

OTHER SCENES



First of New Series

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OTHER SCENES



SPRING 1974

Dear Friends . . .

With this issue OTHER SCENES, at the beginning of its eighth year, acquires a new publisher, Michael Tickner, an old friend and the owner of one of the finest small printeries in London. From here on Mike and I will share Other Scenes, with him concentrating mainly on production and myself continuing to do most of the writing.

Mike's taste and style being what it is, it is safe to promise that the magazine's appearance will greatly improve, and my new partner's participation will also bring some much-needed stability to an operation that has for far too long been conducted on the run. Hopefully we can appear on a more frequent, or at least more predictable schedule; failing to do that in the past has aggravated many readers, notably the growing number of library subscribers who abhor irregularity whether in shape, size or frequency.

At the same time we can no longer afford to struggle along with the same handful of subscribers—some of whom have been faithful readers since my Village Voice days in the late Fifties—and must make an attempt to acquire a wider circulation.

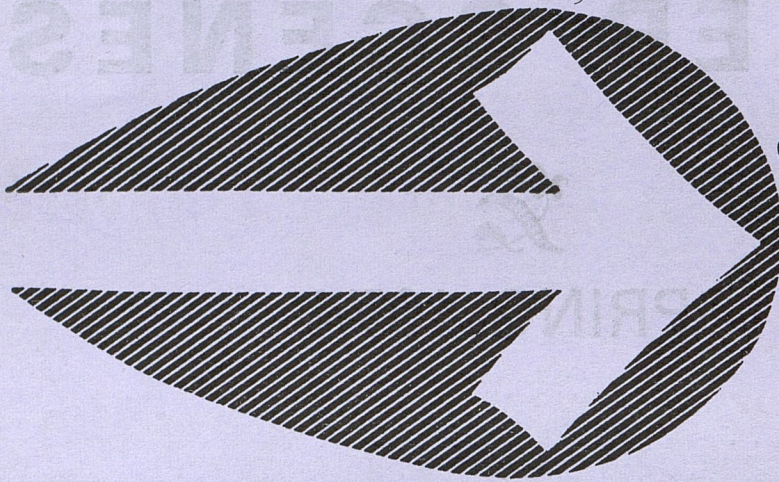
We have no intention of seeking a mass audience but would like enough new readers to cover the increasing cost of producing a personal mag unsubsidized by advertising.

This issue you are holding was written in Japan, where I have spent several months revising my travel book, and concentrates on that country's contemporary culture. In future issues we will return to more general subject matter although, of course, magic will be a constant theme as it is the area in which I am mostly preoccupied these days.

As always we welcome brief literary and/or artistic contributions (which will not be paid for at this time) and letters, whether for publication or otherwise, continue to be welcome. We promise to reply to all. Next issue: early summer

Warm wishes,

John Wilcock.

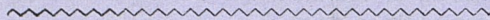


JAPAN



1974

The Mona Lisa industry is swinging into first gear in Tokyo where what is probably the world's most famous painting will go on show for seven weeks this spring. There are already reproductions on calendars, jigsaw puzzles and dresses; a department store is featuring a Mona-Lisa look-alike and cartoonists have depicted her defying Tokyo's pollution with gas mask concealing that enigmatic smile. Many famous masterpieces, notably Goya's Naked Maja, have made vast profits for Japanese department stores while on loan but this particular exhibition will be at a Tokyo museum which proposes to charge about 65c to see the Da Vinci masterpiece... And Japan's current snobbery-by-price continue with the solid gold butane gas lighter for just over one million yen (around \$3,700)... Persian kittens are on sale in Tokyo pet shops for \$400 apiece... Around 800,000



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people in Tokyo habitually wear jeans, 80,000 males let their hair grow down to their collars or longer and 200,000 have beards reports the Social Research Institute... Western art is booming in Japan. Hundreds of galleries in Tokyo are handling such works and one critic estimates their sales at \$300 million, a figure he says is doubling annually. Intensely conscious of foreign brand names and reputations, the Japanese are inclined to pay inflated prices for almost anything they have heard of... Although Japan is not generally regarded as being a religious country almost half the numerical population, or more than 50 million people visited various temples and shrines in the first few days of 1974... Still on the country's weekly best-seller list: "The Method of Keeping Healthy by Garlic... an Osaka professor's 47-recipe book for cooking with garlic... Most Japanese, asked about environmental problems, charge private industry with being the prime cause of the country's pollution according to a recent survey... Another survey reported that the average Japanese calorie intake—at 2,513 calories per day about 15 per cent lower than its American or European equivalent—was nevertheless up 2 per cent last year... And even silkworms are living better: the Agriculture Ministry has devised a special diet (powdered mulberry leaves and soybeans, sugar plus vitamins) which has raised production and lowered the death rate... Toilet paper, detergents and sugar replaced smoked salmon and imported liquor as the most popular Christmas presents in Tokyo Department stores this year, reports the Japan Times.

Some Quaint Aspects of Oriental Etiquette

The perfect traveler does not cause or express surprise, but few of us are perfect. In any country it pays to copy what you can, and endure what you can't. To a typical Japanese, a typical Westerner will seem tall, fat, and pink, with medium hair and a long nose. These points must be endured, obviously. Small children may laugh at you, but don't be offended. They have no malice.

Westerners often have expensive, well-shined shoes, pressed pants, more casual shirts and jackets, ostentatious glasses, unshaven faces, unkempt, ill-smelling hair. Japanese often reverse this. They have clean and trimmed hair (regardless of style), well-cut shirts, baggy trousers and filthy, cheap shoes.

Cleanliness in Japan is not enough. You must be seen to be clean. Toilets are used in the squatting position (natural and healthy). They don't provide paper, towels or hot water. Always carry tissue and a handkerchief. Always wash your hands in the cold water, and dry your hands conspicuously on your handkerchief. Napkins are not provided in restaurants. No one understands why they are necessary. With chopsticks, it's not easy to make your face filthy. Wash and rinse carefully before entering any bath.

Never touch any one intentionally. Don't offer to shake hands. Some Japanese may think you wish to shake hands, and so will offer a hand. In this case only, shake. Kissing is a secret. Don't hold hands in public. Unintentionally, you may shove and be shoved in a crowded train. Again, no offense, but be careful of children below your line of vision. In very good humor, one may slap or punch another's shoulder lightly. A man who slaps his own face is expressing humorous regret. If he pats the back of his own head, he is uncertain about something.

