

OTHER SCENES



PENTHOUSE  
PAPERS

beach nixon in '72

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nixon to san clemente.

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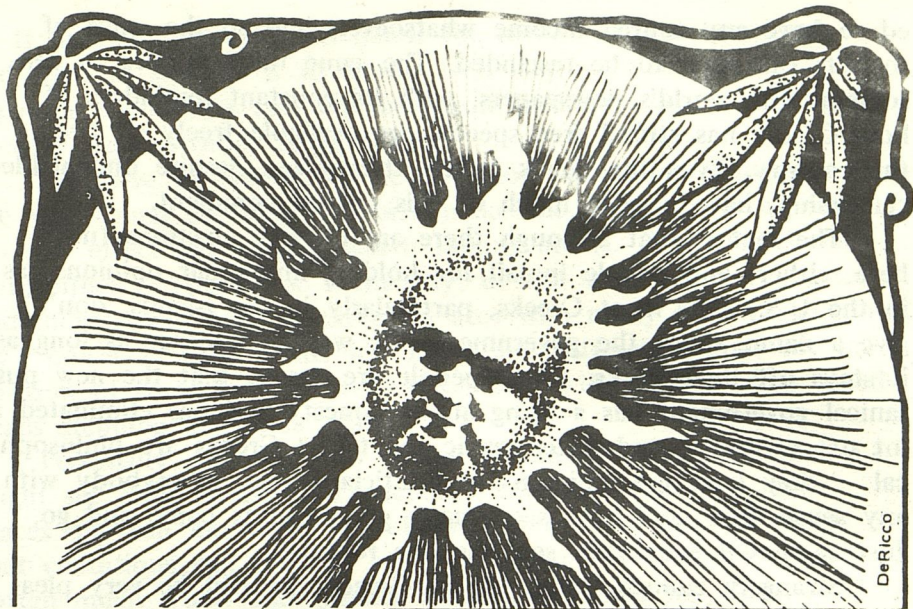


**“All the News  
That’s Fit to Print”**

**What are you leaving out you bastards!**

*--tuli*





Volume 5, No. 3

OTHER SCENES

Fall 1971

Dear Friends,

For the first time in four years we went back to visit Greece this past summer and in all kinds of ways we were pleasantly surprised. It wasn't entirely a voluntary visit because I'm the author of a book called "Greece On \$5 A Day" which was getting to be so far out of date (normally this series is revised almost every year) that I was given the choice of either revising it or giving it up and as royalties from it still underwrite Other Scenes I wasn't able to forsake it that easily.

So at any rate we went back to check out if things were as bad as they were supposed to be under the autocratic (some say fascistic) government of the ruling junta of colonels. I'm familiar with the arguments about how if we all boycott Greece that it will bring down the government and restore "democracy" but now I'm convinced this argument is bullshit. The plain fact is that the boycott that the liberals have been calling for has been totally ineffectual (just as it has in Spain) and increasing tourism in Greece has freed the country from some restrictions rather than the other way around.

Take long hair and short skirts, for example. In a burst of puritanism in its early days the regime announced that both would be banned. Naturally, it proved impossible to cope with the number of kids that ignored this regulation (if the government expect-



ed to have any tourist income whatsoever) and so the wave of tourists caused it to be rescinded. The same thing applies to censorship. The world's newspapers, with its constant reminders of how Greece has stifled free speech, are available freely all over the country. Even the Greek papers themselves, despite undeniable censorship, have printed much of this critical comment.

The fact is that although there are no free elections (not here, either) and people in jail for holding unpopular opinions (as in the U.S.) that most Greeks, particularly in the islands, don't give a damn about the government one way or another as long as it stays off their backs. (Most people are agreed that the new puritanical government has a thing about honesty and has eliminated a lot of corruption and bureaucratic red tape.) Greeks are philosophical — they have low opinions of politicians, just as anybody with any sense does, and have seen many governments come and go. Just as they'll eventually see this one replaced.

Strangely enough, then, life in Greece can still be very pleasant. How pleasant (or how illusive) we will find out for ourselves next summer when we spend a few months on Myconos — a kind of Mediterranean crossroads — trying to put together a guide to the islands. Frankly, I'm sick of politics, politicians and the holier-than-thou radicals who push 'isms' of all kinds. I don't recognize anybody's right to tell me what I can or can't do and taxes of any kind, in any country, are an iniquitous burden that nobody except the rich ought to pay.

What started in America as an idealistic movement to change the society for the better has been perverted, commercialized, bought-out and exploited to such a degree that I'm disgusted today with almost everybody who mouths platitudes for "freedom" but is still not free himself or who wants to impose restraints on others.

And like everybody else in New York we're sick of the dirt, the roaches, the greed, the theft, the violence and the hypocrisy. So we're leaving to live in different part of Europe — in a world where at least it's possible to walk down the street without some wealthy drop-out whining for our spare change.

It should be obvious by now that people who were advocating our Holy Vietnam War back in the mid-60's shouldn't be accepted as heroes almost ten years later but as long as the mass media and its dupes believe that hope for the future lies in our long-discredited two-party (or three, or four-party) electoral system the pointless cycle will continue to repeat itself.

The fact is the the U.S.'s decade is over and America blew



it. It held the world in its hands for almost 20 postwar years and tried to squeeze it to death. Is it any wonder that the Japanese economists and the European bankers now see a way to squeeze back without firing a shot?

It's naive to believe, as we have for years, that protest at the way things are organized will make the slightest bit of difference or effect any change worth talking about. Only the elimination, either physically or financially, of the score or more bankers and industrialists (the Rockefellers etc) who really hold this country's power in their hands will make any difference. And the imposition of some kind of mechanism that will prevent other greed-heads stepping into their place.

Personally, I'm not into violent revolutions however much I might see their necessity. Particularly when there are so many places one can live more peacefully. There is no way on earth that conditions can get any better in America before they have gotten much worse and frankly I think I've paid my dues — 17 years of poverty-stricken bridge-building and catalytic social action. I don't propose to stick around for the bloody battles to come, especially as I see that the bloodiest and purest of the new radicals are just as totalitarian and fascist-minded as any of the present "leaders" that they aim to replace.

The plain fact is that nationalism is so irrelevant a concept in these days of individual and tribal nomadism that it's being unnecessarily parochial for anybody to stay in one place for longer than they have to. We plan to roam the world writing and publishing as we go. More and more people are realising how easy it is to put out their own papers, magazines or newsletters and we are delighted and honored to join with and help any of these people we come across.

Most of the best people we know are trying to print the truth as they see it, and despite incredible financial and legal obstacles. My favorite friend, Richard Neville, won a rousing victory in England (despite being sentenced to jail for obscenity) by brilliantly conducting his own defense at the Old Bailey criminal court and placing on record the ideals and beliefs of a whole generation. He played it by the rules, in gentlemanly fashion, and proved for all to see what a hypocritical sham that "justice" really is. Law, if you didn't know this already, is a device that the rich and privileged use to make sure that the poor and discontented stay in their place.

On a more personal level I want to thank you, my subscribers, for your fidelity, your encouragement and more specifi-



cally your generosity over the recent Warhol appeal — about 40 per cent of you sent in a dollar or two to help with production costs of the book and although I can't acknowledge them all individually I must mention my gratitude here.

Incidentally, because it wasn't published by a major house, and therefore not advertised, not a single straight magazine or newspaper reviewed it. You may or may not know that reviews depend at least partly on how much money is spent on advertising — in my case none. Some underground papers did review it, however, and a couple of the reviews are reprinted in this issue.

Which brings me to the present. Most of you, by now, must have received the Witches Almanac which we produced with our co-author, Betty Pepper, this spring. This will be an annual publication and we solicit literary and graphic contributions from any of you who are into this subject.

The money we received from Grossett & Dunlap, our publishers for the almanac, was invested in a small printing press and it is upon this that this new issue of Other Scenes is printed. Hopefully we will continue to print on this in the future thereby returning the magazine to the much smaller, more personal base with which we began five years ago.

Other Scenes (and possibly Nomad, a prototype of which is included) will continue to be a sensor, a seismograph, of new currents, themes and trends. We couldn't even find space to list all the things that OS has told you about at least a year before it broke in the mass media (dope, dissent, anarchy and acupuncture are random examples) but you can take it as certain that OS readers will continue to be informed as early as its hyper-sensitive editors, writers and contributors can get into print. Take a moment to think of ANY magazine in the world that even remotely resembles OS and you'll have to agree that it's truly, uniquely independent.

We value our friendship and rapport with you all and hope that it will continue, albeit from (in the case of many of you) half a world away. OS will continue to change and develop, as does its editor, and subscribers can expect to see it in many shapes and forms in the year to come. Although we're not anxious for a bigger circulation than we can handle (we prefer to communicate only with our equals) we could certainly use a few more subscribers and would especially appreciate any you can find for us.

Meanwhile, we're off to Japan (to revise the book "Japan



On \$10 A Day”) and in the next issue, mailed before Xmas as the last issue of the year, we’ll give you a full report on what’s going on over there.

Warm wishes

john wilcock

Here’s a shopping list for those who want to stay on the OS list:

1. Subscription to Other Scenes for 1972  
(includes 1972 Witches’ Almanac . . . . . \$6
2. Subscription to OS for 1972, plus irregular OS  
columns (usually mailed to 600 alternative  
media papers), plus Witches’ Almanac, plus  
new magazine Nomad, plus guide to Greek  
Islands, plus other surprises . . . . . \$10
3. Sample bundle of about 30 back issues of OS, 1967-71 . . \$20  
Plus sub for 1972 . . . . . \$25
4. Complete set of back issues of OS plus sub for ’72 . . . . \$50
5. \$5 or \$10-A-Day books on India, Greece or Japan . . . \$2.50  
each

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# The Penthouse Papers

## Spelling it out

Magic is being practiced everywhere these days. Even the most cursory researches reveal enough witches to levitate the Empire State Building. White witches, as opposed to those who dabble in bad vibrations and the powers of evil, believe in the Old Religion, which predates all the current faiths, and besides drawing on their store of arcane knowledge, they are good psychologists, adept at making the subjects of their spells true believers—which, of course, is more than half the battle when a spell has to work. Traditionally, but not necessarily, they gather together in covens because group spells, group energy, are believed to be more effective than solitary flights.

One such informal company, called **The Psychic Agency**, has had some success in Boston casting helpful spells for simple things. A nationally famous cartoonist, for example, sought help in breaking a temporary creative block. "It was such an easy thing to cure",

explains Tara, a Psychic Agency spokeswoman. "We gave him a few simple herbs to smoke or ingest, told him to take a hot bath alone while we focused our energies on his problem. He slept well, dreamt vividly and next day was back at his drawing board working away as frantically as ever."

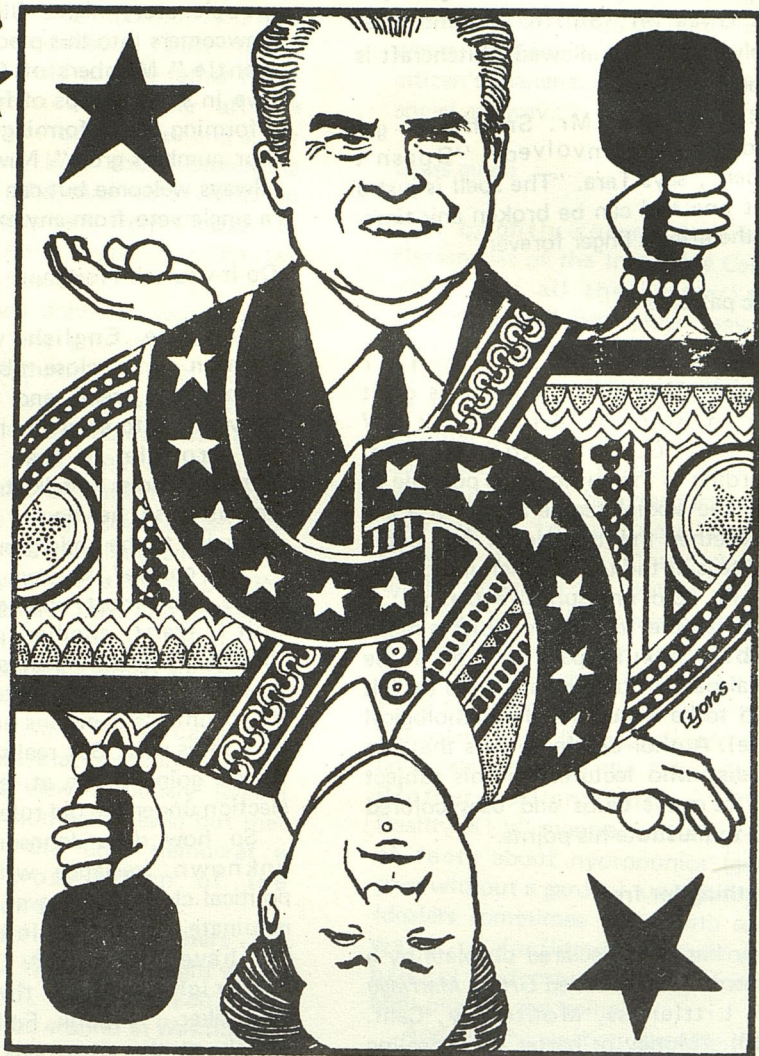
Tara believes that most problems stem from boredom and/or frustration and can be cured just as simply. "Let's face it", she says, "most people's lives are so predictable that even the most minor redirecting of their thoughts or cosmic energy will change their whole pattern of behavior. To put it briefly, most people who need to produce also need to be bewitched every now and then."

