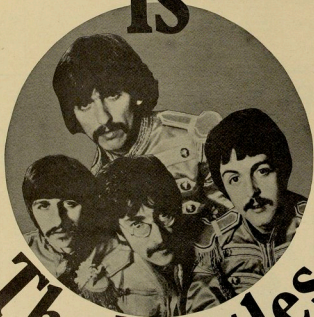


<p>WHERE IS THE WHEREABOUTS OF TASPEN MCGRATH?</p>	<p>HE SAYS MCGRATH'S WHERE IT'S AT.</p>
<p>WHO PUT THE DICK IN INDICA AND WHAT DOES IT STAND FOR?</p>	<p>HE SAYS SHE HAD TO PUT IT IN FOR HIM AND IT STOOD FOR JUST ABOUT LONG ENOUGH</p>
<p>WHAT HAPPENED TO WEST GARDEN?</p>	<p>HE SAYS SHE WAS HACKED FROM HER ONTOLOGICAL MEDDINGS, SLICKED UP AND BORED BETWEEN THE SAFE OF THE WINGS OF THE WORLD. PHILOSOPHY SEEMED AND THE HE ALSO GOT FOR POLICE (LITERARY SQUAD)</p>

# Remember



# IS



# The Beatles



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# MAGIC SQUARE

In the name of Allah, the Most Gracious and Most Merciful

100	107	114	121	128	135	142	149	156
101	108	115	122	129	136	143	150	157
102	109	116	123	130	137	144	151	158
103	110	117	124	131	138	145	152	159
104	111	118	125	132	139	146	153	160
105	112	119	126	133	140	147	154	161
106	113	120	127	134	141	148	155	162
107	114	121	128	135	142	149	156	163
108	115	122	129	136	143	150	157	164
109	116	123	130	137	144	151	158	165
110	117	124	131	138	145	152	159	166
111	118	125	132	139	146	153	160	167
112	119	126	133	140	147	154	161	168
113	120	127	134	141	148	155	162	169
114	121	128	135	142	149	156	163	170
115	122	129	136	143	150	157	164	171
116	123	130	137	144	151	158	165	172
117	124	131	138	145	152	159	166	173
118	125	132	139	146	153	160	167	174
119	126	133	140	147	154	161	168	175
120	127	134	141	148	155	162	169	176
121	128	135	142	149	156	163	170	177
122	129	136	143	150	157	164	171	178
123	130	137	144	151	158	165	172	179
124	131	138	145	152	159	166	173	180
125	132	139	146	153	160	167	174	181
126	133	140	147	154	161	168	175	182
127	134	141	148	155	162	169	176	183
128	135	142	149	156	163	170	177	184
129	136	143	150	157	164	171	178	185
130	137	144	151	158	165	172	179	186
131	138	145	152	159	166	173	180	187
132	139	146	153	160	167	174	181	188
133	140	147	154	161	168	175	182	189
134	141	148	155	162	169	176	183	190
135	142	149	156	163	170	177	184	191
136	143	150	157	164	171	178	185	192
137	144	151	158	165	172	179	186	193
138	145	152	159	166	173	180	187	194
139	146	153	160	167	174	181	188	195
140	147	154	161	168	175	182	189	196
141	148	155	162	169	176	183	190	197
142	149	156	163	170	177	184	191	198
143	150	157	164	171	178	185	192	199
144	151	158	165	172	179	186	193	200

Allah orders that you "pay for" our master Muhammad and his household and that you solemnly salute them.

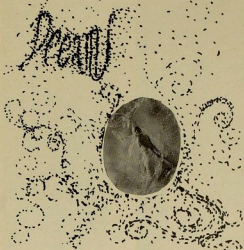
by **david kimchi**

Translator's note: The words "pay for" are difficult to decipher, but they are believed to be correct

This is so other world capital with a greater diversity of magical activity than London. Thousands of immigrants—living in ethnic enclaves (mini-ghettos)—maintain, for their own safety and against tremendous pressure, the systems of sympathetic magic of virtually all the world's major cultures (Eastern, Near Eastern, African, North and South American) and maintain them in the nearly complete ignorance of everyone outside an immediate circle. Add to this the Western magic of chemistry and cybernetics (what if all the psychic energy at Alexandra Palace had been focused on Whitehall?) and link the lot to other centers throughout the world (the channels do exist) and you have a force of considerable potential.

For example, the above mandala, a classic magic square, with quotation from the Koran, gotten during one of those cultural linkages that can occur when money and hashish change hands. Copied probably from some traditional text by a Gold Coast shaman and placed in a leather amulet talisman, the charm was sent by a concerned mother to her son gone to the big city. Although he professed indifference (cultural self-protection) he is no disbeliever: "You have to know how to believe right—they do work. I fought a chap once—he was wearing one of these and I just couldn't touch him. They work—watch Cassius Clay."

174	187	174	185	120	135	174	137	188
123	137	173	171	129	132	131	183	181
123	136	176	181	134	147	163	162	182
134	135	145	157	156	157	149	169	183
142	174	147	152	153	148	152	174	174
141	135	143	149	154	151	141	139	163
140	174	141	143	142	157	157	136	144
189	134	138	133	136	144	165	147	165
146	117	118	111	124	119	172	171	182



**THE COLUMN OF DREAMS**  
again  
I catch your eye to beg for more . . .  
DREAMS—somewhere, yes, some-  
where there are, I know, eskimo  
dreams, asphalt dreams, hawaiian baby  
wild rose dreams, jai-lers' dreams, tax  
collectors' dreams, obscene dreams,  
showe store dreams, horse manure  
dreams . . . now is the time to send  
them here! (yours may even be  
chosen THE DREAM OF THE MONTH  
& you will be sent scents!) D R E A M  
N O W . . . but notice it (& send it  
quick!)

**DREAM OF THE MONTH**  
(George Andrews is awarded a box of  
hindu bathi incense "pure smell" from  
amsterdam)  
Open Secret  
Naked in the bath of fire  
how bright the bleached bones dance  
gold turns to light and comes to life  
tigers can not catch it because it is  
not a tiger  
humans can not see it because it is  
not human  
it is all forms of life all at once  
I curl up like an embryo inside my  
own belly  
as I stiffen into rigor mortis in a  
thousand tembs  
freeze into the primordial position  
ejaculated from let there be light  
the sun is shining through the nucleus  
of each cell in the body  
arcane substance throbbing in my  
blood  
takes me back to the age of zero  
the void is speaking through me  
ghost fingers clutch the crest of the  
crown  
this sun skull is such a tender stone  
the dream of a dead Pharaoh frames

magic aloneness—when the moment  
swirls you up in a wind & you find yourself  
laughing aloud "I know you, abracadabra . . .  
& YOU DO!  
this is my dream: a letter to you—st. Michael  
—that would reach you wherever, wherever  
you might be so that you might read & hear  
& KNOW  
wherever you are  
however you are  
that I keep my promise to you to bring you  
only one small whiteflower when the world  
has forgotten you . . . this is my dream: that  
this ink would blossom for you into my white-  
flower offering & that you will breathe its  
fragrance & remember this heart here hum-  
bly beating a melody to the memory of yours.  
oooooooooooooooo mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
(next issue: a summary report from the  
MAIMONIDES MEDICAL CENTER, dream  
laboratory, of brooklyn, new york on ESP &  
DREAMS. be there then.)

stars wild roses through my flesh  
erect like fire quivering to explode  
free star scent  
fragrance of the jade elixir  
an eagle crowned with the sun reduces  
me to atoms and retools me  
each cell in the body is taken apart  
cleaned polished and put together  
again brand new  
abundance of irrefutable diamonds  
intuitive innocence holds true through  
all the changes  
guardian of the heart's jewel  
internal rainbow always present  
royal emberance of the resplendent  
climax of perfected being  
highest point of nervous tension frees  
extreme bursting point of system  
taste one keeps in the corner of one's  
mouth for eighty years  
before swallowing a last  
death I live facing you  
staring through you  
beyond the limits of your frontier  
the salt shines a newa fresh  
simple life star flowering open in each  
of us  
vital spark that nourishes with  
radiance  
clear light right now  
voice of the nucleus  
new life is sparkling in the salt  
of bones bleached dry in all the  
centuries  
the sun is hiding in each grain of dust  
as the essence hides behind the mask  
silent unobtrusive witness all life long  
thread of solar gold straight through  
the shifting scenes  
don't you know each atom of the body  
is the sun itself

George Andrews  
love  
Olivia Melusine  
o m  
l e  
l e  
v u  
s u  
a n  
e

**"FREE RADIO INNS REALLY HARMFUL TO HEARTH"**

A sunny Sunday afternoon in Trafalgar Square, and a crowd of 2,000 supporters gathered to support the fight for Free Radio. Swinging slowly to historical music (courtesy of Radio 603), putting their coppers in the collection tin, gazing in the sun.

"Hello, what's your name? Where're you from?"

"Barbara (giggles) from Hford. I'm fourteen."

"Why've you come?"

"To hear what they're saying and have you been listening to the speeches?"

"Mum, yes, they're very good..."

"What did you think?"

"... (giggles) ... mm, well... they were very good though."

