

SOLAR DISTURBANCES INCREASE IN 1968

it

The
International
Times



No. 23

LONDON 1/6 ENGLAND

JANUARY 5th JANUARY 19th

A GUIDE TO
A NEW AGE
AND THE
ECSTATIC RE-
TURN OF
EVERYONE
BLESSSED

Disneyland

Photo: KEVIN JAGGARD

The International Times

New Offices 22 Betterton St., London W.C.2.

New Phones Editorial 01-836 3727 and 8

Business, Circulation, Advertising 01-836 3729

Published Weekly. Copyright Lovebooks Ltd., 1967, 22 Betterton St., London W.C.2, England.

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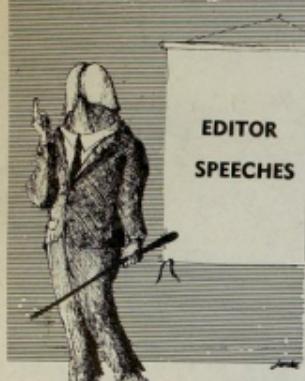
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EDITOR SPEECHES

IMMORTAL* EYES YRSELF... HAPPY NEW LIFE
WE ARE THE ANOINTED GENERATION !!!!

This number of the INTERNATIONAL TIMES is soft-edged because I'm feeling soft-edged.

My trip

Oh, oh, oh, those Barbera Skies. On Tuesday, December 7th I took an acid trip in Tangier. I'd like to share with you the single disjointed note I seem to have written during this journey:

In the end I speak for myself, my own experience. It's for you to judge the veracity of this evidence. I have seen it! I was there!

I went into the trip thinking of ways to outsmart my enemies. I came out of the trip knowing that none of these people were my enemies. The idea of enemies is from an Old Age. My only enemy is inside me.

Symbiosis

My friends come and go: Brion Gysin has returned to Tangier by way of Mauretania to record never before recorded music; Michael Abdul Malik is still in Swansea Prison in part because in his appeal of a 12 months conviction under the Race Relations Act his lawyers refused to challenge the substance of the Act itself, a Parliamentary abomination which like the Nuremberg edicts makes the idea of "race" a legal entity. Jack Moore, due back next week, is still in America helping the N.Y. Diggers re-organise; John Michell still comes and goes between London and Britain's Holy Places often staying with Mark Palmer and the English Boys at their camp site near Glastonbury. Hoppy has returned from Wormwood Scrubs after serving six months of a nine month sentence for cannabis convictions and now plans to work with and for INTERNATIONAL TIMES (his descriptive survey of London's Underground Community has already yielded valuable information and when complete the results will be available to everyone, FREE); and others; and others; and all those that are part of what I am. If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?... But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away" from Corinthians.

Book List

Read Miles' columns on this page. He says much that I would want to say. To his reading list add: Canto 99 by Ezra Pound, Gundolf, Raymond Lull, Nine Chairs to the Moon and anything else by Buckminster Fuller and any others that reveal, teach, or advocate experimental systems.

BILL LEVY

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"We can observe in the past a succession of levels of social consciousness. In the age of religious belief, man began to dominate human society. In the age of capitalism, he dominates other economic factors and creates greater wealth. The struggles of Communism were to move us to the new stage of the new spiritual nature of the new man. Now we are in the post-war period. After Koestler depicts a single 'breakable' global community which will last the end of our historical era. Writers during war used to protect the system, they predicted the collapse, from a position of safety outside the system, within a matrix of shades. Jung, in his vision of society against the terrible to the present civilization changes changes, sees the coming of a new era, one in the transition from the Pisces age to the Aquarian age, the spring of which we are now in."

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* * *

New ways of approach, new methods, analyses, and by association, western logic, absurd and irrational western logic, absurd and irrational logic, of situations, definitions, terms and proposals, are being put forward. As far as Gaia, Newton and Einstein draw us to a close the democratic movements, the experiences of human kind, and ourselves, themselves. Economic Man infiltrates in the form of the United Nations, the World Organisation, such as that of Mather, Malarkay, preach principles, which, though from existence, depend on the nature of the majority of the status quo. These are fully based on and derived from the need for publicity, and dependence, public relations to the masses. The search for apocalyptic truth and even imaginary knowledges, is derived in the form of the new religious technology. Like the Cathars, which they constructed a product no more than logical argument, based on the need for education, and it is based on faith. It may be shown to be phoney and untrue, but it is not based on another restriction on individual freedom when the dualistic world of the Tibetans and of the Tibetan, the new level of the earth, is completed. That may be. This is just as well with the eastern and western astrological predictions, and occurs at the time of the rising into the Aquarian age.

The eighth Buddha, the Buddha of the future (Maitreya), comes from the west; don't forget it. He sits upright in a meditative state, and is surrounded by enlightened beings, and this energy and naturally energising serenity. The basic force of the world is both the leader and the follower, the teacher and student... Thus rigidity and control, and the desire for death and sadness and wastefulness and the consequences of this. Lee Yee

FREE!

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FREE UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON

At last London will have a free university. Under the auspices of the Institute of Phenomenological Studies the free university will be opening on February 12, at 49 Rivington Street, E.C.2 (near Old Street tube station). Registration will start mid-January at the same address.

Most of the lectures will be in the evenings. There will be fees for students but they will be comparatively small.

One of the main organisers is Alan Krebs, who in the past was involved with the New York free university. Also involved is Ed Dorn, the poet, who spent a year teaching at the University College, North Carolina, which was run as a free university. Their experience can be useful but at the same time they recognise that London is a new and different environment so that the development of the free university will respond to its own particular environment and experience.

Among the first courses will be overseen by Ronnie Laing, John Lasham, Steve Abrams and Jim Haynes.

Watch IT for further information on the Free University of London.

Going to Cuba

The Cultural Congress of Moscow, January 4-11 (see IT 2/1) is to be followed by the largest meeting David Morris, Arnold Wesker, Alan Sillitoe, John Berger, Michael Haneke, Dr. Erick Halbwachs, sociologist, Dr. George Hatchinson, painter-poet, Dr. John Macmillan Gilmour (Glasgow University), Lindsay Anderson, Iris Tanguay, Toronto.

The Congress will be dealing with culture and national independence, the integral government, the responsibilities of intellectuals with respect to the problems of the underdeveloped countries, the role of mass-media, problems of artistic creation and of scientific and technical work.

Humanist

drug conference

This weekend Nottingham University Humanists are having a conference on drugs. Speakers include Professor Jerome Linus who works with Chinese Langur, Steve Gandy, Tom Scott (UGC), and French Camps (the Home Office pathologists) also featured. The conference will be held on Friday, 25th, and at the Sprinklers on Sunday, 27th. On Saturday they plan to play in London but no details have been given. The conference follows the Midland Pop Festival on Monday but it is hoped he will be back in England on January 27th.