She described a typical piece of witchcraft practiced by her agency: A businessman leaving his office might be accosted by a gorgeous numphet, with waist-length blonde hair and an enticing figure. "Hello, Mr. Smith", she says. "I'm from the Psychic Agency. Some of your friends think you need to be

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*being some of the monthly columns written by  
john wilcock for penthouse magazine, 1969-71*



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bewitched and our service will be in operation for the next few days." She takes a bite out of a large red apple, hands it to him and adds: "You'll be hearing from me again. My name's Tara", and with a casual wave she disappears into the crowd. Two or three

days later, the businessman gets a call from Tara inviting him to some avant-garde activity that's unusual enough to interest him but not too far out to frighten him. "Maybe you'd like to have dinner first before we go there," she says. "It's all paid for."



And during the course of the week-long relationship Tara is at pains to point out that she is only doing her job and although she likes doing her job and likes Mr. Smith no emotional involvements are allowed. Witchcraft is never mentioned.

But what if Mr. Smith *does* get emotionally involved? "Doesn't happen", says Tara. "The spell is just a short one and can be broken any time. But the effects linger forever."

### Pubic patterns

The study of pubic hair patterns—known as Mogaku—is dealt with in Boye de Mente's book *Girl Watchers' Guide to the Far East*. According to the author, it is possible to study the sexual temperament of a girl by whether the triangle of her pubic hair "sags at the top" (which indicates a sexually cold unresponsive person); is convex at the top (such subjects make the best sexual partners); or if the general pattern of the hair swirls (which is said to be indicative of a pathological nature). Author de Mente says that one specialist who lectures on this subject goes to men's clubs and uses colored slides to illustrate his points.

### Everything for free

Money has been declared obsolete by a California society called *Group Marriage* (251 Littleness, Monterey, Calif. 93940). "Money or barter is for dealing with non-members only. Among ourselves everything is free", says the GM's manifesto. "We make sure each other's needs are met—mental, physical, sexual, vocational, monetary, emotional, whatever."

Sex is free too. As the group puts it: "The discomfort of casting off sexual inhibitions is outweighed by the beauty and pleasure of experiencing new emotional dimensions. Therefore we

practice group sex, not mere partner swapping. Call them sex orgies if you will, but they are in the spirit of love, not lust, and they are with the same people every night. OUR initiation of newcomers into this practice is slow and gentle." Members of Group Marriage live in small groups of four, five or six, "forming and reforming new groups as our numbers grow". New applicants are always welcome but can be excluded by a single veto from any existing member.

### Do-it-yourself President

Expatriate English writer **Oliver Johnson** is a close observer of the Washington scene and he thinks he knows how to elect the next president. The trouble is that none of the "straight" press he talks to will take him seriously, so he figures he'll take his campaign to the underground press.

"Of course", he says ruefully, "I'm aware that most underground papers don't *want* another president and they're all dreaming of some idealistic power-to-the-people system in which the country's decisions are made daily by a mass vote. But realistically I think there's going to be at least one more election under the old rules."

So how does Johnson, a virtually unknown freelance writer with no political clout whatsoever, figure he can nominate a president? In fact, *who* does he have in mind? "J. William Fulbright", says the neophyte kingmaker. "I think Fulbright stands exactly at the crossroads of where all the different strains of democrat currently intersect. As an establishment politico he was ahead of everybody when he was criticizing the war, and the slipping prestige of hawks during the past three years has brought them more or less into line with Fulbright's views. At the same time, the radicals are beginning to realize that their views, at least on this gut issue, must be presented with authority. As for the



great middle-class—well, Fulbright's respectable; he's been a senator for 30 years and he's not about to start any revolutions."

But isn't Fulbright *too* old? And how about his supposedly racist views? "Nobody's too old to play father figure to the American people after a debilitating war—look at Ike—and as for the race issue, how about presenting Fulbright as the man who wants to bring the blacks back from Vietnam to continue their fight for better conditions at home?"

Okay, Oliver Johnson, supposing all this adds up like you say, what's the next move? Without a political machine how do you suppose you're going to reach 40 million democrats—only a few hundred of them, the string-pullers, money-men and delegate-manipulators, the ones who really decide on who the next presidential nominee will be. To get this list you poll all your political correspondents and then you develop a continuing newspaper, magazine, newsletter, manifesto aimed squarely at that select audience presenting the impeccable Fulbright case—the inescapable fact that not only does the Press take his views seriously (watch him give television interviews) but that he's probably the only democrat a substantial cross-section of the population could agree on."

What justification is there for believing that J. William Fulbright wants to be president? "Look, do you think anybody could be around in Washington

for 30 years and *not* want to be president?"

It all sounds logical but skeptics never tire of telling Johnson that he's naive. It hasn't stopped him. He says he wants to elect a president, as is every citizen's inalienable right, and he's going ahead anyway.

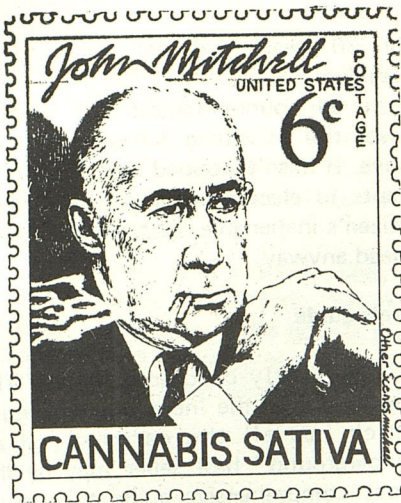
### Grass guide

A brightly-colored booklet "The Pleasantries of the Incredible Cannabis" which has all the earmarks of an "underground" best seller may be the most comprehensive guide to nursing and preparing the beneficial herb ever to be printed. Beginning with basic planting info ("With Mexican seed you can expect an 80 per cent germination rate) the 50 cent booklet instructs how and where to cultivate, transplant, harvest and cure ("hang the plants upside down so the potent resins will flow to the tender leaves at the top of the plant.") There's a chapter devoted to recipes—Indian Bhang Ice Cream Pops, Acapulco Green Grass Guacamole—Gilbert Shelton's famous comic-strip saga of the Fabulous Freak Brothers, Allen Ginsberg's "Pot is Reality Kick" mantra, and a pot-pourri of facts about hydroponics (growing grass without a garden), unsugaring grass (dealers sometimes spray with sugared water to facilitate compression into bricks) and manufacturing makeshift hash pipes in the home.

And finally, putting the case into its







proper perspective, is the admonition: "Tens of thousands of people have their lives temporarily or permanently damaged not by marijuana, but by marijuana prohibition."

The booklet, published by the quarterly *Marihuana Review*, is available for 50 cents from Lemar International, Box 71, Norton Hall, State University of New York, Buffalo, N.Y. 14214.

### **Hair hanging down**

In the early days of the Beatles it became fashionable to sport a Beatles wig occasionally if one didn't have the necessary hair to be genuine in style. Now the wheel has turned full circle, with the news of long-hairs in "straight" jobs acquiring wigs under which to hide it all away during working hours. Thus prompted, this column's Girl Friday visited the library to research the subject of long hair in general, with the following results.

Ancient Egyptians let their hair grow only when they were in mourning; "the ancients looked upon hair as a source of power and magic. Primitives still do" (story of Samson) . . . rainmakers of Zambezi do not cut their hair for fear their powers will disappear . . . 12th century A.D. Bishops protested "men's vanity" in growing their hair long,

priests carried scissors to arbitrarily chop off locks they felt exceeded permissible limits. This culminated in a public shearing of Henry I, king of France, by Bishop Serle, who not only cut the king's hair but then had him stamp on it "for repentance" . . . Several centuries later Lord Byron restored a fashion for "free-flowing locks", which endured after his death.

Vogues for wigs came in and out of style in such bewildering fashion in the heyday of the Greeks and Romans that celebrities who had stone busts made of themselves ordered stone wigs to go along with them . . . Louis XIII introduced the wig to his court because he was already bald at 23 . . . Louis XIV's long, blonde hair was emulated by his courtiers, who wore long wigs to compliment him. Soon even small boys were wearing them . . . In the 18th century the British army issued its men with one pound of flour each week for wig powdering.

In general, long hair has always tended to represent a certain freedom and independence whether on English Cavaliers (whose Puritan opponents, the Roundheads, wore Ivy College crewcuts) of Cromwell's day or the Indian sadhus of today. Rousseau appraised "the natural liberated wildness" of untrimmed hair, and after the French revolution young patriots combed their hair tousled, "as a sign of freedom".

### **The underground press**

*The Clear Head* is an internal newsletter put out by the 200-member Underground Press Syndicate (Box 26, Village P.O., New York 10014) for its members. It lists all the papers, details current hassles and reports on advertising and attitudes. Anyone seriously interested in the alternative press will be sent a copy for 50c despite non-affiliation . . . Underground papers



are so flooded with free LP records by a score of different companies that very few get played, virtually none get reviewed, and one Mid-West paper recently admitted that reselling the records—at 50c to \$1.25 apiece—had netted the paper's record "reviewer" a steady \$50 per week for the past year . . . Washington's *Quicksilver Times* and numerous other papers have recently been including labels reading **THIS COULD HAVE BEEN A BOMB** which readers were advised to cut out and stick onto "pig institutions and enemy outposts" . . . *Berkeley Barb* carries ads for crossbows slingshots and blowguns with the selling pitch "LEGAL" . . . *Other Scenes* reports that airlines are working on standardizing a computer checking system for airline tickets because so many "yippies, canned airline clerks, dopefreaks and professional heisters" have been stealing endorsed ticket blanks and selling them in the black market, sometimes offering round-the-world flights for as little as \$300 . . . Vancouver's *Georgia Straight* points out that Canadians consistently get robbed in the U.S. when their dollar bills are discounted by as much as 10 or 15% (The Canadian dollar is officially worth about 98c on the U.S. market) . . . Stuffed Human Heart, White Man with Soy Bean Sauce, Funeral Pie and Roast Neck Bones are among the recipes listed in the *Cannibal Cook Book* (\$2 from Unites Sales Company, P.O. Box 636, Reading, Penna.) Acapulco Gold cigarette papers are about to go on sale, reports the *Marihuana Review*—profits to be devoted to organizations trying to legalize the benevolent herb . . . Bob Dylan's foremost interpreter, the self-described "Dylanologist" A.J. Weberman, reported in the *East Village Other* on a week of sifting through the

folksinger's garbage cans. "Although D has a lot of bread his family didn't gorge themselves much. The garbage was definitely on the modest side. A typical shopping list contained items like cookie mix, liverwurst and granola" . . . Miami's *Daily Planet* is urging young freaks to register for jury duty. "If one member of the jury refuses to convict there's a hung jury—and the pot-smoker goes free" . . . Political frustration is driving some of the radical left to witchcraft, avers *Other Scenes*, the rationale being that only the forces of nature are stronger than a military-entrenched government. "Can the forces of nature be controlled? No, but witchcraft can teach how far they can be channeled and diverted" . . . Meanwhile ads have been appearing for a do-it-yourself mail order witchcraft course—with a graduation certificate offered to those who complete their test papers and send back to Mother Persley, Mildmay Hall, Chelmsford, Essex, England.

### Traveling tight

The man who invented \$5-a-day books, **Arthur Frommer**, says that when he first published *Europe on \$5-a-Day* there were two different reactions to it: straight people who saw it in store windows would say, "That's impossible"—and buy the book; hippie types would say, "Is he kidding? I did it on \$3 a day". And they'd buy the book, too.

Now it's 10 years later and the \$5 budget is getting a bit strained. In fact many of the books are not titled . . . *on \$5 and \$10-a-Day* and the wisecrack that Frommer has heard most often—"Why don't you do *Israel on \$4.95-a-Day?*"—sounds less and less funny. But the books (there are now 14



in the series) are still probably the most comprehensive guides available for budget travelers and their appeal sometimes transcends mere money matters. In fact most avid \$5-a-dayers become adept at what might be called "strategic travel" as opposed to Tour Group style.