Martin, a serious 17-year-old, from Sutton. "I'm interested in hearing free radio going as an alternative to the Home and the Third... it's something I enjoy, and something I don't want to be stopped."

"Does this make you feel anti-government?"

"Oh, a definitely does, and I think it makes a lot of people feel like that, and they've taken it out in the Council elections. My parents both listen to three-nine-oh and they both voted against Labour."

Leslie and Geraldine, both 18, came all the way from Hford, brought by "Free Radio. I'm really interested... I enjoy it and I don't think it should be banned. They play the stuff we want."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"If I find anything I can do, I'll do it. I really will."

Have you been listening to the speeches?"

"Oh... I don't understand all that political stuff..."

No one seems to be taking all that the speakers are saying, as all work here's because we like just listening to the radio. Anyway, the talking's just about over and everyone is forming up to march down to Fleet Street. Think I might be invited to the club called the "Irps Festival" at the Den. The club closed after only a few weeks.

Working on the idea of the Avalon and Pillmore halls and the "Irps Festival" Adia Stronovon's one and President... called Optanon opened the "Cheerful" on 21 October 1962 in order to provide for mass-appeal and big profits.

But in the winter of 1962/7 the happenstance by creating the Rock Flow—a gigantic total environmental show with dancing, lighting, projections, giant spotlights, electronic music, etc. and modern trading new kinds of PSV groups. There were no chairs or tables and things in an open hall. The audience was forced to participate by the action of certain people in PSV costumes who were directed by the organisers. The first show was a club rather than an anti-grimeering which just happens when it does.

In the spring of 1967 "Group image" was formed which is a parallel West Coast Flow but even more groovy and was out because they are living communally in their own apartments.

ASCO was a general fusion of people in New York who were involved in the new concept of light shows. They did a number of total environment shows, using lighted walkies and painting and light machines.

Radio Caroline. Christ he talks a lot more than all the practice he sets. He wants all our readers to know that Susan O'Brien really believes in Freedom.

That's why he started Caroline. He's serious about freedom... he's a Kennedy. He doesn't need to work... he's had his own shipyards.

Rafis London is only interested in making money, they couldn't care a stuff about freedom. There's a different attitude, you can just sit by listening.

Finally made it to the platform. Here's a cat with an armload. Turns out he's the treasurer of the Free Radio Association, who are running this meeting: 17-year-old Alan Clark. Do you see any connection between

the State putting down the Pirates and the State putting down smokers and trippers?

Not really... No you look at it the way Free Radio isn't really harmful to health, and it's not likely to be a Kennedy. It's not a national... er... people sort of thing, it's more of a lunatic and this sort of thing, it's all!

And when people take LSD, it's all you know, hallucinations, and it's about smashing things up and that sort of thing, but Free Radio is different. It's not that... it's a bit different.

Where do you get the experience needed to run this sort of campaign?

Oh, well, our chairman Jeffrey Purr has been in several groups such as this before.

group... (Free Britain group? That begins to sound like Daughters of America or something. Maybe I'm just guessing.)

The President of the Free Britain Association comes over. He's Sir Ian Macgarratt, baronet and man of letters, and he's a member of the Conservative Party.

He is also chairman of the Society for Individual Freedom. This is a trade unionist against trade-unionism, and "closed shop" and "independent" against "communist influence" and "closed shop" and "independent" against "communist influence".

The final touch to this picture of interlocking "Freedom" organisations comes from Chairman Lord, who is also secretary of "Free Britain. It is a mixture of "Free Britain" and anti-Communism.

It is worth saying that he has been working and developing with anti-protection for over three years now.

In 1947/8 Keith Allison and Barry were (better known as 20 Piccadilly Street) even got forward and had their first public light projection show in spring 1962 at an environment show.

In the summer of 1965 at a gathering of the London Free School two Americans, Joel and Tom Brown, were invited to give a talk on light shows. There were also Jeff Shaw and Tom Edson there. There were a few hundred people in the hall, food, sounds.

It was the biggest environment show I've ever seen. The show was on 20 Piccadilly, and yet some remained in the hall, food, sounds.

On 26th April, of course, was the 17th Benefit. (See Issues 11, 12 and 13.) After the Benefit was the second and probably last Stratford East event. Again Mark Boyle, The Overbeards, Phil Machin, Yarek, etc. There was a very nice show. Again it remained a very beautiful event but also profitable.

Jack Brack recently opened a club called Happiness 42 in which his light show is very close to creating a temple.

Another club which recently opened with light shows has been nicknamed "The Cromwellian of the P.S.V. underground scene".

THE FREE LIGHT PRODUCTIONS—on the road projecting static and moving slides on a set of 50 feet.

Contact: Lesley Fry at RAH 960.

However on 23rd December U.F.O. opened in Trafalgar Court Hall with Finestre projects. The Pink Floyd

Market because that might lead to world government. It tries "to counteract the general tendency towards the left wing in the press. And finally, they are "very organic of the Individual Freedom movement in America... so much more organised than the whole wing of the Republican party is really libertarian, the conservative element in the Republican party."

The heavy-eyes in Trafalgar Sq. last Sunday really came about Pirate Radio and the music they broadcast. Sir Wilson and his Victor Sjöden formation band had better face this, most of the dancing, then straight into the ranks of the British Free John Barbers. Or could that be perhaps the whole plan, who owns whom?

The Soft Machine. Then Mark Boyle tried out his light shows in U.F.O. and everything just happened. Recently they have had groups like The Crazy World of Arthur Brown, The Sex Pistols and light shows by The Overbeards.

On 14th April, 1967, 20 Kingly Street just on an event at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East, using the light shows of both Mark Boyle and The Overbeards and musical talents of the Sex Pistols and Jeff Shaw. There were also Jeff Shaw and Tom Edson there. There were a few hundred people in the hall, food, sounds.

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(Center—Sir I. Macgarratt, President of the P.R.A., In the background: several supporters and an ITB server. Can you spot him with the aid of issue 13)

**FREE RADIO REALLY**

FRANKO BASSO: PHOTOS FRANK FUERT: WORDS

**LIGHT SHOWS**

Using a straight-forward still project Don Schneider started making moving color slides with optical lenses and solvents way back in the winter of 1959/60. Between that time and the formation of the Gods Gallery in Spring 1965 new concepts in the use of light in art and environment opened and formalized into a loose area of activity—over a distance of which is Kinestart Art.

Another outcome was the Gods Gallery, called as first Psycheadelic Art Gallery and had as its members a group of psychologists, which included Leary and Adler, the Melbrook community, Harvey Kramer, Jeff Glisk (who is now the editor of the New York Free Press), George Subhoff (who now runs a PSV antique shop), Deeken & Amers (a lighting and mechanical engineer) and of course Don Snyder. As well as lectures and demonstrations, etc. there was one exhibition at the Gallery; the one exhibition lasted four months, closing when the Gallery closed in a state of bankruptcy.

In the autumn of 1963 Stuart Rickman (just one example) projected his home-made light machine out of his window onto the wall of the building's east door. This was a time when many people, among them Richard Aldford, starting experimenting with light machines in their own apartments.

ASCO was a general fusion of people in New York who were involved in the new concept of light shows. They did a number of total environment shows, using lighted walkies and painting and light machines.

**THE LIGHTING REVOLUTION—DEVELOPMENTS IN CALIFORNIA**

In 1959 California was in the "beat" lull of Jack Kerouac and Co. had between 1949 and 1962 at places in Los Angeles like the Gas house and The Venice West Cafe experiments were being done in the arts which attracted many run people into the scene which was turning into a kind of working over with costume of one of whom was James Thurber's Jazz. Poetry, the magazine was and Some early kinetic structures were being made at this time. The Gas house closed in 1962 when Eric Smead, its manager, returned to San Francisco.

In 1962 most of the hippie left L.A. for San Francisco, where they found a similar scene to the Gas house at Northbeach, which unfortunately was just going out of favour—hence the nickname "The Dying Beach".

Between 1962 and 1965 projections were starting to be regarded as more of a complement to music than an event. People were starting to do light shows with projections in their apartments and garages. Two examples were Bill Ham and Ken Kew.

In 1964/5 when LSD was becoming what its presence felt on the West Coast, Ken Kew opened a club in L.A. called The Art Test where light shows were served to unsuspecting guests. Hundreds just freaked out.

In the autumn of 1965, Che Helmes formed the original Family Dog. This was a company who had their headquarters at the Longshoremen's Hall in Fresno where each group at The Mothers of Invention, The Jefferson

Amplifier, The Great Society and The Warlocks (Goreful Dead) got their first breaks. This was the first time that groups of this kind had been given a chance to play their music to large public audiences.

Although projections were not being used at the Longshoremen's Hall, techniques of liquid projection were still being explored, and it wasn't until the opening of the Fillmore Auditorium by Family Dog. In the winter of 1966, when the Fillmore was built big enough to really explore the possibilities of light projection, the Fillmore was under the same roof as last week, overhauled projections.

Grabbing the Fillmore in spring 1966 when Family Dog was in the middle of the Fillmore, Avalon has featured projected light shows, which unfortunately were not being taken away in garages and apartments. The Fillmore also using light shows at this time.

