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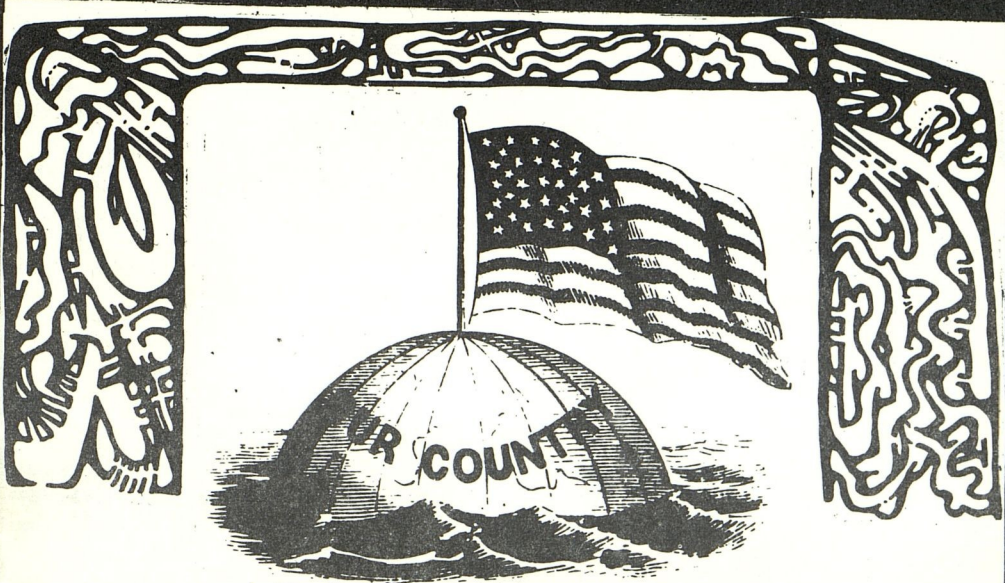
# OTHER SCENES

john wilcock's minimagazine



SIXTH YEAR, No. 1

JANUARY 1972



**WELCOME TO THE YEAR OF THE GREAT HOAX**, the year when millions of otherwise sensible people get the crazy notion that they are able to do something to shape the society they live in. There are Lesser Hoaxes every year, of course, but these are only sideshows—flimsy scaffolding erected around a structure to give the illusion that building continues.

The year of the Great Hoax is when the dupes are told, and being dupes believe that they are “electing” a president. In reality they are rubber stamping a choice that has already been made: Richard Humphrey-Muskie—McGovern-Lindsey-Jackson Nixon was chosen long ago, and although he changes his name every four to eight years he's always the same man.

Naturally nobody tells the dupes that they're pawns; in fact, they're called voters and they're flattered and bribed, excited and entertained all the time. Everybody joins in the game—the newspapers, television, movie stars, wealthy

novelists, even your friends. They all refer to the robot who's going to be president by different names and even pretend that he's different people! Some say he's from one part of the country and some say another. It becomes a contest to see who can make

him sound more different than all the others. Some people even pretend that he's a she but that notion hasn't caught on much yet.

In the year of the Great Hoax it's hard to get any other kind of game because all the people who aren't



aquarius

January 21-February 19

Uranus

A Sign of Air



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					Jan. 21 <i>Complete all tasks...</i>	22
23 	24 <i>Rid yourself of care</i>	25	26	27 <i>Esbat in chalk circle</i>	28	29 <i>Prepare ritual candles</i>
30 	31 WANING	Feb. 1 <i>Kindle Oimele Fire</i>	2 CANDLE~ MAS	3 <i>Leave offering at Pine tree</i>	4	5 <i>Develop your power</i>
6	7 	8 <i>Be Wary</i>	9 <i>Wear the token of the Oak</i>	10	11 <i>Wait and watch</i>	12
13 <i>Sleep this day away</i>	14	15 	16 WAXING	17 <i>Rejoice in being</i>	18	19 <i>Good day for healing</i>

*Pale moon doth rain,  
Red moon doth blow,  
White moon doth  
Neither rain nor snow.*



### The First Snowfall

And at first snowfall, gather ye enough snow water to fill a quart jug. The touch of it has healing power and will protect ye from all winter's ill.

### Farming by the Moon



Potatoes should be planted in the dark-of-the-moon, peas in the light. Root crops are best sown between the first quarter and full, leafy plants when the moon is on the wane. Always gather herbs before full moon.



playing won't even talk about it. And the other group, the people who run the game are too busy making sure that nobody drops out of it. One new wrinkle that's been added this year is that several million people who have always been considered too young to play have now been allowed in. They had to be because they were in danger of starting up another game of their own.

