

**it****The International Times 16**FRIDAY JUNE 30th. 1967 1/-  
-JULY 14th.ANTONINE ARTAUD. NAKED CYN.  
HASH CAKE. REVIEWS: POP & CINE.  
PAINTED WINDOWS

# IN THEIR HEARTS THEY KNOW WE'RE RIGHT

(YOUR INACTIVITY PUT THE STONES INSIDE)



The never-ending battle to wrest the usage of our public parks away from the people whom we pay to maintain them saw a rare victory on June 18th.

On that day some kids collected in Regents Park in front of the open air theatre and were sitting around on the grass. Several of them were associated with the Exploding Galaxy, London's hope for anarchy in dance.

After a bit the idea of playing around with some dance ideas was seized on and Jack Moore and David

Medala began directing the kids in some movements. When this happened of the Sunday afternoon Regents Park regulars turned their deck-chairs in the direction of the group, and in a short time a crowd of about 150 had gathered. The rehearsal continued.

Then the inevitable park fuzzi man arrived and said: "You'll have to leave the park. No performances are allowed." The people explained that they were not giving a performance; there had been an advance announce-

ments and no preparations. They were simply playing in the park.

"I see, then you refuse to leave the park," said the park fuzzi trying to prejudice the situation. He went away. The rehearsal continued. The crowd had now grown to about 250.

Soon, however, the park fuzzi returned with an S.S. type (jackboots, helmet, gauntlets, etc.) and instructed him to throw the group out of the park. At this point an appeal was made to the crowd by one of the dancers. "These men say we must

leave the park because we are creating a disturbance. Are we disturbing you and do you want us to leave?" The crowd answered with a very loud "No" and cries of "Leave them alone, it's nice." Finding no support whatsoever from the crowd whose afternoon they were ruining the police turned to the dancers and in vain searched for a leader of the group. After a short conference the park fuzzi man left and the stormtrooper stayed, strutting about and being to some

## PLAY IN THE PARKS YOU MUST YOU CAN

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EDITOR - J. Henry Moore  
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 NEWS EDITOR - Mick Farren  
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extent harassed by the crowd to go away.

Michael Crawford arrived and explained that he was a poet and was invited by the crowd to read. He read and everyone liked it—including the stormtrooper (at last, an offence offered). As Michael was about to read a second poem—the park fuzzi arrived with ten policemen, instructing them to throw the dancers out. The dancers explained that they were a group of individuals who were playing in the park which is what these parks, which cost a fortune to maintain, are intended for; and, as individuals, if the park fuzzi wants them out he must explain to each of them why he is throwing him out and deal with each person separately. There are no leaders.

The crowd at this point became aggressively indignant and several schoolteachers and several housewives began asking and telling the police to go away, that they have come and ruined what was otherwise a beautiful Sunday afternoon of playing and relaxing in the park. At this point the crowd had grown to well over 400, the grass has been trampled and the sunshine which the kids had come there to enjoy had been blotted out, so the kids moved to Primrose Hill leaving a bunch of very foolish policemen with a very irate crowd which they themselves had created.

Michael Crawford was not charged because he had been incited to read

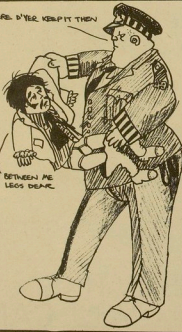
and anyway the policemen would have got thumped if they hadn't laid off him. Several of the schoolteachers took the policemen's numbers, and names and addresses were collected from the crowd for a possible complaint.

The parks are for playing in and play must not be restricted to children. Park keepers have got to learn to relax and remember that parks are not just for looking at, and that kids are citizens.

When you go to play in the park be careful that you don't disturb anybody and remember that you have more than a right to be there. Do not litter. Don't play radios or tape records unless you are well away from disturbing anyone. If you see anyone being turned out of the park for no apparent reason go to his aid. If you are being molested by park attendants go to a nice square who speaks his language. Make sure the park attendant understands that he is infringing on your rights to enjoy the parks you pay for. Don't be angry at his ignorance and try not to let your difference make him angry. If you are genuinely harassed, explain your situation to some squares and get their names and addresses as witnesses. Remember the park fuzzi's aim is to make his living off that park with as little work as possible and that hating beatniks usually comes second.

It will help anyone who wants to make a complaint, but doesn't know how!

WHERE D'YER KEEP IT THEN



BETWEEN ME LEGS DEAR

Letter to Editor

## HYPOCRITES IN HIGH PLACES

The first and only time I met John Hopkins was at the opening night of the Defective Garden, when he took me for a CIA agent or something worse.

Considering what was to happen to him a couple of days later, he can hardly be blamed for reacting suspiciously to an unknown, albeit bearded, writer in one of those grey suits IT hates so much. Especially in the anxiety-breeding atmosphere of the Garden of Poisoned Fruit.

What happened to John Hopkins was monstrous, and hardly less monstrous was the failure of almost the entire press to report it, and their refusal to print even the shortest and most temperate letters of protest.

We lack a word for the sort of society we live in, so I'll invent one. How about "hypocrisy", meaning rule by hypocrites? Take, for instance, the statement made on 13th June by Dr Frank Cramer, lecturer in forensic medicine at the London Hospital.

Nobody, said Dr. Cramer, had yet realized the full implications of the new Road Safety Bill, which makes it an offence to drive a car with more than 80 milligrammes of alcohol in 100 millilitres of blood.

According to the doctor, "many thousands" of people today are driving above this limit; and some are over 100 mg. all the time. "Then there are businessmen and other people like drink sakers who are going to be above 80 mg. all the time."

The new law was unworkable, he added. For if the police try to apply it, the forensic labs will be swamped with suspect blood samples, and won't be able to cope.

In other words, there are so many chronic alcoholics on the roads, being along with enough alcohol in their bloodstream to piddle a jaguar, that the new Bill's a farce.

Yet John Hopkins, who hurt no one but brought magic into many people's lives, is savaged.

There are things about IT and its coterie that I like, and things I don't like. I think and write for myself.

But when it comes to depriving a man of his liberty and sending him to rot in a prison cell for nine months on such a piddling charge, I'm with John Hopkins and IT against, if need be, the whole world.

## A New Offence

Same day as the Cramer statement, the House of Lords hypocrites mumbled their way through a debate on the Marine etc. Broadcasting (Offence) Bill.

Their Lordships passed a Tory amendment making it an offence to publish times and other details of pirate broadcasts, either as advertisements or otherwise.

Now, I've never consciously listened to a pirate broadcast. My musical tastes are pretty singular, so I might not care for it if I did. But this is the kind of inroad into a basic freedom—freedom of information—that has to be resisted now, before we arrive by slow degrees at the Fahrenheit 451 stage.

In other words, this is the kind of law I shall make it my business to break, systematically and joyfully, whenever I get the chance.

If anyone will furnish me with leaflets giving these "times and other details" I will publish them—within the meaning of the Act—by enclosing them in all the letters I send. Better still, if the pirates'll send me a rubber stamp, I'll frank all my envelopes, income tax forms, etc.

I'll do so on principle, because this Bill is against the wishes of millions of people. And even if it were against the wishes of only one person, it would still be wrong in principle. Milton and John Stuart Mill showed us that, some years ago.

PETER FRYER

Dear Jo,

I am sorry I tried to say anything about Happy or us or anything else. Words are interesting if you bounce them off your ears and taste the sound of them. Other than that, for me, they are useless and even dangerous. Because of them, I love you all for trying. There is no more Susie Creemcheese. Love they murderer, and goodbye.

SUSIE CREEMCHEESE

Advertisement for SHELL'S "NU" eye drops. The ad features a large illustration of a woman's face with her eyes closed, and text describing the benefits of the eye drops for various eye conditions. It includes a testimonial from a woman named Mrs. J. M. Jones, who claims to have cured her eyes with the drops. The ad also mentions a "BEA MAGICIAN" who cleans fuzzy eyes and provides contact information for the product.

BRADLEY MARTIN

HASH  
CAKE

All you have to do as a prospective smoker of the weed is to put on a tough and guffy appearance and approach any similarly suspected character. The performance more easily takes effect around cheap bars, motor parks, taxi-kerbs, harlot quarters—and among touts, taxi-drivers, idle vagrants and prostitutes.

The highly educated and intelligent elements among them are usually reluctant and wary to concede to the knowledge of what you want to know. But with the coming of a sting or two, you are sure sold on them, and whatever suspicion there may have been is brushed away. Then you are plotted to a cabin in a matter of minutes . . . for they abound in every corner.

One cannot refute the dreamy effect the smoking of Indian hemp poses on its smokers. It gives them a momentarily sweet and happy excitement, an eye-opener which they erroneously mistake for wisdom.

As for the rampant cries of burglars and highway-men, it is ultimately this devil's weed that endows them with the impetuosity and conceit-what attitude with which they carry out their abominable trades.

Students have been known to stage revolts against their principals and tutors under its influence. Worse still, many of our young police and army boys are guys in the real sense, even some to the knowledge of their bosses. So these classes of addicts are really elusive to deal with being themselves among the law watch-dogs, yet flaunting their addiction with audacity.

Let us face it—have the penalties served their purpose? I doubt it.

The smoking of Indian hemp is not like other common crimes which have their direct bearing or outrage on the public; it calls for a combined effort to discover and eradicate its members.

Hemp addiction may best be regarded as one of those problems of tribalism and clanishness in our society today. Thus let us frankly ask ourselves again; has the Indian hemp edict failed or succeeded? And who is who among the guys?

The funniest side of it is that these fraternal smokers regard all other non-participants as "Jews"—a derogatory dub for no-watredness and not living up to expectation. So next time a fellow calls you by that name—look well into him, you may find a guy!

The key to a successful hashcake is getting the hash as finely-and-eventually-distributed through the batter as possible. The best way to accomplish this is to use a recipe that calls for water (all the ingredients do). Put slightly more water than the recipe calls for in a saucepan, add your hash (1-ounce, or to taste) as completely broken-up as possible, and, stirring all the while, bring the hash-water to a boil and simmer it for about five minutes. Then proceed as directed by your recipe.