From here on everyone also started and has grown to such a point that it is now also sympathetic to light into the Avalon and Fillmore because of the vast amount of money.

But in the Panhandle (a park in Haight-Ashbury) the open-air scene was at its peak about 1967, and there is a new freak-out left opening called the Straight Theatre also in the Haight-Ashbury.

**THE LIGHTING REVOLUTION—LONDON**

Experiments with slides have been going on for some time, but people are concerned with their relationship to freak-out. Mark Boyle is always doing a show at the nearest freak-out



# WARHOL!

LETRASET *instant lettering* SHEET 260

Andy Warhol, the super-extraordinary all-incredible movie-maker—and giant Campbell soup can man—arrived in London a short while ago on a secret visit.

Finding the man who produced the helium filled silver balloons that expanded to fly out a room—or deflated in order to fill out of the window—proved none too simple. First, no-one knew when he was coming, and when they did, he did the all-impossible happening of not arriving. But, inevitably, Warhol arrived.

His hotel room had two unmade beds, a number of people and no Andy. "He will be back soon," I was told by Eric, star of the newest Warhol film "The Chelsea Girls." "That could mean five hours." Eric then began a monologue that was to last all day.

Five minutes later the stunt king arrived. Looking like a piece of limp dusty string he drifted in, a dark speckled creature from another planet mustily apologising for any disturbance he might be causing.

"We have to leave the hotel," he said. "We've been thrown out." He then had a short conversation with Eric on the subject of shooting. Then Eric, we left the hotel in a taxi bound for Robert Frazer's place near the corner. "Why are we taking a taxi?" asked Warhol. Someone replied that he didn't like walking in Grosvenor Square. Warhol, dismayed, said: "But I like walking."

Comfortably seated deep in a sofa, Warhol, known for being a bit of an enigma, seemed surprisingly ready to chat. With twitching fingers, a large number of "oh's" and "ah's" and numerous retreats to planetary solitude with "I don't know."

Why had he come to London I asked. He replied: "I don't know. I guess the group just wanted to come here. I couldn't afford to pay them for working in 'The Chelsea Girls', so I paid them with the trip.

"I don't like travelling much—I went round the world 10 years ago. I took three days, and I haven't been since. This time we spent a few days in Paris. It was a drag. I don't like eating—I live on opertol pills and black coffee—and there's nothing in Paris to do but eat. So we ate two meals with Brigitte Bardot.

"No, I like working—it's so much fun. I don't usually do it all—it just happens among us. For instance, our latest movie 'Twenty-five Hours Since' that we're working on at the moment, happened because we'd started a distributing company. Things just happen," he sat back and stared into space.

I asked him what the movie was about. "Well, nothing," he said. Then he remembered: "It's about love. It has eight stars, and is about eight people's lives. Some of it is fake—their own fantasies—and some real. I left it to them."

The people in it include the colourful chicks International Velvet, the and Ultra Violet.

Warhol's clubs, The Balloon Farm, featuring his group, The Velvet Underground and Nico's singing comes to London in July.

"I found the Velvet Underground a year and a half ago. They've been playing in colleges and are getting more and more people. Isn't the record somewhere around," he asked. Paul, one of his actors, found the record with its sleeve of one big yellow banana. The banana—Warhol's current hang-up—peels to show pink underneath.

Sometime Warhol will have an exhibition at the Robert Frazer Gallery. Frazer doesn't know when, and Warhol doesn't know what he will put in it. But it will happen, that's certain. "I hate paintings. And I don't think they should be put on walls. They should be played with," Warhol continued. "That's why I started making movies—it's like turning on in camera."

## by prue vosper

What does Warhol think about drugs? "You have to find the right one for the right person. I think that whatever is the easiest way is the best way—and drugs is the easiest. It would be so great to be drugged, put in a plane and just get there," he said, and then started worrying about his journey that afternoon back to New York.

Then it was decided they would go shopping and look at Chelsea. So six of us went off to look for a taxi that would take us all. On the way Eric kept up his monologue of dirty stories and Andy sat there servently looking out of the window. Sky and self-effacing. Andy gives the impression of being the child-conceiver of his group.

Then we passed a supermarket. Andy and Co. dived in to buy a load of goodies.

He retreated to his big bag of chocolate, nuts, currants—and his favourite sweets—marzipan. "Health food," he explained.

Later on, he thoroughly broke his diet by having a white coffee—and broke his reputation for silence by talking for an hour with a long-haired Chinese salesman.

Half-way home Eric leapt out of the taxi to collect a newspaper from his hotel. Then he came back and told us the story of how he'd got away from his hotel without paying a single tip: "I told them right at the beginning that I'd give them a big tip when I left. And just now I told the porters that I'd left a lot of money with the manager for them all—and to be sure to see they got it from him! I left the manager nothing!"

We laughed and Andy said: "That's very funny!"

## beta meta

In the public interest I am passing on to you an experimental method of (buggering up) parking meters. By this method the needle remains fixed at a point which indicates twice the interval paid for. When the meter has been successfully bugged the needle will remain at this point until sometime in the following evenings when a warden's eye will perceive that the meter has apparently been fed during the non-payable hours.

The system is very simple and is as follows: Before inserting the 6d. in the meter stick a piece of cellostape on it so that the cellostape has a "tail" extending a little way behind the 6d. The optimum length of this tail has yet to be established and this is where a general effort and collation of results would help. This works often with a tail of 3", but this is by no means a conclusive finding and the ideal length of this tail depends on one's knowledge of the mechanical innards of a parking meter. My own method works one time in four and I pass the information on to you at this very imperfect stage in order that collective effort might speed its perfection. I am not at all certain that is the ideal breadth or shape of the tail but I have found a 1" wide sellotape strip seems to work, with the tail of the same width uniform, or tapered; here again is room for experiment.

My own attempts have been only haphazard and employed on the few occasions I use parking meters. What is really needed is a definite application of time with a little outlay of money, trying out different shapes and sizes of cellophane and noting precisely the effect of each. The results obtained are varied. Sometimes there is a whinging and clicking and when this ceases the needle clicks back to where it was before on "excess" or "penalty" so that you have lost your 6d. (but a loss which I personally do not begrudge in the cause of science and sanity). Sometimes the meter makes the usual noises and the needle registers the payment in the usual way as on sixpenceworth (I have not tried this with a shilling piece). And then sometimes—the successful times, the needle clicks up and registers twice the period paid for by the inserted coin and it remains stuck at that point. You can safely return your car there all day then because if it is noticed (and this has not happened to me) one could always say one had slipped out to feed more coins in from time to time, or that one had just got there, etc.

What is really most needed here to forward a reliably successful method is some one acquainted with the exact construction of parking meters. Perhaps an appeal among your readership might produce such a person? Failing this, perhaps a student or a graduate of engineering might be able to contribute helpfully. There are other factors which possibly influence success of the method, such as the angle the tail makes to the coin slot when inserting the coin; the fall of course can be perpendicular to the coin slot or at varying angles either side. I suspect this does play some part.

Finally an obvious word of caution: Fix up your sixpence somewhere in private before you get to the meter. When you start this system you suddenly realise just what a vast army of wardens there are employed. I have had one amble by on more than one occasion when I was sitting in my car engrossed in rigging up a sixpence.



PLAY YOUR HORN  
O.K. MAN  
CRAZY  
O.K. MAN  
PLAY YOUR HORN  
O.K. MAN  
CRAZY  
O.K. MAN  
PLAY YOUR HORN  
O.K. MAN  
CRAZY  
O.K. MAN  
CRAZY  
O.K. MAN  
CRAZY  
PLAY YOUR HORN

## TO THE REAL PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

The game of hippie is over. We can no longer play at our beliefs. From San Francisco and Berkeley they come to tell us how they were crossed and how they were. Watch out! Christ warned "O ye of little faith". Negative thoughts are erupting upon London. Do not listen, believe in yourselves, in life. The revolution has begun. Temper yourselves and your ideas. You will weary in the battle to drop out. Politics is bullshit always, as always will be, individually counts. If we succeed politics will be obsolete.

To you, the disillusioned: have faith. To you the hustler: beware—the money changer may not enter the temple.

I tell you this as a man who was crushed by politicians and their kind. Their strength is only as good as their ideas. Draw from deep wells for when the heat is on the shallow ones dry up. Have the confidence to go forward into reality. But go with God people, go warily, be careful, watch for false prophets, settle for nothing less than eternal glory or you will perish as all empires have perished. If nothing else remember I love you very much.

JOTHAN VOLL.

(The keeper of the flame of eternal life)





FROM SENSA VIKENGAARD

Another day in New Babylon.  
The first of all days. New names,  
new meanings, new sounds — every day a  
completely fresh world to be discovered;  
the universe one vast cosmology.

The nearest world nearer than ever,  
comic jumps projected in space  
and time — re-experiencing the further  
distance in a constant adventure in  
the chemistry of the liberated mind.

## DIRECTIVES FOR THE MOMENT:

**Look with your hands. Feel with your eyes.  
Bear with your nose. Smell with your  
tongue and Taste with your ears. Think with  
your intestines. Live with your body.  
Know with everything.**

No frontiers, only territories. No enemies  
(the word is meaningless since the New  
Era), only brothers. Open stretches to

New Babylon; man freed into himself,  
a revolutionary step forward toward  
perfection, in his own image.

