

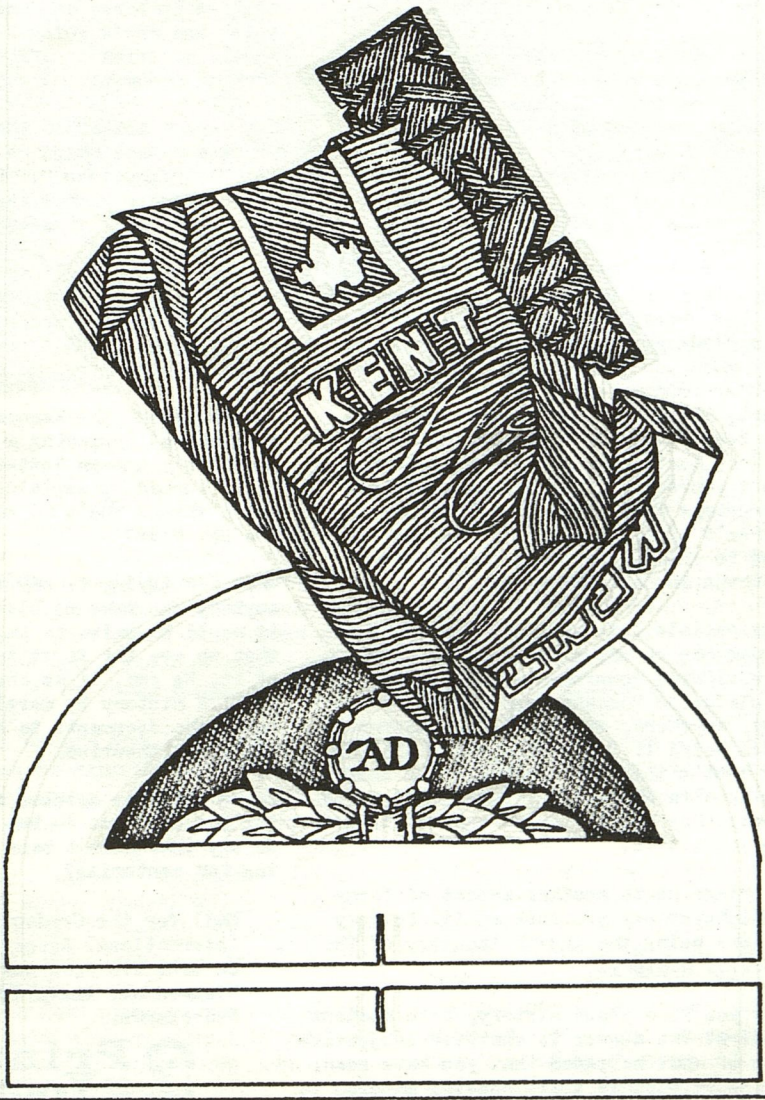


# Other Scenes

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KENT CUT-OUT STAND-UP MONUMENTAL GLEEP!!2

March 1973?



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## FORGERY IN THE SEVENTIES

It's amazing, when you come to think about it, how trusting everybody is when it comes to identities. How does anybody know that you are who you say you are? Because you produce documents to prove it. But how does anybody know that you didn't issue such documents yourself? They don't -- and that's where the system is most vulnerable.

We are entering an era when we can expect to see more and more examples of statelessness. Any petty dictator (i.e. Amin) who assumes control of a country has literally the power to declare that certain of his citizens don't exist. He deprives them of their passports and no country is about to issue them with new ones.

For years we have been hearing about stateless people being shunted from one border to another merely because they don't possess the documents that declare they exist. And yet when you enter, say, Italy from some other country with, say, a Peruvian passport, it is accepted at face value as having been issued by Peru. How do they know? They don't. You could have made the passport yourself. If it's done well only the Peruvians will know the difference and they aren't sitting at the Italian border waiting to check. In other words, the whole thing is based on trust.

The Credentials International Agency in Amsterdam can be expected to cause paranoia among worldwide governments if they fulfill their pledge to "create credentials for anybody, anywhere, anytime". The underworld has been doing it for years, after all. And nobody doubts that the other CIA has been coming up with whatever documents and false passports they might need to ease their nefarious activities.