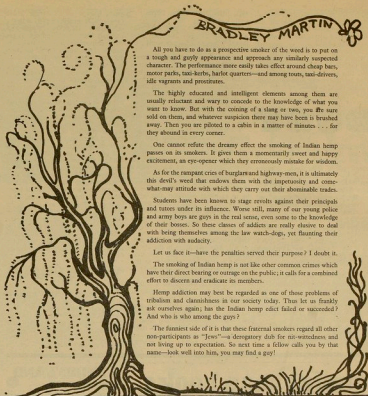
Warning: be advised that due to ingestion effects will not be immediate and generally take anywhere from 45 minutes to an 1½-hours; also, watch out for children and straight neighbours taking an uninvited nibble.

## GINGER HASHCAKE

The following, due I suspect to its strong flavour, is particularly well suited to cover the hash taste, which can be off-putting.

- (1) Melt ½-pound butter in a heavy pan and let cool.
- (2) Beat together well ¼-cup sugar and 1 beaten egg.
- (3) Sift together 2½-cups all-purpose flour, 1½-teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and ginger, ¼-teaspoon salt.
- (4) Combine ½-cup treacle, ¼-cup honey and 1 cup of hot hash-water.
- (5) Mix everything well into the batter.
- (6) Bake for 1 hour at 4th setting (350 degrees) in a greased 9 x 9 x 2-inch pan.

Note: Measurements are American—use British to proportion—a teaspoon is like a standard eating spoon.



next week  
it will publish  
a half issue  
for the  
rolling stones

# FRAGRANCE

Progress at Madame Tussaud's. To gain "greater realism" in their battle of Tragalgar, they're putting six concealed machines round the scene, puffing out spray smelling strongly of cordite every seven-and-a-half minutes. The smell's been created by a firm called International Flavours and Fragrances.

As Engels used to say, how these gentlemen ever smell a battle? In the Hungarian Revolution, during which I saw a security policeman kicked to death, I learnt that there are two prevailing smells in battle, and neither of them's cordite. They're the smell of shit and the smell of decaying flesh.

People in fear of imminent death shit themselves. And dead bodies, left unburied, have a sickly-sweet stink as they start to go off. Not every seven-and-a-half minutes, but all the time. How about it, Messrs. International Pongs and Fartages?

### BETA META BETTA

A further and improved finding on how to bugged up a parking meter by sticking a piece of cellostape onto the sixpence:

I have now found to a closer degree of accuracy the length of cellostape which does the trick best. Previously I quoted 1 1/4 inches as being a possible suitable length for this cellostape tab, but now I find a smaller length somewhere in the region of 1/2 inch works with better success.

An additional important general finding in operating the technique: Often the first tagged sixpence will appear not to have any effect or to have had only the normal effect and

register the amount for the coin paid. But if you then insert a second, un-bugged sixpence this will often bugged up the meter in the desired way by making the needle register, and stick at, the paid-for interval.

Whilst this seems to be working well for me on a run of recent occasions this could still be luck, and it could be that some different length or shape could be better.

# BUST

The girlfriend of temporary U.F.O. manager Simon Barley was detained for just under an hour by West End Central police after being dragged away from Mr. Barley's side as they were walking to a cab on their way home from Happening 44 last Saturday. The policeman in charge refused to give any reasons for the detention, but released her, however, after a call had been put through to the National Council for Civil Liberties. It would appear that the police are now arresting (although they don't call it that), anyone who is walking about in the West End after midnight whose face they don't like.

### Two Kinds of Honour

Juicy piece of hypocrisy, as usual, in the Honours List. Two guys rowed across the Atlantic. One's a captain, the other a sergeant. Both got honours: the captain, an M.B.E., the sergeant a humble B.E.M.

As someone asked in the "Guardian": "Did the officer have smaller ears?"

### THE "HIP SHIP" FLIES INTO LEGAL "HASSLE"

The "Hip Ship" from California went to the air, only like many good things, to be grounded temporarily by suspicious politicians.

California Attorney General Thomas Lynch left hundreds of American and European hippies without a way to travel this summer, when he froze all the assets of the Sir Francis Drake Air Travel Club Inc. This club, formerly planning to operate a "hip ship" was going to fly people between Europe and California for £104 return trip.

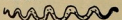
The travel club has received a court injunction on the grounds that the DC-7B aircraft which they planned to operate this summer is unsafe. However, the plane had passed the required inspections and was issued a permit to fly trans-Atlantic. And let it be known, that any plane which passes the U.S. government inspection must be in excellent condition. But, after two British DC-4 crashes, an unfounded fear arose in the minds of the sanaroid California politicians. Steven Metz, the 19-year-old president of the company stated, "They don't stand a chance to make any charge stick, and, we will have our plane in the air on the day after the hearing." The date of the hearing is 23rd June, so the expected arrival of the first flight is somewhere around 24th June.

The club has established a branch office in London, and a British citizen, Richard Gayer, is the manager. The vice-president of the travel club, Leo Steccati, is also in London, and will face the following, "The ugly head of California politics has brewed itself once again; this time it has deprived many beautiful people of a trip to

either Europe or California. These people could not afford to fly with the established airlines due to their ridiculously high prices, and ours is the only economical way to travel to Europe. Thus, we are forced to cancel our June flights to comply with these assinine regulations."

Thomas Lynch, is presently on a personal crusade to "clean up California" and to make it a place for "respectable people to reside." On television recently, he was shown sitting at his desk with a mound of acid capsules spread out in front of him. While lavishly praising his ingenuity for the securing of these capsules—"savouring the minds of innocent people"—he began rummaging his hands over this pile as a miser fondles his gold. With an Attorney General such as this, one readily sees how a travel club of this type would be persecuted.

According to Steccati, the club is still talking the names of people interested in "flying high in the skies" to California. Then, he will send you a card with the results of the hearing and further information about the club. All inquiries should be made by writing to the Sir Francis Drake Air Travel Club Inc., 68 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7, or by phoning 01-589 0287.



### NEWS

After appeals by Mick Faren and Suzy Creamcheese to the U.F.O. audience to give money to pay Dave Tomlin's fine, one young girl came up to Suzy and said she had no money then insisted on Suzy taking the ring off her finger to add to the collection. (See IT girl this issue)

The Best of Books of 1970

a return to natural living... zen macrobiotics

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SEXUAL ADVENTURE IN MARRIAGE

BY JEROME AND JULIA RAINER

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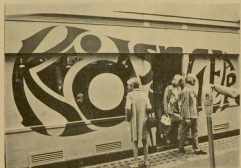
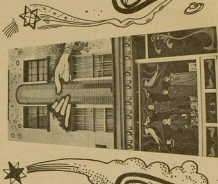
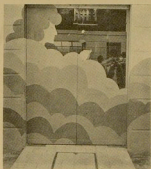
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## LETTER

Dear Editor,

In regard to this copyright debate which has spread from IT's pages to include the TLS as well, I would simply like to add two incidents to the record as they occurred in Bookshop 85. I reproduce them to the best of my memory.

The first took place some months ago when the Last Exit case had just hit the news, and we were all very upset for Calder's sake and for art's sake about this latest insane repression of literature. Mr. Calder came in on a personal and unofficial visit. He looked around the shop and complimented me on the stock and the general look of the shop. We talked a lot about the Last Exit case, on which I pledged any support I could give. We discussed the whole idea of "freedom" in the arts. He then looked up at my little-magazine shelves and saw a complete set of *Loeas Solas*, an out-of-print, special-issue magazine. He said: "You've got to take those off sale."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I have the copyright to a poem in them."

"A poem in them?" I asked. "Does that mean that the whole set is banned? I WENT TO A GREAT DEAL of trouble to import those and to locate them. Surely they are not competing with anything you publish. They are two pounds per volume. They could only interest a specialist collector. They are rare furthermore."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Kasha, I must ask you to take them off sale." He politely said.

"But Mr. Calder, is that poem, or poems, published yet?"

"No, but I have copyright on them." "So, in the interim, it is illegal for anyone in the UK to read them?"

"I am afraid so!" he said.

Is this the freedom in the arts that Mr. Calder wants? It would seem that what Mr. Calder wants is HIS freedom in the arts, so that the money goes into HIS pocket whether it benefits the author and reader or not.

"But, Mr. Simms, look at it reasonably, look at the consequences. What you are arguing for, is that a scholar who wants a specific edition from the U.S. because of a misprint or a cor-

# backlash

rection, or because of an inclusion or exclusion of materials different than the U.K. edition, has no legal right to have the edition he wants. Or that a collector who wants a first edition (if the work originates in the U.S.) has no right to buy it."

"Scholars problems and students problems do not interest me. All I know is that I work for Peter Owen and you can't sell those books. To hell with culture and art! We're in it for the money! You've got to remember that!" he shouted pounding his fist down on a new Faber title.

"You would never have to worry about U.S. imports if your books were not so badly produced. You bind nothing in cloth, only in that pseudo-cloth paper binding. Your books are badly sewn, and the paper is of very low grade. Yet you charge 37/6 for a short novel in crown octavo? No wonder you're worried about U.S. infringements," I said.

"Mr. Kasha! We are in it for MONEY! We have low printings. No one buys our books. Only libraries buy our books. Bookshops are only 2% of our total sales."

"Well," I said, "if bookshops are only 2% of your sales, then I hardly see how my having a few copies of an American edition of one of your authors, can be harming you."

The second incident took place last week when the representative of Peter Owen brought to Bookshop 85 the sale manager of Peter Owen, Mr. Nicholas Simms. (In order to understand what follows, the reader is warned that Mr. Simms is very young, very inexperienced, very dominated by Mr. Owen, and very excitable.) Mr. Simms looked around the shop and was no doubt pleased to find that we stocked almost every Peter Owen

title in print—the he did not mention this. After having looked about for a little while he saw that we had all of Anais Nin's works in the Peter Owen edition as well as the Swallow press edition. He turned to me, incensed, saying:

"What is the meaning of this? You can't sell these! They must be taken off of the shelves immediately. You must return them to Swallow immediately."