Self-respect is vital anywhere. In Japan, never eat away from a table. Never walk with your coat unbuttoned. Never stare. Ignore the time element; this is a very difficult point for many foreigners, but time takes a low priority. Most Japanese are late for appointments, and then stay long after you want to stop. Don't open doors for a woman; she won't understand, and may be confused, or do it just to please you. Don't offer her your seat in a train, either. It's rather impertinent. Seniority however is very important. Always offer your seat to any grandfather or grandmother. If you don't know what to say, tap the person gently on the arm and point to the seat. Mothers carrying babies also deserve this courtesy. Some mothers carry infants strapped on the back: don't be surprised. It's most healthy and comfortable. Mothers will sometimes nurse their babies in public, or hold them over the edge of railroad platforms to let them relieve themselves. This is an accepted practice. Likewise, a man may relieve himself in public. Don't be alarmed.

Master the art of chopsticks, and sitting on the floor. Neither is easy. Chopsticks are waved around much more freely than is the Western custom with knives and forks. Restaurants may provide knives and forks (a sign of expense) and Japanese guests there may alarm you by waving knives about, as if they were chopsticks. In the West the host only offers food and drink. In Japan the guest often helps himself. In the case of drinks, the host will first pour for the guests and himself. Later, each guest will take the initiative. Soba is something like spaghetti in soup; eating it noisily shows appreciation. Belching slightly is perfectly correct. At the wash basin, gargling and hawking loudly is also correct.

Privacy is not physical in Japan. Many toilets and bathhouses are mixed. At the doctor's,

everyone strips off together. Courage! No one will give you a glance. At Ryokans (inns) there are no locks on the doors. People will pop in and out all the time with tea and towels etc. Anticipate this carefully. If you are chatting with A, and B walks up, you may chat with B also, but its quite unnecessary to introduce A and B to each other. Don't do this without a particular reason. If you make an appointment for any kind of business meeting, its quite likely you'll be met by a committee, half of whom will never speak. Don't lose your nerve.

Money is not emphasised in Japan. This gives Japan a great advantage over people who worship money. Rich and poor are hard to distinguish. Never bargain over prices. Bills are never inflated with 'city' sales tax' etc. In the West, you may give gifts to tradesmen at the New Year. In Japan, they give them to you. Giving gifts is important and tricky in Japan. When invited to a friend's house to dinner, take a medium price gift; flowers or a box of candy. This invitation is a serious affair. You'll never receive casual invitations. In more elaborate circumstances give something more elaborate. Scotch is a good choice. Offer this to the friend using both

your hands (and use both hands when passing a plate at table). Japanese themselves tend to give very expensive gifts, or to ignore you. Department stores give excellent delivery service, but if you send a gift indirectly thus, strange things may happen. One is that the friend will send you a gift of equal value; such return gifts are always made at weddings and funerals (the two most fascinating events in Japan). Another possibility is that the receiver will not respond. This may be embarrassing. Has he received it or not? What will you say next time you meet him?

In general, avoid anything indirect in Japan. No Japanese can possibly deliver a telephone message correctly to a third party. No Japanese can borrow and return a book. Yet, a Japanese can know you, miss you for any reason over a long time, then take up the acquaintance exactly where it left off. Ignore the time element. It's a country of extremes. Japanese pictures have no perspective. It's a country where you can find the best and worst but not the sly graduations between, that characterise the West. You can't possibly be bored in Japan. There is a new surprise for you every day. Enjoy it, or go home.

—Simon Flinn



The World's Sexiest Television Programs

Housewives deplore it, police officials try to censor it and foreigners write letters to the editors putting it down, but the nude parade on Japan's late-night television shows goes merrily along. At least three shows make a point of regularly displaying strippers or nude models in the final hour of the day and with a little judicious dial-switching the horny viewer can almost always spot a nipple, a navel or, often enough, well-shaped buttocks separated only by a G-string.

Total nudity is illegal in Japan (although plenty of it takes place in the back street theatres of any city) but almost anything else goes and first-time viewers of television are invariably flabbergasted by the casually frank references to pissing, farting and other bowel movements. To say nothing about the naively chauvinistic attitudes towards sex objects. Bare-breasted lovelies are tied into massage chairs, asked embarrassingly frank questions about their sexual proclivities and fondled by a circle of leering males who alternate between peeking under their semi-transparent skirts and placing bottles of liquid suggestively in their crotches.

Occasionally the shows will take time out from their nude presentations to discuss social issues, for example the "nonsense show" (in the producer's words) which had the cast gathered in front of a public toilet for 60 minutes discussing various aspects of bathroom behavior. Or the "wild-life" tour of Izu Peninsular's Monkey Park which, needless to say, focused on the animals playing with their private parts and explicit shots of subsequent erections. To be fair, the show did eventually get away from sex—to show a snake and a live turtle whose heads were chopped off on camera to let the cast drink the piping hot blood from sake glasses.

The best-known of all the late-night shows is Eleven P.M. (it actually comes on at 11.15 P.M.) which specializes in artistic themes. A recent show, for example, opened with lingering soft-filter shots of a lovely nude reclining on a bearskin rug sipping tea as experts off camera discussed various aspects of sex. One participant was a young fortune teller who

claimed to be able to predict personality by the shape of the breasts. As he spoke, outlined white shapes of various breast types were superimposed on the misty nude to demonstrate his thesis. In this particular show even the commercials seemed to have been chosen with care, one (advertising a Shinjuku night club) being a reproduction of the famous shot of Marilyn Monroe unsuccessfully attempting to hold down her skirt in the wind.

And the commercial breaks were all in English, very hip in Japanese advertising, with one being "We'll be right back after we go to the bathroom."

Eleven P.M. is especially imaginative in its introduction of nudes who rarely come on screen as merely flesh but usually have some exotic *raison d'être* such as the New Year's calendar show which opened with film of the photographers creating the calendars . . . numbered days formed by bodies bent into various figures . . . portions of another calendar torn off to reveal more of the nude underneath . . . nude men ("for housewives") . . . a calendar of paper panties etc. Then the photographers and the nude models created some of the scenes in the studio. This particular "double exposure" gimmick is quite a mainstay of the show. On another occasion a celebrated nude photographer snapped merrily away as a nude couple rollicked amidst stage smoke on the studio floor, and then, later in the show, displayed large blow-ups of his nude photographs.