Which brings us to another aspect of forgery (whichever way you look at it, forgery looks like being the growth industry of the Seventies): history.

What do you know about history, both ancient and modern? The answer is whatever subjective version of what happened that you have read. But whose version is that? Whoever managed to get it into print. History is mostly subject-

ive speculation -- one person or clique's version of what went down. (If you doubt this try comparing history books of different countries interpreting the same battles or events).

Naturally much of what has been written is based on "documents" and who's going to seriously question an official-looking document?

But even a letter to the editor (see Muskie campaign) or autobiography (see Clifford Irving-Howard Hughes caper) is not always what it seems to be.

Everybody suspects that there's more to that Hughes loan to Dick Nixon's brother than there appeared to be but there are no documents to prove it -- yet.

And how about the Kennedy assassination? Supposing a few previously unseen letters or memos turned up explaining the whole thing? Who's to say they are not true?


What I'm trying to say is that anybody can make up history and it would be naive to suppose that we are the first to think of it. We can, if we choose, REWRITE history by merely producing the documents to authenticate our theories.

Maybe we'll be accused of faking the evidence -- but who's to say that hasn't been happening for centuries?

Mail for the Credentials International Agency may be sent c/o P.O. Box 45, Nieuwendam, Amsterdam, Netherlands.



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## Weather Moon

*The moon plays a big part in the weather folklore of most rural societies and the belief on the Aegean island of Chios that the new moon is so strong that on seeing it for the first time one should not look immediately at another person but rather deflect one's gaze to the hills has echoes in other places. At the same time as the new moon appears, the legend goes, one should take a purse or golden object and say "As the moon waxes, so may my purse fill."*

*If the moon's disk looks big, a strong wind can be expected next day; if it is dark, and rising to the south, it will rain; if it is curved, the lunar month to come will be fine, giving rise to the phrase "Straight moon, crooked skipper: crooked moon, straight skipper" (meaning that when the weather is good and not too windy the captain can stand upright on his deck).*

*A lunar halo means a change of weather and haze, whereas a break in the halo indicates the direction from which the wind will blow.*

*These and many other weather signs*

*are among the vast compendium of information in a massive study of this Greek island undertaken by Philip Argenti and H. J. Rose a decade or so ago. Additional beliefs in "Folklore of Chios" (Cambridge University Press) refer to cats (a cat washing itself means rain from the direction in which it is looking; a cat rolling on the ground means the weather will change); goats (if it wants to mate early in the year it's a sign of an early and severe winter); pigs (when pigs wash the weather won't be good); and hens (if a hen shakes its feathers inside a house it means good luck and especially a visitor).*

*Finally, from the same volume, two spells: a whirlwind at sea can be driven off by carving a pentacle with a black handled knife which is then stuck in the mast; and if a fire throws out sparks and sputters noisily it means somebody is speaking evil of the house and can be counteracted by throwing salt on the fire and muttering "May they eat their tongues with the salt."*



## The Greek

The legend of an ancient island civilization which flourished until its overnight disappearance into the ocean is common to many societies and persists even until today. Magic thrived in that ancient land, so tradition tells us, and many mystical secrets were known which have never been rediscovered; its fortunate citizens were rich, powerful and wise and lacked none of the amenities for a happy and successful life.

So persistent is the myth, so various the locations of the magical land—the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Sargasso Sea, the Aegean—it seems not unreasonable to conclude there has been more than one such island. An Egyptian version of the legend, preserved on papyrus in the Leningrad museum, tells of a traveler shipwrecked while sailing to Pharaoh's mines who was cast upon a strange shore to be met by a wonderful golden dragon who told him "this is an island of blissful beings where all the heart may desire can be found."

The traveler would be rescued by his own people, the dragon continued, but "never more shall you see this island because it will be swallowed up by the waves."