## MOVE INTO THE NOW

**Now. Experience, undergo, act, don't look  
back, live towards the future. Make  
room for all knowledge, all abilities, all the  
millions of suns whose energies have not  
yet been used, the untold forces that  
lie within you, still to be unleashed.**

All the images of the past focused  
into one reality, in the course of  
a few deserts Man having understood  
the meaning of human history on earth  
with all other human beings.

The 20th Century avant-garde artist  
refused the choice between the ivory  
tower life aesthetic, and the other status  
of conventional society.

New Babylon, having prepared itself  
in years of an underground existence  
resisted all the oppression created  
by a society which had lost its primary  
regenerating aims.

New Babylon springs up, into the open  
and available areas of human  
consciousness, as part of a greater game  
of liberation, self-knowledge and  
accelerated human development.

When Man discovered that the choice  
concerning life and death could be  
his own, he refused to concede  
to commands of extinction which had  
left an unforgettable sting in his mind,  
and found out that the world was in a  
labyrinth, untenable and insane situation.

It was like a man standing in front of  
a mirror, holding a gun at his temple,  
and found out that the world was in a  
labyrinth, untenable and insane situation.

"Watch out or I'll shoot."  
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drive danger from his home, his mind.

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his life. He could see and understand  
why people gathered: like animals,  
panicked and destructive, in boiling  
crowds of human flight-crowds; persecutions  
and pogroms, lynchings and witch-hunts.  
The inheritance Man left behind:

Man of the electronic age. He created  
drives and disbalances, prohibition-  
crowds, staged all-in, play-in, live-in;  
Speakers took over from inhabitants,  
and the computers replaced civil  
servants. Man was no longer a servant,  
but a master, of himself, and of  
the power within his waiting to be  
awakened.

Dear Friend, the wives have always  
noted the absurd, the absurd going to  
the absurd this time! This sentence,  
which comes from a letter which  
Madame Julian wrote to her son during  
the French revolution, contains  
the essence of *Revelation*," writes  
Elio Corsetti in his study "Crowds and  
Power" (London, 1962), and he continues  
his prophesy with: "...for a few wives  
have held down many sheep. Now  
the time has come for the many sheep  
to run against the few wolves.

Their numbers have to make up for the  
experience in viciousness which they  
lack."

played pipper to their expectant  
contemporaries.

But Dylan sings: "The Times they  
are a-changin'" and the Kinks are  
"Dancing in the Streets" and "I'm  
on Your Lovin'!" — Then  
playing: "We've got to get out of  
this place" — The Animals warning:  
"It's My Generation!" — The Who  
singing: "Oswald" "Tryin' for  
the Sun" "Think for Yourself!"

The Beatles are setting an example.  
Preparing for the take-off, the drop-outs  
and purposeful collaborators spread  
the word, taking with themselves,  
wherever they wand, the necessity of  
a sun never setting.

The world a living theater, just players,  
no more idle spectators.

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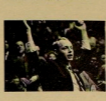
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Those psychologists, sociologists and  
politicians who didn't understand  
the new insurrectional revolt, nor could  
explain its sudden imperative exigency:  
Love, or at least find themselves  
suddenly devoid of their familiar frame  
of references.  
Creativity then, in those Last Days,  
could only be a violation of  
the automated routine which did not  
leave space for game and adventure,  
or beauty and sensory saturation.



Where did all the Homads come from?  
All of a sudden they filled the cities  
and its suburbs: the long-haired,  
guitar-playing, rocking out, dancing  
rebellious troubadours, spreading joy  
and paving the way for those who all  
were left behind at the conveyor-belt  
moments. Fifteen of them, from all over  
New Babylon, had dropped in at his  
Educational Exchange Center these  
past weeks. He was glad that by now  
the preliminary courtesies had been  
exchanged and that to-day he could start  
his labor of pleasure, the rehashing of  
these eager young boys and girls,  
who had decided that they wanted to  
be taught the greater games of life,  
of Roman's Center.

He smiled, his thoughts returning  
to those Last Days, so meaningful  
in his father's name-days.  
Often he watched his reborn as a  
challenging child in a world full of  
wonderfully new changes, telling him  
about those days past. And how well  
he liked the exchanges with these  
young friends of his, who even now  
were making this world so much greater!

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Man, dropped to his essence, was now  
the ultimate and perfect embodiment  
of countless interconnected and  
interrelated cells, forming organs,  
functioning on the highest level of  
maximum efficiency. Man had learned  
the ground rules: "Trust your inherent  
machinery. Be entertained by the social  
game you play. Remember, man's  
natural state is ecstatic wonder,  
ecstatic infusion, ecstatic occurrence  
movement. Don't settle for less."

Relaxed, loving and interested in each  
other's inner world as well as in the  
mutually shared external environment,  
are the travelers within New Babylon.  
Constant movement and change is  
each one's positive contribution  
to the new sciences of cybernetic control  
and organization. Like blood replenishing  
life cells within the body, pulsating  
and renewing, revitalizing each cell,  
nourishing and informing, the members  
of the New-Babylonian community meet  
on the road.

Many quests being undertaken,  
the Journey is still on, the faith of  
the Movement in Man being what he is  
and Makes Man, the explorer,  
of the remotest regions of his mind,  
those fever-fever vicissitudes in which  
the molten lava of forever coming  
thoughts from the crystal, mineral,  
stone, and ice-ages.

The brain-center is everywhere, in you  
and in me, each and every human being  
at the control of his own existence.  
The adolescent starts taking part  
in the game called Life the moment  
he has been tuned into the marvelous  
unified complex of Existence.

Everyone rediscovered the path himself,  
and for all the paths to follow.  
It is simultaneously an individual and  
community path. The genes of all  
human beings, the same genes,  
the same nervous system, customs,  
mores, all derived from one common  
pool, into which New Babylon casts  
imprints on pre-conditioned patterns.

Life in New Babylon being a  
never-ending brainwashing process in  
service of creation.

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## EXERCISES

**Give a definition of life. Abandon yourself to  
the game. Play a part. Play tricks. Let it  
happen now. Prepare yourself.**

How many discoveries were still waiting  
to catch. Hadn't a new layer of  
atrophied energy-fields been opened  
to receive his environmental  
wild-population, estetically connected  
with the World Sensation?

Multi-dimensional communicative levels,  
linking Man into a living and evolving  
conscious individual, had made new  
contacts with even more promising  
paths than those already fulfilled. Quickly  
the new knowledge would be shared  
by all, the younger would be the first  
to grasp the many-fold implications,  
and Renée would share in their  
understanding.

He turned off the layer of Night-Heat  
which still permeated the living-space  
he occupied these days, and gazed into  
the distance. His bioluminescence  
was determined experimentally, since first  
he had installed his Life-Sphere  
in this part of New Babylon.

Light glittering everywhere, in the far  
winds you could hear the gasp-like  
whinnies of fast travel through the  
air-shells. The recently completed forest  
of air-historic trees would gently in  
ultra-violet light groups be shared by  
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Sensa Vikengaard

# BEATLES

SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS' CLUB BAND

One of the hang-ups on the pop scene is that too many groups have been writing "psychedelic" music before they have achieved sufficient insight into its possibilities. The Beatles stay cool until they had thoroughly explored the potential of freak-out sounds: "SERGEANT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS' CLUB BAND" is as happy as its title implies. Tripping with this record is a mind-blowing experience. The record is a continuum of fantastic sound. There are no visible tracks; it is intended to be played right through from beginning to end.

Devoted heads will use Stereo equipment and earphones for effect. Freaky things are done with the recording channels on stereo versions of the record. Sounds swing from one channel to the other, and odd sound effects sometimes appear in one channel only. Musically, the record is highly sophisticated, its inspiration being drawn from such varied sources as Baroque and Indian music. Lyrics are bygone and Indian music. Lyrics are bygone and Indian music. Lyrics are bygone and Indian music. Lyrics are bygone and Indian music. Lyrics are bygone and Indian music.

The Beatles' message of joy has ripened into love and ripened into Hindu religion. The message to "the people who hide themselves/behind a wall of illusion": "When you've seen beyond yourself/then you may find, peace of mind, it's/walking there. . . . We'll love love—we could save the world—if they only knew". The record closes with the words "I'd love to turn you on".

The final gesture of the record is a garbled message contained in its innermost groove, which can only be played on gramophones without an automatic stop or reject mechanism. Various interpretations of this final message have been suggested, such as "I see Annie's underwear" and "Pass it round the other way". The message on the more version of the record is thought to be different, and if played backwards sounds like "Everyone is a Superman". It will give away a working model kit of an Edison Phonograph for the best version of this message.