One night the show demonstrated how porn films are made as a couple caressed on the bed, the man stripping off the girl's bra and panties (face down, of course) while she wriggled provocatively. A tour of Japan's *onsen* (hot springs) gave plenty of excuses for dressing and undressing; a girl taking off her clothes in a store preparatory to buying a pair of panties; a masseur demonstrating his art on a well-oiled female back—all have a certain minimal claim to legitimacy.

Demonstrations are popular: nude yoga or slimming exercises, massages with beefsteak or seaweed, displays of prizes for various contests by bare-breasted models. A novel kind

of puppet show featured a dialog between two faces sketched on a girl's breasts with occasional interruptions from a third face whose mouth was the navel.

About a year ago Tokyo Metropolitan Police equipped themselves with video taperecorders and announced they were going to monitor the main offenders—NTV's 11 P.M. show, NET's 23 Hours, TBS' Night Up and Fuji's Tomorrow.

"These midnight shows often present programs with such titles as College Co-eds Nude Show or The Climax of Strip Tease Show," a police spokesman said after reporting an increase in viewer complaints. "It is not decent to send such programs into the home."

And a housewife's organization granted 11 P.M. the dubious honor of being the second most immoral show on television. (The first, an innocuous mid-evening frolic called "It's 8 o'clock, All gather here.")

But the TV stations counter with the claim that, "Most of the viewers at that hour are adults. So let them decide for themselves whether or not the programs are porn before the police brand them as too sexy."

And 11 P.M.'s producer Ket Katsuta thinks all the fuss is hypocritical. He recalls the night when five councillors from a town famous for its strip tease theatre came into the show to discuss nudity. All put down the theatre as an embarrassment, he says, but all were obviously well familiar with its shows personally.

On another occasion a stripper had inadvertently flashed a glimpse of pubic hair while turning around—causing Katsuta to spend five hours grovelling at the police station the following day, released only when he had signed "apologies."

What is this exaggerated fear of pubic hair in Japan? Katsuta can only conclude that the authorities regard it somewhat like the domino theory that once pubic hair is allowed the floodgates will collapse and licentiousness take over.

11 P.M.'s Tokyo host (three nights a week the show is beamed from Japan's second largest city, Osaka) who has been emceeing the show for some years along with a pretty young brunette named Kikko Matsuoka, says he likes to use nudes on the show as "an assault on the culture"—much the same argument underground papers have always given for their sexual emphasis.

True Fuji TV did refuse to transmit one movie called "Dirty Angels" (about call girls Yokosuka) on the grounds that shots of an actor demonstrating "the sexual organs of a

woman" with his fingers was too obscene to broadcast. But this unusual display of morality was the first and by all accounts the only time a Japanese station has refused to show a program because it was TOO dirty.

Despite the abundance of nudity on TV screens and in Japanese books and magazines there are still those who complain that in some areas the country's attitude to sex is too reserved. Such as 37-year-old Midori Watanabe, program director for the national network, NHK, which NEVER shows nudity.

"I don't think the Japanese understand the concept of free sex as do Europeans," she says. "When I showed a Danish book published for children there were people who called the police. A patrolman came around and asked questions. But I think things are getting better. Since April I notice that school textbooks have taken up such subjects as contraception, abortion and VD."



No Shortage of Customers for Japan's 30,000 Seers

What the future holds in store is a matter of great consequence to the Japanese and much attention is paid in that country to any ancient custom or modern prognostication that might have some bearing on this matter.

Most Japanese cities, and even small towns, are the night-time habitats of the **eki-sha** or fortune teller who sets up his or her stall in the back streets of the night life district, often replete with magnifying glass, compass, bamboo rods and domino-shaped divining blocks. Although a candle flickers on the table the **eki-sha** usually has a flashlight with which to scrutinize the subject's hand.

There are said to be more than 30,000 fortune tellers practising in Japan today and as there are no restrictions and minimal capital is required to start operations, it follows that the field has its share of charlatans. The 700-member Japanese Federation of Fortunetellers frowns on non-members but their skepticism has roots in ancient history. As long ago as the 16th century, Haguki Araki, a famous seer of the Tokugawa area, commented:

"Those practising the art of divination on the streets are so bold as to call themselves fortunetellers but in actuality they all look like a monkey wearing gold **eboshi**." (Eboshi was a type of ancient headgear worn by noblemen).

Near one of the city's stations is the Tokyo Divination School which charges a \$15 entrance fee after which the student can enroll in classes teaching **tesogaku** (palmistry), **eki-gaku** (divination), **kigaku** (fortune telling), physiognomy or the study of facial characteristics and **seimi-gaku** (the study of the number of strokes required to write the name).

Today the 10-cent fortune-telling machines of recent years have even been supplemented by one in which you can read the forecasts of an emperor! This is at Tokyo's Meiji shrine where a 10-yen coin in one of the fortune telling machines will bring a prophetic **omikuji** by the late Emperor Meiji, (1868-1912) who delighted in the **tanka** or 31-syllable poems that is so peculiarly Japanese.

A typical Meiji is this one:

**Ever downward water flows
But mirrors lofty mountains
How fitting that our heart also
Be humble but reflect high aims.**

At this, and every, Japanese shrine the trees are usually festooned with **omikuji** which actually come in the form of white slips of paper bearing a brief fortune and which are then twisted and bent round a convenient branch.

Many of the classic methods of divination, such as pushing a burning wad into a piece of tortoise shell and observing the subsequent crack, came from China, and some Japanese superstitions have their counterparts in Western culture. The phrase **kido aru koto wa, sando aru**, for example, which means "What happens twice will happen thrice" is not dissimilar from our own belief that troubles come in threes.

But many other Japanese beliefs and customs are peculiarly their own as the accent on lucky and unlucky days. Fortunate days for business, marriage, starting a journey and so on are said to be the 15th and 28th of each month. September 12 is said to be especially unlucky and in all circumstances people should avoid involvements with the numbers 4 and 33.

The luckiest day of the Japanese year is Setsubun or the day of the bean-throwing ceremony early in February. On this occasion of the annual purification a branch of the hiragi tree (like holly) is placed outside the house, the thorns to keep out evil insects and a dried sardine head attached to scare off rambling devils looking for a home.

In the evening two handfulls of parched beans are thrown outside by the head of the household who leaves one door open for the demons to depart. Scrambling for the beans the children eat one for each year of their age plus one for good luck.

With the words **fuku wa uchi, fuku wa uchi oni wa soto** (fortune in, evil out) the household is cleansed for another year in a ceremony that is said to have been practised since the days of Emperor Uda who died in the year 887.