The best place from which to watch the game, for the handful that aren't already playing it, is from the top of the hillside above. That's where all the important people sit—the ones who don't much care which way it comes out because whoever “wins” will still realise what are the important things about life: oil depletion allowances, bank rates, germ warfare research, agribusiness, imperialism, the space race.

From the hill above there's rather an amusing view of the valley below. It's very much like the medieval battles the old kings used to watch: dozens of knights on grey horses (a trick of the light makes them appear white from close-up) rushing around with their banners waving, some with a handful of foot soldiers and camp followers, others with countless throngs. From time to time what had at first seemed like an unimportant rally on the sidelines suddenly surges forward sweeping hundreds of foot soldiers along with it. The crowd twists and turns, each member trying desperately to see if one of the mounted men has a clear advantage and can make the run up the valley. Which is a dead end, of course.

In the year of the Great Hoax there's a role in the game for everybody, each according to his naivety or cynicism. Anybody who can claim a constituency plays for higher stakes and keeps his hand hidden for as long as possible. Editors and publishers, for example, or columnists who are sure of their following. Others either declare outright that one cipher is superior to another or else maintain that there's no difference between them (true) until the last minute when they suddenly discover,



that more virtue resides in one quarter than the others (false).

The all-important rule of the game is that it be confined to personalities: concepts and specifics are taboo. “Ending” something (such as war or poverty) or “increasing” something (such as the size of the Army or welfare payments) can be advocated but the rules of the game insist that as promises cannot and will not subsequently be kept that they must not be identifiable.

Mainly though, it's important that the players keep their eyes on the board and don't start thinking in terms of “ideas” which might distract their attention from the game itself and, heaven forbid, towards the people who are running it.

Welcome to the year of the Great Hoax.



# REVIEW QUOTES

*Other Scenes*. Vol. 5, No. 1, Spring 1971. Quarterly. \$6. Ed: John Wilcock. 204 West 10th Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Now in a new format, this unpagged 100 or so newsprint blast at society is the work of John Wilcock. That alone assures it a place in any library where the underground press, the little magazine, or just plain satire is important. It also marks it as the curse of librarians who live in mortal fear of words, pix, and comments guaranteed to bring out radical elements of the PTA, DAR, and the American Legion. The cofounder of the *Village Voice*, *Los Angeles Free Press*, *East Village Other* (to name a few), Wilcock is author of several of those \$5-a-Day travel tomes read like the Bible by travelers who would drop from sheer surprise to realize their guide is the king of the underground press. (The guides authored by Wilcock are far and above the best in the series.) A truly renaissance man whose importance is realized by a few libraries, Wilcock is even busier than a circulation librarian. He writes: "Will be in Italy for founding of the underground press this summer, in England to help with the new weekly *INK*, in Ireland to discuss with Richard Condon plans for our "Richard Condon Newsletter," in Greece and Yugoslavia to revise my travel book, and in Amster-

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dam to talk about the possibility of funding a new daily to compete with the *Trib* . . . Then in fall to Japan." The interesting thing here is that Wilcock is at least over 30 but writing and working on ground familiar to the young. He never seems to give up what he considers the good fight for candor and refurbishing of our society.

At any rate, if one recognizes what he is about, *Other Scenes* takes on a new dimension. There is the obvious and the not so obvious slams at our current shams, primarily done up in a package which is meant to shock, even frighten the so-called establishment. The current issue, for example, starts off with a bit on the English royal comic opera (a blast at the monarchy), goes on to several essays on witchcraft, breaks in the middle with an intelligent article on hip capitalism, features an interview with Warhol (now John Doe), and ends with astrology notes. There's a minimum of such things as "Thoughts about Pubic Hair," and "Prostitution in Nevada," but that minimum will do it for too many libraries. On balance, this along with *The Realist* is the most important underground little mag now being published on social issues. That is enough—or probably much more than enough—said.—BK

## SUBSCRIPTION FORM

From March 1972 onwards *Other Scenes* will be published from Europe irregularly but often enough to remind you that we're still active. We are trying to see if we can literally publish a magazine/newsletter while on the move and hope to bring you reports from everywhere. Although the NYC address will still receive mail, you will probably get an answer more quickly by sending your subscription to P.O. Box 45, Amsterdam, Nieuwendam, Holland. One dollar (or its equivalent in any valid currency) will bring you the next few issues or you may send \$6 to go on the sub. list through 1972. We welcome your letters and comments.

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