The Strategic Traveler never takes

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things at face value in a foreign country. When he arrives at the airport, for example, he ignores the taxi drivers eager to deliver him to his hotel for a mere \$6. Nor does he fall for the blandishments of the expensive car-hire counters in the airport until he has checked out the area just outside the gates where likely as not he'll find a) a 10c local bus downtown; b) a local car rental firm at half the rates of the internationally franchised firms.

By ruthlessly eliminating extras, the Strategic Traveler never takes more luggage than he can carry on to a plane. This eliminates lost luggage (a more frequent occurrence than the airlines would have you believe), the waiting time before going through customs, and the need for porters afterwards. The S. T. supplements his single case with a small vinyl bag over his shoulder containing toilet kit, razor/make up, reading matter, stationery, plus a few 'iron rations' (foil-packaged pumpnickel bread, canned fish paste or meat, cheese, cookies) which become invaluable late some night when he finds himself in a strange hotel with no service and no nearby restaurant.

Conditions vary, of course, in every country but there's hardly a railroad station in the world that doesn't have a cheap hotel within walking distance. You may not want to stay there long but it's usually an okay stop for one night—so you can look around for a better place early the next morning unencumbered by luggage.

One of the first things the Strategic Traveler learns to combat is the infuriating habit some European hotels have of locking the bathroom door, and/or removing the taps and plug from the tub, so that baths can only be taken with permission—and an extra charge. If you can find the key (it's usually either



# "Goddamn Everything but the Circus."

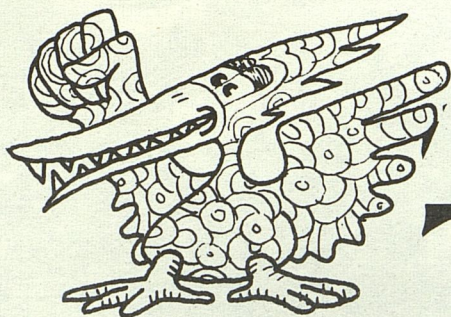
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on the ledge above the door or hanging in the maid's closet down the hall) you may be able to overcome the second hurdle by carrying a flat sink stopper and a piece of rubber tubing (so that you can fill the bath from the taps on the washbasin).

As for sightseeing without the crutch of a homogenized tour, it's invariably cheaper and more interesting to chart a course yourself using local transport. In fact seasoned travelers often skip the major sightseeing landmarks altogether for much more rewarding explorations of uncharted back streets (always follow the brightest lights and biggest crowds) knowing full well they can't get lost as long as they remember the name of the hotel to tell any cab driver. If the Strategic Traveler condescends to take a sightseeing tour at all he invariably takes the much cheaper one that the natives take. The fact that he can't understand the commentary is usually an asset—it's just as dull as the English one.

## Investing in Rock/Stock

You're listening to your hip local FM station one lazy afternoon when suddenly you hear something really superfine—a mindblowing three-minute

# THE GREAT speckled BIRD



cut that really gets it all together: *Honeypot*, let's say, by The Deadly Bees. You rush straight to the phone, natch, and dial your nearest Rock/Stock line which accepts your \$100 stake on *Honeypot* (the cash must be in within 48 hours of your call and, in return, you receive a stock certificate) and after that all you have to do is be patient and turn as many of your friends onto buying *Honeypot* as possible. Nine weeks later your faith is justified: *Honeypot* hits a million discs, the Deadly Bees get a gold record and you can redeem your \$100 stock certificate for \$1,000 in cash (less Rock/Stock's 5% "management" fee).

It's a waste of time checking out Rock/Stock with telephone information at present, though, because the plan is still in its formative stages; there are a lot of legal complications to be straightened out. "But obviously the time is ripe", says co-ordinator C. J. Wayne Jenner. "Everybody thinks they're talent spotters and everybody thinks they're smart enough to make money out of the rock scene. Well, this investment plan is easier than dealing with Wall Street, more suspenseful than betting horses and besides, it's socially productive."

Since the Rock/Stock concept was first mooted it's been creating a lot of excitement in really heavy music circles and various record companies have been considering how to cut themselves in for a piece of the action. There is now a possibility, for example, that in addition to a nationally syndicated TV show on which contending songs are aired—along with current sales figures and commercials by investment counselors—potential stockholders will be given the opportunity to witness live recordings at which they might invest in a group's future potential. Similarly, groups that didn't make it might give concerts at which the stockholder/audience can bid for possession of the groups, thus acquiring the right to change personnel or even

join the group themselves. There's a precedent here with the age-old "claiming" races organized by horsetracks.

Noted music authority R. Meltzer has been retained by Rock/Stock to handle its conceptual division and he has already come up with an overall plan to absorb groups directly into the corporation from their outset: "Street begging and using the money for sustenance would permit further street playing with the investor getting a share



*This is how yippie Paul Krassner looked on the back of his first book, Impolite Interviews. Now its 13 years later and Paul's new book, How A Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years (Putnam's, \$6.95) is a fascinating playback of the years in between. (playboy pic)*



of the future proceeds from passing the hat." Meltzer also forecasts the return of the real radio salesmen ("call them rock-stock jocks") who will unashamedly plug records because of what's in it for them, and also the prospect of individual investment in, say, the bass player's cut on a particular record.

Once Rock/Stock gets under way, records will become cheaper, too. Because obviously it will become more important to *sell* them than to get the money . . .

### General confusion

Four years ago when Calypso Joe, a former dancer and nightclub operator, donned a converted customs inspector's uniform and started calling himself **General Hershey Bar** he was confronted with a little outrage, but mostly indifference. Today he's greeted with recognition and delight almost everywhere he goes. He's never been on television but he undoubtedly inspired the famous General played by Dick Rowan on *Laugh In*. He's had little publicity but most people in the mushrooming antiwar movement have heard about him. He's not often credited but his one-liners—"Draft Beer, Not Students", "Make Love, Not War" and "Kiss Don't Kill"—have been quoted and reprinted endlessly all over the world.

In fact he's a classic example of a performer who had to wait for his audience to catch up with him. For Calypso Joe is definitely a performer (he even has an agent), the difference being that his stage is the world around him. In the age-old tradition of street theatre he'll go into his routine wherever there are people to watch and listen—in theater lobbies, at concerts, in supermarket parking lots, at parties, among political rallies, outside draft boards.

His appearance helps a lot—plastic jet bombers screaming skywards from his



military hat and a uniform jacket plastered with old suspenders, rows of home-made medals and impressive insignia. He often carries a tennis racket ("war is a racket") and a bundle of newspapers bearing such headlines as: **IF YOU DON'T LOVE WAR' LEAVE IT!** or **DRAFT BOARD ARRESTED FOR KIDNAPPING BOYS!** or **BRING GIs HOME TO VISIT BOB HOPE!**

Most of his activities have been in the Southern California area which, despite its high proportion of hawks, seems to have accepted Joe as a fact of life. He's never been attacked. "When I talk I always look individuals straight in the eye", he explains. "You can get a lot of serious ideas across by making people laugh. When you ridicule the stupidity, the insolence of men in high office and their programs, then people begin to see things in their true light. I do wild things because I feel that war is so mad that sometimes you have to fight



madness with madness."

Born 63 years ago at some place he won't reveal ("my mother was with me at the time") Joe played a lot of clubs as a calypso dancer, managed his own place in Honolulu and moved to Los Angeles in the 1950's. In 1964 he was turning out low-budget anti-war movies when he got the idea to become a "general" fulltime. Since then the growing antiwar sentiment combined with an increasing mistrust of the Pentagon has made his act almost fashionable. He lives on donations and proceeds from the sale of a couple of whacky collage books of headlines.

As General Hershey Bar he was soon joined by a similarly dressed friend calling himself General Waste-More-Land and they occasionally tour around together handing out "non-draft cards" ("burn new card upon receipt of old") and devising such gimmicks as The Trot & Canter Poll ("being slower than the Gallup, it tends to be more accurate") and misleading slogans ("U.S. Health Department says war is unfit for human consumption").

Currently he's awaiting delivery of a new recruiting poster: "Murderers, don't be foolish and kill at home! Why risk a lifetime in jail, gas chamber or electric chair. Join the armed forces, train now, legally for murder with pay. You will be furnished the best in guns, bombs and gases, no charge, so you can charge and kill till you become a hero—kill till you become a zero."

### The commune thing

The Great American Dream increasingly seems to mean Getting Away From It All. Having a place in the country or a house at the beach, or course, is neither new nor particularly American—all it takes is a certain amount of spare change and/or privilege, no matter how rigid the society.

But hanging out at the beach or

having a geodesic dome in the country . . . well, there's something new. And since the Great Exodus from San Francisco's Haight Ashbury, right after the "Summer of Love", three or four years ago, there have been daily reports in the media about the progress of this or that commune in the hills of Marin County, or the Colorado valleys or the wild vastnesses of the New Mexico desert.

Of course, communes aren't especially new either—"communes become communities when people get their own homes" deadpans one social historian—but the current wave of popularity for them probably is greater than at any time in the past century. Britain has its own magazine (*Communes*, 50c bimonthly from John Driver, 56 Minchinglike Road, Stoke Hill, Exeter, Devon) as does Canada (*Alternate Society*, 50c from 113 Queen Street, St. Catharine's, Ontario) and the two or three hundred papers of America's underground press gives solid coverage of these experiments in group living.

Incidentally, the first question most people over 30 ask is, "Does everybody ball everybody else?", according to one amused drop-out. And the answer? Well, sometimes they do and sometimes they don't. Some communes even impose puritanical vows of chastity.

What makes the drop-out phenomenon especially interesting is its widespread application to all levels of society. The once-tiny libertarian "movement" is also growing rapidly as proved by the increasing number of magazines and newsletters devoted to building or adapting log huts in the forests, living in trailers, creating colonies on groups of boats or barges and constructing or acquiring islands beyond the jurisdiction (and tax structure) of existing governments.

*The Atlantic News*, for example (25c from R.D. 5, Box 22a, Saugerties, N.Y. 12477) is about the continuing efforts



of a small group to set up their own "state" on an isolated coral reef in the Bahamas; *Ocean Living* (25c from Box 17463, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017) describes itself as "an information pool to help floating pioneers harvest sun, wind, wave and sea on the last and largest frontier"; and *Innovator* (\$1 from Box 34718, Los Angeles, Calif. 90034) devotes most of its space to articles about converting funds into silver or gold (international currency), safeguarding supplies in underground caches, foraging supermarket waste and "hobo tourism in greece".

Naturally, some people aren't ready yet for the final step—dropping out of the social structure—but there's a magazine for them, too: *Vocations for Social Change* (\$1 from VSC, Canyon, Calif. 94516). VSC says that it exists as a clearing house for people trying to answer one basic question: How can people earn a living in America in 1970 and ensure that their social impact is going to effect basic, humanistic change in our social, political and economic institutions?"

### TV as moving wallpaper

What started as a small ray of sunshine on an Atlanta television station earlier this year picked up momentum all through the spring and summer and by fall began to look as though it might be the big breakthrough that would revolutionise television for a new decade. It's the NOW EXPLOSION!—a dazzling, psychedelic melange of color film wrapped around one of entertainment's most irresistible concepts: the top 40 songs.

Produced and syndicated by a Florida outfit, Robert V. Whitney productions, the Now Explosion began with a 13-week trial on WATL in Atlanta, switched to WJRJ in the same city (where both stations now compete with the same type of programming) and moved into programming time on

KXTV in Sacramento (3 hours, Saturdays); WSBK in Boston (7 hours on weekends); and New York (7 hours WPIX, Saturdays). It is obviously the right program at the right time and when it ultimately progresses, as inevitably it must, to a 24-hour format (which is, of course, what happened when radio stations first switched exclusively to top-40 programming) we'll be blessed with the first generation of young viewers who'll be content to watch moving wallpaper around the clock. Baby-sitters will be virtually obsolete.

But the implications are wider still. When a good percentage of young America begins to spend all or part of its time *watching* its favorite pop songs, the content of those images will become too important to be left to chance. Presumably it will become as important for a group to be *seen* on the mass media as it is now important to be heard. And the only way to make sure that the right kind of film accompanies the song is to provide it. Hence we'll soon see the day when groups automatically release films of themselves along with their records.

The format of Now Explosion has been exceptionally flexible so far. There are some groups who have made films, or been filmed, and some of the television footage is live but mostly the program has consisted of either experimental technical tricks such as superimpositions, double images, dazzling light shows and weird angle shots or just plain color film (a lovely girl riding a horse in slow motion, go-go dancers in front of architectural landmarks, waves crashing on rocks, etc.) fitted to the mood of the song.

Robert Whitney, who used to produce the Dick Clark show, says his outfit is now turning out 10 hours of new film each week at their Florida studios and he expects Now Explosion to be in most major markets by November. The emergence of CATV



outlets will speed up the acceptance of such programming—as well as viewing habits—and the first “24-hour pop station” will mark a turning point.

“The interesting thing” he says, “is that based on pop music it’s a truly international concept and we’re bound to start using film from everywhere eventually. Even in Leningrad I once sat in a park and listened to Beatles music for two hours.”