Not pleased with either his rudeness nor his commanding tone, I mentioned intention of returning them. It took a great deal of time to get them here. Furthermore, I want to keep them. In regard to Nin, I keep your editions only to be fair.

The Swallow editions are based on the editions that Nin set the type for herself, and she and Swallow were the pioneers in publishing her work. Therefore, because I am an admirer of Nin, and for the sake of the "cult" surrounding her work, I wanted to have the U.S. edition. It isn't to undersell your editions. As you can see the prices of the U.S. paperbacks are almost the same as your "cloth" bound editions, so that only a real collector or devotee will buy the Nin in Swallow editions."

"I don't care about collectors." Mr. Simms cried out. "I work for Peter Owen. I agree with you personally, but I work for Owen. We have to think of the money."

"I realize that," I said. "But, in fact, the only Nin we have sold here in the shop since we opened have been copies of the "Journal". And all copies of the "Journal" sold have been in the Peter Owen edition. So you really have no right to assert that I am hurting Owen financially by importing these editions."

"Look. All I can say is this, Mr. Kasha, I say that you must take those editions off the shelves..."

"It does nevertheless. You have got to send all those Nims back to the U.S."

"You know that absurd. I refuse to take them off the shelves, because I reserve the liberty and freedom to sell what I want in this bookshop and to order whatever my customers like. When I use the word 'freedom' I mean the word 'freedom'. And you wouldn't have low printings if you published your titles in paperback originally. You should have published "Book of Grass" in paper to start with, at 15/-, let's say, and you would have tripled your sales, and as a consequence had a larger printing and a larger reprinting and thus made a bigger profit per copy. Instead, you published it at almost two pounds. You deny a great potential readership by such a price. You should realize that most of the people who read avant garde literature are young, and the young are rarely anything but poor. Students can barely afford to buy 1/- books, much less a two pound book!" I said.

He replied: "Students! We all know about students! They use all our taxed money on student grants and the bloody students live it up with all their money. If someone wants a book enough, they'll pay out the nose for it, so price is too high."

Enough said. That is the spokesman of an avant garde publisher, Avant garde! What hope is there for it if this is the kind of publishers that serve it! Needless to say, the next day, I received instructions from my boss to remove all Swallow press books from the shelves as he was being threatened with legal action by Peter Owen. I have done so because I would not like to see the bookshop harmed by a legal action, an action of repression.

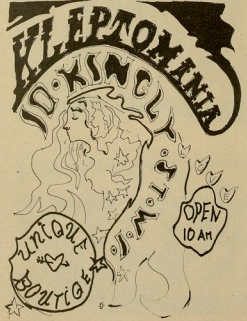
I foresee the day that if certain publishers threaten certain bookshops enough, and bully them continually, then those bookshops will stop stocking certain publishers books entirely. The time draws near. The public and the bookseller is tired of the hypocrisy of certain publishers in their quest for their own brand of censorship.

HUGO KASHA

ALMANAH  
L  
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talsman from the SACRED MAGIC OF ABRAMELIN THE MAGE, recommended for "gaining the affection of a judge".



# MILESTRIP

"Two persons were shot dead and several others injured in a gun battle between shoplifters and store detectives in a Bronx supermarket today."

The revolution is near the surface in the UNITED STATES. As Con-Ed pours filthy smoke and pollution into the air.

Tompkins Square Park is the focal point for hippie-power in the Lower East Side of New York. In the surrounding blocks are the Tompkins Square Bookshop, 10th Street Books, The Peace Eye Bookshop, the old E.V.O. Office, The Leather Shop, The Psychedelicatessen, Psychedel Community Centre and many cafes, bars and boutiques all serving the hippie community. Two weeks ago the first major encounter between police and hippies occurred in the park where the hippies got their heads smashed and the city apologetic—Mayor Lindsey's second in command saying that the hippies should remember that the police are essentially a fascist organization. One photo on the E.V.O. files shows one policeman holding a hippie's head while another pushed down on his jaw and twists his thumb back. A third cop stands by laughing. Three police stand on each corner of the park now and more are available from an emergency van parked on 88th Street just off the Square. The Ukrainians and Puerto Ricans of the area have not made any arrangements with the hip community and the "melting pot" just doesn't melt. Con-Ed pours

shit into the air, the humidity and heat are both very high and in as much as physical conditions play a part in riots, the time is right. As several members of the community say "When the shit hits the fan, the hippy gets it in the head."

Ed Sanders magazine, "Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts" was declared not obscene though Captain Fink of the 9th Precinct has not returned the seized copies yet nor has he returned Sanders' film *Mongolian Cluster Fuck* which was seized during the same raid. Ed has two new publications out: *Fuck God in the Ass* and an underground newspaper called *The Dick*.

The Mothers of Invention expect to be here in late September. Their stage act in New York is like their new album, *Absolutely Free*, structured like an opera. Zappa stands amid domes of people who appear in a state of total anarchy. At the raise of his army they move from one number to another or stop or start. Groups leap about the stage with tambourines or sweep up the mashed fruit that another Mother eats and spits out again into the audience—all a bit messy. The act requires a fairly complete knowledge of American classic pop music for a good appreciation of its musical content—they will blow people's minds here.

The Pugs are still playing in the Village—the words making up a certain lack of music continuity. Ken Weaver's brilliant humour and Sanders' direct approach (?) hold the audience in a way that no other group

could—what am I trying to say?—The pornographic interlude in the middle of the show would probably be unintelligible here but is very funny. Tuli Kupferberg visualises many of the songs in a way of his own, particularly in *Kill For Peace*.

The Grateful Dead and the Group Image were at the Cheetah with an expensive light show. The Dead play like a more electronic version of Tomorrow, the Group Image are a mixture of the Soft Machine and A.M.—heavily experimental, heavily amplified. The light show is overdone and becomes lame. It seems to be pre-selected or programmed in some way though there seemed to be operators on the projectors.

Tim Leary and most of the occupants of the Castalia Foundation at Millbrook are presently living in the woods of their 3,000 acre estate. They have meadows and streams and woods. The house has had most of the shrines taken from it to their summer "camp" and was only open when I got there for laundry day. They have a great deal of trouble both from local residents in Millbrook, a square, rich, anti-semitic town, and from the 20 people a day who arrive hoping to stay. The house is big 64 rooms and the Ashram attached is almost as big but the very cost of feeding and bedding so many people is prohibitive. Leary is writing a bible. A bible being a history of a movement or religion, his is divided into four volumes with each chapter on a hexagram from *Ch'i-Ch'ing*. The first volume "High Priest" is being published by the New American Library in a few weeks. This title and some of the aspects of the place, i.e. the vegetable garden planted in mandala circles of carrots, onions, etc., is characteristic of the slight self-admitted coyness of Leary. The number of autographs he is asked for in the East Village would indicate that though he has "dressed-

out" he is still the victim of the American "Star-system" which is the most powerful destructive force the establishment can use. He seems to weather it very well, though the complexity of his legal situation can really only be understood by a computer and the full weight of the communications-systems enquiries and questions are on him all the time. A small wedding was conducted (legally) at the Foundation the other week with a simple beautiful ceremony. Leary has teased to perform his light shows and readings which attracted the huge critical comment from all branches of society (hip and square) and has decided to return to India for a spell. His dropping out may have some interesting effects on the American scene—if the "tribal" societies really develop this may well be the beginning of the most exciting era of American history. Some confirmation of this is provided by Rolling Thunder, chief of the Shoshonians who attended the San Francisco U.P.S. conference in April and spoke of a prophecy. In the late 19th century an Indian Shaman left a cave painting saying that in the future, after a time of great trial, the Shoshone were to be reincarnated as white men. Rolling Thunder says that as far as the Shoshone and the Hopi nations are concerned the turned-out youth of America are the fulfillment of that prophecy. For fuller details see the latest issue of *Psychedel Review* (number 9) and the American Indian issue of *Innerspace*.

The tribal situation is of course a false heritage for most Americans as well as the guilt many Americans have about the Indians. It is interesting to see All Katzenman speaking of his guilt towards the Comanches (American Indians) when his ancestors were still in Europe at the time of the mas-

cont. on page 12

## SEEDY BEE BY JEFF NUTTALL





# 'CYN' it · GIRL

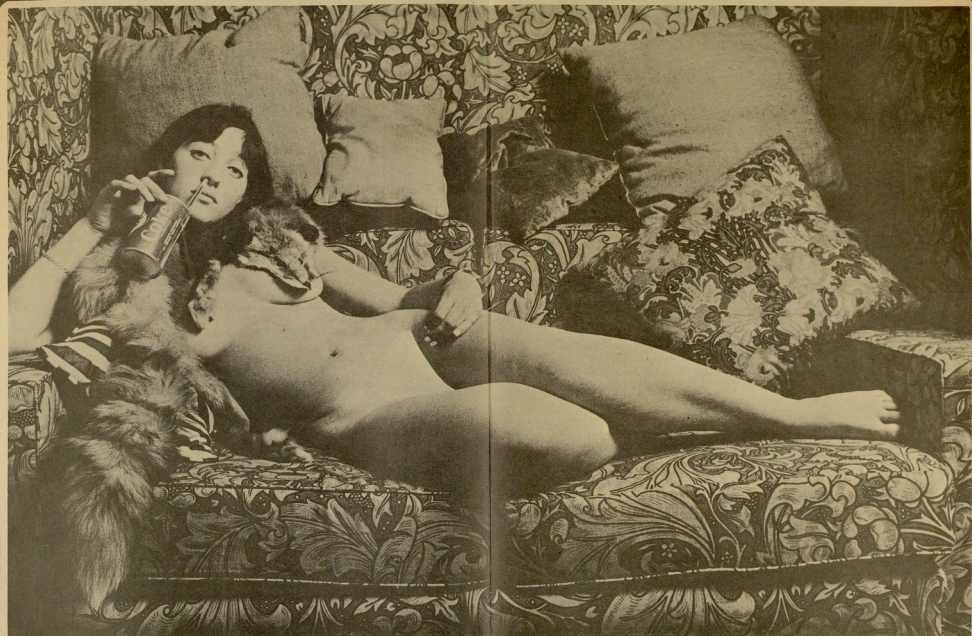
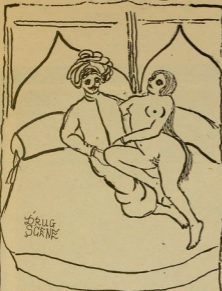


photo: Malcolm Hart





## MIDDLE EAST

**DRUG SCENE: MIDDLE EAST**  
The scene's getting hot everywhere these days—not just England. If you're thinking of heading east, here's a few tips.