It has been reported from more than one source that the mistake in the cut-out given with the record gives highly interesting results when eaten, although the one in my copy of the record appeared to be ineffective. It looks forward to hearing readers' reactions to a cardboard noustache meal. Have fun!



yes **HE**

Jimi Hendrix, Mitch Mitchell, Noel Redding, three young musicians who, since their formation six months ago, have been trying night and day to create a new, experimental "blues" orientated sound using the largest amplification possible, fuzz-boxes and now, on this, their first L.P., back-played and slowed-down tapes, which in combination with feedback guitar and normal speed tracks, has produced some of the best sound of the year. The material contained in the album is unusually strong, this is perhaps not apparent at first, but after two or three times help grows on one at an incredible speed.

Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding provide a highly creditable performance behind the unique guitar of Mr. Hendrix, as shown on the version of "Fire".

The obvious, outstanding feature of the L.P. is the guitar in the hands of Jimi Hendrix. The record shows many faces of this man's enormous talent, from the Clanton-B. King guitar on "Red House" to a Hollies feel on "Fire", from a Mothers sound on "3rd Stone From The Sun" to the unbelievable freak-out feedback guitar of his own creation "Are You Experienced".

This L.P. is definitely worth listening to, even if you are not a Hendrix fan, to see what advances are being made in this realm of music.

Dick, Vick, Richard,

## ON THE GARDEN ?

## night falls

ON FRIDAY MORNING ABIGAIL FRENCH WRITES.....

"Get out, we don't want that bloody newspaper in here!" - a man claiming to be the owner of the Electric Garden to the Editor of IT. A strenuous comment, considering that IT had been invited the day before to establish a sales stall there.

You can't sit up there, that's for the celebrities that are coming tonight. - one of a great number of very rude, very aggressive bouncers who seem to constitute the main part of the club's staff, spoken to Miles, owner of Indico. Actually, no celebrities come, not surprising because it is impossible to park in Covent Garden, and even if you do, a Big Truck is likely to run you down and furthermore you can't get a cab without walking to Trafalgar Square or Kingsway.

Such was the opening of the Electric Garden, the UFO for the middle-aged, the Playboy Club for the 'artistic' left-wing intellectuals. I even saw one person sipping up the CIA sponsored drink of EN+++++R22, which you never see at Delly's. The raucous of drink permeated the crowds, anxious aggressive greys pushed and jostled everyone in colourful clothing, vacuum-minded bouncers with stoney ugly faces surveyed the guests like police towers. The energy, ideas and youthful beauty of ecstatic groups like TOMORROW and ARTHUR

BROWN was absorbed completely by the drab, dowdy tide of middle aged "liberals", who, like some giant loofah, assimilate

everything leaving empty space, no negative force, no path. Presumably they spilled some of it out again over cocktails or tea in a noisy, warred armoured manner. The stone floor is cold and slightly damp, the decor is a mixture of the R,S,G, set, pd U,F,O., the light shows are drab and insignificant, some and underplayed. The staves are badly placed, one with column right in front of it, hastily jointed scaffolding hold the 1000's of pounds of lighting equipment the RG claim to have. It's hard to see where the \$35,000 has gone - it is sure however that the sole aim of Jessie Reid and Paul Walman is to get it back as soon as possible - for God's sake make sure that they don't get it back from you. You can't buy atmosphere and relaxed beautiful people with money - and IT shows!

Who scored? Wake up, Jay Landesman, you're the connection. 11 p.m., Saturday, 28th May. Yoko and troupe arrived at the Electric Garden to perform at 11.45 p.m. Balloons, four covered with shreds of silk and David Medalla dancers, further over, in very corny pop group, play to 300 wispy-a-g-00000 type joyless movers. 11.25 p.m. In body-guarded lobby, the club owners and club designer Peter Dale meet to vote on allowing Yoko to perform as scheduled. Jess Reid controlling share holder out voted. Waldman brothers didn't want Yoko to interrupt the prevailing mood (heavy drinking). Peter Dale to Tony Cox, "You're not going to perform that shit here".

11.30 p.m. Jay Landesman persuades the performers to go on. John Latham hears Peter Dale organise the sabotage. Electricians to kill Yoko's mike, D.J. John Anthony plans to cut in with recorded music. 11.45 p.m. Sam Gopal offers Yoko his microphone, no use, Yoko continues. Tony Cox makes his way to tape deck to cut interrupting blast, is grabbed by part owner Brian Waldman, dragged into corner, thrown on floor, smashed. Jay tries to break it up, is also attacked. Waldman to Cox, "You'll never get out of this place alive". Jay tells Tony to announce to the audience what has happened. Tony Cox announces that the club

THEN ON SUNDAY MORNING JURY GEMES WRITES.....

What the fuck is happening on this scene? Where do the real threads emerge from? The establishment and fuzz? No baby, that was yester day's naively... there are bad, evil vibrations within the scene, which if not blocked, may just blow the whole thing apart.

The franks and hustles with Alexandra Park ticket bread showed that some folk forgot all their beautiful ideas on sight of bread, that's personal and small... but last night's explosion at the Electric Garden exposed a group of hard cash gangsters (Jess Reid, Brian and Paul Waldman, Ralph Sanders) whose sole intention is to cash in, to exploit known artists on the scene, and you, their audience. How did this come about?

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is run by gangsters, asks IT supporters to call fuzz. Some senseless audiences members think its all part of the show... mass confusion. Yoko tied with bandages to chair, helpless.

12.5 a.m. Five fuzz in van arrive. Yoko untied, finally quits the stage.

12.10 a.m. The office. Two fuzz stand by. Cox and Waldman yell, abuse, threaten each other, Landesman meditates, tries to cool the scene. The performers leave unpaid, followed by the entire audience and light show operator... apologising, announcing split amongst staff, half planning to follow Yoko OUT!

Here ends the even and begmeth the power struggle scene... vicious... treacherous... completely evil.

1.45 a.m. Sunday. Phone conversation. Landesman tells Judy Gemes... many apologies, also he has been fired.

1.45 p.m. Phone conversation. Landesman tells Tony Cox... he has been reinstated in the art and show controller with added power. Jay Landesman says: "I feel so powerful I don't think I can fuck". The people responsible for the attack (part owners Paul and Brian Waldman, designer Peter Dale, D.J. John Anthony) - sorry.

5.30 p.m. Landesman tells Gemes he now has absolute control, the owners realise the place must be run "With Taste!" Bouncers and D.J. to be fired... the Waldeman Mafia and Peter Dale remain... silent. American cat and vaguely digs the scene, possibly Landesman intentions are clear, to provide the scene with bread and a well equipped professional place... but it can't be done this way. The underground can do without media support it will not degenerate into a commercial racket worse than any it has ever known against. From the sewer facts emerge. The scene is not underground anymore... no longer are small groups in private places moving... on... even at U.F.O. and Southampton Row bread is changing hands. The alliances are being swapped around (fuzz protectors?). How will we handle the other structures and survive?



# NETHERLANDS DANCE THEATRE



## REVIEW

One of the saddest omissions in IT 13 was the failure to herald adequately the arrival of the Netherlands Dance Theatre. Sincere apologies to the N.D.S., and to any of our readers who missed their performances through this editorial oversight. For the loss was great, their programme which consisted of "Metaphors," "Impressions," "5 Sketches" and "Carmina Burana" were really something to see. I last saw a tour performance by this company in Belfast two or three years ago and their standard of dancing was already high enough to rate them as an European equivalent of the New York City ballet. To understand it, they have improved immensely, and the Hans van Manen compositions in this programme were stunning. I must confess that I have been under the misimpression that van Manen was primarily a jazz ballet choreographer; but the strength and clarity of his two serious works in this programme place him very high in the hierarchy of European choreographers. This company's performances are invariably an evening of very direct, very beautiful works immaculately performed.

Unfortunately the evening which began in beauty, ended in horror, and for my own peace of mind I am glad

I do not know who arranged the musical side of Carmina Burana, for it was abortion after abortion for an hour. The thing that impressed me as much about the Netherlands Dance Theatre when I saw them previously was that their music, which was on tape, consisted primarily of complex works which, for dancing, were best received. The hope of achieving a performance of Carmina Burana which is both musically and choreographically exciting is very slight in a tour situation where understaffing and under-rehearsal seem inevitable. This composition has at least six times as many tempo changes as sections and accurate co-ordination is nearly impossible. At Sadlers Wells, the beginning of every single section constituted an anxious disaster. Having seen this company perform this work perfectly with a tape recording, what was seen at Sadlers Wells shocked me profoundly. I presume it was the bloody-mindedness of the musicians union that brought on this low-standard, tasteless scene, but to see such a fine company even in the same building with such useless accompaniment is unspeakable and the management should have apologised at the end of the evening.

Meanwhile all love the Netherlands Dance Theatre.

## MOVE AT U.F.O.

The Move played last week to the largest crowd U.F.O. has ever held and although judged by normal beat group standards they did a very exciting show I must admit I was somewhat disappointed.

I really expected much more from a group of their reputation, and I was constantly thinking—could this really be the group that nearly burnt down the Marquee?

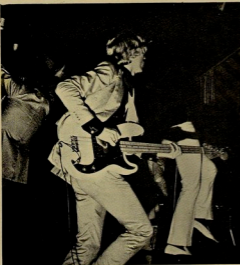
The Move did two spots of about 40 minutes, which consisted of a total four numbers, two written by the American Byrds, plus their current hit "I Can Hear The Grass Grow", and one other.