### Moonshine?

Is America’s adventuring in space an epic step forward in man’s history or is it the most monumental commercial hype that Big Business has so far managed to perpetrate? Depends on what kind of newspapers you read. The *New York Times* and the all-pervasive television networks covered the moon landing as an evolutionary advance as significant as primeval man’s descent

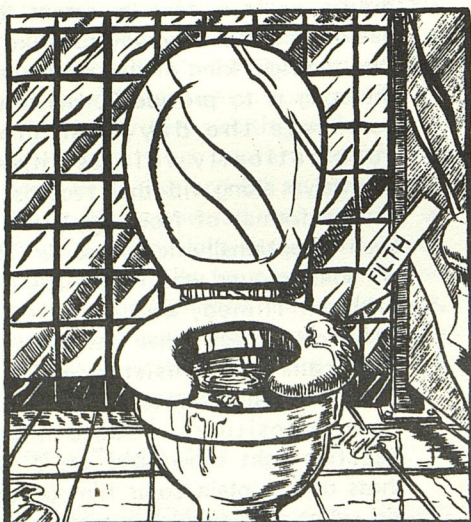
from the trees. But to the underground press the billions of dollars spent on interplanetary research is a gigantic payoff to the Pentagon and its commercial allies—the so-called military-industrial complex, alleged to be the real rulers of America.

Aside from the sinister implications of one nation “colonizing” the moon or any other planet, with a subsequent prospect of dominating the earth, questions being asked include: How many taxpayers were allowed to vote on whether space exploration should have a priority over, say, the alleviation of sickness and poverty? . . . Which of the so-called “patriotic” space companies did their work at cost? . . . What benefits does this exploration bring to anybody except the private contractors on the present gravy train and those who will commercially exploit the “resources” of the planets to be visited?

Typical of the radical analyses by what many people are calling “the alternative press” is that of Washington’s Andrew Kopkind writing in his own paper, *Hard Times*. Dismissing the moonshot as “the ultimate media event” Kopkind adds: “Why the wizards of ooze want us all to be programmed, medicated, packaged and simulated should not be hard to imagine . . . it allows them to spend scores of billions [to swell] the profits of the biggest military/space corporations without changing the system of distribution of those profits one whit.”

### Queen of the body painters

By the time gorgeous Lydia Saltzman had painted her 6,000th body with flowers and flourishes at New York’s Electric Circus a couple of months ago she knew she was ready for a new career. Her only problem was in deciding which of her stoned-out ideas she ought to put into production first. The choice included: music-box toilet



**95% OF ALL FATAL SYPHILIS  
IS CONTRACTED FROM  
PUBLIC TOILETS**

**DONT LET THOSE  
COMMIES TELL YOU  
ANY DIFFERENT!**

yossarian



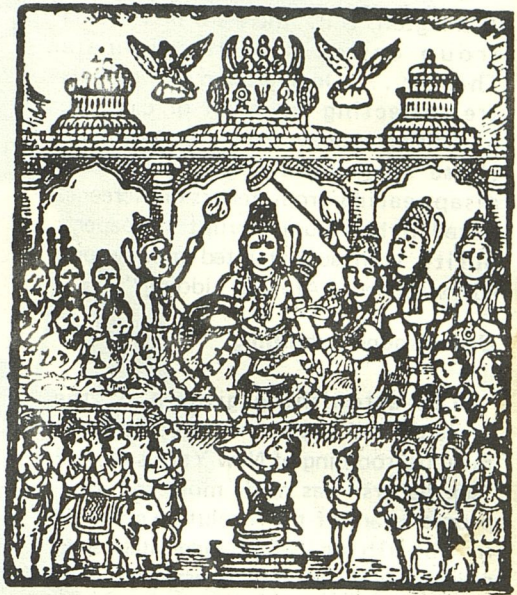
seats; backwards binoculars (to see inside yourself); automobiles with sideways wheels for parking; sunglasses with a built-in camera; circular record albums.

"I had a lot of time to think while I was painting people, hour after hour, night after night," Lydia says. "Very few of the people being painted had anything interesting to say and I used to devote my time to dreaming of impractical schemes. Such as promoting a cross-country balloon race—a real contest instead of the phony advertising contests—between Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola, or constructing a new kind of bicycle by putting an ironing board on wheels. For a while I thought I'd invented the electric spaghetti fork until I found that somebody already had one in production. And my plan to manufacture sculptures of Saint Francis strangling a chicken just couldn't find a backer."

But it's hard to keep a good body-painter down, and Lydia, 25, has turned her attention to television. With the backing of a syndicate which is applying for unused UHF channels she's been devising some shows that might never top the Nielsen ratings but are almost guaranteed to make the occasional viewer complain either to the FCC or to his psychiatrist.

"Our favorite idea so far," Lydia enthuses, "is for a regular one-hour show for dogs. Every television viewer I know feels that the dog population is short-changed for entertainment. We propose to bring our hairy friends some variety in their lives . . . of course, we'll show other dogs, too, but mainly we want to widen their outlook of the world. To see if we can make them relate to humans better."

Won't it be difficult to get dogs to keep looking at the tiny screen? "Well, it may be necessary to train them by getting them used to images with a mirror," she explains, "but of course we'll have a soundtrack accompanying



the program—all kinds of high-pitched doggy sounds that humans can't hear."

How about some of the other shows? "So far we have two block-busters", Lydia reveals. "On one channel we're going to show a hippie commune all the time; life will go on and on all week with the cameras focused permanently on the kitchen. Sometimes it will be dramatic and sometimes dull, but that's life. And every night at sign-off time we'll just play the tape backwards until morning."

### Movement memos

Anti-Establishment protestors in New York and other cities have found a new target: bank windows, scores of which are showing smears from what appear to be carelessly tossed eggs or vegetables . . . Imaginative "weapons" that can be used against demonstrators are occasionally unveiled with a flourish—and never heard from again. Maybe this has something to do with the fact that one such nonlethal chemical known as "banana peel" suddenly filled police chiefs with the vision of how effective it could be when used against their own men . . . In



Washington, D.C., there's a new drama group called The Illegitimate Theater ... Underground newspapers are expecting an influx of cigarette advertising money next year when all those smoking commercials start disappearing from television screens. Asked if he would corrupt his paper's purity with such tainted money one editor replied: "Are you kidding?"

### **Underground Publishing**

The astonishing growth of the underground press and more recently the mushrooming of New York's tabloid "sex papers" has made more and more people aware of the revolution going on in publishing. While long-established mass magazines and newspapers with multi-million circulations are publicly admitting their financial troubles and hinting at bankruptcy, kids with nothing more than a couple of hundred dollars and a crusading zeal for muck-raking are daily entering publishing right at the top.

Of the couple of hundred so-called "underground" papers started in this country in the past four years about two-thirds are making money, contrary to the gloomy forecasts of old-time publishers who once dismissed the phenomenon as a short-lived fad. Offset publishing-bypassing tons of heavy metal "hot" type in favor of printing thin aluminum sheets from photographic negatives—has slashed costs so effectively that even some of the giant publishing combines are now phasing out their multi-million equipment and planning to switch to the more flexible cold-type systems.

But the publishers and editors of what's now beginning to call itself "the alternative press" are still technologically a step ahead—and plan to stay that way. In the planning stages are an international weekly ("like a younger, hipper Paris Herald-Tribune," says one of its originators) to be

published simultaneously in London, Rome, New York and San Francisco with page negatives flown in and supplemented by local features and a "chain" of independently operated dailies in every major American city where the "Establishment" press lacks competition, which is to say everywhere.

For years aspiring publishers have been dissuaded from joining the daily battle by dire prognostications that suggest a million-dollar loss could be expected in the first year. But these are adventurous times when an underground publisher reasons that if he can put out his paper, for say, one thousand dollars a week then he can surely produce a (smaller) daily for one thousand dollars a day.

Of course, it wouldn't carry AP and Reuters but it's doubtful if its projected 50,000 readers would miss them, especially if they offered a steady diet of Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner, Jerry Rubin, Tim Leary, Ed Sanders, Andy Warhol, Julius Lester, Eldridge Cleaver, Allen Ginsberg, and a platoon of cartoonists such as Robert Crumb and Kim Deitch all of whom might be expected to pop up in its pages.

### **Unsolicited suggestions**

Why doesn't the UN devise an "all-purpose" airmail stamp sold at the main post office in every country that could be used anywhere in the world with all funds going to the UN? ... If college students really want control over their educational lives wouldn't it make more sense for them to quit going to college altogether and take their places in the adult world rather than continue to play toy soldiers by capturing the classrooms? ... Has any television talk show host thought of presenting his panel in informal surroundings—with the camera zooming in from anywhere—rather than the inhibiting



ΕΛΛΑΣ



21 ΑΠΡΙΛΙΟΥ  
1967

*THE PHOENIX LEGEND REWRITTEN; This ubiquitous symbol appears in every part of Greece today, from billboards to matches*



non-party atmosphere that makes them all so boringly alike? . . . Why not write to Charles Hamilton Autographs (25 East 53rd Street, New York 10021) and offer him your signature now while it's still cheap?

### Poets go pop

Poetry's a fine thing, as we all know, but the plain truth is that nine out of ten readers find it to be such a crashing bore that the sight of it on a printed page is a better remedy for insomnia than seconal. Which is a pity because our best poets are also our prophets and they are telling us things about ourselves that we *must* know in the only way that they can.

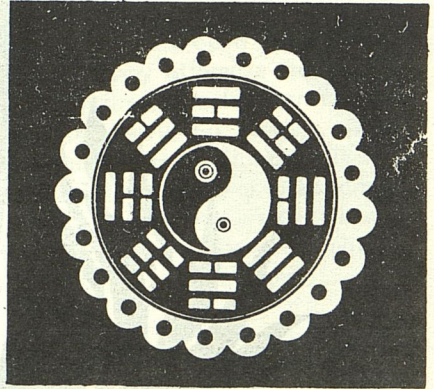
Marilyn Monroe once observed that she liked men who were poets, "but that doesn't mean they have to *write* poetry, if you know what i mean"—and we do. A good case could be made for the proposition that if society finds it beneficial to pay farmers for not growing corn it might be even more rewarding to pay poets not to write poetry. So long as they'll give us their message in other ways.

And lately they've been doing just that. The first sculptors of what's become known as concrete poetry surfaced several years ago, presenting their images in scatter-shot style, piling letters and words atop each other like building blocks, creating pictures out of words and sometimes the absence of them. It seemed to follow that the next wave of poets would dispense with words entirely, combining an abstract consciousness with the new technology to present "images" via electronic tapes, slide projections and other mixed-media devices.

So the poetry scene in 1969 is pretty much where the art scene was a decade

ago, changing from abstract to pop, with a corresponding increase in public interest. Poets have staged street events, mailing campaigns, moonviewing parties and other unlikely activities to make people more aware of nature, significantly overlapping the "artists" whose excavations in the countryside have become formalized in the galleries as "earthworks".

**Joachim Neugroschel**, a New York-based poet and translator who recently founded a theatre where poets can perform, says that a poem is anything that is made by anyone dubbing himself a poet. "Neither rhyme nor the absence of rhyme are hallmarks of a poem. They merely indicate the kind of poem not the quality."



### Against the Brass

The most popular newspaper with GI's in Vietnam is not the Army's own *Stars & Stripes*, which represents official attitudes and has more than once been accused of censoring stories the Pentagon didn't like, but *Overseas Weekly*, a California-owned maverick that tells it like it is.

About its Establishment-oriented rival, OW wrote recently: "Pap is defined as a liquid or semi-liquid food for infants or invalids. Whether or not you fit either category you'd better



whet your appetite for plenty of it if your main source of news is Pacific Stars & Stripes." And it quotes a disgruntled S&S staffer's complaints since the arrival of a new hawk-like editor, the daily's stories were increasingly restricted to "stories about the flag, mom's apple pie and General MacArthur."

Overseas Weekly, on the other hand, which conducts a never-ending fight for the rights of the rank-and-file against "the brass" is anything but dull. A typical issue (last Christman, for example) carried stories about the racial tension at Da Nang... a wife trying to get her husband released from the stockade after he was locked up for "crusading for world peace"... a helicopter pilot busted for smoking marihuana; two murders (PFC KILLS TROOPER WITH M16 BLAST and TROOPER KILLS BUDDY WITH MACHINE GUN); surveys from such favorite R & R areas as Sydney, Bangkok and Hong Kong detailing how to find the girls and the popular Hot Line column with barbed comments about the latest examples of "mickey mousing".