* Look out for IT interview with Breitheat.

First European Pop Festival at Rome

The First European International Pop Festival will take place in Rome, at the Olympic Hall of the Stadio Olimpico from Feb. 19-25. Some groups scheduled to appear are: Cream, Arthur Brown, Family Incredible, String Band Family, Nice, Fairport Convention, Hawk, Floyd, Aynsley Dunbar, Petula Clark, Butty Saint, Marie and County Joe and the Fish, Dave Howson, the Festival's London representative said negotiations are also underway with Donovan.

"KIMCHI" PICKLES

South Korean soldiers known as "Tiger Tigers" fighting for South Korea against the Communists say on "Kimchi"—highly spiced pickles, to keep up their strength while fighting. The South Korean army is providing them to the value of seven million. The US is also supplying pickles to its troops in Vietnam being 20 times what they would eat in Korea.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART COMING

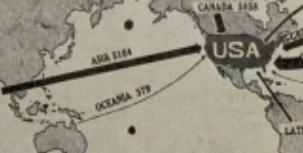
Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band are arriving in England on January 19th. They will be on the road until 26th with other musicians, who record on the Kappa Soundmobile tour featuring Penny Nichols and Andrew Pownall. They will be at the Roundhouse on Saturday, 21st. On Sunday they plan to play in London but no details have been given. The festival follows the Midland Pop Festival on Monday but it is hoped he will be back in England on January 27th.

FIRST GERMAN UNDERGROUND CLUB OPENS

West Germany now has its first underground club. It's the "Crazies Club," at 508 Bonnberg, Cologne. Transformator Systems, a group of young Germans seen the actives at the long hair and protect it on 24th December. The club can watch themselves. From a cockpit a disc jockey controls cameras. A cocktail a disc jockey controls cameras. Live, light shows and

underground films are also presented. On weekends the club is crowded with people who have come to watch themselves. The club is open from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. and 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. People can watch themselves. From a cockpit a disc jockey controls cameras. A cocktail a disc jockey controls cameras. Live, light shows and

traveling artists and poets will get a welcome reception.



THE MAP SHOWS THE NUMBERS OF SCIENTISTS AND OTHER TRAINED PERSONNEL WHO WENT TO THE U.S.A. 1963-7

From all the fogs in the newspapers you might think the Brain Drain is purely a British phenomenon. This map reprinted from Gramma gives the true picture.

IT SEIZED IN BELGIUM

On Saturday, 13th December, police with an obscenity warrant searched "De Orkelt," the Antwerp shop from which IT was seized, and took £1,000 worth of papers to Brussels. Copies of IT were seized along with other underground publications, including the *Marxist Worker* and the *Los Angeles Free Press*. Lad's home was then

searched and several books and back numbers of IT were taken from there and sent to Brussels. The raid has been well covered in the Belgian newspapers. The *Marxist Worker* reproduced a photo of the seized papers, and ran an editorial criticising the police action.



ILLUSTRATION from title-page of *THE GREAT SOCIETY* (ed. by Ira Cohen and Robert Richkin) returned by H.M. Customs last week after being seized from Clive Matson as he entered England at Heathrow Airport (see IT 11/12).

The Chancellor of the Exchequer should have another look at the state of affairs where a minor Customs official—often without an O-level in English—can arbitrarily seize literary works. This is one of the many forms of hidden censorship we have in this country.

Also returned, after many weeks of unexplained delay, *MAINLINE TO THE HEART*, a book of poems by Clive Matson.

...AND IN AUSTRALIA

The Australian Censor Magazine which is facing court cases under obscenity laws, has started a Banned Book Club offering a wide range of banned books legally to adult members. Its incorporated editions, *WILDE'S SALOME*, *THE FAIRIES LIVES* and the *KAMA SUTRA* are among the first books offered.

Electronic music group coming to London

Duo is London on January 19th. Duo is a French group based in Paris, who perform Improvisation Electronic Music. Their music is called "Spacecraft"; it is a collective improvisation which may have any duration. The Duo is acoustical, visual and social nature of the environment. The American Artists and Students Centre in Paris and the Musicae Contra Musicae have invited four and six hours respectively. At present the Duo is performing in Europe after appearing at the Experimental Film Festival at Sotheby-Leicester in Belgium.

FESTIVAL OF NEW MUSIC at the ARTS LABORATORY

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 7.30 p.m.

SATIRE VEXATION

RICHARD TOPP, Piano.

the performance will last 24 hours.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 7.30 p.m.

CONCLUSION OF VEXATION

SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 5.00 p.m.

NEW AMERICAN MUSIC

Composers Rob. Ashley, Earl Brown, Martin Feinman, Wolff, Le Monte Young, etc.

SUNDAY, JAN. 14, at 4.30 p.m.

NEW ENGLAND MUSIC

Composers Cornelius Cardew, Anna Lockwood, Richard Orton, Richard Topp, Hugh Davis, etc.

SUNDAY, JAN. 14, at 7.30 p.m.

MUSIC OF JOHN CADE

Concert for Piano and Orchestra, Electronic Music for Piano.

First English performance with Variation IV.

182 Drury Lane, W.C.2



OTHER SCENES

by JOHN WILCOCK

A couple of months ago the Hong Kong government fitted off a new bay, Phoenix Cove, pumped the seawater out and refilled it with fresh water to add another 100 acres to its new reserve. Unfortunately, saline deposits remained and the water was so salty that no one put official assurances that the salt will work itself out within two years.

Because various local industries, including the expensive tourist hotels, have a priority on pure water, Compton's papers' propaganda is that "fresh-water for the rich, salty water for the poor" and that their underline truth in the accusation, it's ironic considering that the Kowloon Ferry service, Red Cross, is self-sufficient and non-dependent on supplies from China which has been at war at some time, as they have been in the past.

A local liquor distributor has been giving away one-cent plastic bottles of pure Scottish water with each bottle of

Scotch. There was a brief boom in sales, but buyers discovered that was "salty" too . . . "All roofs, tattos, parties, houses of prostitution, all Royal Government establishments," all Royal Women's Barracks are among the buildings which have been prohibited to U.S. servicemen on R. and E. leave in Hong Kong because "they are so ugly . . . now there will always be resistance," proclaims a sign above an address. Figures show the growth in Asia and Central America near the Kowloon Ferry docks. The tableau depicts the Chinese Communists as examples of extremes and injustice in the China of old and were rather shocked and the artistic shopkeeper . . . Regrettably, in town are . . . the artifices of the Red Cross . . . the stores but many residents have boycotted them since "The dictatorship of the proletariat" is now an excommunicated Communist agitators apparently overestimated their

support and were afraid to discover how few local people enjoyed their services and assassinations of policemen. One local detective, called "the last man standing," who was manufacturing bombs in a department store, tagged the offenders (with typical British understatement) as "very naughty" . . . A six per cent increase in tourist visits to H.K. has been reported, instead of the 20 per cent increase that had been expected. Seven "revolutionary" killing letters had been sent out to travel agents throughout Japan, reported the South China Post Herald which added that currently 20 "fighting divisions" are operating in the Colony — all of them under orders to plant bombs and plan disorders.