All about Manga :

Japanese **manga**, or men's comic books, are in the news these days with furious letters to the editor appearing in both Japanese and English-language papers condemning them as disgusting and pornographic or, as a Japan Times editorial put it "obscene, cruel, lewd and fiendish." Their defenders and sometimes the artists themselves appear in late-night talk shows to discuss manga. At least a dozen comic books appear every week in Tokyo in addition to the dozens of other magazines that carry at least one or two feature-length strips as staple fare.

Manga appeals to a very wide range of readers from artists to housewives, soldiers to scientists, and junior high school students to retired businessmen. They, along with the 70 or 80 weekly magazines given over to reports of sex, scandal and violence, are the preferred reading of hundreds of thousands of commuters on Japan's smoothly running passenger trains.

Manga invariably have garish, glossy covers and generally more than 200 pages in varying hues containing stories about sex. Sometimes the stories are about contemporary urban life and sometimes they are set in Japan's feudal period. Some are rewritten plots of Kabuki, Noh or Bunraku dramas or are based on myths, legends, folktales or short stories. A recent comic, for example, was a pictorial version of Ambrose Bierce's famous Civil War story, "Incident at Owl Creek Bridge," with

Sex, Sadism and Sociology in the Fantasy World of Japanese Comic Books

the action transferred to Vietnam and U.S. forces as the heavies.

Most of the artists manage to introduce violent scenes, including rape, brutal murder, torture, sadistic fantasies, cannibalism etc and the object of the violence is usually a naked or semi-naked woman with a highly voluptuous body. The quality of the drawings is generally much higher than that of comic strips in the West and the pictorial imagination of the manga artists is amazingly clever and fertile.

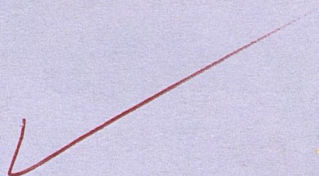
The growing popularity of comic strips is such that even the young girls' magazines are no longer immune. The innocent gossip about movie stars and sweet puppy love stories have now given way, reports the Mainichi Daily News, to "descriptions of kissing techniques and pages punctuated with spicy cartoons."

One cartoon weekly for children, **Shonen Magazine**, was banned by Kanazawa Juvenile Welfare department because its 47 pages of illustrations included "grisly scenes of starving, pregnant women in the nude devouring rotten corpses of men or eating men alive." Even this, however, had its defenders the most notable being a columnist for the newspaper **Yomiuri** (circa 6 million) who commented that his daughter had read the cartoon without showing "the slightest sign of shock." He did, though, have reservations about whether such accompanying text as "A human body cooks better after it is buried in the ground

OTHER SCENES

81a DAWES ROAD, LONDON, SW6 UK

London, April 1974



Dear Reader

Other Scenes' eight-year history takes a new turn with this issue which is the first to be produced by our new co-publisher Michael Tickner of Dawes Press in London. In future, with Michael's help, we plan to appear more regularly and in—dare we mention it?—a more orthodox format. It seems a good time to point out that Other Scenes has never made any money and at this stage it would be a triumph to break even. With that in mind we are soliciting your help either to pay for a subscription (if this letter has a red mark on it your sub is current thru Spring of next year) or to buy one for somebody else. Regettably we must finally cut down on our over-expanded comp. list so if you are not already a subscriber, or if your sub has just expired, this is the last issue you'll probably see as we still have no plans for anything other than subscription circulation.

May we remind you that a £4 or ten dollar (or equivalent in any other currency) sub to Other Scenes begins and ends with a copy of the best-selling Witches Almanac every spring and also includes the periodic issues of Nomad that our peripatetic reporters produce around the world.

Hoping we'll hear from as many of you as possible (with money) we wish you well and leave you until the summer.

Warm wishes,

John Wilcock

OTHER SCENES

81 - DAWES ROAD, LONDON SW14 6JG

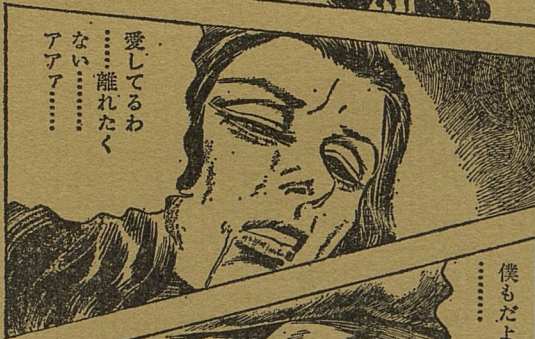
London, April 1974

Dear Harold

Other Scenes, eight years after taking a new form with this issue which is the first to be edited by our new co-publisher Michael Tipton of Dawes Press is back in the shop with Michael's help we also to appear more regularly and the new programme is a most exciting format. A series of new titles to come out that Other Scenes has never before seen and in this issue a new, as a literary check over. With that in mind we are continuing with the effort to give you a specialisation in the field of the new and the old. It is our intention to bring you a new and exciting series of books of a new kind. I hope you will find it all very interesting and I will be glad to hear from you if you have any suggestions. I will be glad to hear from you if you have any suggestions. I will be glad to hear from you if you have any suggestions.

With best wishes to you and your family for a happy and successful year.

Yours faithfully,
John Wilford



one full day" was absolutely necessary.

The editor of *Shonen*, in which the cartoon appeared, explained that the story was set in Japan's early civil war days and depicted nothing more than "the process of the hero, born in extreme adversity, growing up to gain mental peace in the religious kingdom." This is the age of affluence, the editor said, and conversely it made young people suffer "from a sort of frustration for lack of spiritual values." Ashura, he said, was meant to show young people what human existence implied.

Many commentators have pointed to the curious ambivalence of Japan's censorship laws which allow a comic book to depict vicious gang rapes on women whose pubic region is left discreetly blank, but nevertheless bans the depiction of pubic hair in the more artistic poses favored by *Playboy* and *Oui* magazines. *Playboy's* Japanese distributor, for example, pays out more than \$1,000 monthly to a part-time corps of workers—including schoolgirls and housewives—to black out the pubic hair in each copy of the magazine with felt tip pens. Decorative hearts or artistic patterns over the offending portions are strictly a no-no. The censorship must consist of an unredeemed thick, black stripe. Only then are the magazines released to the newsstands.

And, of course, "art" is exempt from censorship. Goya's *Naked Maja*, brought to Japan for an exhibition, was viewed by thousands with no restriction as to age—and no tampering with the offensive pubic hair.