Apart from the constant reports of shootings and "frag cases" (fragmentation grenades thrown under the huts of unpopular officers) which possibly outnumber all other stories, gripes about bureaucratic red tape ("mickey mouse regulations") probably take up the most space. These vary from over-zealous officers who insist on full uniforms being worn and salutes being given even for off-duty visits to the PX or the latrine, to censorship of news that's common knowledge ("With so much high-level dishonesty it's not in the least surprising that the Reds are getting top rating for news credibility" OW comments). In one recent case, the comic strip Beetle Bailey was excised from Stars & Stripes because it introduced a black officer sporting an Afro haircut.

And as an example of current hypocritical attitudes, OW reports that at Bien Hoa airbase, a "remoralization campaign" is underway which means that Americans who have been sleeping with their Vietnamese secretaries have to either stop sleeping with them or dispense with their secretarial services.

Narcotics are the next biggest story and there hasn't been an issue of Overseas Weekly for months that hasn't commented on the problems the Army is having trying to combat heroin use. Pot, however, is much more commonplace and the Hotline column reported a conversation overheard in a Saigon mess:

Captain: Is marihuana a problem at Long Binh?

Lieutenant: Naw, it's easy to get.

Now that the South Vietnamese base offers much else to do. OW writer Don Hirst in a series called "Those Long Binh Blues" said that "even by the most poverty-level standards" the base wasn't even remotely related to facilities back home and he quoted an anonymous lieutenant as saying: "Last week the medics treated two people for gunshot wounds and 3,400 for boredom".

### Scene and heard

Why do new rock stars have such a compulsion always to record original material? There's no virtue in novelty for the sake of it if it isn't any good... Nudity has invaded the Japanese post office via a stamp depicting a chick getting out of a bathtub... Call girls who used to wait for johns to contact them now let their fingers do the walking through the sex ads in the underground papers where horny males are always seeking girls... Pacific Telephone is battling in court to prevent San Francisco's Society for Individual Rights (SIR) listing itself under "Homosexual" in the Yellow Pages...



A book whose pages are impregnated with perfume has just been produced by a Munich publisher . . . Cat and dog food advertising "are subtly directed towards the appetites of people, not animals", writes Connie Sohodski in *The Dove*, reporting on a survey by petfood manufacturers proving that their products sell well in areas where people can't afford pets . . . A Dutch firm has invented a toilet seat raised by foot—a boon for those too stoned to do it by hand . . . For about 40 cents you can take something small—a handkerchief, candy bar, panties, money—to a special counter in Tokyo's Seibu department store and have it canned and labelled . . . New York painter **Jim Desmond**, 26, is putting the finishing touches to a papier mache bear, eight feet high and covered with brown ostrich feathers. In September he plans to rent a store, hang a \$10,000 price tag around the animal's neck and paint the store's name above the door: **SELL THE BEAR.**

#### **Publish your underwear . . .**

Since the runaway success of his new geological novel, *The Incredible Thrilling Adventures of the Rock* (Random House, 12,000 copies sold) **Michael O'Donoghue** has had time to contemplate several exciting future projects. Priorities, of course, are two more "rock" books: "The Power, The Passion & The Rock" ("a very sad story—a life ruined by a BB gun", he says cryptically) and "The Rock's Birthday Party" in which our mineral hero dreams for an aeon or two about its forthcoming one hundred-millionth birthday.

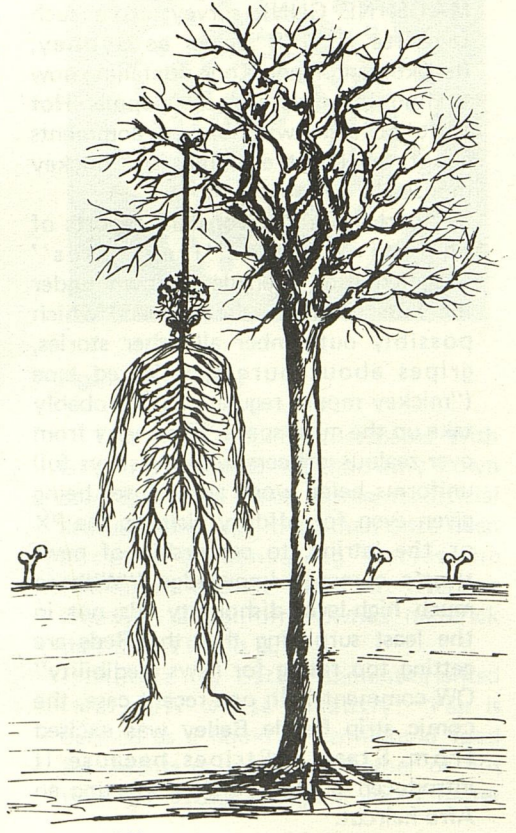
O'Donoghue (who previously authored *Phoebe Zeit-Geist*) is nothing if not a renaissance man, and charting the rock saga is but one aspect of his multi-faceted career. Animal books

("for spaniels: bark, bark, bark growl"), newspaper panties ("something to pull down and read while on the john") and movie theaters that simulate an airplane ride for six hours ("Andy Warhol loves that one") are already on the drawing board.

"My long-range project," says O'Donoghue, "as everybody must know by now, is called 'Publish Your Underwear' and I'd like anybody—writers, painters, legal aides—anyone with particularly interesting and moderately clean underwear to send it to me for publication as often as possible." Michael's address is 148 Spring Street, New York zipper code 10012.

#### **Liberating women**

The biggest threat to seduction since the adoption of pantyhose is the





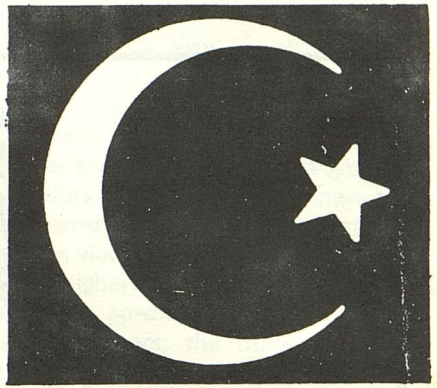
rapidly-burgeoning Women's Liberation Movement, and there are few single males around today who aren't likely to encounter one of its adherents sooner or later if they continue to play the field.

Hardest to cope with, of course, are the militant, booted ladies with short-cropped hair, shapeless clothing and a slogan for every occasion, their twin cries of "exploitation" and "male chauvinism" serving as a rallying cry for every man-hating butch within earshot. Though highly visible, they're a relatively small percentage of the movement and one perceptive female says of them: "At menopause you're supposed to take all the energy out of your ovaries and put it in your brain but they're doing it now."

More insidious are the thousands of women, influenced by the militants, who have come to regard MEN—all men—as their enemy. To many of these chicks (a taboo word so far as Movement purists are concerned) "male chauvinism" can be detected in every word that every male utters and is the automatic definition for any creative work of man. Though, strangely, creative works and statements by women are not similarly tagged "female chauvinism".

Admittedly Women's Lib has a legitimate grievance—in fact many grievances: vicious anti-abortion laws shaped and administered by men which deprive women of the right to regulate their own bodies . . . the age-old repressive attitude held by too many males that a woman is "something that you screw on the bed and it does the housework" . . . penny-pinching business firms which advertise the same jobs at different salaries for men and women . . . the inability of single women to go out in public without being regarded (they claim) as "sexual objects".

Men don't take that last complaint very seriously; some, indeed, claim that provocative sexuality on women's part



is not so much a grievance as a calculated way of life. But militant feminists (some of whom condemn sexual allure along with bras, makeup and frilly clothes) feel that it's all part and parcel of the "exploitation" that has to be brought to women's awareness.

"We've accepted it for generations the same way a black has allowed himself to be pushed off the sidewalk", says militant Wendy Roberts. "Until one day a brother or sister comes along and says to him, 'What is all this crap?'"

Wendy, whose blonde braids and shapely, unconfined breasts might well tempt unwary male observers into regarding her as a sexual object, has just completed a book about the whole subject and ironically now finds herself in the same position as most spokeswomen for the movement: the target of men who seek to notch up militant fems to assert their continued sexual dominance.

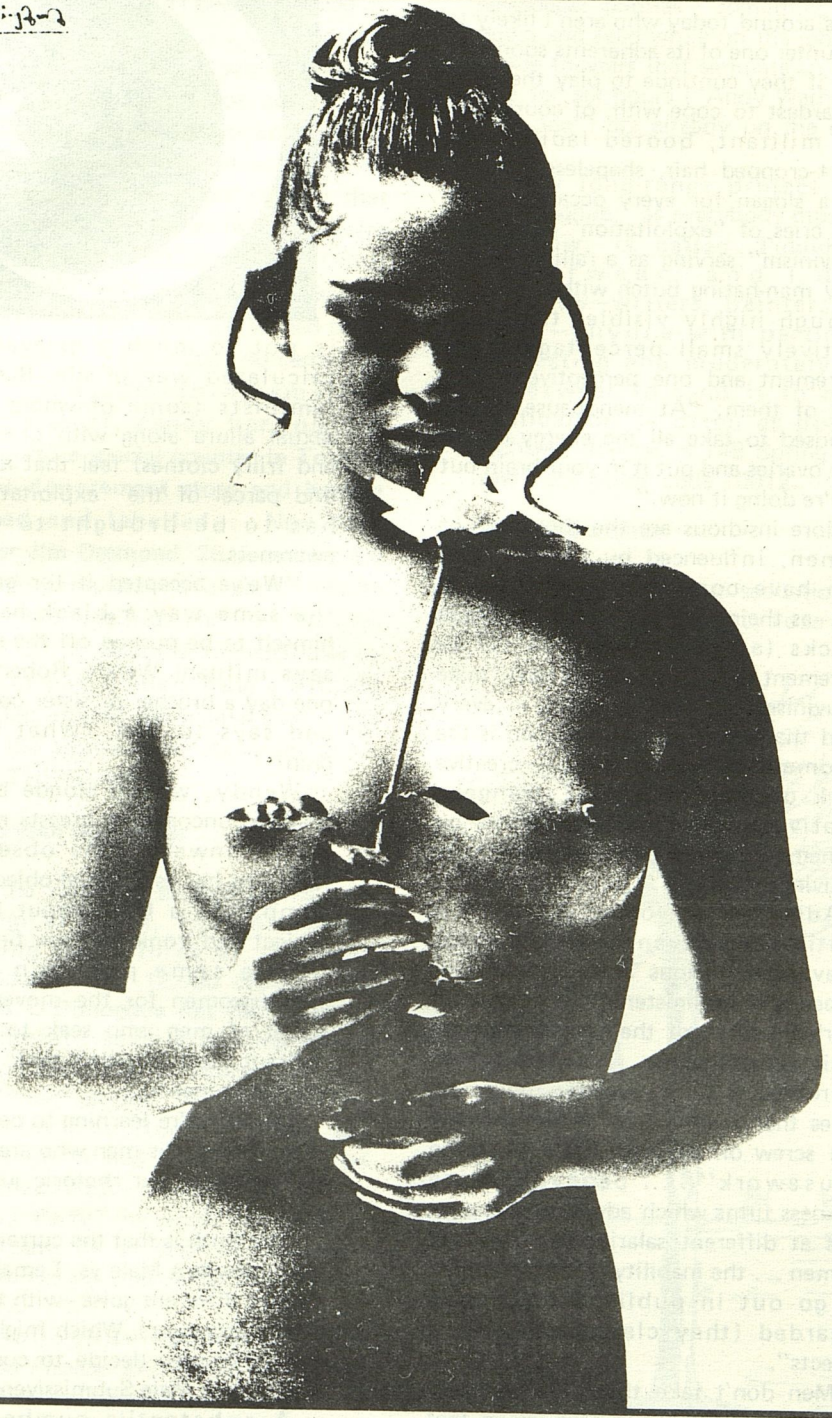
"What we're learning to be wary of," adds Wendy, "is men who are beginning to memorize our rhetoric just so they can get laid."

The truth is that the current furore is the time-worn Male vs. Female battle in slightly different guise—with the women as the aggressors. Which mightn't be so bad when men decide to counter their tactics with Male Submissiveness.

A substantial number of men probably already would agree with



2. 10. 1972



FUJICA



editor and Realist ringleader Paul Krassner who has publically endorsed most aims of Women's Lib and adds: "Seduction is obscene because it implies exploitation; decent, honest sex is more fun. Besides, liberated women don't have hangups about being on top and that's my favorite position."

## Tokyo

Machine gun pachinko is legal once again and all over Japan the amateur is coming into his own. Pachinko, a kind of vertical pinball game in which the object is to flip steel balls into winning slots, hit its peak about 15 years ago when 40,000 pachinko parlors—each with from a dozen to a hundred machines—were bringing in daily receipts of about three million dollars. Roughly equivalent to department store takings.

In those days each machine was fitted with a chamber that fed the balls automatically so all the player had to do was flick his right index finger as fast as possible as the balls dropped into the firing position. Hence the name "machine gun pachinko".

Payoffs (the balls could be redeemed for prizes, and sometimes money) were enormous and the vast sums of untraceable cash attracted hoodlums who infiltrated the pachinko business at every level.