**KUWAIT**  
I get told different stories of this place, the richest place in the world where one can con money and fags and clothes like water—but having served a six month sentence there for hash I've got a different viewpoint. In the past year 13 European hitch-hikers (mainly English) have been busted, each serving three or six months in prison. There are 10,000 police informers out of 500,000 and most locals would shop you anyway. Hash is very illegal there—so is alcohol. The police force (money from oil) wants to gain status in Istanbul for busting "international drug smugglers", i.e. itinerant bums who've got a bit of hash for themselves and let themselves be persuaded to sell it to someone who really needs it (the informer). Informers include a 15-year-old boy and a one-legged man, and they're quite ready to smoke you into a false sense of security before they shop you.

Now as soon as a hitch-hiker enters Kuwait they put a tail on him—they know us too well. Most guys go to Kuwait to sell their blood (£10), con a bit and buy cheap watches. If you do you don't take any shit in (they open every bag and even if you get it in safely, you'll find it pretty impossible to smoke it and certainly to sell it).

Don't give them any excuse to bust you—they'll bust you just for overstaying your visa. One guy trying to avoid a £30 fine in England, got to Kuwait in the rain. He borrowed a few pieces of wood and canvas from a broken down deserted hut and made a tent a few yards away. The cops arrived and stung him in jail. After twenty-one days (no bail in Kuwait) he went to court, got a £40 fine—no money to pay so he stayed two months in the jail. According to other prisoners he went mad towards the end. All because he didn't want to get wet—the irony of it is that in the summer, with temperatures in the 110s there's no rain for eight months and in all the winter there's only about two inches of rain. Sick.

The Arab countries are thought of as safe for hash—being regarded "en bloc" as a growing area—the main Arab sources are just the Lebanon, Morocco and other parts of North Africa and the non-Arab countries of Turkey, Iran, Nepal, Afghanistan and Pakistan. Generalisations are dangerous, especially if they lead to jail! Jordan (you can bribe the C.I.D. with 2/-), the Lebanon and Morocco are reasonably safe; Kuwait, Egypt (which has introduced the death penalty for hashish smuggling) and Iraq are becoming increasingly dangerous.

### BEIRUT—THE LEBANON

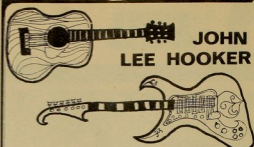
It's said that you can get hash freely in Lebanese jails if you were ever caught, and the sentence would probably just be deportation. Hash is only £10 a kilo there (locals get it for £5) but you've got to watch out for the bad stuff—the more "elastic" it is the better it is.

On the way back I got the following story of the hashish power struggle in the Middle East. Nasser hates hash: partly because he believes it's keeping Egypt backward and partly because the hashish "barons" of Egypt are very rich and powerful and in their local areas are a threat to the central power of the State (it is against them really that hashish smuggling has been made a capital crime).

The Lebanon is a very small country; the U.A.E. is very powerful; the Lebanon has secret trade with Israel (cargo boats call at Beirut then Tej Aviv) which Nasser at present turns a blind eye to, but which is always available as a "pressure" (the political word for blackmail) weapon. Since the Lebanon is the main supplier of hashish to the Egyptian market Nasser earlier this year increased the pressure.

However, it was not so simple, for not only is hashish one of the major industries in the Lebanon but also the President comes from Baalbek (in the mountains), the main hashish producing area. When both sides in a power struggle are equal the general result is a compromise and this is what they did.

The Beirut police will turn a blind eye to the Baalbek people growing and smoking hash, but when strangers



## JOHN LEE HOOKER

### INTERVIEW BETWEEN MAXIM ZWEMMER AND JOHN LEE HOOKER

**MAX**—People like you and Lightning Hopkins started off with the steel guitar, that is the original blues guitar, what do you feel about your transition to electronic equipment?  
**JLH**—Well, I've been doing electronics now for about 10 years. Well, when I went into it, like this is what you find in the modern days and that you've got to switch to, cos, how low like twanging, you don't play in coffee houses all the time. When we started with just plain guitars we didn't have this low-ow-pow-wow audio stuff all the time. We had the quiet places where you'd sit down and there wasn't all these things like this. But in these modern electronic days we got to use this stuff and we got to learn to use it and live with it.

**M**—Do you think electronics adds to the original expression of blues?  
**JLH**—You mean electronic-wise?

**M**—Yeah, man. You think it's a transition from the original folk art?  
**JLH**—Yes, it is. Because you look back in the past and what are you doing today. You understand what I'm try-

ing to get over to you? What do you call rock and roll nowadays. You follow me? It's the same thing what we were doing way back before I started the same thing with ordinary jazz we changed the rhythm a little bit. It's the same thing they call modern now. They call it rock and roll. But it was all called Soul Blues. The Blues was the soul of this music. You take Spirituals and Blues and put them together. You take the jazz you did, the cat's got to have a soul, see? He's got to play Blues way before he can play jazz. Because you can tell these people have got a feeling for it. Working way up from the Blues, you see Cannonball Adderley is one of my favourites everything he do is so soulful. Because, you see, these people have the Blues first.

**M**—How do you find people like Jimmy Hendrix and Bob Dylan as New Style Blues singers?  
**JLH**—Well, but those fellows, they just don't have a soul. They're doing this because the blues are a big thing now. Because everyone is on the blues wagon now.

**M**—You think they're just doing it for bread alone?  
**JLH**—Well, they're just doing it for bread alone.

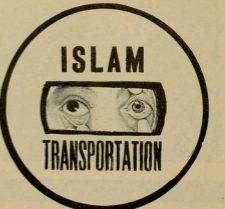
come to buy, they sell it to them, give their description to the police, who arrest the buyer, and give the hash back to the seller (also practised sometimes in Morocco). As a result of this new policy two coachloads of hash were caught—all Beirut's hash for a month—as well as many individuals, including hitch-hikers. The scene in Beirut is round by the American university and one the shore, but watch the fuzz.

### ISTANBUL

An American got two-and-a-half years just for smoking. Last Christmas came a few get bust, especially in raids on places like the Gulhane Hotel (they have raids in Istanbul too). In one raid a girl trying to get rid of it hid some hash under a guy's bed. The

guy was clean but he got bust all the same. Scene mainly round the Sultan Ahmed (the Blue) Mosque, constantly moving round cheap hotels to keep one step ahead of fuzz. Watch plain clothes. Rest of Turkey not so bad. Romilar in sale legally in Greece, Turkey, Spain and the Arab countries. Proludin also legal in the Arab States.

Avoid carrying hash too much, especially across borders—EEC borders non-existent. Most customs easy to watch Morocco to Spain, Denmark to Sweden, Turkey to Greece, Afghanistan to Iran, Iraq to and from Kuwait (every bag opened on this border both ways) and of course Europe to England. DON'T BE NAIVE—DON'T RAVE—COOL IT.



JLH—They got plenty of bread. And they're doing it for the bread because, you know, the blues are a big thing. They say why not. We are going to get on this band wagon and we get out in front because we can do it. And they do it because it's in. You follow me good? I do it because I love it. I don't care about the money.

M—When you're on the stage you look as though you're alone. You don't look as though you feel your audience.

JLH—Yeah. Yeah. I feel it deep. And this is because I mean I feel this stuff so deep. I'm in another world from them. I can wake up in my hotel room and like I mean in the night I can pick up my guitar something hits me and like it's a good blues. I just have to get out of my bed and grab my guitar. You dig, it gets so deep into me, you know. I just come into it.

M—When you get up in your room you play for yourself. When you're on stage do you play to your audience specifically?

JLH—Both to the audience and myself. I'm trying to get over to them what when I'm by myself I feel. You follow me good? I'm sitting down. I can get over more when I feel I play for myself, then I'm reaching my audience. I'm trying to feel. I don't know what they dig what I'm doing. The fast stuff or the slow stuff. If they dig the slow stuff I lie on that. I hit them hard with that. If they dig the fast stuff I go hot with that. I've got to play for myself and them. Because when I find I'm pleasing them I get back to myself. When I find I'm playing for myself and I feel they like that then I'm back to myself. I have to feel my audience out.

M—How do you find the West Coast

scene in the States? Compared to England.

JLH—Well, now you've really got me going. I'll tell you what. The people on the West Coast really dig the blues, more so than in any other state in the U.S.A., excluding Chicago. The



people on the West Coast, they really appreciate, they dig it so deep. They dig strictly blues. They don't dig this how-how, rock and roll stuff. They want the real Masey.

M—In that case, man, why have you changed from the real blues into this electronic stuff?

JLH—Well, let me get back to what I just got to telling you. You see, I play in all kinds of places. In some places they do dig electronics. In some places they do not dig electronics. I play in a place like a Whisky-A-Go-Go, then I've got to be loud. I don't

like it but I follow the programme, everybody to have their own share of happiness. People you dig are just people. But in the U.S.A. they fight with each other. Everybody should feel the way that I feel and it's a pity they don't. If they did, it would be a beautiful world. If you people want to come where I am at then I'll take you there. You hear the way I am talking to you now? Well, on the bandstand I am a different man. It hits me so deep that I can't even smile. I have no room to smile up there, I'm just sincere. I think everyone should just be themselves. Number one, you're just a human being; number two, you got to die and when you die you all got to be buried and there's enough land here for everyone to just walk on, to be peaceful on. You see, life is like that, so I don't worry about that. I don't worry about people either. Let them fight, you know, I'm happy.