Some people profess to find in comic books all kinds of anti-educational trends as, for example the schoolteacher who asked his class to depict what they enjoyed doing and who reported: "There were almost no original drawings; only copies of popular TV cartoons of comic books." On the other hand the age of imagery has produced some fast minds. A TV producer says: "We prefer kids in the audience. They're used to visual jokes and situations and they're so quick to get a joke—they laugh at it instantly."

Manga, of course, are but part of the larger pattern of growing Japanese permissiveness which critics claim has created a Y500 million (about \$2 million) a year industry in pornography for Japanese (or, more often Korean) gangsters. In 1970 more than five million books and a quarter of a million magazines were imported into the country of which "a substantial percentage" was porn say police. (Much of the foreign stuff has to be translated before it can be released). Since then the trend has grown. One Shibuya bookstore it is alleged, has been selling more than

10,000 books each month and the sagging wooden stands under the elevated railway in that district are replete with scores of magazines specializing in sado-masochism in which the word "fuck" in English stands out prominently among the kanji characters on many a page.

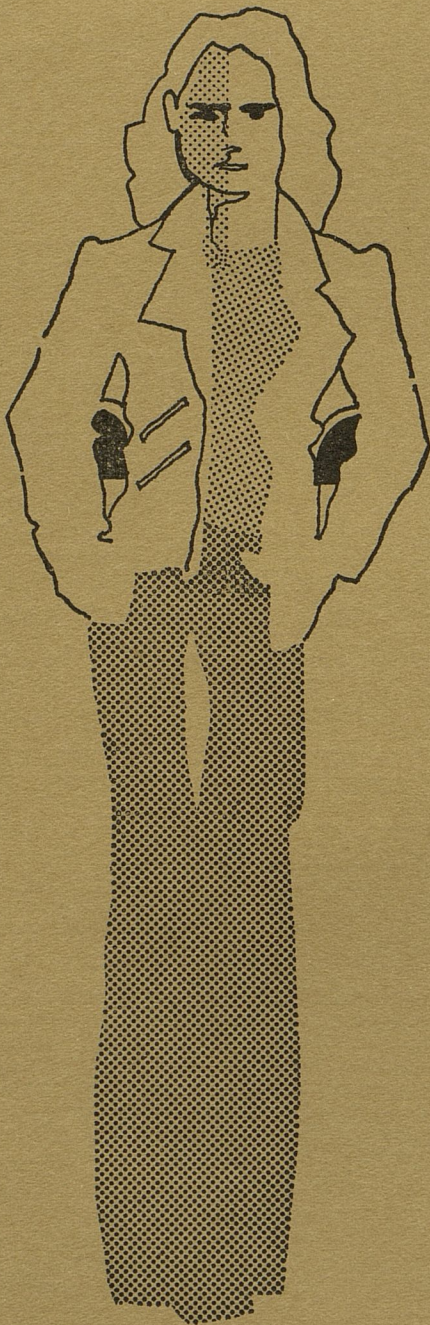
Last year, in a total of more than 500 cases customs authorities refused to allow the admission of 120,000 items of so-called porn literature into Japan giving as their yardstick literature "that will disturb the social order." Professor Kichinosuke Ohasi of Tokyo's Keio University says that there isn't much chance that customs officials will be able to shut off the flow completely and adds, somewhat chauvinistically, that anyway foreign porn isn't nearly as provocative as the native stuff.

It is no exaggeration to say that millions of Japanese gain most of their knowledge of contemporary Western trends from manga long before this information seeps down to them via other media. The manga artists, usually young and hip, are closely attuned to American and European sociology and quotations from Henry Miller's more lascivious works, the Beatles on LSD trips, Andy Warhol and Lichtenstein images and such "vitality-enhancing potions" as royal jelly or ginseng have been popping up in manga for years.

Critics maintain that what manga have in common is "insensitivity to human values, sexual sadism, unrestrained gore and dehumanizing social outlook" but when the cartoonists show up on Japan's notorious "midnight strip shows" on television, their charm and youthful demeanour seem innocent contrasted with the other guests: breast wiggling strippers and gourmets who cut off the heads of live turtles on camera to drink warm blood from decorative sake glasses.

Manga are drawn in a wide variety of styles, from drawings reduced to the barest outlines to others of extraordinary graphic complexity. Graphic design is, in fact, a major feature of manga.

The accompanying text ranges over the entire perspective of Japanese society: that is it demonstrates how manga reflect the ideas attitudes, opinions, fashions, fantasies, and preoccupations of the Japanese, particularly the Japanese male. The text examines a broad range of subjects, including these topics: sex (heterosexual, homosexual, fetishistic, incestuous, sadistic, masochistic, nymphomaniacal and sex crimes), violence, social commentary and social protest, traditional and modern mores and customs, family relations, artistic influences (traditional Japanese and



Chinese and modern Western), cinematic techniques, religion (attitudes about the sexual behaviour of monks, priests and nuns), the occult, crime (the traditional code of the gangster and the modern violators of that code), manga as educational media (introducing fashions, manner and opinions etc), adolescence and old age, marriage, madness, race relations, urban and rural living styles and Japanese prejudices, biases and contemporary myths.

Manga's artistic ancestry dates back centuries through the works of Hokusai, the early Chinese-influenced pictorial scrolls, the "pillow books" of sex instruction traditionally given to brides, through the pleasure-oriented **ukiyo-e** prints—a genuine peoples' art—and **shunga** erotic woodblock prints, some of which are enjoying a revival today.

Their appeal today is based on a combination of factors not the least of which is the escapist element from dull classrooms and office and generally unexciting lives. A recent survey showed that most workers in the Tokyo area spent almost one hour commuting to and from work each day and these cheap, disposable magazines which don't require any serious thought are ideal to while away the otherwise uncomfortable and boring journey. Additionally they offer titillating sex, deal with and—important in Japan—have a high standard of graphic design, greatly influenced by films and sometimes offering many of the same techniques of jump-cutting and fade-outs.

Sometimes their style is disconcertingly surrealistic as was the case with the recent retelling of an old tale by De Sade, retitled, in Japanese, "The Horse that Faded Away."

"In an ancient mansion a maid of genuine virtue dwelt, her name coincidentally, was Justine . . . She was 18 and possessed of an extraordinary beauty. The globes of her breasts called to mind the full glass beauty of ripe apples . . .

"While all alone one day she drank a bottle of well-aged wine. Then she whispered, 'The rustling of men's hair, oooh! and added 'I greatly need something nutritious.' The kind of truth found in all poetry . . .