The second set was just one number, the Byrds "Eight Miles High". These extremely long numbers are really interesting in their profession,

which in this case is rather more electronic than musical using oscillators and what sounded like a super amplified harmonica.

Their light show was minimal, just a lot of money as a substitute for thought.

With the Move, was a supporting group called the Knack who, with the apparently unworkable line up of three guitars, bass and drums, produced a really fantastic sound. At times the sound is like a composite Hendrix and Clapton with Townsend underneath. This group took the depressing task of following one of the city's biggest rave groups. They really took control, and got a tired, sweating audience jumping again by topping the Move's act in both length and standard.



HAPPENING 44

MEMBERS CLUB      MEMBERSHIP 10s YEAR

44 GERRARD ST. W.1

TUNE IN DROP IN  
COME TO LOVE  
LIFE BE - IN

WITH THE COLOUR OF SOUND  
THE SOUNDS OF COLOUR

RAVE GROUPS  
EXOTIC ENTERTAINERS  
MOVIES • STROBE • DISCS  
GROOVY FOOD • FANTASTIC DECORATIONS

THE ASTOUNDING SLIDES OF RON HENDERSON  
AND THE FINEACRE LIGHT SHOW

UFO MEMBERSHIP VALID  
BEING UFO CARD

10:30 PM EVERY THURS. SAT. ALL NITE

# POP

by Mick Farren

IN THE  
POLICE STATE

"People try to put us down just because we got around."

The Who—"My Generation."

There was a time, long ago, when pop stars were nice, albeit, thick young men, who were safely kept in check by their managers. The worst things they were ever accused of were a certain preoccupation with death/sex/movements of their hips and possible homosexual relations with the aforesaid managers. But there followed the less acceptable brigade, the long-haired ones, the ex-art students, the university drop-outs, the beatniks trying to make it rich.

This lot knew a few things, they hadn't come straight from the building site or secondary modern. They knew where things were at. They produced what was probably the most honest music since the start of the rock 'n' roll era. They revived 30 and 40 year old blues songs. They revived early rock numbers, and they stomped all over the nice lady flowers bed where sex is spelt love when you do it, and in-between-course when anybody else does.

"They stole you when you're trying to be so good."

Dylan—"Rainy Day Women." Townsend smashed £200 guitars almost nightly. Jagger's body spell "Puck you if you don't know" in semaphore, the Beatles refused to remain lovable mop-tops, and Dylan wrote songs of violent anarchy. The kids of course loved this. If Townsend, Jagger, etc., could get away with this, then just maybe the revolution that began with James Dean and Presley was getting somewhere. The straight people muttered "tat tat" and masturbated secretly over pop star's Sunday paper sexual exploits and got their second hand kicks.

Your mother who neglected you once a million dollars tax.

Rolling Stones—"19th Nervous Breakdown."

The "News of the World" decided to give the straight people a real orgy for a couple of weeks and so they ran a series called "Pop Stars and Drags." Now sex is okay, the straight people like to read about sex, but drugs—drugs are scary, they turn a man into an animal, they are bad for business—why if the younger generation turned on they would be unmanageable.

"I fought the law and the law won."

She Trinity—"I fought the law."

On the day after the concluding piece of the "News of the World" series, Keith Richards's country house was raided and Richard, Mick Jagger and Robert Fraser were later charged under various drug laws. The same

day specially trained narcotics squads (with specially trained dogs) were introduced into police forces in all parts of the country. The following week parties, clubs, cafes and private homes were raided by the thousands, and dozens of people were charged with possessing various drugs. Two weeks later International Times and Indica bookshop were also raided. Eight days after the I.T. raid, teenagers in the Harold Dog coffee-bar were segregated, stripped naked, held in the dance hall and subjected one at a time to the closest possible search, this became a pattern of action which was used at clubs all round the country, include London's Tiles. It suddenly became a crime to go dancing to pop groups, the penalty being searched in this obscene way. The drug raids on people's homes continued. Nearly every pop group that went through London Airport was subjected to a complete search. The Rolling Stones were searched yet again by the French customs. Dave, Doc, etc., were searched by Australian customs men along with Eric Burdon, who was accused of corrupting the minds of the youth of Australia. Group vans all over England were pulled off the road and searched.

Many groups were subjected to raids, simply because they were a group they were vulnerable, and made good publicity for the police. Steve Marriott of the Small Faces was pulled in together with his girlfriend Chrissie Shrimpton. Both were clean, as were the majority of pop groups that the police raided.

The final move was made on the day Jagger, Richard and Fraser appeared in the magistrates' court. Another Rolling Stone, Brian Jones, was searched arrested and charged with possessing cannabis.

"I get high with a little help from my friends."

Beatles—"With a little help from my friends."

So where do you go from here. There are two alternatives. You can either be direct or you can be sneaky or you can do both, which is probably the best thing to do. The groups, of course, could turn themselves in en masse as users of narcotics. The country would become very dull, however it is not very nice in prison and not everyone fancies the Pete Seeger let-go-to-jail-for-freedom bit. The real answer is to do the opposite. When they think you're hiding come into the open, when they want you in the open, hide.

"Nobara's gonna put a rope around me."

Jim Hendrix—"Hey Joe."

The first thing is bug the cops but don't get busted. A short list:

(a) Turn on before you go. You can't get busted in a club if you are not holding—only don't get too stoned to notice a plain.

(b) Make smoke-ins work. The cops are unable to bust 2,000 people, make sure however that the joints are not at the extreme edge of the crowd.

(c) Hide your address book as well as your stash.

(d) Be creative in concealing narcotics, only don't get too proud of your ingenuity and tell everyone.

(e) If a cop touches you, remove your clothes to facilitate a search.

(f) Get high by other means.

(g) Spray anosed on police dogs.

"Cop comes up to me, says 'You're the one I've been looking for!'"

Alex Harvey—"Framed."

Let's make no mistake, we are

living in something of a police state. The police are playing a game, the government is playing its game. There is no "Bring people into line Act," and so the drags and obscenity laws are being used as a stock prod. The leaders of the herd are being bust—Jagger, Jim Dine, Brian Jones, Donovan, etc. With the hope that if you rest of the flock are harassed a bit, they will fall into panic and confusion, and eventually return to the straight and narrow.

If this action doesn't succeed and it doesn't seem to, except in so far as it makes life uncomfortable, then the police state has two alternative. It can either give up and withdraw or else really force the pressure, put car-fives on under 25s, draft the non-straight into a labour corps. If this happens the only answer is street fighting. Maybe as Dick Gregory says: "It's gonna be a hard summer."

its break up of rhythms and harmonies are certainly going somewhere. The other notable track is the 19 minute "Revelation" which although it leans heavily on the Stones' "Going Home" does many wild and interesting things, particularly its unapologetic introduction and coda.

## BEATLES BAN

The Beatles are reported as amused by the B.B.C. ban on the Sgt. Pepper track, "A Day in the Life."

## AUDIO CENSORSHIP 2

Gordon McLendon, president of a large chain of U.S. local radio stations announced he is going to set up a lyric-testing panel of "prostitutes", ex-prostitutes, junkies and ex-addicts to weed out "suggestive" records.

"The McLendon radio stations will not air records that offend public morals, dignity or taste, either innately or intentionally. We've had all we can stand of the record industry's glorifying marijuana, L.S.D. and sexual activity. . . . It is this what you want your children to listen to?"

Among recordings currently banned by McLendon are the Stones' "Let's spend the night together", the Beatles' "Penny Lane", "Sock it to me Baby" by Mitch Rider and a number of tracks from the Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper Album".

Maybe if McLendon gets his way, God might become more popular than John Lennon.

The most ridiculous piece of pop-censorship yet is that a number of American stations, having granted tracks from "Sgt. Pepper Album" long before its release date, have now decided that the track "Day in the Life" is about (hold it!) narcotics, and banned it.



LOVE - DA CAPO-RE - 4085

"Love" is one of the leading California, rock Dylan/Stones groups, and their second L.P. is, to say the least, interesting. They are obviously trying to be creative, trying very hard. Compositions are disparate but I feel that put alongside "The Who's" "A Quick One" album, or some of the things Hendrix is doing, much of "Love's" work sounds very contrived. For instance, the line change in "Seven + Seven Is" from something that sounds very like "Get off my Cloud" to a parody of the oldie "Steppin' out" is rather less arranged to be really effective. My other main complaint is that they do not seem to have a really consistent direction in their music. They go from a really funky R & B track, "Herbie Knows Who", to "Orange Slices" which is almost a "filling in the Park" type of ballad, and really, they have very little relation either of idea or style.

The album has many good points, however. The strange track "The Castle", a really fantastic interplay of bubble, almost Arab vocal, bass and Spanish guitar phrases, is really exciting, and would be well worth tolerating as a single. This track is really creative, and

# What's HAPPENING

# LONDON • ENGLAND EUROPE • NIGHT DAY • CONTINUOUS

**Friday, 2nd June**  
**UFO:** Pink Floyd, Hydrogen Jukebox, Carol Maun, Harish.  
**Drama:** People Show at Bristol Arts Centre.  
**Music:** BBC Third programme, 3 p.m. Carolee Carlisle, one hour performance of treatise.