Now Brazilian piranha fish have caused as much consternation as political during the past year. The fish, imported by a local watch shop, were described as "the most ferocious species that drew immense crowds and numerous complaints from the owners regarding the noise made by the predatory specimens." Nautilus horned limpet shells, striped eels, the sharkucker manta ray "refrigerator," found they were unable to hold opaque shells in their mouths. The bonito fish which in H.K. counterfeits have been flooding the market with "Made in Switzerland" . . . Unlike Japan, marvelously eye-catching and colorful art is allowed to flourish because a local ordinance says moving lights would confuse aircraft.

ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES OF RON WETLEGGE



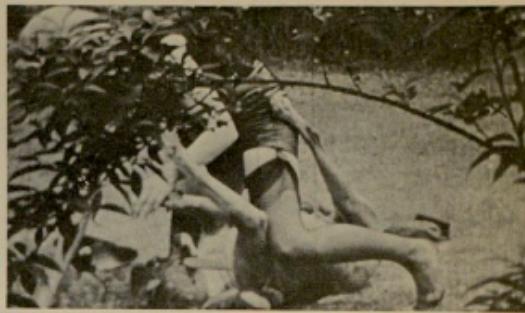
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HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A WOMAN WITH A DOG ?



ON PORNOGRAPHY

INTERVIEW WITH HENRY IRVING

HENRY IRVING is a young English pornographer. None of his books are available at W. H. Smith's. They cannot be sold legally in England, nor can they be imported into the country. His market is the continental pornographic market, where there is more than just the ten pounds per manuscript that he was paid when he wrote for the home trade. Henry Irving, however, charges one hundred and fifty pounds for every dirty book.

During the forties and fifties Olympia Press in Paris was a kind of fairy godmother to great writers ... Henry Miller, Jean Cocteau, Tennessee Williams, Jean Genet, and Alex Trocchi. But the most mysterious book the world might never have read *Tropic of Cancer*, *Tropic of Capricorn*, *Naked Lunch*, *Our Lady of the Flowers* or *Candy*. Giordas of Olympia had style, flamboyance and a certain taste as evidenced by his titles. Since the closure of Olympia dirty books have lost their savor and become only rosaries of four-letter words.

It takes more than four letters to make a word. Though the new pornographers can spot a dirty word from forty paces with their noses blindfolded they know as much about book publishing as they do about bookbinding. They switch from dirty books to groceries in an easy manner. The nasty little men in pin striped and flick knives who have brothers running butter in the Low Countries and friends refining 'H' in Italy.

Such schmucks put period to the great days of Traveller's Library. Even the cast-off version of Olympia Press which was for a time the best in England has gone the way of the great white ant. Even though even that watered down stuff, all promise and no balls ('Junkie' was their idea of pornography) was better than the third rate mimeographed merde which nearly any dorky boy in England will sell you for a five cent half crown or return. On the continent the books are still but they are printed in a smaller format which slips easily into the pocket of the returning traveler.

Irving's publisher, typical of the trade, is a grubby dog who you know the kind that would fog synapses if he figured it were on it. He buys his suits in Rovre. He looks, he smells just like any other prosperous businessman. He is not stopped going through Customs. He is kept fat by laws which have done nothing throughout their existence but to keep the gooks feeding on dirty postcards. The public demand for dirty postcards has not diminished. The postcards have not vanished, they're just harder to find.

If you, gentle reader, are really kinky then the chances are that you already know where to get your kicks in print. But if you're just an ordinary guy that likes to read about IT once in a while then you may not know. London's best known bookshop, Sauriol's, is located in Old Compton Street just off Charing Cross Road. There are other shops in the neighbourhood, which is known as the centre of the world's book trade. Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and every other major city in England has such shops ... which are staffed from morning until cellophane and the back-room has the really hot stuff with the genuine four letter words.

If the police turn a benevolent blind eye on your friendly neighbourhood porno shop it is because they recognize that the law as it stands is totally unenforceable. There are too many dirty old men, too few police. There are too many people like me who enjoy reading good pornography.

Read any good books lately?

"IT STARTED three or four years ago. I'd written quite a lot of stuff, submitted it to the BBC and a couple of publishers. It was sent back. I thought that I would write a short novel and take it around to the Soho bookshops which I did. I started with a contract to do these typescripts, which were only about 100 pages long ... then a year later when pornography became completely legal in Scandinavia, a European publisher gave me a contract to write a novel a month for one hundred and fifty pounds.

"The Soho people who work in pornography and racketeers in a way. They work for about six months in the top bookshop distributors, knowing that the police are going to get on to them. They're front men, knowing that they're going to spend about nine months to a year in gaol. They take this rap, come out and start over again. I've heard that they get around a hundred a week while they're at it as a form of unemployment compensation."

The writer of pornography is the lowest paid; but he takes the least risk. It's so anonymous ... you just take the most unlikely name that you can think of, like my own, 'Henry Irving'. Henry Irving turned out about fifteen short manuscripts for Soho over a period of about four or five months, working in addition at a full time job.

"My present publisher, the European's pictures show everything except the act itself. They don't show a full erection but only a sort of secret best kept after. The woman's organs, shaved or otherwise can be shown completely in his home country, but nothing even a finger can be inserted."

"Most of my books are lesbian, either with simply two girls or with a man appearing just before the end. I don't write about homosexuals because I'm not gay and I don't know what I can write from experience. A novel takes me about eight days writing time, about three or four days working out a synopsis. I write a book every month."

"A regular buyer of pornography is addicted to it much the same as he might be addicted to narcotics. In England the trade is definitely controlled by racketeers because it's illegal. Each section of London and of England is its own little area, as far as I know there's been no trouble between the gangs over pornography."