M—You say you're happy but the Blues are sad?

JLH—Yes, but I know what I do and I feel what I do and I love to be sad playing the Blues. I just feel it so deep. I eat and I sleep with the Blues. In the past I've starved but now I got a lot of bread and I don't worry about money any more. I've got three cars so I've just bought a brand new '67 Riviera what-do-you-call-it, with the push-button windows and the stuck in the floor. It's like automatic. So I just don't want to worry about dying, I just want to sing the Blues. If I can eat three meals a day and play, then I'm happy. I don't care about money. But I don't sing just for the money. A lot of folks sing just for the money but everyone loves money.

M—You act just like a self-contained unit whereas people like Harrison feel

the need for a Guru—a teacher. Do you feel that where you are now is where you want to be and there is nowhere else?

JLH—Well, I've been where I want to be for a long time now. Why should I change myself. If I changed myself, I wouldn't be happy doing it.

M—You said people like Hendrix and Dylan are synthetic and you don't dig them?

JLH—Well, they got lots of bread. M—What do you think of Dylan, not as a singer but as a person?

JLH—Well, I think he's a great great guy. And I know this. Do you know the way I know? Because I know Dylan around Greenwich village because that's the place he was raised up at. I knew Dylan when he was nobody. I used to play round New York and Greenwich village, at the cafe Agogo and Gerold's Folk City and Goody's Vanguard. I used to get a flat up there where I stayed for a couple of months and Dylan would be right up there with me. Nobody knewed about Dylan. He loved his harmonica and guitar and he was just a down-to-earth like that. He loved what he done but he made a lot of bread so he turned to rock and roll. But he's still at his own self though when he's doing his folk songs and that.

M—But you said Dylan didn't really feel it?

JLH—He don't feel the Rock and Roll stuff. He's doing the Rock and Roll. He doesn't feel that but the other stuff he do.

M—For instance, Free-wheelin'?

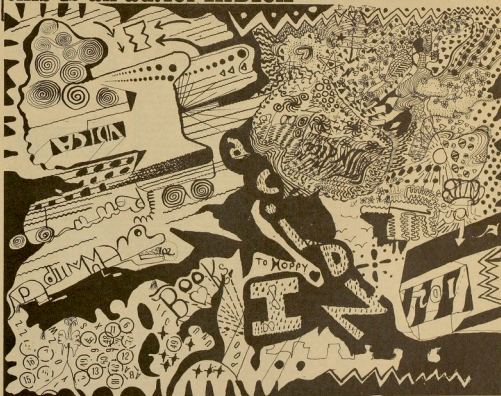
JLH—Yeah, but the other stuff that he's doing now with a big band is just a gimmick. That's the way I feel about it. And I told him that too.

JLH—He just laughed.

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# THE METEORS' TALES

## INTRODUCTION

Chris Breyer

Antonin Artaud—poet, playwright, director, aesthetician, actor, polemicist, cabaretist, alchemist—has become, in one of the seminal consciousnesses of our time, born in Marseilles in 1895, Artaud participated in Surrealist activities during the Twenties, writing poems, essays, plays, acting on stage and in films, in 1927 he became the Surrealists and founded the short-lived Alfred Jarry Theatre; turned on to the Balinese Theatre in 1931 and began developing theories embodied in *The Theatre and its Double*; visited Mexico in 1936 and dropped psyche with the Tarahumara Indians; was confined in various mental institutions from 1937 to 1946, during which time he went through electro-shock treatments and wrote extensively, notably, "Van Gogh: The Man Slandered by Society"; continued lecturing and writing until his death in 1948, most particularly "To End God's Judgment", arguably his finest poetical work.

Artaud's greatest impact so far has been in the theatre. *The Theatre and its Double* (available in English in an Evergreen paperback), with Brecht's writings surely the greatest theoretical monument of the century, postulates a theatre that explodes 2,500 years of word-ridden, ego-hung deadwood, a total, mystic, electronic, neutral theatre, "this crucible of fire and real meat where by an anatomical trampling of bone, limbs and syllables are renewed and the mystical act of making a body presents itself physically and plainly," a theatre of transcendent super-reality, of essence, of mass, all-media spectacle. His legacy can be felt in the work of Genet, Ionesco, Brecht, the Petaloes and Brecht in the mixed-media happenings here and in the States.

In his non-theatrical poems, essays and letters, Artaud pursues, through exercising self-examination, "his darkly mystical vows of man's place in the universe" in a society in "this useless body made of meat and wild sperm" with "its horny stink of atoms, its randy stink of abject detritus." The major collection in English of non-theatrical Artaud is the *City Lights Artaud Anthology* (including the Artaud-Riviere Correspondence, "All writing is pisshit," "Concerning a Journey to the Land of the Tarahumaras," "Van Gogh," the "Electro-shock Fragments" and many others). "To End God's Judgment" is translated in *Tulane Drama Review*, Spring 1945.

## LETTERS FROM

ANTONIN ARTAUD

TO ANAIS NIN

(14th or 15th June, 1933)

I brought many people, men and women to see the beautiful canvas, but it is the first time I ever saw artistic emotion make a human being tremble like you. Your senses trembled, and I realised that the body and the mind are formally linked in you, because such a pure

spiritual impression could unleash such a powerful storm in your organism. But in that unusual marriage it is the mind that lords over the body, and dominates it, and it must end up by dominating it in every way. I feel that there is a world of things within you that are begging to be born should it find its exorcist. You are not completely aware of this yourself but you invoke it with your whole mind, and especially with all your senses, your woman's senses which in you are also of the mind.

Being what you are, you should understand great painful joy, and even my superstition at having met you this way, all at once I find my infinite sentimental solitude gratified completely and hermetically fulfilled (in every way), and fulfilled in a way that frightens me, fate has brought me more than I could have dreamed, hoped for, everything I never thought brings, everything that is ineluctable, and written in the heavens, comes in spite of things with no hesitation, spontaneously, right away, with no retreat, so beautiful it is frightening! It makes me believe that miracles



exist in this world, even though I think that you and I do not quite belong to this world, and that's it, this meeting that was too perfect stupefies me and affects me like a pain. And then there is also this fact, that my mind, my life are a series of illuminations and eclipses and these eclipses that play within me play also around me on everything I touch, and I cannot be anything but a perpetual disappointment to anyone who approaches me. You must already have noticed that where in certain areas I have intuition, sort of sharp revelations, in others I am merely darkness and idiosyncrasy, the simplest things escape me and a rare and subtle understanding is needed to admit, and to accept this mixture, when this darkness affects the feelings that people have the right to expect of me. Several things bring us together terribly, but especially one thing; our silence. Your silence is the same as mine. And you are the only person with whom my own silence has not embarrassed me. For people who vibrate in a way where one feels the essence of things go by, I feel that it is strangely alive, like a trap opened over a bottomless pit, where one can hear the silent secret murmur of the earth. In all I am telling you there is no useless or manufactured poetry, because you know that very well. I would like to express strong impressions, real impressions I experienced but concerning things one does not usually talk about. When I said on the station platform: we are like two souls lost in infinite space. I felt that moving silence talking to me and it could have made me sob with joy. You make me confront the best and the most things terrifying, with me, and only in front of you do I feel that I need not be ashamed, I want violent embraces from you, I want to penetrate you, be within you, so that we may feel that full vibration, you and

me, the vibration that brings things of the mind to light. Only with you can an embrace not be useless, but contrary magnetisms that are allied into contact with each other, establish a perfect cycle. Even though you still give me everything as I, you can complement. If our minds like the same images, desire the same shapes, the same apparitions, physically, organically, you are the hot, the flowing, supple, voluptuous, caressing



thing, whilst I am the hard steel, burned fossilised vegetation, oxidised, hard mineral. A violent need that is beyond our understanding, pushed you towards me, you were immediately aware of this, you saw the formidable likeness, felt the good I could do you, and the good you were destined to do to me, but as I am also sometimes blind, I fear lest destiny blind you too, that you might lose contact with all these discoveries, with this life which I must marvel at, finally I fear that suddenly you will carry you away and cause you not to recognise me anymore, or that during one of those periods when I am separated from myself, that the disappointment you would feel would make you cease to recognise me and I would lose you, I would then lose you again completely. Something wonderful has only just begun and could fill a whole lifetime, I am telling you this with all the sincerity my soul can muster, with all the seriousness and gravity of which I am capable, for a week now, I will be back tomorrow, I have felt that my life was radically changed and yesterday there was the material consecration of that radical transformation. Write to me, write to me a human letter, a complete one where you will tell me the price you would then like to pay for the reasons you had for saying that you distracted me on a certain plane. When I ask you to itemise the price of our union I want to make you make certain images come alive for me, images where I can feel our own life. Since yesterday you have given me a woman's mouth pursuing me, but like an idea, an essence. That taste is not a bodily thing, it strips the real meaning of a soul naked, it teaches me many things about a whole secret life, that I would not know without it. I have a nanny my mother gave me when I was four years old and that my intimate friends call me: Nana qui. It describes my innocence also and the purest part of my life.

Nanaqui



Paris, Tuesday, 27th June, 1933  
We have a world of things to stir up together; if you wish we will stir them out loud. All that is too serious, touches the heart of things and in a simple letter I don't want to answer your multitudinous questions, especi-

ally the great question your multi-form attitude poses!

Nanaqui.  
P.S.—You will understand my silence in response and my great brevity,  
—in Paris—

(July 1933)

In your last two letters there is an almost sublime feeling, very much like that inaccessible fire that dominates the cursed city in Lot's picture. That feeling could be inaccessible even for you, unfortunately the soul cannot live by its own illuminations. But anyway there is a sublime feeling, and all souls do not possess meteors like yours. Right now you are under the sign "of Agni".