**Saturday, 3rd June**  
**Television:** BBC2 Midnight movie presents "The Godfathers" starring Kim Stanley.  
**Teatime:** "Clock-out" an evening at the theatre, featuring films, readings, sound poetry and the People Show. Bristol Arts Centre, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 6/.

**Sunday, 4th June**  
**Be-in** with Yoko Ono on a kite flying hill in Hampstead Heath  
 How to keep the moon in the sky during the day  
 How to make the trees laugh  
 How to roll and slide  
 How to count hands  
 How to colour the clouds  
 How to become a giant  
 How to find an imaginary snail  
 How to get out of the park  
 How to  
 (British Museum if it rains)

**Jazz:** Lesquerie Trio (Play Barb) at the Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. Tickets from 7/6.  
**Pop Concert:** Titi Heatbeat and the Precious Harum at the Saville Theatre.  
**Anarchist meeting** at the Lamb and Flag, Ross Street, 7.30 p.m.  
**Dinner:** in Veneta, Ramakrishna Vivekananda Ashram, 54 Holland Park, 5 p.m.  
**Television:** World Cinema features Japanese film "He and She".

**Spix Milligan** in "The Redding Room" at the Saville Theatre. Daily at 8.15 p.m. Book in advance.

**Theosophical Society:** Lectures on Sunday and Wednesday evenings; excellent Theosophical literary facilities. 40 Gloucester Place.

**Troubadour:** 305 Old Epsom Road. Folk Music: Tues., Sat., Sun.; Jazz: Thurs., Fri.; Flamenco: Mon., Wed.  
**Les Cousins:** Green Street. Folk Music: Fri., Sat.; Jazz: midnight Fri., Sat.  
**Bill's Head, Barnes:** Jazz every night.  
**Old Place:** 39 Gerrard Street. Jazz every night except Sundays, featuring the best of Britain's young Jazz Musicians.  
**Little Theatre Club:** Free jazz Wednesday thru Saturday, 10.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. Admission to members 6/.

**The Troupe:** Actors, musicians, writers, Performers (Americans welcome) wanted at once for new activist theatre group. First project at Roundhouse 27th-31st June. Contact Neil Hornick 01463 3130.

**Monday, 5th June**  
**People Show:** "A nice quiet night"—10th Show at Batterbockia, 8.30 p.m. 2/.  
**Little Theatre Club:** Organized Oscar, by Alan Pierce, starts two-week run, 8 p.m. Admission 5/6 and 1/6.  
**BBC 2:** TV Premiere of Britten's "Carolee River".  
**"The Anatomy of Revolution"**—Lecture by Guizot Metzger at Bristol Arts Centre.

**Tuesday, 6th June**  
**Lecture:** "The Practice of Meditation", Hampstead Central Library, 6.30 p.m. Admission free, collection.  
**Drama:** "Crimes of Passion" opens at the Royal Court for a two-week run.  
**Music:** Chris McGregor Group appears at "The Old Place", 28 Gerrard Street.  
**BBC 2:** "Horizon" looks at cancer and its causes.  
**People show** at Batterbockia (see June 5th).

**Wednesday, 7th June**  
**Bath Festival** opens: Yehudi Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra at the Bath Assembly Rooms, 8 p.m.  
**Sounds:** Soft Machine at the Speakeasy Club, 48 Margaret Street.  
**John James and Nick Wray:** read poetry at Batterbockia, 9 p.m.  
**BBC 2:** "Man Alive" looks into homosexuality.

**Thursday, 8th June**  
**National Film Theatre:** "The Spiral Staircase", 6.30 p.m.; and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood", 8.40 p.m.  
**Recital:** Peter Harford, Organ, with Soprano soloist, perform works by Dutilleul, Bartok and Hindemith, at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, 7.45 p.m.  
**BBC 2:** Barbara McNair sings with Duke Ezington and his trio in "Something Special".

**Sculptures, Paintings, Marbles,** by David Meade, Antonio Serra and Don Sylvester Bledsoe, at the Liaison Gallery, 48 Bell Street.

**LA MAMA (E.Y.C.) EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE CLUB (New York)**

**EUROPEAN TOUR**  
 June 4-5 Frankfurt  
 June 9 Heidelberg  
 June 11 Munich  
 June 13-24 Turin  
 July 1-2 Spoleto Festival  
 July 3-15 Stockholm  
 July 20-26 Arhan, Denmark  
 Aug 19-Sept. 9 Edinburgh Festival  
 Sept. 11-15 Mercury Theatre, London  
 Sept. 19-24 Yugoslav Festival, Belgrade

**Friday, 9th June**  
**UFO:** Procol Harum, The Smoke, The Sun Trolley, Inanga, stereo sounds.  
**Bath Festival:** Jacques Lesquerie trio at the Theatre Royal, 7.30 p.m.; Amelin Quartet at the Guildhall, 9 p.m.

**Saturday, 10th June**  
**Bl. Man, Harold Mason** opens the Hampstead Arts Festival on Hampstead Heath, 3 p.m. Admission free.  
**London Harpichord Ensemble,** directed by John Francis, in the Purcell Room, South Bank, 8.15 p.m. Tickets from 3/6.

**Sunday, 11th June**  
**Concert:** Bourne-mouth Symphony Orchestra at the Crystal Palace Concert Bowl, 7.30 p.m. Admissions 2/6 and 4/6.  
**Individualist Anarchists** meet at the "Marguerite of Grazby", Cambridge Circus, at 2.30 p.m.  
**Ramakrishna Vedanta Ashram:** Discourse on Vedanta, 54 Holland Park, 5 p.m.  
**Concert:** London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez, Soloist Annamaria Beauli. Works by Webern, Schoenberg, and Debussy. Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 p.m. Tickets from 7/6.

**Monday, 12th June**  
**Play:** "Spartacus Can't Sing" at the Central School of Speech and Drama, Embassy Theatre, Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, PK1 3M4.  
**Opera:** New Circus Opera performs a double bill of "The Midasman" and "The Cooper" at the Jeannette Coakrane Theatre.

**Bath Festival:** Ballet Kumbart with Yehudi Menuhin at Bath Theatre Royal, 7.30 p.m. Ring Book 4392 for tickets.

**Tuesday, 13th June**  
**Lecture:** The right use of Emotion. Hampstead Central Library, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

The What's Happening is a free service and can only be so comprehensive and accurate as those who phone or write it in.

LISTEN-IN will publish in IT 15 a list of strange/unfamiliar films and how to get them. This will be followed by a list of pop groups who are available for £100 or less.

**P.S.** — our 10th birthday wish: Editor notes: Electricity cables are almost natural or-

**Jazz Concert:** Teddy Wilson plays with the Dave Shepherd Quintet in the Purcell Room, South Bank, 8.15 p.m. Tickets from 7/6.

**Wednesday, 14th June**  
**Asian Music Circle:** "The Temptation of Hiroko" at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, 7.45 p.m. Tickets from 5/- onwards.  
**Opera:** At the Jeannette Coakrane Theatre, on 12th June.

**Poetic Reading:** Bring your own word structures to Batterbockia, 8.30 p.m.

**Thursday, 15th June**  
**Concert:** London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski play works by Stravinsky, Maseurky, Tchaikovsky and Wagner. Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m. Tickets 5/6 onwards.

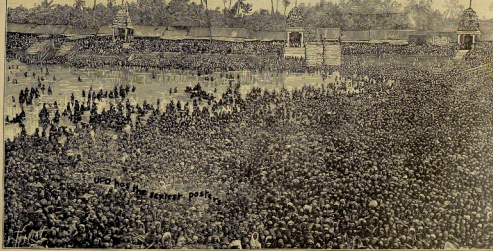
**Happening 44:** Musical and Experimental ingredients, 10.30 p.m. onward.

**Friday, 16th June**  
**UFO:** Salt Machine, Arthur Brown, Sun Trolley. All night live.  
**Monterey Pop Festival** opens in California.  
**British:** BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pierre Boulez, Soloist Yehudi Menuhin, performs works by Berlioz, Berg, Bartok and Debussy, at the Colston Hall, Bristol, 8 p.m.  
 Anticipated appearance of IT No. 15.

**Midsummer Be-In.** All day, all night, forever, together on Primrose Hill, 24th June, 24th June, 24th June. (Together on Primrose Hill.)

one-energy accumulators. The organic material that surrounds the metal leaver was once a live, plastic-coal-wood fungus: a natural three-fold built-up of natural co-ones, and the metal, helped by the 'flow' of electricity, sweeps the organic energy away, down to the sea or to wherever electricity cables lead. The slogan of the electric garden is "PLUG IN" and the natural continuation of this should be "AND DRAIN AWAY".

UFO is the place to go but get there early to avoid sensory disorientation all night blab blab  
 June 2 PINK FLOYD, HYDROGEN JUKEBOX, SUN TROLLEY & intermedia  
 June 9 PROCOL HARUM, THE SMOKE, SUN TROLLEY & intermedia  
 June 16 ARTHUR BROWN, SOFT MACHINE, next issue of IT. Special: The FUZZ. Be cool.