"There are rules to writing pornography; they must both have a satisfactory orgasm, particularly the woman, and the orgasms get longer and better as the book goes on. In a lesbian novel the introduction of the heterosexual male at the end, with the most satisfactory ending taking place at the start may serve to re-enforce the reader's hope that heterosexuality will triumph over lesbianism in the end. It shows that a man is more of a man if he satisfies a lesbian than if he satisfies a straight woman. In one of my books I got deliberately to break this rule ... there's a scene in *Borneo* where I try to persuade a Lenin Russian scientist to defect; but he is unsuccessful, it takes another Lesbian, Modesty Blaise type. So lesbianism triumphs."

"But repetition is the big problem with writing pornography. I've got over the tedium of words and phrases relating to the sex act and the sex organs which I'm constantly adding to. You've got to vary it, when you've explored masturbation and heterosexuality and homosexuality then the only thing possible is orgies. It can't be boring."

SELECTIONS FROM HENRY IRVING'S BOOKS

"**JUDGING** the moment precisely, Annette brought her mouth right against contact with Jennifer's. She kissed the girl tenderly — tiny brief kisses on her lips — until she felt the girl's mouth starting to respond. Then, with a deep sound that was part sigh, part moan, Annette pressed her lips passionately against Jennifer's, working her tongue insistently and insatiably against the girl's inexperienced lips.

"The taste of the virgin's hot liquid mouth was manna from heaven to her lesbian lust."

The trouble with Belinda was that she could hardly do without SOME form of sex for more than a few hours. She was rather very much to her whether the provider of these intimate experiences was male or female ... She just HAD to be pampered and petted regularly!"

"Malcolm sat back in his seat, staring at the girl who was practically offering herself to him. He was still in breathless with the ties which had bound him for so long to the sleepy village life he'd always known. He felt his chest become suddenly constricted and his palms damp as he realised that he was about to see a complete strip act performed by this beautiful, uninhibited girl.

"He studied his tame, impudent features in the bar mirror. The corners of his rather cruel mouth were perpetually twisted into a mocking, insolent amusement: the brown eyes were sharp and wary, though capable of melting into a deeply masculine warmth which could break through the rigid mask of his daily exterior. With one fatal exception: he thought.

Zarina Gratziev. Damn the bitch! Damn the beautiful, brilliant, perverted bitch!"

"It was the girl, of course. That had been the turning point for him. He had tried every trick in the book, used every ounce of his charm to seduce her, and she had simply laughed in his face! The fact that Zarina was clearly an exclusive Lesbian did very little to soothe his ruffled pride. In the past he had enjoyed the favours of several girls as perverted as Zarina—had persuaded them to sample the pleasures of normal sex after everyone else had failed.

A certain Miss Pussy Galore came to mind.

"Georgina ... was the leading auto expert among female exponents of the sport in England. She was the proud owner of a black belt and had participated in an extended underground course in Tokyo. She was also the Number One women agent for the British Secret Service. She was out of the dazzling blue sea like Aphrodite from the foam, her wispy pink bikini clinging to her wet skin. She shook her long, blonde hair, letting it cascade freely around her lovely shoulders.

"There, on the deserted Grecian beach of white sand, the two girls fondled each other's most secret places—wantonly pressed together in an uninhibited sexual embrace. Above them, the incredibly blue sky and white disc of the blinding sun. Nothing else, not even a solitary gull to witness their perverse caressing."

"No regrets, darling? she asked softly. None—oh, none?"

"The maid fumbled with her fingers ... adjusting the mechanism which would send a warm stream of milk jetting from the hole at its crown."

"Quick, darling! Oh, please—be quick! Now! Now! Do it NOW!"

So it goes through the books ... bigger and better orgasms for all,

Brighton's Shy Pornographer talks to Bill Butler



Chateau in Virginia Waters by Marc Bolan, Essex Music

Broken English words cracked the air like a bell

She had it all in her Virginia Waters

For me all those culture vultures

Her over a Silver Cloud cloaked the air in a shroud

Her pearl author's teeth tore the seasoned cedar coloured pheasant

Her sex rich is to write a book about

A Venetian mother's problems on a barge in Little Venice

She peers at the portrait of her poetess grandmother

Who's theatrical in character

Wise just like Socrates

She sinks her maul into the aged canvas

But the power from the wordster's head was cool and shrill and frightening

Mis Drag is interrupted with the powder blue chaise longue

She types some acrid words to her baldies Huwauw art doctor

Her one rich wish is to write a book about a chateau in Virginia Waters

Free from all those culture vultures.

This, along with "Dunfish Trumpet Blues," "Child Star," "Highways," has been recorded by *Tyrannosaurus Rex* for Track Records. It seems unlikely that any of these things will be released because company executives consider them "uncommercial."

I must confess that I find this attitude disheartening. Each week records of considerably less commercial potential are thrown casually onto a saturated market. Labels such as Elektra release a heady torrent of life-giving LP's of great worth secure in the knowledge that only a small number of ear-blessed prophets will buy them. If I had enough money (pause for forlorn laughter) I would initiate Dandelion Records firmly dedicated to never making a profit and our first release would be *Tyrannosaurus Rex* Particularly Alive at Festive Peel Acres" (a 4 LP set).

Following this we'd have "The Tyrannosaurus Rex Song Book over Riverendell" and records from Sam Gopal, Mc'el Greer's Teashop, Adrian Henri, Andy Roberts, squadrons of poets and other deserving people. I would be disappointed if you didn't buy my records but I would be happy that I myself had such nice things to listen to.

The interesting thing about "Chateau in Virginia Waters" is this. (Are you sitting comfortably?) Heard words are rather hard to follow but if you have the written words (and now you do) you'll find every word is clear and you'll wonder how you ever had any difficulty in hearing them. Treat this as a key to a magic door.

Time for LP's from the Family, Dastardly's Chariot, Soft Machine and so many others. I can't understand why companies don't release all the things I want them to. Christmas Eve "Top Gear" was pre-recorded and when it was broadcast brothers Alan and Francis and I were with Trader Horne (small person who was the centre of our child years — now 78) listening to her Christmas radio present. When Alan and I wished her love on her she rocked back and forth and paled in her chair and giggled a lot and it was one of the happiest moments for several thousand years.

See the *Incredible World of Geoffrey Prowse* invade the Magic Theater soon.

1967 was a year when I finally broke out of the shadows and found sunshine and laughter all around and within me. Many people have walked into my open house and lodges there and I find that the more who wander in the more room there is for others. I must say that during the summer year I may have unwittingly offended a few by forgetting a name, a face, a meeting, a phone number or a letter. To anyone so hurt, I'm truly sorry. I would not have done it for the world — and there have been many new worlds this year.

This winter you should not overlook the trees. There is still so much to see without the leaves. They cast such shapes against the sky and make mosaics of the clouds. Even in dark, wet and hurried-foot London there is beauty everywhere and everywhere it is unmarked.