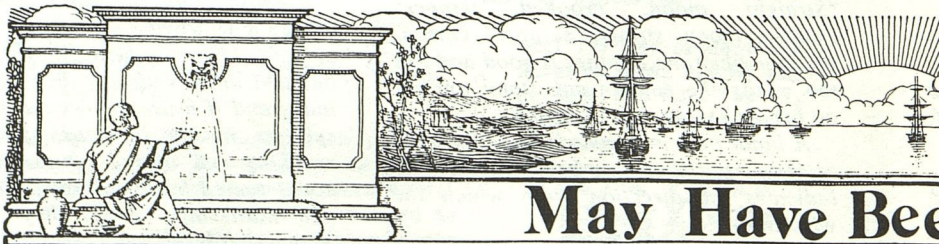
Centuries later, and a hundred years apart, the Greek writers Pindar and Plato both refer to the "lost" kingdom of Atlan-

tis with its magnificent civilization and Plato, in the Dialogues of Kritias, describes one of its states, Metropolis, which is apparently located on a volcanic island during a lengthy period when the volcano is dormant.

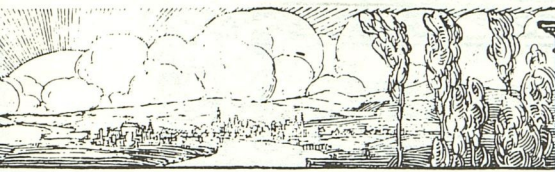
Since Plato's time more than two thousand books and publications have dealt with the subject of Atlantis, speculating on its heroic achievements, its glorious traditions—and its location.

Despite the suggestion of its name modern historians doubt that Atlantis was situated in the Atlantic and currently have been inclined to favor the Greek Island of Santorini, 100 miles or so north of Africa, with its long history of volcanic eruptions the last of which was as recently as 1956.

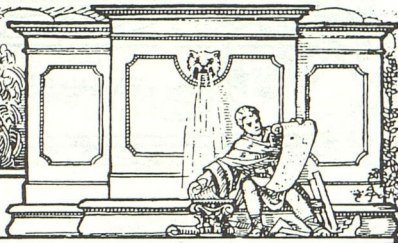
It is the massive eruption that took place almost 3,500 years ago, however, that appears to fit most closely the Atlantis legend. On that terrible day in or around the year 1520 B.C. the entire center of the island—an area of 35 square miles—sank into the ocean causing tidal waves that flooded Crete, 60 miles to the south, virtually wiping out that flourishing civilization. Santorini itself (in those days called Stronghili) was covered with volcanic ash to a depth of more than 100 feet. The few sur-



## May Have Been



# k Island That



and vivors quickly left.

Traces of their civilization have been uncovered at the eastern end of the island, at Akrotiri, by archaeologists, chief of whom Professor Spyridon Marinatos says: "This is not a usual excavation. One has the feeling of living among these men who were suddenly driven away, terrified by the fury of the Elements."

Some idea of the scale of the disaster can be gained from a comparison with the effects of a similar eruption in modern times—that of Krakatoa, between Java and Sumatra, in 1883. On this occasion the volcanic ash reached the stratosphere being carried on the winds as far as Europe, turning day into night for a radius of 100 miles and making a noise—the loudest ever recorded in our history—that could be heard in Australia, 2000 miles away. And yet the eruption at Krakatoa, historians agree, must have been less than half the magnitude of the one at Stronghili, 3,000 years earlier.

This assumption is made from the immense size of the crater, now an immense bay which separates Santorini from the other islets to which it was once joined.

Man's oldest geological recollections, explains Professor Marinatos, are those

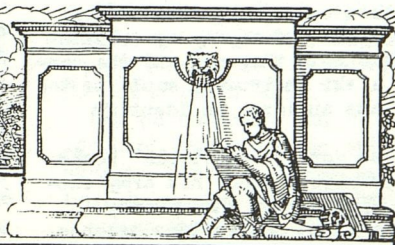
about the Flood. And this flood, following on the heels of Stronghili's eruption, must indeed have been the stuff of which legends are made wiping out, as it did, major portions of the known world.

Today's visitor to tranquil Santorini is transported by donkey on a zigzag path up the sheer red cliffs which rise from the bay, visits the archaeological diggings that, almost 4,000 years ago had a population of more than 35,000 people, and stays perhaps at the comfortable Hotel Atlantis.