Eventually stringent controls were clamped down on what had become Japan's biggest business. Prizes were reduced and limited to cigarettes, candy, household goods, and manual loading pachinko machines were introduced.

In the years since then the game has become dominated by experts—men and youths (hardly any women play) who can flip the tiny silver balls into the playing slot even faster than the so-called machine-gun slots. A good pachinko player soon overcomes wrist fatigue by practising every day and

there's hardly any neighborhood throughout Japan where the clicking of pachinko balls can't be heard from early in the morning until 11 at night. Heated in winter and air conditioned in summer the parlors offer washrooms, incessant music and such occasional extras as television viewing and free green tea.

The highest payoff machines, their brass nails specially adjusted sit just inside the doors; the other machines operate on a payoff of roughly 80 per cent returned to the customer. (Average invested in each machine daily is about \$10 of which roughly \$2.25 accrues to the owner of the parlor.)

Pachinko has become so respectable, in fact, that now some of the earlier controls are being lifted and the almost-forgotten automatic loading machines are beginning to reappear in the pachinko parlors, side by side with the manually-operated ones whose clientele look disdainfully upon the amateur upstarts.

Though grateful for the increased business brought by pachinko's new popularity, the parlor owners are apprehensive that a new generation of amateurs will revive all the old methods of cheating—cutting holes in the glass to insert wire hooks or using magnets to guide the balls into winning holes.

**NEW INVENTIONS:** An FM cassette that fits any standard tape recorder turning it into an FM radio . . . A golf ball with a built-in parachute for practising your swing in a confined area . . . A device to attach to television sets which allows you to hear an English-language dubbing of foreign movies . . . A remote-controlled bulldozer that operates under the sea . . . Matsushita's home facsimile machine which records the news on a roll of newspaper at the same time as it is telecast from the TV set to which it is attached . . . A tiny, electronic bug (two inches square) which can be planted in somebody's apartment two or three



floors above and allows perfect eavesdropping . . . A TV console with three (or six) different screens to allow simultaneous viewing on several channels at once . . . A bar of striptease soap which reveals more and more of a curvaceous beauty as successive layers are washed away . . . A plastic waistcoat with webbed pockets for slabs of dry ice, said to keep the wearer cool for four hours at a time when worn under a regular suit . . . An almost sound-proof device for fitting over mouthpieces of telephones in noisy places such as subway stations.



That admirable old custom of mixed, nude bathing seems to be on the wane in Japan according to the operators of the two biggest such tourist spots. At both Noboribetsu in northern Hokkaido and Ibusuki in southern Kyushu there's a growing tendency for young female visitors to the baths to wear some sort of bikini covering in contrast to the older people who still wander from pool to pool covered only by the handkerchief-sized *oshibori* which every Japanese bather uses as a combined towel-facecloth-modesty belt.

Of course, mixed nude bathing has never been quite so widespread in Japan as foreigners fondly imagine. It's true that women as well as men can be found in quite a few of the country's 5,000 hot springs ryokans, but many of these are local farm girls hired to add "color" for the predominantly male clientele and most of them aren't far removed from the *yuna* or bathhouse prostitute

which the traditional bath maid eventually became.

Mixed bathing developed quite naturally along with the development of the public bathhouse but constant assaults on the free and easy atmosphere by puritanical bathers eventually got it banned by law at the turn of century, apart from hot spring resorts and a few rural areas.

Ibusuki's Jungle Bath, where the sexes are still integrated, is probably the most outstanding remnant of the older tradition. About 20 different pools of different shapes and sizes are interspersed between trees, palms, shrubs, bushes, foliage and rock gardens. Little bridges arch over gurgling streams. Stepping stones skirt warm waterfalls, pearl-filled oysters are imbedded deep in the granite floor and indirect lighting casts subtly colored beams between the patches of damp, steamy shadow.

Some of the pools, in the shape of hearts, eggs or bananas are barely big enough for two; others are vast swimming areas punctuated by fountains, bridges and statues. All contain water at different temperatures from ice-cold to so hot (110 degrees F) that the bather has to work his way up to it. Sometimes there are pools inside pools, the smaller ones having their own water inflow at a different temperature to the larger. One pool might smell strongly of sulphur, another contain a bagful of fragrant leaves.

Men and women undress in separate rooms and then come together in the Jungle Bath where they wander languidly from pool to pool for hours pretending not to notice each other. As the historian J.R. Brinkley once wrote, "The nude in Japan is to be seen but not looked at."

## Eroductions

Japan has just finished a record year's output of "eroductions" which is their title for sexploitation movies (200





in 1969) just clean enough to pass the censor. Somewhat raw by Western standards they are filled with such gimmicks as sudden shifts into color and slow motion for the sex sequences and back into black and white and normal projection speed for the duller portions of the plot. Although never exported the films find a ready market in the country's hundreds of smalltown cinemas which can't be kept supplied by the output of Japan's five major production companies. (Meanwhile, in Hong Kong, an adventurous visitor can pay \$20 and take his own camera along as he accompanies one of the numerous porn producers on a movie-making excursion.

### Japanalia

As part of its clean-up in preparation for EXPO 70, the industrial city of Osaka is pumping oxygen into its stagnant canals, a short-term project to plant goldfish in the waters and fool visitors... Hotels in neighboring towns are already so booked up in advance of EXPO that jokes have begun appearing in local newspapers: one visiting businessman is alleged to have signed on with a tour to get a hotel room conducting his business between bus tours; another got a room at one of the famous "romance hotels" for three days and then got a bill that had been computed by the hour... "Black is beautiful" is attributed by a Tokyo magazine to the fast-growing popularity of five-day suntanning treatments and

the new *okuroi* (black cream) cosmetics... Since the priests at Okayama's Fusen Kannon temple announced that they could enlarge breasts without surgery (presumably by prayer alone) they've been deluged with so many foam rubber and cloth replicas that "bosom burning" has become a regular ceremony to reduce the temple's constantly-growing stockpile.

### Body art

As viewers at Manhattan's downtown Paula Cooper Gallery wandered around inspecting the group show a month or two ago, lanky Vito Acconci, 30, was beginning his one-hour walk southwards along Broadway to the gallery from 100 blocks away. Every ten minutes Vito called the gallery to report on his progress, finally arriving just as the show was closing for the evening and the guests were leaving. Both he and the gallery considered his participation in the show a great success—so much so that a few weeks later Vito staged another event. This time the contents of his Greenwich Village apartment were transferred bodily to another gallery for a month, forcing him to visit there every time he needed something for his day-to-day living.

What's all this about? Well, says Acconci, it all began with a couple of poetry readings he did last year. At one, the show a great success—so much so that a few weeks later Vito staged another event. This time the contents of his Greenwich Village apartment were transferred bodily to another gallery for a month, forcing him to visit there every time he needed something for his day-to-day living.

What's all this about? Well, says Acconci, it all began with a couple of poetry readings he did last year. At one, in Robert Rauschenberg's loft, he read the poems a line at a time from large sheets hung around the room... at the



other, in Central Park he took photographs of the audience. "I was concerned with getting the words off the page", he explains, "but more important than that I'm concerned with the artist as a participant. It's traditional to talk about an artist's body of work, but I'm more interested in setting the artist's body to work."

Acconci is rather typical of what's going on in art these days. Since Marshall McLuhan (and Andy Warhol)

defined art as being what you can get away with other definitions have become obsolete. Alfonse Schilling exhibited a group of pictures of his mailman, upstairs neighbor, laundryman and landlady at the same gallery where John Van Saun set fire to cans of Sterno. A few blocks away, Peter Hutchinson was demonstrating crystalization by means of self-oxidizing solutions and Dennis Oppenheim was swallowing various chemicals and having





his body x-rayed to document the results. Both these artists have since gone on to more ambitious projects: Oppenheim took a chain saw to the frozen St. John's River—the political and time zone between Canada and the U.S.—and carved rings which roughly corresponded to the annual growth rings in a tree; and Hutchinson lugged 450 pounds of white bread to the mouth of the Mexican volcano Paricutin, stuffed it into the steamy crevices around the rim and nursed it along until it grew mould—"the first life to be created in this barren environment."

One of the major sponsors of this type of art (both Oppenheim and Hutchinson exhibit at his gallery) is bearded John Gibson whose shows of ecological art early last year preceded the national interest in that subject by almost a year.

"Ecology is just an explanation of man's relationship with his environment," Gibson says, "and this has always been an absorbing subject to some artists. Lately artists have begun to travel much more and become much more aware of themselves. The present trend could almost be defined as 'back to the artist's body'—he's interested in moving himself and his possessions around... the artist as organism, the artist as space." After that, what could possibly come next?

"Balling," suggests Gibson. If artists are putting their bodies into art what could be more logical than sexual events?

### All Mixed Up

The art of the collagist is not a very rewarding one. It's doubtful if there's a single full-time collagist in the world who's making a living from his or her jigsaw-puzzle-like constructions. And yet collages, once exclusively a museum

or art gallery phenomenon, can be seen everywhere—illustrating slick magazine stories, advertising deodorants or anti-war demonstrations, covering the walls of entire apartments.

In its simplest form the collage is a jumble of images, shapes and headlines pasted together to fill space, make a point, decorate or convey scores of thoughts and impressions into a much tinier area than an equivalent number of textual paragraphs or individual pictures.

But even more than other forms of creativity a good collage depends on the calibre of the artist. It's hard to imagine a totally "uninteresting" collage if only because of the multiplicity of images to catch the eye, but the essence of its quality is whether you merely give it a glance and then turn the page or study it closely tantalised by some haunting thoughts you can't define. Ideally a collage is a time bomb (or maybe an onion) whose effects linger longer after the initial impact.

A successful collage is heavily laden with innuendo; the juxtaposition of images producing a classic case of guilt by association that could never be sustained by unadorned text or straight photographs.

"Covering a photograph of Nixon or Reagan with sexual organs gives the impression tht he fucks, too," says Claude Pelieu. "Maybe people need reminding of obvious things like that. America suffers from a Protestant hangover and collages draw out the inhibitions."

Pelieu, 35, estimates that he's made thousands of collages since he left Paris to live in the U.S. six years ago. A handful have been published in books or magazines but most have been given away. "He makes one with almost every letter he writes," says his friend Mary Beach who works with him on the French-English translations from which his income comes. Pelieu explains: "But writing is absolutely dead. Young



people today don't read—they have no time, solitude, relaxation or money. The majority of people are living in a perpetual state resembling drunkenness and the image industry—TV, etc.—represents the sonambulistic state of society."

Pelieu's fellow-Europeans, Erro, Jean-Jacques Lebel and Nimmo Rotella, all create collages heavy with sexual and symbolic imagery. All have spent time in America and find it easier to use English (which they speak) for their collages than their native language. It's as though artists can bring an objectivity and plasticity to a foreign language that turns it into but another medium with which to work.

Some of the better American collagists transcend language completely. Anita Steckel specialises in adorning old posters and photographs (one shows a banquet table surrounded by men who all have identical Hitler mustaches and hairstyles) and Stan Vanderbeek who makes his collages with film beaming thousands of images on top of each other on the saucer-shaped walls of his moviedom in upstate NY, says: "It's the only universal language."

### Social art

If every museum has paintings both on view and in store that are worth millions of dollars, wouldn't it serve a greater social need to sell some of them and give the money to the poor? That, at any rate, is the suggestion of the Guerilla Art Action Group which has been directing most of its initial protests against Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. It has invaded the Museum with impromptu "happenings", throwing around food, stink bombs and fake blood to represent America's murder victims in Vietnam.

The group's attack is twofold—against the "exploitation and degradation" of the artist who usually

benefits infinitesimally from the subsequent inflated value of his work, and against the "extremely wealthy people who are using art as a means of self-glorification... a cover for their brutal involvement in all spheres of the war machine."

In the last year ~~teh~~ museums of America have come under increasing fire as the radicals discovered that many of them are funded and controlled by people they feel to be their political enemies. "What do you think art is about?" asks the group's manifesto. "Is it some sort of mythical abstract commodity that is traded on the market and guarded by the police? How can it be that art needs police protection? Only 'valuable' possessions, property and money, are given police protection—is that what art must be? Is property more valuable than life and freedom? Shouldn't art relate to life and freedom rather than property?"

### Island interlude

The Spanish island of Ibiza has been historically best known for its corsairs (a sort of semi-legal pirate) and its salt ponds. But in recent times it has become more renowned as the laissez-faire headquarters for increasing numbers of international freaks, attracted by the ambiance and the low prices (a primitive six-room farmhouse, for example, rents for under \$50 monthly).

Spanish authorities, anxious on the one hand for the nearly \$3 million the island annually grosses from tourist revenues, and on the other increasingly apprehensive about the supposed freedom of sex and drugs, were said to be watching both residents and arrivals ever more closely. This summer, by common belief, was thought to be the last one before "the big crackdown." So the June arrival on Ibiza of the



Australian underground publisher Richard Neville, was the signal for Ibiza's 1970 hippie colony to get it on for perhaps the final time—or so the gossip ran.