"Justine's pulse beat with the speed of a ringing fire alarm. Her main orifice palpitated wildly, making a sound like Coca Cola." And so on.

—Ronald Bell & JW



ECCENTRICITY & PRODUCTIONS

"Eccentricity" is the best word to describe modern Japanese films according to Tadao Sato, dean of Japan's film critics. In an interview with a Mainichi columnist, he said TV had stolen viewers from the film industry but still more than 250 movies, mostly low budget porno or gangster, are being made by firms on the verge of bankruptcy.

Some companies have gone broke, others rely on parking lots and bowling alleys to break even.

According to one company the only thing that keeps it in the black is a five-year-old 12-part serial about a penniless wanderer with a penchant for getting himself in hot water. The series has outstripped the all-popular James Bond, and the last story was seen by 6 million viewers.

Film maker Akio Jissoji, asked whether Japanese films will ever make a comeback, said, "Perhaps, but then again maybe we've just hit rock bottom and there is no further down we can go."

Japanese films are very cheap to make. Art films by internationally known directors may cost no more than \$64,000.

The Communist Party bought 2 million tickets to a three-part, 12-hour spectacular about the pre-war communist movement in Japan. Similarly the Sokagakkai religious body bought 5 million tickets for a film on the life of the movement's past president.

Author Donald Richie, says that the big companies are putting what little energy they have into producing the great movies of 1958, with the same plot and the same cast, because that was the last time they made any money out of movies.



PRESS RELEASE

Japan's Royal family fulfills about the same function as their English counterparts—a ceremonial backstop for socially-conscious snobs. The Emperor spends most of his time being inaccessible to his subjects and studying the obscure life of marine organisms. But occasionally he bestirs himself to create something. Here is a recent poem he submitted to the Imperial Poetry Party:

Beyond the hills
In twilight looms
The islet of Toshima
In the sea of morning calm.

Tokyo's Sex Shops:

The Jellyfish of Passion, Testicles of Fur Seal and other Exotic Elixirs of Youth and Vigor.

Making a tour of Tokyo's sex shops is to embark on an Oriental Night's journey that stimulates the senses, restores the jaded appetite and introduces you once again to the disappearing world of Japlish—where meaning shades into poetry and the mind reels with exotic impossibilities.

"For an exciting erection" proclaims Ginza Stamina Drugs, in a garish green and red brochure, "brush Ottopin on the penis about 10 minutes prior to engaging in the sexual act. A warm but harmless sensation will occur for a short period. As soon as this sensation passes then you are ready for a romantic interlude."

And with this "introduction into grandeur of ecstatic love life" we are on our way. APHRODITE EXALTATION! the ads promise. "New sun in your universe!"

Ambivalent though they may be about sexual literature (pubic hair is blacked out in foreign magazines before they are distributed; dozens of comic books depict gang rape and every kind of bestiality) the Japanese place great faith in remedies. And especially sexual remedies.

"To those who become somewhat infirm with age, who are coming to the fall of life. To those who are disappointed with life. Take immediately Pluspin. This is a wonderful drug of rejuvenation for enjoyment of full pleasure and happiness. Take one tablet before going to bed. But don't let your wife take this. By drinking this drug with his wife someone complained that they could not sleep at all till morning" so declares the Ishihara Pharmaceutical company, whose checklist for visitors to Japan is simply: First—Mount Fuji; Secondly—Geisha girl; Thirdly—Your Pluspin for night of enjoyment filled with affection.

The same company also offers Dantelmon Paste—"creamlike drug with strong permeability. Those who have tried this without exception say 'wonderful.'"

The Idea ABC Co., right opposite the Fran-

caise coffee shop on Tokyo's busy Ginza, even has a best-seller list of "the 10 most popular sex aids." A remote-controlled "doll for ecstasy that undulates from left to right in a female permitting multi orgasms" heads the list closely followed by the passion turtle ("opens a new realm of euphoria") and a phallus-shaped doll ("no imagination is needed to visualise its many uses"). Erotic gold and silver balls that, when inserted, make highly pleasing sounds . . . the vulva vibrator ("greatest invention since sliced bread"). . . . love chocolate and necktie novelties (48 positions for coitus and two ancient Japanese ukiyo-e positions on the backside") . . . and the intriguing Jelly fish of passion on which a female floats on a euphoric cloud, her well of love running over ("also 10 other attachments for men") . . . all line the well-lit shelves at ABC.

But all these things are playthings and we must return to the extensive catalog of Ginza Stamina Drugs if we seek remedies for anything from "poor erection, lack of sexual feeling, senile impotence, inappetence, frigidity, sterility, premature ejaculation" to plain, simple "general feeble constitution."

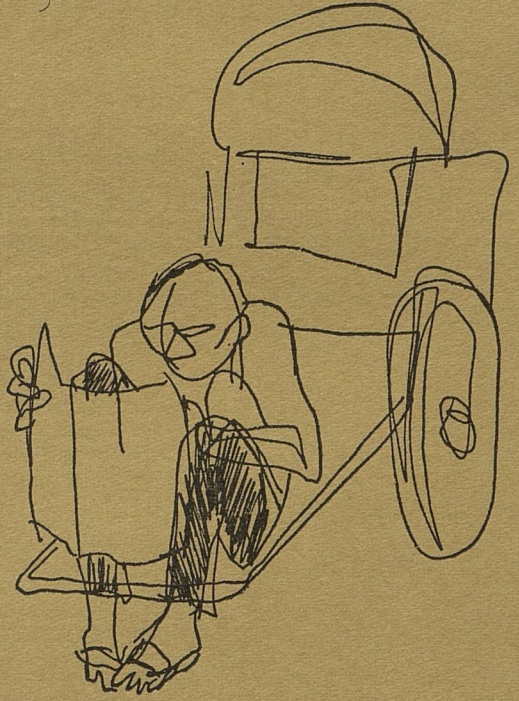
GSD is heavy on such exotic ingredients as testicles of fur seals, deer antlers and the ubiquitous ginseng root. Shiho-Sanbengan—"the answer for those who have tried all other preparations in vain"—is described as a fantastic elixir of youth, concocted of 39 precious extracts from China, while closer to home, the mysterious invigorating power of Mamushi, the Japanese viper gives its strength to Marnick gold. And thereby hangs a tale . . .

According to actual sex statistics in the Tokyo area, the anonymous sex expert reveals in his inimitable prose, couples in their twenties perform 2-3 times and those in their thirties do 1-2 times in a week and of those performances 70 per cent are taking place on Saturday night. "Just like a song, 'Something wonderful happens on Saturday nights.'