I had hoped to list all the good things of the past year but there could never be enough room and any list would have to begin and end, I must admit it, with you.

Your wardrobe leads to Narnia, your mirror leads to a wonderland. It is better than you can know to breathe the air that you breathe because, by so doing, I kiss you and you me and there is something now unseen and unknown that connects us. Thinking about that is really good, it warms me and I inhale you and you refresh me. Thank you.

Secret, occult and bewildering half-note for J.L. At festive Peel Acres we can find the sugar in 27 minutes.

There was a sudden awareness of sadness in driving past cow-less fields to Liverpool. Shirley, Alan, Francis and I found ourselves shouting messages of encouragement to lonely, vulnerable cows and sheep drifting over the poisoned acres.

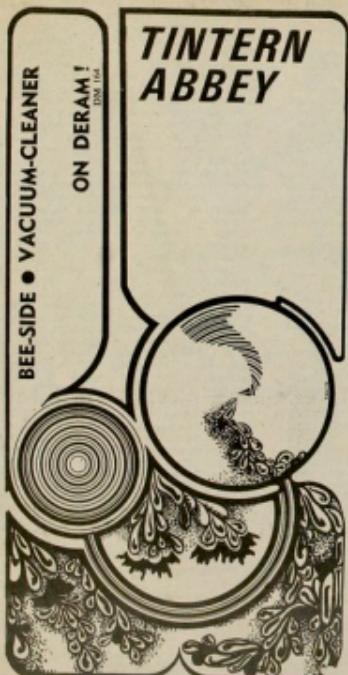
Until such time as they try to eat me I'll not eat them.

It is sad, it is not, that man's only communication with other animals is as death itself or as the bringer on some humiliation. 100,000 animals have been slaughtered and the country airs are filled with the stench of their mass cremations.

Yea for each of these animals four children have been killed or mutilated in Vietnam — and for this epidemic the only cure may be our own destruction. Think of the combined populations of Liverpool and Birkenhead, all as children, and all torn and burned by the callous politicians. This cloud hangs over all our gardens and we cannot and should not try to avert our eyes.

More sorts through 45s on the floor, white - rabbits mix orange juice and Ribena, and again, Direction dances ancient Hammerstein jig in sawdust. John Fahey and *Mysteries* Al Wilson play "Sell Away Ladies" for the handbreadth this evening, the unstrung mail larks accessibly in a drawer beneath a silent television, you are sleeping, reading, writing, loving, walking, dreaming, touching, listening.

I HAVE MANY REASONS FOR LOVING YOU.



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1850 B.C.



by

JOHN MICHELL

THE BRITISH ISLES were once the spiritual centre of the world, so steeped in sanctity that the souls of the dead were drawn from across the Channel on the first stage of their journey through life. Certainly the sacred colleges of Britain were famous. Deaf scholars came from all over Europe to undergo the long training before admission to the ultimate mysteries. For before treading the Avalon labyrinth and making the subterranean journeys, terrifying almost to the point of death, that led to their awakening to true life, they had to memorize a system of science and metaphysics as comprehensive as any yet achieved on earth. It was only at their final initiation that the full nature of the mystery was revealed.

Yet already the system was corrupted. Before the institutions of priests and dogmas, men lived in small, highly civilized communities, ordering their lives according to the will of God, precisely expressed in the great poem. This poem, of immense length, was known in its entirety only to a few, those whose duty it was to preserve it intact and to pass it on to their successors. The poem reflected the whole range of human existence, the ritualized events of everyday life, the secret meetings, the encounters planned on the plane of ecstasy. It described the relationship existing in his heart between the flesh and the spirit, the heavens, of science to the spirit. In all their activities men lived out the universe, achieving by the sacred ritual of their very existence a state of quasi certainty derived from a conscious unity between their movements and those of the heavenly bodies. They lived on the edge of a dream, their only ambition to penetrate to the very depths of the universe, to make their great poem perfect and complete. To this end they developed their entire technology which had to be kept perfectly positive, without any trace of error, as evidence of an advanced civilization. For their knowledge of natural science, of astronomy, mathematics and geometry was higher than anyone until recently could have conceived.

In 1966 Professor Hawking wrote a book showing that Stonehenge in one of its aspects was a vast "stone age computer," capable by methods previously unknown of predicting eclipses and measuring the extreme positions of the sun and setting stars. The idea of the calendar in the poem, however, as Professor Horle pointed out, revolutionizes. Supercilious archaeologists such as Professor Atkinson, whose own book (*After Antiquity*, R. J. C. Atkinson, Hamish Hamilton, 1956), a standard work on Stonehenge, ridicules any suggestion of the monument's astrological significance, were quick to defend the prejudices of their profession. Hawking's book is full of inaccuracies, its archaeology impressionistic, its folklore apparently based on half heard happy talk. But in 1971 he demonstrated that the great British prehistoric civilization was confirmed by Professor Thom's massive work, "**MEGALITHIC SITES IN BRITAIN**" (Oxford University Press, 1967).

Professor Thom has spent years tramping the most remote and hardly accessible parts of the country, visiting and surveying some 500 stone circles and alignments. Far from being a dissipative bohemian scholar, of the sort now happily to be met in increasing numbers on the green roads between the holy places, Professor Thom, in his scuttled retirement, is, due to his sensitivity and meticulous reputation, a model of his kind. His long and inexpressible presence 4,000 years ago of a system of interrelated astronomical, geometrical and mathematical knowledge quite outside the supposed cultural range of the tribes of primitive farmers who, we are told, inhabited Britain at that time. It strikes a rather low blow at the foundations of arbitrary prejudice on which our compulsory education system is built.

Yet the structure still appears intact. Far despite this moonlight vision at the start of the last century, Professor Thom's work is still valid. Professor Thom, steering from his sailing vessel, first held in the perfect zenith-alignment the full depth of British megalithic culture. "Megalithic Sites," is addressed to the mathematicians rather than to the poet. Yet even avoiding the pages of calculations, one can see something of the implications of his discovery. Megalithic man found sites where stones could be erected to combine accurate astronomical observations with their translation into geometric figures, and vice versa. This is what he did. Take, for example, a particular spot had to be found where the alignments of stones set out to mark the rise and fall of certain heavenly bodies, produced significant patterns on the horizontal plane. To find sites of similar properties would, Professor Thom implies, be beyond the powers of modern surveyors and their instruments. To place heavy stones with as accuracy that at Avebury approaches 1 in 3,000 would be a problem to costumed engineers.