# LIGHT SHOW continued

**THEATRE PROJECTS—TEM 7877**—  
—Niels Yard, Monmouth Street, W.C.2.

(1) These people have German cine projectors of 2.5 kil. power. They also have distortion projectors, and 1,000 watt flood and spot lights. In addition they have various effects which can be fitted onto 1,000 watt or 2,000 watt projectors such as snow, fire, water and clouds.

**ELECTROSONICS—GRE 8496**  
(Equipment for Sale and Hire)

(1) These house 35 ml. slide projectors and random access slide projectors. Also snap-change and cross feeding units. They have programme sequencing equipment for multi-slide projection. Finally they have a range of floodlights and spotlights.

**DAWE INSTRUMENTS—ACO 5026**  
(Equipment for sale and occasionally for hire)

They have a very wide range of Stroboscopes — "strobes" ranging from 250-2275 in price. The "strobes" can be internally or externally synchronised as desired—each instrument having a different range of adjustment. They also have a special high frequency model utilising a cathode ray tube.

They also have what is called a "white noise generator" priced at £10. This instrument can reproduce the audio spectrum all in one go—or it can be filtered to reproduce just one sound.

**SUPERNOVA LOTUS**—Two people projecting "evolving jelly" using an overhead projector, still projectors with automatic synchronising for liquids and strobes with colour-change discs and a 16 ml. cine projector. Contact Ian Welby at 262-7179.

**THE 117 LIGHTSHOW**—A liquid slide show (independent of the music group) in which the colour and movement of the projection is intimately linked with whatever music there is. Contact Peter Russell, Camm College, Cambridge Univ., Cambridgeshire.

**THE ELECTRIC GARDEN LIGHTSHOW**—A large group using a 20-channel dimmer board, 25 spotlights, three 16 ml. cine projectors, 12 automatic dry slide projectors, two liquid slide projectors, two overhead projectors. Resident at The Electric Garden—Tel.: 240-1327, ask for Peter Dole or Tony MacIntosh.

**OPTECH ELECTRONICS—889-1609**  
(Equipment for sale and hire)

The manufacturers have an instrument called a "Colorgram"—a device for three channel light control with manual timing and modulation of each channel by Bass, middle, and treble tones. Microphone and amplification is incorporated in the device, but lights must be supplied by a separate generator. The device costs £90 or £15 per week to hire.

**PROJECTORS AND DISPLAYS LTD**—ARC 6239

This company can supply for sale or hire—slide projectors, cine projectors, fast fold screens and ZENON projectors.

**ERIC WALKER LTD—ARC 7206**  
These people at the moment only do 16 ml. cine projectors and 35 ml. slide projectors.

**STRAND ELECTRIC** —REL 7811  
These can supply for sale and hire very very large scale equipment as used in theatre productions e.g. spots, floods, baton lighting, switchboards, dimmers, auto-occupancy and special effects projectors and much more. They have no sound synchronising equipment or stroboscopes.

**BOWENS—GER 6410**  
On a smaller scale Bowens make their Multicell electronic controllable flash lighting equipment, which consist of switchboards, floodlights (1000w) spotlights, flashers and reflectors.

**LEE ELECTRICS (LIGHTING)—EAL 6742**

Very large scale lighting equipment — spotlights, arclights 2k-10 kil. Type "dinky-dinks, Quartz lighting, color-tran equipment, auto-equipment, generators, batteries. No projectors. No strobes.

**KEITH ALBURN AND PARTNERS** (known as 26 Kingly Street Environmental co-operative) — Mind-blowing total environment organisers. Can put on vast colorful light shows anywhere. All types of lighting equipment are available to them, besides having a large stock of their own. Watch this paper for a full article on Keith Alburn and partners in the near future. Meanwhile contact Ian Knight at REG 3464 (new tel. no. soon).

**THE SOCIAL RHYTHMS**—A group of five musicians one of whom plays the lights. The lights being rectangular banks of hard-edge direct light manually played. Booking £20-£25. Contact Mick Farren at 405-9164 (T.T. offices). Audio visual Rock and Roll.

**THE OVERHEADS LIGHT SHOW**—A group of three or four people using an overhead projector, two still projectors, six channel light organ, random access slide projector. Resident at the Roundhouse. Cost of booking, 455-3420—Mick Lowe.

**KEN HUGES**—Manufacturer and designer of kinetic mechanisms. Will give free advice to anyone. Contact

**PETER WYNE WILSON**—A light show at present working with the Pink Floyd. They are using a 16-channel semi-synchronous variable audio flashing light system and in four one kil. projectors project chromo-chemical slides over 100 yards. Contact Peter Wynne Wilson 280-0179

**ENTROPIC ART**—Projecting organic forms with still projectors—static and moving slide concept. Larger, greater, more engulfing, more mind-blowing lighting equipment coming to Entropic Art in this autumn. Phone Dermot Harney at FLA 3935.

**DICK WOODS**—Manufacturer of lighting boxes, etc. **MIKE LEONARD**—Forming a company similar to 26 Kingly Street but based on lighting and architectural concepts. More about this soon.

**JOHN "MARCONI"**—Manufacturer and designer of light machines to any specifications. Contact Box 41B or phone 405-9164.

**FIVE ACRES PRODUCTS**—A group of three or four people using two 16 ml. cine projectors. Fine still projectors for static and moving slides, strobes and a complete sound amplifying system. Contact Jack Bracins at GR7 6064 or at Happening 44.

## STUBBORN OR DIE!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Country \_\_\_\_\_  
I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO IT AND ENCLOSE  
£6 (U.K. and Eire) OR UNDATED FOREIGN  
RATE FOR ONE YEAR

HERE IS MY CLASSIFIED AD  
At PER WORD — A WORD MINIMUM

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CUT ME OUT AND SEND TO INTERNATIONAL  
TIMES, 162 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1

WORDS OR 64 IN ENCLOSE  
To: 11, 101 Southampton Row, W.C.1.



Alarming phone call reports Hash with sparkle in it. Could this be mercury? Look before you buy—especially in North Kensington. A Reminder: Have you filled out your BASIC CANNABIS QUESTIONNAIRE. It can be picked up from Indica, Better Books, Bookshop 85, and other quality booksellers.

Here's the last word on Super-Pot: Divide pie into one-third and two-thirds.

Soak two-thirds in five times as much wood grain alcohol (paint thinner).

Put in blender and churn for ten minutes at high speed. Otherwise put in a mason jar and let set for a day. Then strain alcohol.

Let alcohol evaporate until there is right amount to spread equally over the other third. Alcohol should be good and green.

After this, let rest of alcohol evaporate, then put into the oven for 10-15 minutes to make sure all alcohol has been dried off.

It's called cap during the active substance. What's left over after straining can be processed again by adding more alcohol and going through the same scene.

**JUNK CREATION:** Here collar see sound wear bags bring junk create... set of Mixed-Media Happening Auction—ESCAPE, 53 Victoria St., London, S.W.1, Thursday, 8th June, 8 p.m. Admission 7/6, plus junk. Proceeds to Israel.

## AL STEWART VISITS YORKSHIRE

A three-day tour of Yorkshire has been arranged for Al Stewart, one of the country's most talented and versatile entertainers, who recently represented Great Britain at the Turin International Folk Festival (with the Incredible String Band).

He will perform at the Freedom Juice, at 8 p.m. at the Lowther Hotel, York, on Friday, 9th June, at 8 p.m., and on Saturday, 10th June, 7.45 p.m., will be the star attraction at a poetry reading organised by the Harrogate Underground in the Delphi Hotel Harrogate.

Midsummer Be-In. All day, all night, forever, together on Primrose Hill. 24th June, 24th June, 24th June. (Together on Primrose Hill.)

David Finch has been banned from UPD for smoking herbal cigarettes.

Attention: a grass named "Joe", thick-set, with large head, is back on the scene. Be careful, he has access to communal pads in Notting Hill and Earl's Court. . . .

## INTERPOL BUST

A young man was raided and subsequently busted on a possession charge as a result of information supplied to the Swiss Police and passed to Metropolitan Police via Interpol.

Biske charged with possession of cannabis while in Torquay during Easter, and while in Exeter Prison

## 1931

Mr. Francis Chichester, the famous yachtsman, well known for his lone crossings of the Atlantic, was in his earlier days an equally known airman who made many daring flights in his Moth plane.

In 1931, Mr. Chichester took off on a flight across the Taiman Sea from New South Wales, Australia, to New Zealand. He was alone in his tiny Moth aeroplane with an open cockpit.

There was nothing in the sky except for one or two clouds. Suddenly, he saw what looked like a dull grey-white airship approaching him. It was pear-shaped, flashing brightly, periodically vanishing, re-appearing, accelerating and finally disappearing.

# UNCLASSIFIED ADS

**HIPPIE Mistress Required,** Must Be Tolerant of Inexperience. In Return is Offered Beautiful Vision (Mia). 1 Age Preferably 18 or below) Box P 10

**ATTRACTIVE girl wanted** for vacant room in mixed flat. Angel. £4-10 wk. Tel. 359 1079 best after 10 p.m.

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**WICKED Maiden Wanted By** Angelic Male (71). Box 999

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