Nanaqui.

And human beings may well bray that things are such as they are and that there is nothing more to look for, me, I can see that they have lost their foothold, and that for a long time they don't know what they are saying, for the way they stretch out over the flow of ideas, and where words are used to speak with, they have no idea where they want to find them.

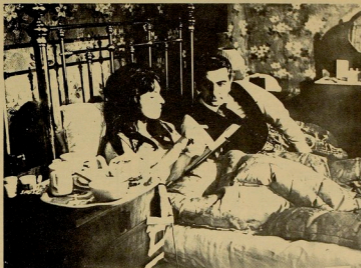
Antonin Artaud.

Translated by Mary Beach.



sacres. (In *IKON Magazine*). In Britain where a tribal situation is even more distant it would seem that this is the point of departure in the development of the two "underground" communities, except for the fact that here there has always been a fondness for utopian and idealistic communities in the country. Whether this can be extended to city communities or not remains to be seen, in any event there is nothing wrong with gaining safety in numbers and the various plans for the development of Covent Garden as a sort of London Lower East Side can do no harm. Notting Hill Gate is too expensive and too residential for such a community —there are few shops available and it is already occupied by a West Indian and student community. Covent Garden is being chipped down as a fruit market, already many huge buildings are to let or for sale, it has the one thing Notting Hill Gate and London generally lacks: Space! If you are planning a boutique, bookshop, communal flat, head shop or whatever—that is the place for it. Obviously at first trade will be hot in the long run everything will be all right.

# veinsreivewsreivewsreiv



## ULYSSES

What eccentric nonsense censorship is: latest example is Joseph Strick's film of James Joyce's *ULYSSES*. SES at Academy Cinema One. Although banned by the Censor the G.L.C. has given it a "London X" certificate: so you swanning Londoners at least can see it.

Don't expect anything shocking. What you will see on the screen would hardly bring a blush to Queen Victoria's pudgy cheeks.

The sound-track retains some of Joyce's original words—as many as can be squeezed into the length of a film—and this must presumably be what the Censor wanted to tamper with.

It would have been a pity. Strick has treated Joyce's masterpiece with great reverence—perhaps too much reverence from the purely filmic point-of-view.

The words—of course—are beautiful and very nicely spoken by Barbara Jefford as Molly and Milo O'Shea as Bloom. Maurice Rooves as Daedalus gets a smaller slice of the original, is wonderfully—but not too obviously—suited to the part and plays it with an uncommonly truthful balance of tension and relaxation.

The first part of the film is visually promising. The scenes on top of the Martello tower and in the Dublin streets are full of fresh air and natural humour: well composed and smoothly edited, they are a clear exposition of Joyce's novel—much easier to comprehend than the book, but faithful to it.

Milo O'Shea, a splendid Bloom, at once sensitive and resilient, reacts to circumstances like litmus paper, blue and pink by turns.

One tiny scene—in which he is absorbed in savouring a nude statue until he realises that he is being watch by a solid and respectable citizen, is a classical piece of silent film comedy.

In a fantasy sequence we see him naked but for a bowler hat, prudishly placed, whilst his friends accuse him. This is a vulgar shot—and very successful. It is a pity that Strick has not let himself go more often.

If the film as a whole had this comic quality it would be virtually nearer Joyce. Most is an impeccable taste and so a little flat.

The last twenty minutes or more of the film consist of Molly Bloom's rath interior monologue—presumably the bit that ran into Censor Trouble.

She speaks it clearly: I mean, clearly. It is instantly understandable to the whole audience, is a delight to listen to—and certainly much less hard work than trying to replace all those missing full stops Joyce so cunningly left out of the book.

Unfortunately the visual illustration of the words is mostly pretty drab: like a phallic pistol or stamen or whatever sex it is sticking up out of an arm lily.

Yet—had this sequence been somewhat more imaginatively shot it would have been even more distracting.

Literary-style stream-of-consciousness writing simply does not translate into images. The puns—and Joyce is full of puns—are verbal and usually make visual nonsense.

Film stream-of-consciousness is hardly in its infancy yet and will be developed not by straining to photograph word associations but by using optical associations.

No film-maker—not Strick, nor Godard nor Antonioni nor the Underground spliced together in one single psychotic loop—is yet sophisticated enough to match James Joyce at this elaborate game.

The thoughts should have been left entirely to the words: we needed nothing to watch but Molly and Bloom in bed, a pathetically chaste and comic situation, their feet on each other's pillows. These shots formed a very much better accompaniment to the monologue than any of the somewhat floundering flights of fancy.

The director could have found all his visual material in the bedroom itself. He should have done more to make it smell it.

But please see this film. You can take your parents. It won't corrupt them—whatever the censor thinks.

CHARLIE STAIRCASE

## CHILDREN OF SHIVA AT THE SPEAKEASY

Last night (June 19th) Alan Reid's Children of Shiva dance group made their first appearance at London's Speakeasy Club.

Once you get over the initial paradox of a Scotsman, an Australian and two Americans performing Indian folk art, this group can be, at times, extremely beautiful. At the Speakeasy, however, these odd moments of beauty were not enhanced by the "in crowd" drunks or the waitresses desperately keeping the supply of Scotch and coke running. The other problem seems to be that Alan Reid is incapable of using a microphone without getting the most appalling feedback. He really must appreciate that a microphone is one of the tools of his trade and learn to use it properly.

The high points of the evening were the two spots with their new sitar player and the final number when Mimi and Mouse danced triumphantly to the George Harrison track of the "Sergeant Pepper" L.P.

Jeff Beck really should have stayed to see this number.

## ARTHUR BROWN AT UFO

Arthur Brown arrived at UFO last week with what appeared to be a new P.A. set, microphones for his drummer and his organist, more make-up, more "flaming" head-dresses, more changes of clothing and the best act I've ever seen him do. In addition to the well-worn and well-loved "I'll put a spell on you" and the epic-length "Witch doctor" he included some new material in his act. The most notable of which was a number called "Give him a flower". Arthur Brown is probably the most individual entertainer to emerge from the underground scene. He is almost getting to the point where his ad lib remarks between numbers are becoming as entertaining as the songs themselves. Although his drummer and organist are amongst some of the best I've heard, I feel it is going to be very difficult to create the atmosphere of one of his live performances on record.

The Soft Machine performed two very competent but possibly by now rather predictable sets. A collection was taken to help pay the fine imposed on Dave Tomlin of the Sun Trolley; this raised just over £25.

## CHARLES LLOYD



The last two years have in many ways been lean ones for jazz musicians, but one who has been able to fight the tide of public apathy is a bespectacled ex-school teacher from Tennessee by the name of Charles Lloyd. About nine months ago, exciting reports started to filter through the musical press about the Charles Lloyd quartet packing in crowds in Europe, Scandinavia, and America. The group appeared recently at a "Family Dog" psychedelic event in California, and was a resounding success.

The Quartet's first live appearance in Britain was at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on Saturday, 17th June. The lineup was the same as it has been for the last 18 months except that Ron McClure has recently replaced Cecil McBee on bass. The programme was all Charles Lloyd's original compositions; he composes melodic, almost ballad-like themes, and the group improvises over a related mode or loosely repeated figure. Lloyd's playing ranges from breathy intimacy to shouting intensity, his technique especially on flute is superb, and he runs intricate melodic trails very freely through the rhythmic landscape. Keith Jarrett the pianist, who first impressed the jazz world when playing with Art Blakey, plays powerful melodic lines, and harmonises in a style reminiscent of the classically influenced Bill Evans, but also has a trick when things are soft, of leaning over and plucking the strings inside the piano. Ron McClure, in spite of recently having joined the group, fits in well on bass, and is an excellent soloist.

The drummer Jack de Johnette was a little disappointing: I had expected a wild surging torrent or rhythm enveloping the whole group's sound, but instead de Johnette was content to provide an unobtrusive rhythmic foundation from which the front line could take off.

The emotional range of the whole group was remarkably wide; they were able to build and recede together, and move into nice areas of mood. As a climax, the last number of each set built into a wild expression of musical freedom which went far beyond the organised sound which



# reviewsreviewsreviews

**CHARLES LLOYD** can't be the group's trademark, and this provoked an enthusiastic reaction from the audience; however, this wave of avant garde musical sound was used more for an effect than for considered musical expression. The sound halfway between the old and the new. Surely the time has come for a promoter to take the challenge and promote a concert by some of the musicians who stand at the head of the new movement. Musicians: Bob San Ra, Cecil Taylor, or Archie Shepp.

STEPHEN PANK

## GODARD

**MASCULINE/FEMININE**, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; photographed by Raoul Costantini; starring Jean-Claude Laude and Chantal Goya; at the Cameo, Royal and Victoria.

Caveat emptor, those who go to see Godard's new film for an "outrageous" Outspoken [Sexual] [Investigation of "Sex and the Teenager," to quote Gala's sublimely banal ad-vert. As a semi-documentary chronicle of Swinging Paris (if such a place exists) *Masculine/Feminine* is truly as unhip as Blow-Up—the hero thinks rock 'n roll dancing is degoutant and has never heard of Bob Dylan; although Vietnam and The Pill are discussed [naively], the characters are decidedly ununiversity and essentially chaste; the music is square French yeye and drugs do not exist.

For, although the characters are younger and more apparently innocent than Karina and Belmondo, *M/F* is most centrally a part of, or yet another extension of, the boundaries of, the universe of *freakless, Vivre*

Sa Vie, La Femme Mariee, Alphaville and *Pierrot Le Fou*. Godard's universe grows more and more dualistic—humanism versus totalitarianism, instinct versus logic, masculine versus feminine, pattern of bright, over-exposed light breaking through the dark, the anarchy of the straight line versus the tyranny of the circle. And, what is perhaps more important, this dualism, visual and intellectual, is less a formal metaphor than a method, a means of experiencing a totally abstract universe. (In this Godard is the most intensely existential film-maker.) Godard's method is much like that of an astronomer taking a series of photographs of the sun using different filters to break up the light and capture certain wavelengths—the forces at work in the universe are beyond comprehending so one can at best roughly chart their shape in their refracted manifestations.