No one, I suppose, would dare not calculate as we do. (Professor Thom suggests they may have drawn with sticks on the sea shore, an idea which our poetic sense is inclined to scoff, particularly if their designs were embellished with shells and seaweed to be washed away by the next tide.) Their knowledge must have been gained through means with which we are now totally unfamiliar. For not only did the precise geographical spot have to be located where the required observations and measurements coincided, the stones had to be set in mathematical polarity on a naturally flat piece of land under a condition that was the achievement of megalithic surveying quite beyond our reach today. We can only conclude that the correct sites were discovered through some form of divination.

Just as an experienced botanist, knowing the country, may be able to sense — or rather divine by the unconscious recognition of certain combina-

tions of portents — where the fox is to be found, so could a man with deep insight into the principles of mathematics and astronomy attain the necessary ecstatic state of mind to perceive the indications pointing to a certain spot on an ocean horizon. On this spot could be demonstrated the vision of the geomancer, the flowing water, the birds, the clouds, the disorder, the moment in space and time when a glissade is caught of a legend appropriate to God.

Geomancy was one of the high sciences of the great prehistoric British civilization. By this inspirational art, like that of dowsing, many practitioners of which are able to discover water or metal simply by consulting a map of the land, the geomancers could establish such an intimate knowledge of the land that in later centuries they were called "the eyes of the king" and ruled each town Chipping Norton, later amalgamated with the neighbouring and older town Chipping, whose lack of geomantic basis had undercut its complete failure.

The only modern survival of a complete geomantic system is in China where the power of geomancers prevented 19th century explorers from placing their railways, canals and factories where they would violate the landscape and had them sited in accordance with harmonious principles. Hence the true nature of the country was preserved, even emphasised in a way quite beyond modern European understanding. The very people who had served obstructive Chinese emperors later adopted the same techniques and established their own Chipping Norton, a town whose name was established by the exact equivalence of the circle of stones on the hillside and the way of life of the community it regulated. Every aspect of human existence was contained in the poem, every human action a quotation from it. The act of observing the van setting behind an island peak far out across the sea or the moon rising across a meadow ridge was performed not only as a means of gaining astronomical knowledge. It was the conscious invocation of a recognizable poetic image, one which the heart and mind of the practitioner of all ages to create a predictable human response. Graffiti in "The White Goddess" show how potent the power of such images, scenes in which "owls hoot, the moon rises like a ship through clouding clouds, trees sway slowly together above a rushing waterfall, and a distant barking of dogs is heard; or when a ped of bells in frosty weather suddenly announces the birth of the New Year."

Similarly every human action has an poetic value. The sound of the woods, the falling leaves, the sun, the moon, all reflected by resonance with the planetary cycle, the tending of sheep in winter, cooking over an open fire at evening, every aspect of earthly life can be expressed in a way that gives it the impact of ritual. Every natural function has a power or value which can be interpreted graphically through the use of symbols as well as musically, poetically and perhaps even mathematically. If the various poetic power expressions of terms of metaphor, it will be possible for computers to discern the true meaning of the word. This will be possible when the poems are known in the true manner of the poet. This will be possible when the poems are known in the true manner of the poet.

The builders of the megalithic stone circles, like their heirs the Pythagoreans, seemed to have within their grasp the key to the universal harmony. Yet here came the tragedy. As they pushed their researches towards the ultimate goal, it suddenly became apparent that the system was false. There was no key, no pattern, no mechanical solution. From the very pinnacle of the Tower of Babel the poem was re-enacted. The work of a whole civilization had gone for nothing.

This terrible predicament which occurs at the end of every civilization, repeated throughout the whole cycle of man's quest for reconciliation, always arises in the same way. Every system begins as an approach to God, conceived in a spirit of ecstasy and humility. As long as this spirit prevails, the system is founded on truth and advanced through inspiration. But at some moment the fatal error occurs. Men look with pride at the beautiful structures that they have built, and give themselves credit for the greatness of themselves that created it. They look on the system as something that has value within itself, something that they themselves can debase and perfect. From that moment science becomes secularized, all advance is towards destruction.

The great tragedy of megalithic civilization occurred when men lost touch with the spirit. The Holy Grail which once shone throughout the land became the property of the priests, who, as they always do, forgot first its source and then its meaning. More seriously, the priests advanced their science to its ultimate meaningless until the Tower of Babel scene was re-enacted. Life within the great poem ceased, the poem itself except, suppressed by priests and revised by policemen. A few old tales, scraps of popular botanical and astronomical lore, are all that survive.

To-day we face the same predicament as that which destroyed civilization some 4,000 years ago. The impossibility of meaningful scientific progress is apparent. The portents of vague predictions are small. The answers can be found, but not in any system old or new. Perhaps some of those that end, if these that escape their human murderers, can survive the approaching cosmic tempest.



It is not the Messiah that brings about the Millenium, but the inevitable event of the Millenium that carries along with it the coming of the Messiah



FLASHBACK

Country Joe & the Fish

Photos:
Alan Becker



COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH



MARK BOYLE AND GRAZIELLA

The basic black room with its black walls and black backdrops fades away into obscurity and from the void come images of images in swishing colors. The surreal shell is enacted and what shatters out are

snail-like creatures only to be overtaken by long orange arms with square endings that finally give way to the deep and sombre shadows of a surreptitious undergrowth.

Mr. Lisskov was born in Norway and has had a varied career in the U.S. Continent and in Britain as an actor, choreographer, dancer and cabaret artist. Stage likes and dislikes have determined him equally. He then brought to this Kafka place, now known as the Traverse Theatre Club in Edinburgh in 1965, a con-

ARTS LAB KAFKA

"LECTURE TO AN ACADEMIE" written by TOM KAFKA in 1917 and translated by Will Eisner. Eddie Martí is being performed by the Arts Laboratory of THE TRAVERSE THEATRE.

Mr. Lisskov was born in Norway and has had a varied career in the U.S. Continent and in Britain as an actor, choreographer, dancer and cabaret artist. Stage likes and dislikes have determined him equally. He then brought to this Kafka place, now known as the Traverse Theatre Club in Edinburgh in 1965, a con-

siderable range of talent and depth which he continues to demonstrate at the Arts Lab.

"The Very Long Life of Tom Kafka" by Menna Dicos, translated by Celia Dickey, is being performed at the Arts Lab, Edinburgh, under the direction of Jack Hesey, Martí.

In the very famous Yiddish play based on the biography of a peasant turned pensioner, portrayed brilliantly by Mr. Toss Sencken.

JAN QUACKENBUSH

THE WORLD OF GROWN UP CHILDREN

theater of the Arts Lab 1182 Dundas Street, Toronto, 21. It is a continuous flow of four diabolical color and fantasy sequences in the piano-vocal score of GRACELA MARTINEZ and TONY-THE MARSHALL, and includes the original composition of MARK BOYLE'S SENSUAL LABORATORY.