And for those whom nothing happens on Saturday nights there is Mamnic Gold"

But non sequiturs are not the only string to the versatile author's bow; he's a philosopher, too. "Do you know that the best way for improving women's sexual sensation is walking?" he asks. "When a woman walks she moves her legs alternately and naturally her secret part is kneaded and made powerful. I would say the worst disaster the automobile industry has brought to humanity is this damage to love relations."

Somehow one's standard notions of male chauvinism do a flip flop when confronted with the Japlish of the sex shop catalogs. Who, for example, could put down the Kagi suppository tablet which when put up ("in the vagina seat") begins "the clamping action for a night of unforgettable experience in the art of pure ecstasy in love." Or the Harem suppository tablet which helps "the male partner to realise his eternal search and for the fair lady to give answer to her constant struggle and dream for a priceless solution to ultimate happiness."



Sketches by
Hal Barnell



The Ugly Japanese??

Booklet for Behavior

According to a recent survey, the Japanese have taken over from the Americans as the world's Ugliest tourists. . . Their organized bus tours with the flag-waving guide, their penchant for spending, no questions asked, their apparent terror of straying more than a couple of hundred yards from the hotel and their general bad manners have made them both hated and ridiculed in Europe and Asia.

So notorious have they become, in fact, that the Transport Ministry's Tourism Department has decided to publish booklets on etiquette for Japanese going overseas.

The department believes the ill-manners of the tourists is a combination of the difference in life style between the Japanese and foreigners and the activities of disreputable tour agencies, operating in Japan. To combat these unscrupulous groups they plan to select 50 watchdogs to keep an eye on their activities abroad.

When the number of Japanese overseas tourists for 1973 is finally assessed the figure could be twice that of 1972 according to the Immigration Bureau. It will certainly be well over two million.

S. Korea, Thailand and Hawaii were the most popular destinations, with Hong Kong and Taiwan high on the list.

Despite the reputation of Japanese tourists as big spenders, however, the Tourist Organization of Thailand has expressed a disappointment in the amount of money actually spent. They estimated that the average Japanese tourist spent \$32.57 a day—\$22 on food, accommodation transport and sightseeing and the rest on souvenirs. The Japan National Tourist Organization thinks \$65 would be a more accurate figure.

The number of foreign tourists visiting Japan also increased substantially in 1973, with the figure standing at 630,000 as of October. Americans remained at the top of the list with a noticeable increase in the number of English, Korean and W. German visitors.

With the normalization of relations between Japan and China in 1972, the number of Chinese visitors also increased. However, the 1,126 figure as of August was still very low compared with the 6,413 Japanese visitors to China in the same period

Survival of the fastest

With the theme that the Japanese are "the most adaptable people in the world" Professor Bestel said at a recent meeting of the Club of Rome in Tokyo's Imperial Hotel that because of all the problems Japan faced (pollution, overcrowding, shortage of oil etc) they must use their brainpower and the intensity of their production techniques to take a new road. "The human race has no future. But rats, cockroaches and the Japanese will survive," he said.

Love Letterature

Sixty-five-year-old Tokuji Sugaya spends his evenings writing love letters to the English-speaking boy friends of bar hostesses, salary girls and college students who can't write English.

He started the business before the war becoming well known among bar hostesses and girl friends of American servicemen as the scrivener of "Love Letter Lane" and has been continuing the service ever since.

Five years ago he bought a small bar which he converted into an office and now spends about five hours every evening receiving old and new clients.

He charges 600 yen (just over \$2) for translating up to two pages, which at normal translation rates would work out at anything up to 2,000 yen. "I haven't raised the price for more than a decade," said Sugaya. "I don't have the heart to raise the price of love."

Tokyo Inflation

For those who don't believe Tokyo can really be as expensive as everyone keeps saying, here's a list, printed in one of the Japanese magazines, of all the things you can buy for 1,000 yen :

- one goldfish the size of a cigarette ;
- half-a-mat's worth of space in a tenement ;
- half a pair of clogs ; or 200 sq. centimeters of land or two pieces of sushi (raw fish on rice).

One bright spot—you can at least drown your sorrows over the incredible cost of living. Believe it or not, 1,000 yen **WILL** buy you a mediocre sake—and leave you 20 yen change.

Japanese Ingenuity :

Something the world could benefit by studying !

Japan is a small country with few material resources and, traditionally, it has increased its GNP by importing raw material and applying its imagination and industriousness to improving the original. Which it then exports.

But anybody familiar with Japan will confirm that it does the same thing to ideas, too. The ingenuity with which the Japanese solve simple problems or streamline imported concepts—whether it be to pump Osaka's fetid canals full of oxygen to keep the fish alive or purvey cups of "instant noodle" (just add hot water) in slot machines—is apparently limitless.

Even criminals are imaginative. A bank robber appeared in medical robes and poisoned the entire staff by lining them up to take

pills ostensibly to check a cholera epidemic . . . a woman's lover sent her husband an electric razor through the mail which exploded when he plugged it in . . . a radical student constructed a pipe bomb to look like a Christmas tree and left it beside a police box. (But Japanese police are ingenious, too ; all these law-breakers were caught).

Akio Morita, president of Sony—probably the Japanese company best-known in the west—says that some of this strength derives from the concept of *mottainai*, a word that has no equivalent in English but which means roughly that nothing should be wasted, that everything should be used to its fullest capacity.

There are many current examples of such belief ranging from the simple sink above toilets which enable the water used for washing hands to flush the bowl, to the new garbage disposal plant in Tokyo that burns the refuse, using the heat generated to warm a swimming pool and maintain the temperature in an adjoining greenhouse.

Conscious of *mottainai* the Japanese government recently issued a list of suggestions to conserve heat in homes: relocate refrigerators so they are out of the sun and not next to gas ranges . . . disconnect pilot lights on stoves and unplug "pop-on" TV sets which give an instant picture only because they are kept constantly warmed up by an electric current . . . use floor mats underneath the 27 million *kotatsu* (foot warmers) that are not only a staple feature of Japanese homes but invariably sit on bar floors dispersing much of their heat. The latest model oil heaters, incidentally, have a built in "earthquake sensor" so that if suddenly tilted a jet of water will immediately extinguish the flame.