What could be more fitting, the freaks argued, than a special issue of Neville's London magazine *Oz* devoted to the island in all its decadent splendor? If all the resident and visiting talent could be persuaded to break its exhausting round of all-day siestas at the harbor cafe and all-night voyeurism at La Tiera bar, Ibiza would see a publication the likes of which it had never seen before. Some of the more longtime residents, worried about the future of their residence permits, pointed out that censorship in Spain was not only strict but absolute. So it was finally decided that, though the issue would be put together on the island, it would be printed in London.

Spanish law decrees that special permits are needed for meetings of more than a dozen people. But almost a score of permit-less enthusiasts attended the first gathering in the abandoned chapel of a hilltop home. Most of the story

suggestions at this early meeting were semi-flippant: a contest to write about "my greatest orgasm," for example, or an interview with a local dog that was famous for sounding the horn of his mistress' car when he thought she had been away too long.

But unanimous endorsement was given to a photographic folio of island fashions. Although the popular around-town garb especially favored by French girls was a semi-transparent robe with uncovered breasts and panties clearly to be seen beneath, complete nudity was reserved for the frequent patio parties on residents' farms tucked away in the countryside. The dedicated breast-gazer would ironically enough derive more satisfaction downtown from peering at nipples through Birgita's crocheted dresses than on public beaches where bare tits were punishable by a 1,000 peseta fine.

Arguments arose over the necessity for a gossip column. A few people thought that the presence of Donovan's old lady and visits by Nico ("Didn't she once make it with Dylan?"), Terence Stamp and Viva were worth recording;



Have the hippie perverts trampled your flag in the mud? Or maybe your kid used it to wax the old man's car. Whatever, bring your flag to your local Hardhat Brotherhood for a free cleaning. While there, pick up your free booklet "Convert your flag pole into a spear for shafting Hippies."



others insisted that these stopovers didn't count "unless they fucked somebody important while they were here."

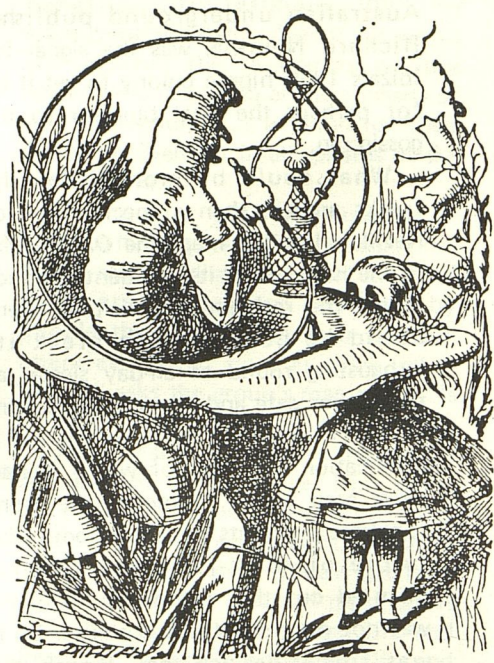
Lester, a longtime resident of the island, had recently uncovered the local drugstore's cache of Yohimbine chocolate, renowned for its supposedly aphrodisiac qualities, so it was decided that a test project with volunteers of both sexes would make an interesting story. This sex survey was a little late getting underway, however, because several of the colony's most enthusiastic lovers were undergoing a mild venereal infection.

The call went out to Dr. Sam, a long-haired homeopathic harbinger from London. Unfortunately he was regarded with some suspicion by the Spanish Customs authorities who insisted on confiscating most of the 70 or 80 bottles of mysterious white powders, pills and potions that he carried in a matching set of four leather briefcases. But even with only a handful of homeopathic remedies and lacking the everpopular tincture of cannibonal (which, perhaps fortunately, he had left behind in London) Dr. Sam was in great and continual demand. "Most of these chicks never take time to visit a doctor," said one observer, "and so to have one right in their midst, long-haired and *free*, too . . ."

Thus the eventual highspot of the Ibiza *Oz*, we predict, will be an article entitled "What the Girls Told Dr. Sam" . . .

#### Fidel's fate

Fidel Castro's horoscope forecasts that he'll start having some tough times from September 15 this year and won't be out of his unlucky spell until June 23, 1973 according to a writer in India's *Astrological Magazine*.



#### Torn as Miller

"Life moves on whether we act as cowards or as heroes. Life has no other discipline to impose, if we would but realise it, than to accept life unquestioningly. Everything we shut our eyes to, everything we run away from, everything we deny, denigrate or despise, serves to defeat us in the end. What seems nasty, painful, evil can become a source of beauty, joy and strength, if faced with an open mind. Every moment is a golden one for him who has the vision, to recognize it as such. Life is now, every moment, no matter if the world be full of death" (Henry Miller, *The World of Sex*)

Long before Barney Rossett's Grove Press courageously fought the legal battles that made Henry Miller respectable, the old master's books were being read with awe and admiration in every country in the world. Maurice Girodias' Olympia Press had made them available in Paris from whence they were smuggled in raincoat pockets and



suitcases all over Europe. Pirated by publishers in Japan and Mexico (where copies were sealed in plastic to discourage browsers and sold for \$10 apiece), publicized and extricated by Ed Schwartz, Henry Miller Literary Society Newsletter in the Midwest and sold under the counter in Frances Steloff's Gotham Book Mart they had become the bible of International Resistance.

Of course the main reason for Miller's popularity—or so people used to think—was his explicit writing about sex. Because this was twenty years ago remember, and people just didn't write about fucking in those days—not if they wanted to be taken “seriously” as a writer.

But ol' Henry didn't care about any of that academic bullshit; he was on a different trip—individual anarchy—and it took some time before most people began to realise it.

“I read Miller at school, like everyone else, and for the same reasons”, recalls actor Rip Torn, “and then when I read him again years later I realised that it wasn't really sex he was writing about but freedom.” Most old-time Miller fans have felt the same way. When the pupil is ready, the teacher will appear.

And so now it's 1970 and, by contemporary sexual standards, Miller's Tropics are passe, his philosophies perpetuated by millions who have never met him and what comes next?

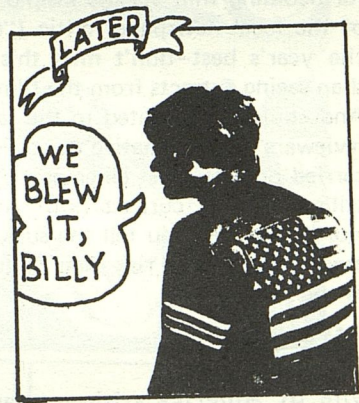
The movie, that's what. Next month (April) Joseph Strick's “Tropic of Cancer” will be released, shot in Paris, with Miller himself as “consultant” and Rip Torn (at 38, on the verge of stardom) portraying the author at roughly the same age.

“He must be approaching 80 by now”, Rip says, “and his face is the best advertisement for his life. There's not a mean line on it. He can get drunk and mean and crazy but his face is the face of a holy man. The first time he came to the set . . . well, I don't like to use the

word mystical but it certainly crossed my mind that he might be a saint.”

Miller spent a lot of time with the film crew and got to know all of them well. At first he thought Rip was too gloomy—“I often get moody when I'm working hard the actor admits”—but was happy when he saw the rushes. At one point he asked why his alter ego had tears in his eyes and when Rip pointed to a section of the book . . . *‘scalding tears running down my face’* . . . Miller nodded thoughtfully, “Oh, did I say that?”

“He did seem nostalgic from time to time”, Rip says, “Occasionally he'd start telling a story and I would finish it because he'd written about it in the book and forgotten about it. But he's such a straight-shooter I think he must have liked me or he'd have said so. And he realized the humor was there because



after seeing the rushes one day he said, ‘You know you're a very funny man’. Once only he criticized me. I'd been telling him my daughter Danal accused me of giving sloppy kisses. He watched me on the set that day and remarked, “You know I think Danal is right; you do have a rather sloppy kiss.”

Rip's fans—and they include friends from his Actors' Studio period as well as fellow rebels from Hollywood bit part days—think he's ideally suited for the part of the young Miller. He's always been an uncompromisingly outspoken



actor, given to fighting with directors and speaking his mind on and off the set. Producer Joseph Strick had known and admired his work for a long time but waited until he had just the right thing to offer.

Everybody connected with the production thinks that the human-ness and humor (the book was originally called *Crazy Cock*) of Miller has been presented very faithfully. And as for the author—"He just wishes it could have all happened ten years sooner," Rip says. "But then Henry will be horny until the day he transmutes or whatever."

### Nostalgia Corner

Do you remember when movie theatres used to show trailers? What could conceivably make them think that patrons prefer to learn about forthcoming film via the insipid quotes of the local newspaper critic ("One of the year's best—don't miss this one") than seeing extracts from the film itself? And could it be related to the fact that reviewers' uninformative quotations are carried outside most cinemas instead of stills from the current film? In other words, the less you tell the suckers the more likely they'll risk their \$3 to come in and find out.

### IBM goes hip

One of America's biggest capitalist giants, the International Business Machines Corporation, would seem to be an unlikely godfather for the underground press but that is oddly the position in which IBM increasingly finds itself. It began with the firm's development of a specialist typewriter able to compose a column of "justified" type (*ie* with equal lines as in this column). Suddenly the crewcut striped-tie IBM salesmen and servicemen found themselves increasingly confronted with situations that training school hadn't prepared them for. Where do you sit in an office that's

somebody's bedroom when company regulations don't allow sitting on beds? And if accepting an alcoholic drink is forbidden what's the ruling on pot?

Once, IBM mechanics were called to service machines rented by Boston's *Avatar* and installed in its basement offices below a Cinematheque. The company manual lists all possible malfunctions of their machines, from simple power failures to excess humidity, but this time the mechanics were stumped. There was no precedent for machines clogged with blood. The previous night a German artiste had conducted a "Meat Happening" in the theatre above and the blood had seeped through to coagulate in the innards of the *Avatar* composing machines.

Renting IBM's *Composer* is not enough in itself to explain the hippie business boom, but little papers tend to graduate to IBM's more sophisticated computer setup. This costs \$700 per month and requires the operator to punch out the copy on tape via a specially wired typewriter. The tape is then fed through a computer unit which automatically does the retyping and justifying of lines, thus saving hours of manual work. After five years of growth, dozens of underground papers have progressed to this stage and are paying their rental bills by undertaking jobbing typesetting for menus, brochures, newsletters, poetry books, sex novels, etc. Hippie typesetters are able to work long hours for low pay, almost no overhead and without union hassles. And thus is IBM creating a generation of hippie capitalists.

What next? Well, possibly a portable *Composer*—as easy to carry around as an



COMPOSER



ordinary portable typewriter—combined with a briefcase-sized dry photo-copying machine. With these two tools plus paper and collage material the peripatetic editor will be able to produce an instant newspaper from any hotel room in the world.