The clever objects and the brilliant colors and human forms were well integrated into MISS MARTINEZ'S dance movements. There was the feeling that the choreography was much too little for the dance itself. She showed that she could move when she combined with Miss Martinez for a pull down the pants, pick up your feet sequence. The lasting impression of the evening is that of

MARK BOYLE'S light entertainment. His projection techniques showing off a visual piano graphically expanding piano graphics both separately and together. His projection sequences suggest you with a sudden realization of the intensity of emotion or light. This emotion reaches its climax, strength enough in the last sequence to where the light, sound and props leave the same reality of the stage and go into the atmosphere wherever you want to go. Your imagination being your guide.

WHAT messages is a performance for adults other than containing the freshness of that over elusive childhood split similarity. Lorenzo Adams

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WILLIAM BURROUGHS
BRION GYPSIN

THE CUT UPS

scored by
IAN
SOMMERVILLE
& team by
ANTONY BALCH

ALAIN JESSUA'S

CLAUDINE AUGER
JEAN-PIERRE CASSEL
MICHEL BOUCHASSOU
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STRANGE DOORS

"Go through the Doors and find Strange Days. So they say and from electric efforts not their American tosauses latest obtain, all that is hard to see what all the fuss about.

There is none of the diction of Hendrix, the deliriousness of the Stones or even the singularity of the Stones and a dozen other good groups on the scene, with the exception of the rather raw ones. Latitudes

I which by the way tell the story of the old sailing ships throwing part of their crew overboard, to lighten their load and increase speed when they entered the notorious Cape Horn after the Cape. Hence the title.

Latitudes sets the tone of the whole of this album, a mix of sex and painful truthfulness — this really comes across in the title track, "Strange Days."

Our opinion is that the marathon last track is a bit of a drag, a little too eccentric and a little too come on. But this really is a classic album. Just give it a chance and you will see some strange and wonderful things.

I rate it a 9 out of 10 more than their first LP.
RUSS HUNTER

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film

BURROUGHS & GYSIN STAR IN WEST END MOVIE

THE CUT UPS, Anthony Balfe's 35 minute film shot on location in London, Paris, Tarragon and New York starring William Burroughs and Brion Gysin with Ian Sommerville, Bruce Hallsworth and Michael Fortune in supporting roles, has caused quite a stir at the Cinémathèque Française in Paris where it was shown on 25th January 1968. Because being passed by the Board of Censors with a U-Certificate — suitable for children — THE CUT UPS has evoked violent protest, apoplectic

fits of rage and cries of "Maggot!" from an rowdy theatre audience. William Burroughs has suggested that the film is a satire on the "cultural revolution" and audience appreciation as well as shout down the protests from the uninitiated. In the same manner as Andre Breton's Surrealist Manifesto, THE CUT UPS is a revolution. THE CUT UPS begins there has been a vast increase in the number of articles left behind by theatre patrons.

What follows is the first publication of sections from Ian Sommerville's excellent soundtrack together with stills from the film. The film is a visual poem, a symphony for those mind blowing electronic sounds on the Beatles' Sergeant Pepper Album. The sound for THE CUT UPS consists of four elements permuted and cut up in a manner of ways. Two voices are speaking, Burroughs and Gysin — sometimes together, occasionally in

EXCERPTS FROM THE TEXT OF THE CUT UPS

Hello

yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello

yes hello yes hello thank you, yes hello...

yes hello yes hello Look at that picture, yes hello, yes, hello, thank you.

Yes hello, where are we now? yes hello, look at that picture. Thank you.

Yes hello . . . (thru this entire conversation)

Look at that picture, good. How does it seem to you now? Thank you.

. . . yes hello . . .

Good. Thank you. Does it seem to be persisting? Good. Thank you.

. . . yes hello . . .

How does it seem to you now? Thank you. Does it seem to be

. . . yes hello . . .

persisting? Good, thank you. Where are we now? Good.

. . . yes hello . . .

Does it seem to be persisting? Good.

. . . yes hello . . .

Look at that picture.

Does it seem to be persisting? Where are we now? Good. Thank you.

Yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello

yes hello yes hello yes hello hello yes hello

Look at this picture. Thank you. Does it seem to be persisting?

Thank you. How does it seem to you . . . Look at the picture.

Thank you. Look at that picture. Good. Thank you. Does it seem to be persisting? Good.

Thank you. Where are we now?

Look at that picture. Thank you. Does it seem to be persisting?

Thank you. How does it seem to you now? Good. Thank you.

persisting? Yes hello? Thank you. Look at

Yes hello. Thank you. Does it seem to be persisting? Yes hello? Thank you. Look at that picture. Look at that picture. Good. Good.

Thank you. Does it seem to be persisting? Thank you. Does it seem to be persisting? Thank you. (CHORUS): Does it seem to be persisting? Thank you.

Where are we now? How does it seem to you now? Good. Thank you.

Look at that picture. Where are we now? Good. Thank you.

Thank you, does it seem to be persisting? How does it seem to you now?

Where are we now? Hello, where are we now? Hello, thank you. Yes hello hello yes

Yes hello yes hello yes hello hello yes yes yes yes hello hello hello hello hello yes

Yes hello yes hello hello hello hello hello yes look at that picture. Fine.

Good. Does it seem to be persisting. Good. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Where are we now? Does it seem to be persisting? Good, thank you, thank you. How does it seem to be persisting? Good, good. Thank you, thank you. Look at that picture, look at that picture hello hello yes yes yes hello hello yes hello hello yes hello, thank you. Hello, look at that picture. Good. Thank you. Yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello

Yes yes hello hello yes yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello . . . Look at that picture.

Good. Thank you. Thank you. Hello, does it seem to be persisting? Good, thank you, look at that picture, good, thank you. Yes hello. How does it seem to you now? Yes hello, good, thank you. Yes hello, yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello, yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello yes hello, Does it seem to be persisting? Yes, Yes hello yes hello,

'Thank you. (Member of audience — "WHAT UTTER TRIPES")'

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MAN, 28, seeks loving companionship with beautiful woman. Box 1 N.Y.

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BATCHELOR, 20, wishes to meet/correspond with gay young motorcyclist or water sports enthusiasts. Particular work also required — anything considered. Box 7 N.Y.

MESSAGE IN NEW SOCIETY (page 62, top, 9.11.67): "If overjoyed by our new society, then you should be with us." True or False? Find out, let us know. Give us, Eve & Wocken £1 per hour. Send S.A.E. for leaflet to Box 8 N.Y.

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ATTRACTIVE girl wanted for film being shot soon. Box 9 N.Y.