**MASCULINE/FEMININE** is about time, space, shape, lines of force. Paul and Madeleine, to be lovers, first meet in a cafe. They talk from separate tables, from either side of the screen, and as their talk, lengthy with silences, continues, the centre of attention becomes the space around and, particularly, between them—the floor of the cafe, the glare of the street through the steamy window. The street noises become physical, as if an aether. We hear a man and woman at another table fighting—the gets up and leaves, she follows and, immediately outside, shoots him down with a revolver; quick cut. *Masculine/feminine*. Duality/ambiguity.

Throughout *Godard* constructs the form and frequency (rhythm) of this wavelength. There is a very long shot of a vacuously pretty beauty-

queen type being surveyed on a wide range of topics from sex to politics. And again Godard carries the shot beyond the point where we are merely amused by her beauty and ignorance until the point becomes the subjective nature of the image itself, its shape in time as well as space—reality refined and transformed into art. If we listen intellectually only to the girl's talk, or the hero discussing politics, or try to analyze the subtle title which calls the film a "marriage of Marx and Coca-Cola" without taking into account the tag to that title: "think of it what you will," we are like someone trying to reconstruct a Picasso portrait to find out what Dora Marr really looked like. If you want to see young Paris, go there; if you want to see the work of a great poet, watch Godard.

At least one scene in the film has been totally emasculated by the gov't boys—in the sequence in the Metro with the two Negroes and the white whore, the whore shoots one of the men and is raped by the other, while the boys look on—in the Gala print she just gets the gun out. Oddly enough I understand this scene was shown complete on BBC. I would recommend seeing the film at the Royal—the print is better.

## ROME

Three years ago the Gallery L'Obelisco in Rome was busted. The holy city trembled and screamed "that George Grosz exhibition is obscene!"

The gallery's owner, a distinguished Italian gentleman, was sentenced to two months' jail. But he appealed and won, setting a precedent since used as a freedom permit for the Rome gallery scene. Not many galleries here would accept responsibility for shows on their premises... after all they simply hire out the gallery to any "artist" with bread or a sponsor. The gallery L'Obelisco is something else. "We are moving on with Kinetics... starting with Balla who theoretically worked out the decomposition of light in 1911. He planned a ballet, with the movement of light synchronized with Stravinsky music, wire sculptures (20 years before Calder and Gabo) environmental nightclubs with costumes and games for the guests... the whole scene ages before the machines existed to suggest or even realize these possibilities.

So 1985 the gallery held its first Kinetic exhibition "Perpetuum Mobile"... retrospective, yeah, starting with a portrait of Charles V by Schoon dated 1532. This guy (Durer's pupil) distorted the face so that it was clearly visible when the canvas is held at eye level... what we see depends on where we stand...

Elio Marchegiani is a light, casual, humorous guy ("actually I'm Peter Sellers' stuntman-double") who collects odd pieces of art, traps, trapezoidal lights, toy dolls in combat gear) shows them in perspex cages with a vast number of coloured lights, strobes, and works on from any idea the visual images may suggest to him. The wild results constitute the L'Obeliscos' current exhibition.

"Mercury and Minerva" are the two main exhibits.

A white plastic semi-sphere is fixed on to a square of black hardboard—inside the semi-sphere the doll in combat clothing—the sky invader—and a multitude of lights. Attached to this frame is a keyboard (39 keys) with which you play the lights, the doll's position in the space and a

erazy sound-tape—a collage of sounds—Kennedy "Celestial bodies are not subject to national boundaries"; Kessel—gibberish; the sound of shape ships (each nationality has its own) the inevitable countdown, bands, waltzes.

Why Mercury?—The space-dweller; semi-god—the man between earth and sky? The keys make the guy smother, hang suspended, fly through realms of changing lights and sounds.

Minerva is a shapely shop dummy clad in a clear plastic helmet veiled in a 7ft x 4ft perspex cage. The series of eight programmed light changes play her. Her form breathes, vibrates, the overlap of colours suggest her innards. She held a mercury lamp bulb—now its a bomb, or a knife or male genitalia.

To Marchegiani the symbolises perpetual danger—eruption—the name suggests mini-nuerosis—it also means match in Italian. He considers that two pieces complementary, forming an environment.

Then there's "God's Eye"—a car's headlight inside a triangle—combining the masonic symbol of all elite queens and the slip side of the dollar with a street symbol—"God's Eye is a spare part—which lights up when you pass it". This one does!

Fontana was talking to Marchegiani—"I cut the slit in the canvas—you tell me what's behind it". M's reply is "Zip"—a huge zip on canvas—which you can operate to reveal red light—and many versions of the same light—with dress front unrippled to the waist.

And "Woman Landscape"—a plastic pair of tits, programmed lights, flashing nipples.

From here where will Marchegiani go?

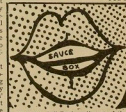
"Boob... I just respond to things around me... I want to use the Laser light (now considered deadly) so perspex cages won't be necessary... I want to apply light/sound movement to architecture..."

No acidic ideas about the decomposition of surfaces or the molecular structure of the universe—but beautiful, fun things that work on you!

JUDY

WE'LL MAKE IT TO HAPPENING 44 AFTER THIS! SAT. JULY 1ST. SOCIAL DEVIANTS AND SHIVA'S CHILDREN AND THE FAIRPORT CONVENTION AND ZOË AND ON THURS JULY 6TH THERE'S A GROUP AND SAT. JULY 8TH SOCIAL DEVIANTS AGAIN WITH THE BREAKTHROUGHS AND ON THURS 12TH THERE'S A GROUP.

HAPPENING 44 44 GERRARD ST. THURS, FRI, SAT. 10:30AM - 4:00



Why did Jeff Beck walk out of the Speakeasy when Alan Reid's sitar player came on? Also why does Speak now's head waiter go berserk at the smell of incense? Who was that man in the black mask?

Julie Felix, Thom Keyes, Spike Hawkins in U.F.O. audience... Arthur Brown being chased by all the agents he said he'd sign with and didn't. Will the waiter go berserk at the smell of incense? Who was that man in the black mask?

Arthur Brown, Social Deviants, Ginger Johnson playing Angry Arts Festival (who do angry Arts are you get out of where?).

KANSAS CITY: A woman passenger that and wounded three fellow travelers and the driver of a bus here, causing a four-vehicle road accident in which three other people were injured.

# WHAT'S ON

- CONTINUED
- **Play! Country Dance at the Harpendee Theatre Club**, until 18th July. Written by James Kennaway, and directed by G. Besse-Evans. Admission 8/-, Time 8 p.m. weekdays, 8.15 p.m. Saturdays.
  - **Play at the Royal Court Theatre**, The Restoration of Arsinoë Middleton, by David Storey. Until 18th July.
  - **Rassafrika**, Vedanta Centre, 54 Holland Park, Discourse in Vedanta, Sunday, 5 p.m.
  - **Free Jazz Sounds!** At the Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard, St. Martin's Lane. Thursday to Saturday, 10.30 p.m. to 1 a.m.
  - **Jazz**: Every night except Sunday. Ronnie Scott's 14c place, 29 Gerrard Street.
  - **Anarchist Meeting**: Sunday evenings at 7.30 p.m. at Lamb and Flag, Rose Street.
  - **Legalise Pot Rally**: Sunday, 16th July at Speakers' Corner, 2 p.m.
  - **Workshop**: Susan Kramer has organised a workshop for playwrights and actors between jobs. Playwrights have the opportunity to hear their lines performed. At 46 Queensgate, on Tuesday evenings.

LATE NIGHT FLIX

- **Chebe's Classic**: July 1st, The Servant, July 8th, Seven Speak
- **Haker Street Classic**: July 1st, The Collector, July 8th, Etonian



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**SUNDAY JUNE 16th  
LEGALISE POT  
RALLY  
SPYKERS  
CORNERS**

# ADS ADS ADS ADS ADS

**JILALA - Ecstatic Music of Morocco** derwishers recorded in Tangier. \$3.50 + 45cents postage and handling. Box 222 Knickerbocker Station, N. Y. C.

Sexual case histories wanted by research writer. Discretion guaranteed. Box RMA 12.

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Box RMA 9.

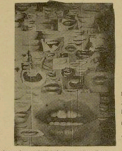
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Scene from "Still Life Story" Dor Davies' multi-media raw meat spectacle. A late night show, by Edinburgh Experimental Group will be held at the Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, at 10.30p.m. July 1st, 5th & 8th.

**BEAT & HIPPIE**  
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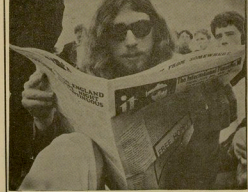


**CYNTHESIS**



To Evergreen We Know - Please don't phone before 11 am and Never visit us unless you have been invited - MILES  
Wouldbe happy (20) looking for his girlfriend. Much love and fan-sharing in exchange. Want is on beautiful suggestion? Also like share pad July October Peter - CLUN 2621.  
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The new increased powers which the police are getting against kids resemble dangerously the powers Hitler gave the city police against the Jews.



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# What's HAPPENING

# LONDON • ENGLAND EUROPE • NIGHT DAY • CONTINUOUS

**Friday, 29th June**  
 ● **U.F.O.**: *Flowers, Trees, Insects*. Groups include *The Knack*, *Tommy Stinson*, and *the Dead Sea Fruit*. Under the Berkeley Cinema from 10.30 until morning.  
 ● **Folk**: *The Divided Self* at the White Hart.  
 ● **Opera**: *Don Pasquale* performed at the Royal Opera House, at 7.30.  
 ● **Student Festival**: A folk song concert, featuring John Kenbourne, *The Young Tradition*, *Diz Dwyer*, and *The Wayward Boys*. Held in University House, at 7.20. Tickets 3/6 to students, 5/- to others.  
 ● **B.B.C.**: *Stones Broadcast*: *Popular Opera*.