### Book of nonsense

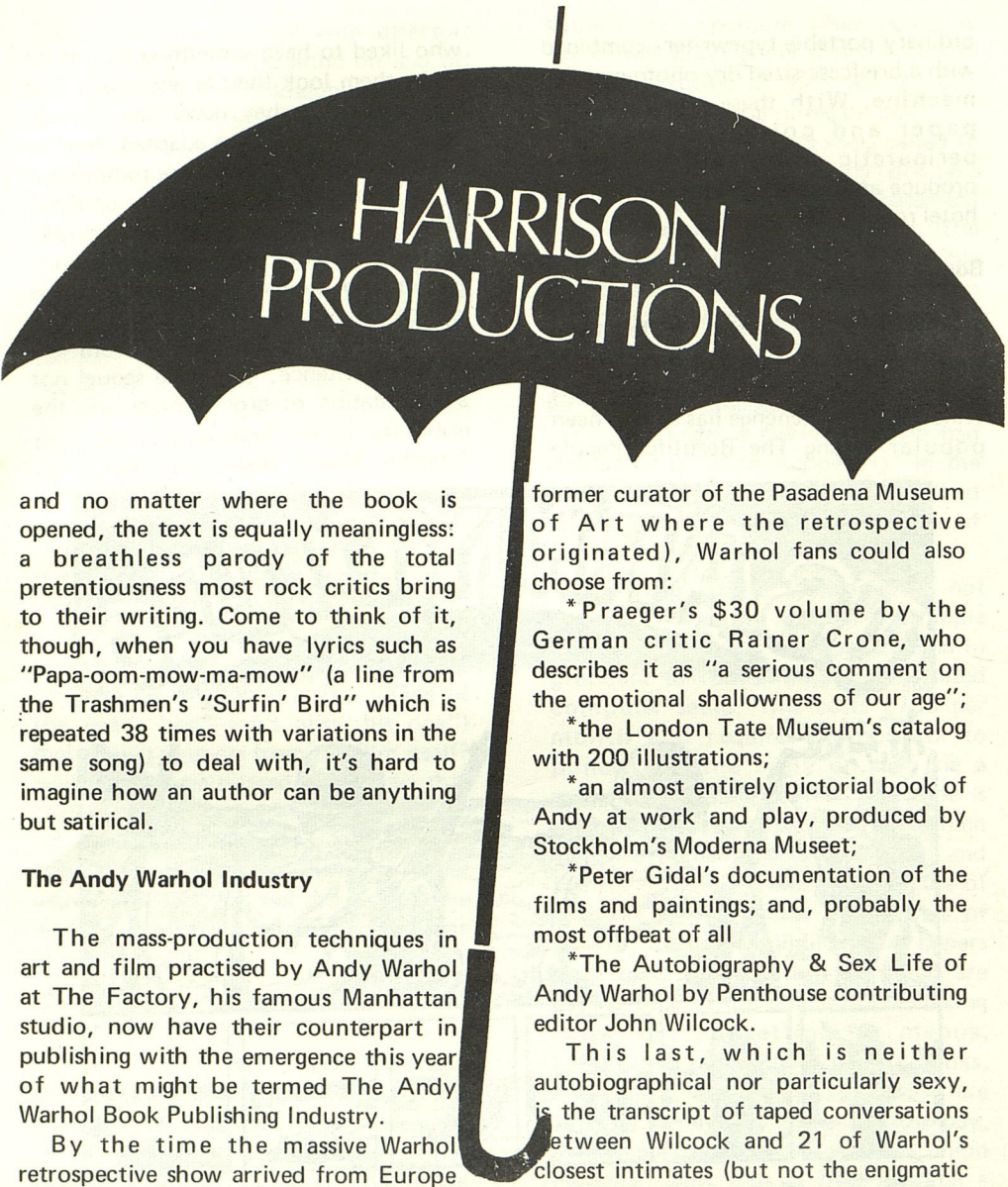
The old concept of the “coffee table book”—a lavish, picture-filled volume exploring, say, *The Stained Glass Windows of Stonehenge* has always been popular among *The Beautiful People*

who liked to have something around to make them look literate, especially if it was something they never had to read. Now it seems to have adapted itself to the Aquarian Age with the publication of R. Meltzer's *The Aesthetics of Rock* (Something Else Press, \$6.95)—346 pages of total gibberish which the author and publisher presumably hope will be taken seriously.

The joke is unwavering from the opening sentence—“This is a sequel not a formulation of prolegomena”—to the elaborate index (which includes Don Ameche, Martin Buber and Nietzsche)







# HARRISON PRODUCTIONS

and no matter where the book is opened, the text is equally meaningless: a breathless parody of the total pretentiousness most rock critics bring to their writing. Come to think of it, though, when you have lyrics such as "Papa-oom-mow-ma-mow" (a line from the Trashmen's "Surfin' Bird" which is repeated 38 times with variations in the same song) to deal with, it's hard to imagine how an author can be anything but satirical.

## The Andy Warhol Industry

The mass-production techniques in art and film practised by Andy Warhol at The Factory, his famous Manhattan studio, now have their counterpart in publishing with the emergence this year of what might be termed The Andy Warhol Book Publishing Industry.

By the time the massive Warhol retrospective show arrived from Europe at New York's Whitney Museum this spring, six books about the controversial artist were already in print and at least three others were in the works. By the end of 1971 the figure will probably be more than a dozen. Not bad, as London's *Sunday Times* points out for a man who, ten years ago, was decorating windows at Bonwit Teller's.

Apart from the show's own \$10 catalog (put together by John Coplans,

former curator of the Pasadena Museum of Art where the retrospective originated), Warhol fans could also choose from:

- \* Praeger's \$30 volume by the German critic Rainer Crone, who describes it as "a serious comment on the emotional shallowness of our age";

- \* the London Tate Museum's catalog with 200 illustrations;

- \* an almost entirely pictorial book of Andy at work and play, produced by Stockholm's Moderna Museet;

- \* Peter Gidal's documentation of the films and paintings; and, probably the most offbeat of all

- \* The *Autobiography & Sex Life of Andy Warhol* by Penthouse contributing editor John Wilcock.

This last, which is neither autobiographical nor particularly sexy, is the transcript of taped conversations between Wilcock and 21 of Warhol's closest intimates (but not the enigmatic artist himself), all of whom try to explain him. Seven publishers turned the book down as "too repetitive" (an ironic comment about what is undoubtedly the foremost artist of the repetitive image) before Wilcock, publisher of his own magazine *Other Scenes*, decided to print and produce it himself.

Among those who comment about the silver-haired artist who John



Perrault (also author of a forthcoming biography) calls "the most important artist since Duchamp") are the singer Nico, the sculptor Marisol—both almost equally monosyllabic—and superstar Viva who comments: "I don't think he has any sex life."

### Astrologies

Most commentators take the view that astrology is a definition of existing types in the cosmos. But a more contemporary interpretation might be that Astrology is a grand master plan for the different roles that must be fulfilled for the new tribal society to operate smoothly and harmoniously. It's a truism that in astrology there's no such thing as a bad sign and as the universal hippy religion gets ever more popular it's becoming increasingly obvious that the more people learn about their own signs the more they tend to adopt the characteristics they're already supposed to have.

### Steal-it-yourself

Eighty thousand words devoted to that fast-growing revolutionary concept, the rip-off, promises to give bookstores across the country a problem they've never faced before. Packaged between eye-catching covers and enticingly titled *Steal This Book*, the manuscript, assembled by Abbie Hoffman, will inevitably be the most popular book of the year with the freak generation. But how many copies will be *bought*, as opposed to smuggled out of the stores, is the kind of imponderable likely to give booksellers nightmares.

For years the underground press has been detailing such minor frauds as how to mail letters without postage (put the addressee's name in the top left-hand corner) or how to siphon gasoline from parked Cadillacs with a handy piece of rubber tubing, but *Steal This Book's*

yippie authors have now assembled all the data in one place to provide a guerilla handbook for those living off the affluent society's surplus.

Making free phone calls, flying without an airline ticket, forging IDs, freeloading at weddings and bar-mitzvahs, sneaking into theatres without tickets, remaking credit cards, shoplifting, collecting for charities and political candidates with their official canisters and pocketing the proceeds—all are dealt with in specific detail. Such anarchistic yippie tactics as filling locks or parking meters with epoxy glue, setting up guerilla radio stations, making stink bombs, foraging behind supermarkets and calling congressmen's offices with fake messages from hustlers also get attention.

But though the bulk of the book is devoted to action, with chapters on first aid for street-fighters and protecting yourself in demonstrations (antidotes for tear-gas, etc.), *Steal This Book* also offers a guide to would-be larcenists too lazy to stir from home. A proven tactic, one chapter explains, is writing to companies about their products. A letter saying, "Your frozen asparagus has given me a whole new lease on life" has been known to work, but, adds Abbie, "In general, nasties get the best results."

### Von Newman's magic method

Once a handful of adventurous psychotherapists had introduced nude therapy seminars to the relaxed California scene it was inevitable that group sexual activities would eventually achieve respectability in some form. Now the world has been introduced to **Professor Von Newman's Magic Method** which, after a few months of trial among various Encounter-type groups,



has been published by Los Angeles' prestigious Elysium Foundation.

Although sex is certainly not an inevitable concomitant of the Method—in fact using it “for selfish purposes such as seduction” is specifically proscribed—it acts as an acceptable bridge for nudists who want to touch, not just look, without the vulgarity of a group grope. A Von Newman session is about the nearest approach to an orgy that you could get without running foul of any legal restrictions.

Attributed to “Professor Heinrich Franz Von Newman” who ostensibly died of tropical fever while recording native rituals in the Trobriand Islands in 1892, the tongue-in-cheek book was actually written by 45-year-old Stan Russell, former filmmaker who dropped out to become a guru with a certain following in northern California, where he lives, and at Los Angeles' Elysian Fields (a nudist ranch in Topanga) where he has given numerous lectures.

Since he conducted his first Von Newman seminar some months ago it has been adopted and practised seriously by many of the accredited social-awareness groups in which California abounds. “The more we touch each other in a gentle considerate way, the better we feel about ourselves and the rest of mankind,” the author writes. And he concludes with the undeniable thesis: “The girl who greets her mate at the door with a peacock feather in one hand and a bottle of hand lotion in the other will find her relationship unusually harmonious and stable.”

### Go to a movie

Radical members of Newsreel, which concentrates its coverage on anti-war and anti-cop demonstrations, have been discussing other ways to reach audiences “brainwashed” by commercial films: (i) Jab at the screen intermittently with

beams from long flashlights over which have been pasted negatives of sexual acts; (ii) Leaflet susceptible audiences as they emerge dreamy-eyed from commercial movie houses with hard-headed interpretations of the film they've just seen. Meanwhile, Chicago filmmaker Ray Craig, 28, has fitted out a bus as a mobile screening room and travels around showing underground movies.

### Creative stimulators

Two Chicago artists have pooled their frustrations and come up with a new plan to keep the adrealin flowing. Under the working title, Creative Stimulants Unlimited, they've begun to tackle the legendary “writers' block” or artistic menopause which inexplicably dries up the productivity of creative people for long periods of time.

“We borrowed the idea from advertising brainstorming sessions and extended it somewhat,” explains Morton Sayle, 27, an energetic program designer who races motor cycles in his spare time.

It's obvious that when a creative person just isn't coming up with anything its because of the drabness of his life. It may be temporary or it might be because he's floundering in a rut with his job or his sex life. Either way we try to inject some surprises into his daily round—an “accidental” encounter with a nymphomaniacal teenybopper, an unexpected magazine subscription... “or a molotov cocktail tossed into his garage”, kidded his partner, Bob Fless, 23.

The theory is too obvious not to be correct but so far the C.S.U. has had limited application never having actually been hired by anybody. But the partners think there's money in it if properly organized. “If anybody knows how we can get a grant...?” says Morton wistfully.



# REVIEW QUOTES

## ROGER LOVIN

John puts out a sort of traveling mantra called *Other Scenes* which comes out irregularly, is published wherever John happens to be, and is beyond classification. It's also just about the best piece of personal journalism being turned out in this country today.

But the basic reason that John Wilcox winds up with the fragrant end of the stick so often is that he practices what the rest of the underground press mostly preaches. He is more in it for the art than the bread.

And that brings us to Andy Warhol's autobiography, as seen by John Wilcox. \_ has spent the last four years rounding up interviews with some twenty-three of those people, possibly those closest to Warhol in a myriad of strange ways. People like Gretchen Berg, Nico, Buddy Wirtschafter. Like Ultra Violet, Ronnie Tavel, Viva. Like Sam Green and Lou Reed and that incredible faggot, Taylor Mead. And, of course, John Wilcox himself.

In a way this book is biblical. There is not a single direct quote by Warhol. He is always offstage. We see him through a thousand eyes, from a thousand viewpoints. Friends and lovers, agents and other artists, groupies and superstars.

And somehow, through this usually tired medium, a form grows around the empty hole that is the missing Warhol which has more weight and substance than any facts-and-figures biography could possibly do. In the tradition of the novel, and the very best of journalism, Wilcox shows instead of tells.

What is Andy Warhol? He's an astoundingly powerful influence on American art, but is he an artist? He's a secretive man who loves the spotlight, but is he a showman or an egotist? He has innovated at least a dozen major trends in graphics, but

did he invent or steal?

Well, that depends on who you believe. There are no clear answers to the most of questions that Wilcox's cast of thousands will raise in your mind.

But two things emerge clearly: that Andy Warhol is authentically complex, a sensitive and genuine man, and that John Wilcox has done a work of major worth. Whatever you think of Warhol as artist, you cannot escape Warhol as Warhol. Wilcox has captured the essence of perhaps the most complex artistic mind of our time and rendered him unto us in words and photographs as varied as the people he interviews. I have never before made a prediction in print concerning the work of other writers. But I venture one now. This book will become not only the definitive work on Andy Warhol but the definitive example of the genre.

The book sells for five dollars and is fully worth the price. It is a limited edition, as Wilcox published it out of his pocket, and you'd best get out your checkbook right now and order it. Hands down, it's the best damned biography I've ever read.

*Los Angeles Free Press*

## Jo Durden-Smith

John Wilcock's book has the air of a large group of wise and witty guests at a cocktail party, gathered around the most enigmatic, ambiguous conversation piece in the room. It's a tourist guide to Andy Warhol, a walk round a monument in the company of knowledgeable intimates of history. The difference is that the guides are all wearing spectacles that distort in different ways, and they only have the vaguest clues about what city they're in. So it's a bit like *Animal, Vegetable or Mineral* or *Going For a Song* without the validating punch-line, without the chairman telling the audience what the experts were really talking about all the time.

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