From the balcony here he can gaze over the calm waters of the volcano's ancient caldera. What marvellous secrets lie buried in the ancient city of Atlantis—if Atlantis it be—more than 1,000 feet below its still surface?



# Been Atlantis



## OTHER PEOPLE'S SEX LIVES

The life of a window cleaner may not offer many financial rewards but, according to popular legend, has plenty of other compensations -- all those glimpses of scantily-clad cuties, fragments of domestic drama and sex-starved housewives with moist lips and beckoning eyes.

But it's all myth, of course, isn't it? Or is it? Could the grass really be greener in somebody else's garden or we all wistful slaves to the chauvinist that somewhere unlimited, willing nay demanding sexual objects wait eagerly for our attention if only we knew where to look?

It's promising field for speculation and Christopher Wood, a 36-year-old London ag agency executive, has been making a good living out of structuring the myths. Under the name Timothy Lea he has become what his agent flippantly describes as "a one-man porn industry" although what he writes isn't porn at all but shrewd social comment tinged with enough comic scenes to sell a quarter of a million copies of his paperbacks so far.

### Busy Sex Lives

Bearing the titles of "Confessions of a Window Cleaner" and "Confessions of a Driving Instructor" they detail the fictional but realistic adventures of a 22-year-old cocksman who realises early in life that, "It's not every day that beauty and lust go hand in hand" but on any day is ever willing to settle for a handful of the latter.

Coming up next are confessions from a holiday camp, a hotel, a fairground and a film extra.

"I'd like to do one about advertising, too", Wood confesses, "but it's a bit close to home and anyway my publisher thinks that both that one and the confessions of a ski instructor would be too hard for a mass audience to identify with."

Wood, whose more "respectable" books have included novels about his army experiences in West Africa and Cyprus, cooked up the first confessions because

he needed \$1000 for a skiing vacation.

It wasn't hard to imagine the sexual incidents because he once worked on a building site and he recalled the truck drivers continually reminiscing about their escapades although he doesn't know if there was any more truth in their stories than in his own. Stories of astonishing sexual prowess, when tracked down, so often turn out to have happened to somebody else.

"But if you read the newspapers regularly", he says, "there are undoubtedly some remarkable things going on. Every six months or so a genuine Bluebeard turns up which makes you think that fantastic sex lives are by no means uncommon. And I think the bored housewife syndrome which forms the basis of most of my confessions books is a very strong one."

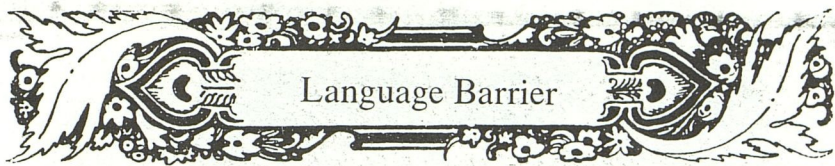
"At one point, with a certain amount of justification, Timothy the window cleaner realises that he hadn't been screwing anybody; all the birds had been screwing him. If that's sexual exploitation then who is exploiting whom?"

### Genuine Humor

Apart from the genuine humor that permeates his books, Wood tries to inject a certain amount of his own humanistic philosophy, gently mocking family attitudes about race, sex and making money and, as he puts it, "taking the piss out of hypocrisy, especially at the family level."

"The most racist of all are the working classes", he says, "because they fear losing their jobs to people with even less than themselves. It is easy to mock this attitude."

Although Timothy Lea's confessions perpetuate the myths of the particular profession many of the best sex scenes take place in such bizarre surroundings as cellar cellars, supermarkets or crowded buses. Wood suggests that American morality differs from the English in that the latter prefer and end-tinged with sadness. Which may be another way of paying off guilt with retribution.



## Language Barrier

It is an anatomical impossibility, says Norman Schur, for a man to fall on his fanny in England; which is a somewhat academic way of explaining that whereas a man could fall on his ass in the States, in England the slang term refers to a peculiarly female organ.