**Saturday, 1st July**  
 ● **Blackhead Blues Festival** at the Rectory Field, Blackhead. Including John Mayall, George Farns, and *The Kinks*. Tickets 4/- from 3 p.m. to midnight.  
 ● **Two Films** by Donald Fairweather, shown by the Shakespeare Theatre Club, starting at 7.45. *Admission 5/- and 6/-*.  
 ● **Film shown** by the Process Film Society, "Blackmail", by Alfred Hitchcock, and "Lads" by Don Levy. At 7.30, 10, 12.30. Programme 3/-.  
 ● **Music**: John Lee Hooker at the Ram Jam Club from 7.30 to 3.30.  
 ● **Classical**: A classical evening of Kenwood Lakeside, *The New Philharmonic Orchestra*, playing Mozart, Strauss, and Beethoven at 8 p.m.  
 ● **Student Festival**: *The dreaded Mafia* is being shown at the Classic Cinema, starting at 11 p.m.  
 ● **Last day** of the exhibition of Drawings by David Medalla and Antonio Serrano shown at the Lisson Gallery, 68 Bell Street.

**Also**  
 ● **Last day** of *Yoko Ono* and *Vir Gertula* works, at the Hamilton Galleries. From 10 a.m. - 1.50.  
 ● **Angry Arts Festival**: Pop show, including the *Primal Huron*, the *Crazy World of Arthur Brown*, the *Social Deviants*. At the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, from midnight forever.

**Sunday, 2nd July**  
 ● **Corrections**—Was Music: *Compasses Circle Club*. Held in the London Musical Club, 21 Holland Park, at 8.15. Members of L.M.C. or C.C. pay 7/6, others 5/.  
 ● **Student Peace Event**: *The Remains of Guenover Square*, at 8 p.m. Organized by the London Committee of 100, because of the American actions in Vietnam. Time 6 p.m.  
 ● **Vietnam Week**: A first demonstration to you all supporters under one banner of solidarity, in defence of the Vietnamese Revolution. Assemble at Clarendon Court Station at 2 p.m.  
 ● **B.B.C.**: 3/-—*Jack Lousier* Play Back This.

● **Live! Horse Review** presented by the Studio Theatre. *Amnervaca* a 2 act play, and *Kilderefer*, by Ladelit Halberg, a comedy playlet. Time 8.00. *Admission 5/-*.  
 ● **New Departures** with Davy Graham, Ma Kennedy Martin, Cornelius Garder, William McLellan, *The Gumi Sun Truiley*, Paul Ableman and George Maltz, John Anker, Stephen Abraham, R.A. Pete Brown, Mike Horowitz, Brian Patton, Lee Harwood, Noel O'Leary. 8.30 to 11 p.m. at Theatre Royal, Stratford. E.113. Tickets 5/- and 10/-.

**Monday, 3rd July**  
 ● **Play**: "Depe" by Robert Pinget, translated by Rebecca Bray, presented by the International Theatre Club. Time 7.30. *Admission 5/-*. Students: 3/6 to the mob.  
 ● **Humour Bubble**: "June and the Puppets", directed by Dennis Richardson. At the Moonview Theatre Club, until 8th July. Time 8 p.m. *Admission from 3/- to 6/8*, depending on day.  
 ● **Jam at the Paris**, with Alexander's Jazz Men, at 8.45.  
 ● **Vibrations at Tiles**, with Jeff Deater's combination of lights and sounds. 3/6 to members; 4/6 to others. 7.30.  
 ● **Ballet** at the Sadler's Well Theatre. The Western Theatre Ballet dancing "The Web", "The Lesson", "A Wedding Feast". Beginning at 7.30 p.m. *Admission 5/- to 30/-*. Also on 7th and 8th July.

**Tuesday, 4th July**  
 ● **Film**: "You're Human like the rest of them", by B. S. Johnson. At the National Film Theatre. An attempt to a new style of using voice in cinema. Time 6.15 and 8.30.  
 ● **Lecture** on the Elements of Yoga. Last lecture in series. "Realization of non-duality". In the Hampstead Central Library at 8.30.  
 ● **Opening** at the Hamilton Galleries. Lithographs by Roy Assell and Allen Jones. Daily 10 a.m.—8 p.m., Saturdays 10 a.m.—1 p.m.  
 ● **Broadford**: American Independence Day celebrations composed by students of the Regional College of Art. A carnival procession, plays, poetry readings. Adrian Henri, the Scaffold, balloons, big hats, girls, colours, singing, dancing for ever, and games. Bring your own limbo-stone. For details TEL Stephen Brook, Bradford 32777.

**Wednesday, 5th July**  
 ● **Event**: David Buxton relates on the anniversary of release from womb entombment.  
 ● **Music** at the Playhouse Theatre, with Dougie Arthur, and Bob Miller and the Milkshakes. Time 12.45 p.m.

● **Film**: A comparison made by John Scuphan, between students of supporting teaching. At the British Film Institute. Time 4.30. *Free*.

**Thursday, 6th July**  
 ● **Poetry**: An evening of new poems, by Anne Beresford, Chris Middleton, and Gary Snyder. Presented by the Institute of Contemporary Art at 8 p.m.  
 ● **Film**: A continuation of yesterday's comparison made by John Scuphan, with extracts from programmes on social and sexual education. At the British Film Institute. Time 4.15.

**Friday, 7th July**  
 ● **U.F.O.**: *Drury Laine* and his Electric String Band, *The Pretty Things*.  
 ● **The Poetry Society** 21 Earl's Court Square 7 a.m. sharp.

**Saturday, 8th July**  
 ● **Stefanos** of London pop group. Harlan, Smetana, Sorokin, and Bertolova at Kenwood Lakeside. Time 8 p.m.  
 ● **Film**: *The Process Film Society* presents "The Connection" and "Guerilla", at 7.30 p.m., 10 p.m., 12.30 p.m. Programme 3/-.  
 ● **Film**: *Culture* at the British Film Institute. A summarization of the film on 6th and 8th, with extracts on music and drama. Time 10 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.  
 ● **Combination** of music, drama and bedtime music. At the Ram Jam Club, from 7.30—1.30 a.m.  
 ● **Stones broadcast**: *La Bohème*.

**Sunday, 9th July**  
 ● **Meeting** of individual Anarchists in the Marquis of Granby, Cambridge Circus at 7.30 p.m. What L.A.s could meet about is beyond conception.  
 ● **A Play/Music** Her at the Electric Garden "Warp-night" by Suzanne Garden. Members 3/-. Others, busch-back, or cant. 7/-.  
 ● **Bliss** at Uppercut with the Warren Davis Monday Band and supporting Group, from 7.30 p.m. *Admission 5/-*.  
 ● **Stones broadcast**: *Brickner*.  
 ● **West Indian Happening**: *Caribbean Show Band* at the Studio Theatre. A group of West Indian playing calypso, folk, blues, speaking dialect stories and poems. Time 8.20. *Admission 2/4*.

**Monday, 10th July**  
 ● **People Show** at Batterbooks. *Admission 3/-*, from 8.30 p.m. (The people show is now 3 days every 3 weeks).  
 ● **Stones broadcast**: *Scenes from Opera*.  
 ● **New**: *Fareham*: Asian Music Circle present an afternoon of classical Indian dances, dramatized by Krishna Rao and Chandre Sillapa. Taking place during the afternoon in the Granar School.

**Tuesday, 11th July**  
 ● **L.A.**: An Association meeting at 9 Sofa Square at 7.30 p.m. *Communication is barred*. *Free and general*. No viewpoint is barred.  
 ● **Freshers Show** at Batterbooks. *Admission 3/-*. From 8.30 p.m.  
 ● **Frisk** at the Troubadour with Juliana Wheatly at 8.30. *Members 5/-*; *bal palay 7/6*.  
 ● **Modern Jazz Attempt**: Made by the Tony Lee Trio, at the Green Man, Plumstead High Street. *Free*.  
 ● **Stones broadcast**: *La Bohème*.

**Wednesday, 12th July**  
 ● **People's Show**, at Batterbooks. A poet's reading. Time 8.30. *Admission 2/6* or a poem.  
 ● **Stonille broadcast**: *Music making*.  
 ● **Poetry International** '67: *Norads, Berri-man, Auden, Spender* and *Expson* read at Queen Elizabeth Hall. 7.45. 5/- to 15/-.

**Thursday, 13th July**  
 ● **Thought Acting** at Rowmie old place. "The People Perform Mother". Members 7/6; guests 10/-.  
 ● **Stones broadcast**: *Mozart, Schubert, Mahler, Liszt*.  
 ● **Happening** at Linton, growing food, oil, oats, frisks and gruff.  
 ● **Poetry International '67**: *Spender, Sonney, Auden, Empson, Norads*, read in Parcell Racer (South Bank) from 8.15 p.m. 5/- to 15/-.

**Friday, 14th July**  
 ● **Jam/New Orleans style**. The New Iberian Shoppers stopping at the Whyte Mart, Drury Lane. *Free*. *Take advantage*. From 8 a.m.  
 ● **Stones broadcast**: *popular songs*.  
 ● **Happening** at Linton, singing and sounds. Come and see.  
 ● **Poetry International '67**: *McDonald, Cowart, Herriman, Sexton, Almazdiana, Parcell Rossi, Nr Royal Festival Hall*. 8.15.

**CONTINUOUS**  
 ● **Poetry Readings** Every Sunday at 3 p.m., at the Brighton Sea Front Fish Market. Getting bigger and better.  
 ● **Dance**: *The Georgian Dance Company* are performing at the Royal Albert Hall until 29th July. *Admission 5/- to 20/-*.  
 ● **Sanctuary**, a play written by Robert Hood. Concerning two coloured and one white inmates of a state prison. Presented by the International Theatre Club at the Mercury Theatre.  
 ● **Free Films** at the Cassenowich Institute Cinema. *The Peaceful Revolution*, an Indian film, and *Cedar Mountain*, a Malawi film. *Both shows until 9th July*.

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