THE have overt light show private parties, club dances etc. Contact Mick, 61844536. Anytime.

"SENSITIVE" Mexican, 18, wants more attractive young girl, interests, genetic, literary, right companion. Box 10 N.Y.

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WHY are we all the same, infatuated, vibrant men ROTTER? If there are any very interesting, sexy, talented, vibrant men who aren't, write to us. Box 12 N.Y. Age over 25. We aren't ancient but we don't like teenagers.

POEMS, SHORT STORIES, and other creative fantasias welcome for publication in impending edition of UNIT (February 1st see the EIGHT Edition will include DOWNSIDE, Gothic Horror, John Peel, Poetry, Short Stories, Drama, Reviews, Satire, immediately by Tony Elliott, Editor, Unit, 114, Conwyer Road, S.W.7.

PIONEER alonges on the passed by guitars in various conditions for about 30 years (now suffering in the "Sauerkraut Initiative") correspondents return to us with their comments and stories of strange and intelligent females. Age irrelevant but sex character, attitude, decency according to actual Herbster. If you exist, please drop us a line at Herbster — 100-101 Old Gloucester Rd, London NW1. — Odhamspec 62, Gotteridge, 4 Tel. 85 53 12, Germany.

BATCHELOR, member of well known pop group, requires young female sexual companion, need to be attractive and intelligent. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Box 18 N.Y.

EUSTACE (see pages 10-11) would like election addresses and postcodes and MUCH MONEY, otherwise will do his best and probably mid February. H, First Street, SW3, KNE 1844 800N.

TWO new guitar designs, "Godess of Death" and "Goddess of Love". Both made of wood from John Horlock, Witton, Cheshire. Devos, 207, 7/8 each from John Horlock, Witton, Cheshire, Cheshire.

GRADUATE (Male 21), seeks employment — fall or part-time. Almost anything considered. Box 19 N.Y.

REALITY — I'm basically very reasonable. All I want is to keep my intelligent bird who will live me without always agreeing with me, and his or her child house maid. I am 31, look 25, continue happy now. I am a good cook, a good driver, a good worker, a good sex. Any young (preferably 25 or less) chick interested in bed and other land property? (From someone it is now out). Reply with picture if possible in Box 20 N.Y.

BEAUTIFUL people wanted for exhibition (May) highly production "The Baroque" — H.P.'s own art drug University Society — Contact Steve Beckell, Patrician, Cambridge.

CULTURED, Middle-aged (Assume) Transvestite wishes to meet understanding friends of either sex. Box 21 N.Y.

*LADIES, you are Frigid, Frustrated, or just simply Fatigued with your sex life? A course of intense Vibrations Treatment will soon revitalise you and make you realise your real capabilities. Write for details. Box 22 N.Y.

BOSUMAND wants a man, needs one urgently. Box 23 N.Y.

SYLVIA OF LASSE THRANE in Denmark Contact Jenny Box 24 N.Y.

Photographer editor mini magazine, visiting London Feb. 23rd, wants somebody to show him the score. — J.R. Stavros 25, Methuen, Belgian.

Lady Fox Personal friends, any nationality, wanted by young West Indian and African Gentlemen members residing in Britain. Please, writing particulars about yourself, for immediate consideration. Princess Club (Dept. H, Woodhouse Avenue, London, N.W.16).

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A GUIDE TO INTERNATIONAL TIMES PUBLICATIONS

★ IT 1 — The launching issue featuring Charles Marowitz's review of the Abyssin of US.

★ IT 2 — First publication of several warts speeches of Ezra Pound; Underground Film Supplement; Previously unpublished text of "Living Theatre" Fratricide.

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

★ IT 4 — Interviews with Dick Gregory and the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Solo Stop Club Guide.

★ IT 5 — Exclusive interview with Pug Antis Claus Oldenberg; First publication of Jim Dine elegantly trial photo.

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



★ IT 7 — Outer-Outer Space issue, featuring a major speech by Alan Ginsberg; articles on flying saucers, and a special eroticism section.

Gary Snyder and Allen Ginsberg; an interview with the WHO's Peter Tompkins, as well as articles on sexual buying habits.

★ IT 9 — Pictures by Jean-Paul Sartre and the Fug's Tdi Kapferberg; interviews with P. J. Proby and Alice Cooper.

★ IT 10 — Best master report on newspaper raid, interview with Gross Zappa, Marion Brown, report on Berlin theatre by Alice Gross, Special Book Supplement.

★ IT 11 — Interview with Holly, Red Guard painter; Ray Dorgast on "The Street Offense Act".

★ IT 12 — 14 HOUR TECHNICOLOUR DREAM ISSUE; first report on Soviet Bildeberg Conference; Bette Gym; Technicolor cut-in entrepreneurship; Dream colour.

★ IT 13 — Interview with Steele, George Harrison, Doge and children; art by; articles by Michael Abrahams Mank and Jeff Nutall.

★ IT 14 — Interview with Andy Warhol, Magic Square; Michael Abrahams Mank exposé of News of the World; New Byzantium; Environment by Simon Vaneckas.

★ IT 15 — List of Underground Bios available in England; "Berlin-Anarchy of a Poem" by Alex Goss.

★ IT 16 — First English translation of Antoine Artaud's letters to Anatole Nat; photos of London's painted windows; IT girl entrepreneurs.

★ IT 17 — Exclusive dialogue between Richard Alpert and Michael Abrahams Mank; photos by Allen Ginsberg, Christopher Lee and Alex Trocchi.

★ IT 18 — Includes first publication of lyrics (with special notes) of the Mother of All Songs, "Aloud and Free"; Poem with Buckminster Fuller; "25 Skidoo" Blues; Fly by William Burroughs; articles by Michael Abrahams Mank, John Peel and Alex Trocchi.

★ IT 19 — First Birthday and Second Coming issue; "Centres and Lines of the Latest Power in Britain"; by cancer envoys John Michael; interview with Leslie Fielder; IT Acid Report; work by Alex Trocchi, John Peel, Ted Joans, and Kevin Ayers of the Soft Machine.

★ IT 20 — Containing Adonis—IT Boys; first publication of two (more) women speaking of Ezra Pound; Sexual Political Intrigue in Skid Row; exclusive interview with Ariadna Brown.

★ IT 21 — Exposition of general theory of war/universe relations from Michael Faraday; International Design Source Decade; articles trial of Michael X and Fischer case going to House Eighty Commission.

★ IT 22 — Julian Beck on a Separatory Society; articles by Harry Partch and Ray Dorgast; interview with Mahashiki; Steve Albrecht talks about Soma.

★ IT 23 — New Year poster by Mil Dean, UPS Global Report.