Schur, an affable country gentleman whose American nationality is not immediately obvious, loves word games of this nature. He makes his living from practicing law on both sides of the Atlantic — a special license from Britain's Home Office entitles him to ease British clients through American legal transactions — but his lifelong passion is philology. He's rarely happier than when he's speculating, say, on whether the English term "loo" (for toilet) is derived from *l'eau*, the figure 100 found on French bathroom doors or, more poetically and punningly from Waterloo. He's inclined to favor the French origin actually because "though everybody over here uses the facility, the term loo is more or less confined to the upper classes."

Evelyn Waugh once remarked that the American vocabulary was "pulverized between two stones, refinement and overstatement" but compared with English ("two countries divided by a single language" scoffed George Bernard Shaw), Schur considers American to be much more literal, not to mention intelligible.

### What's a Pram?

"Any Englishman would understand baby carriage but no recently arrived American would know what a pram was. It appears that American expressions are easier for Englishmen than the other way around."

In general, the British tend to make common nouns longer than their American equivalents (sailing boat, washing day) but contrarily enough use abbreviations in letter-writing (w/e for weekend, prb—probably, X—Christmas) to a confusing degree that Americans would never countenance. And although in most areas words, if not shared by both races, are at least intelligible to each other, technical

and trade terms are a thing apart. In the automotive category for example, there are at least 50 parts of a car (bonnet, boot, wings, etc.) with dual terminology.

So what began as a hobby when Schur first took up residence in a 16th century Tudor cottage in Kent — in the States he lives in a New England saltbox dating back to 1710 — has gradually become a major project: explaining English to Americans. For several years now he has combed Agatha Christie novels, kept his ears cocked in saloon bars, monitored BBC talks, pondered the intricacies of Cockney slang, haunted taxi ranks and badgered friends — all in the cause of linguistic lucidity.

### Queer Street

"So you think you speak English," he writes. "Well, have you ever mafficked or banted? Been in a bait? Eaten bait? Knocked up a male friend? Asked for ADC? Broken your ducky? Changed your clobber? Felt like a cully? Fished with a gentle? Needed a sbob or a maixle or flannel? Been in Queer Street? Slated anyone? Waited till the penny dropped? Done anything to the top of your bent? Been sent up the wall or around the bend? Gone looking for wet fish? You have, you know. All of these things. But you did them in American."

Needless to say Schur has translations for all the above terms as well as about 20,000 others and right now they're being packaged by the Macmillan Company for publication in the U.S. next year.

Despite the comprehensiveness of his labors, some English institutions prove to be beyond the capacities of even a literate lawyer like himself. He tries to come to grips with the English climate, shrewdly observing that "although English conversation (about it) is voluminous and almost always gloomy, English weather reports literally and figuratively look on the bright side of things."

But he confesses that he fails to do adequate justice to the subject in his glossary. "There is no real equivalent for English weather terms," he concludes, "because there is no real equivalent for English weather."

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**LETTERS**

Dear Sirs

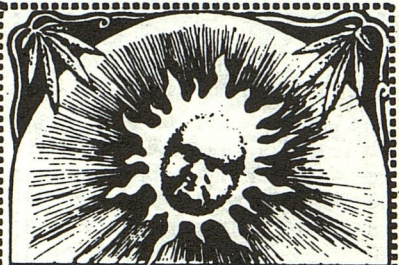
After the really great success of some others interesting American film books from several other important publishers, when they were presented previously in our Film Club we decided to express you kindly our great interest in your splendid publication of *The Autobiography and Sex Life of Andy Warhol* by John Wilcock that could be of the really great use to all our Film Society for our lectures and discussions on the best American film literature as well as for our bibliographic studies.

We would also be very happy to present this your interesting book during our forthcoming great exhibition of the best American film books from the foremost publishers being prepared by us now.

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**OTHER SCENES**

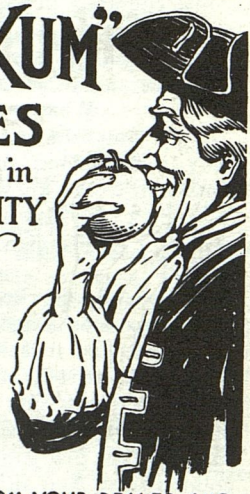
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