As might be expected television is a prime area for ingenuity. Ginza's San Ai building used to have closed circuit TV-phones to call your friends on other floors but these have now been replaced by a coffee shop in which every table has its own TV set on which specific tapes or classic movies can be requested for your individual viewing. A rock music shop in Shibuya has a color video tape deck on which you can view commercially available tapes of popular recording stars in concert. Airport buses are equipped with TV sets on which the driver can view the rear of the bus when he backs up.

Travelers, in fact, are constantly being reminded of somebody's thoughtfulness in operation. So many passengers snatch forty winks while enroute in the comfortable subway trains that all stops are announced over loudspeakers in every compartment. All sta-



tions are signboarded not only with the name in Japanese and English but the names of the last and the next stations. In those stations that adjoin schools for the blind stick-on labels in braille giving information and instructions can be found on the ticket-vending machines.

In some buses, all of which are equipped with change-making machines, the passenger takes a numbered ticket on entering which corresponds to the fare displayed on a lighted board above the driver. A tape recording denotes the bus' progress along its route (male driver, female voice—freaks out first-timers) and when the buttons are pressed to request a stop they light up all the length of the bus.

A facsimile edition of the front page of the Asahi Evening News is delivered daily on a telephoto machine in the Imperial Hotel's lobby. It bears the boast that it is "the world's only telenewspaper" and carries a plug for the complete edition, available at the hotel's newsstand a few steps away.

From the bus windows passengers can see severe-looking dummy policemen at dangerous intersections, occasional "rustic" bridges which are concrete ribbed and painted to look like wood and, where it is necessary to build a concrete wall beside the road, it is shaped, moulded and sculpted to look as "natural" as possible instead of towering above the highway like a cement cliff. And when the passenger alights at a roadside cafe to go to the toilet likely as not he'll find empty Coca Cola cans housing a plastic flower beside each urinal. It's the thought that counts. Especially at the fifth station on the climb up Fuji (12,500 feet) where the intrepid walker can buy a cannister of oxygen to prepare him for the last lap.

Whatever it is you seek to buy somebody has probably anticipated your needs to make

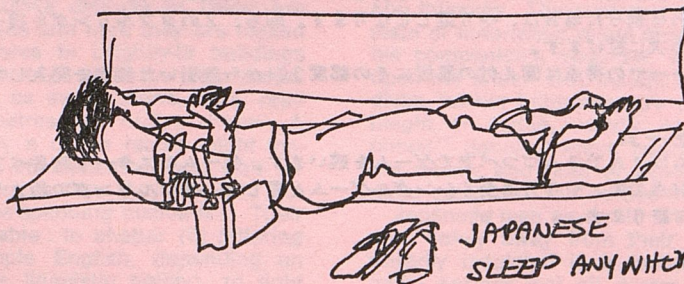
it more efficient: can of Peace cigarettes come with a built-in opener for the silver foil cover . . . a new device is on the market for cutting into those hard-to-open plastic wrappers . . . a bottle of wine comes with a cork-screw, salt cellar with a pin on the lid to keep the holes open, packet of mikans (tiny Japanese oranges) with a plastic bag for disposal of the peels . . . there are tennis and golf balls on elastic strings for backyard practise . . . belts for strapping babies on mother's backs.

Akasaka's Tokyu Plaza Hotel has machines selling \$4 gift certificates, complete with fancy envelopes and instructions on how to redeem for items at any of the company's department stores. Most private, local railroads own department stores—one at each end of the company's lines so passengers must pass through when boarding and alighting.

Flashlights in hotel rooms can't be stolen because they have no "on" and "off" switch, only a gadget which turns them off when they are replaced on the bracket on the wall of the room.

Sex is not forgotten. There are "Love Coffee Shops" with dark atmosphere and high backed seats offering privacy and intimacy; "love seats" in movies, double-width and three times the price of singles; "love hotels" with revolving, circular beds, lots of mirrors and rates by the hour.

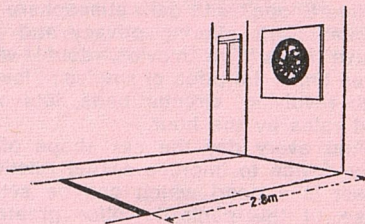
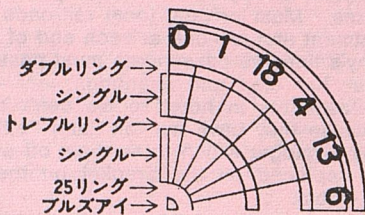
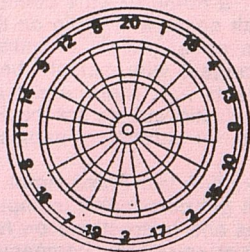
And every day the sex shops offer some new device to improve sexual relations. The latest is a pearl which can be set into the base of the penis to offer greater sexual stimulation. It must be inserted with a special operation by a plastic surgeon. But, with so many Japanese girls being operated on to "restore virginity"—a "virgin" reputedly can earn one million yen (about \$3,300) for her defloration—why should men be left behind?



JAPANESE
SLEEP ANYWHERE



HOW TO PLAY DARTS Berni Inn



ダーツは英国で最もポピュラーなパブゲームで人々はお酒を飲みながらこのゲームを楽しんでいます。普通仲間同士のゲームでは一杯のビールが勝者へのプレゼントとなっているようです。

〈得点〉 矢を投げ矢が刺ったところの数字が得点となります。

- 1) シングルの得点は1から20まであります。
- 2) ダブルリングに刺ったときは得点は2倍になります。
- 3) トレブルリングに刺ったときは得点は3倍です。
- 4) 25リングに刺ったときは得点は25です。
- 5) ブルズアイに刺ったときは得点は50です。

●遊び方

- 1回に3本の矢を投げます。得点は3本の矢の刺ったところの数字の合計数です。
- 1人のプレイヤーが3本投げ終わったら、次のプレイヤーが3本投げます。これをゲーム終了まで繰り返します。
- 注意すべきことは、このゲームの得点の開始はダブルリングに刺った時からで、ゲームを始めて後ダブルリングに刺さるまでは何回投げても得点になりません。又、ゲームを終るときも同様にダブルリングに入れなければなりません。

●シングルゲーム

これは2人でプレーするときの遊び方です。

スタートのときの各プレイヤーの持ち点は301です。プレーを始めてダブルリングに刺ったときからその得点を301点から差引きます。例えばゲームを始めてから最初の1矢が4のダブルリングに刺さり、2本目の矢が20、3本目の矢が7に刺った場合は、 $4 \times 2 + 20 + 7 = 35$ 点を301から差引き、そのプレイヤーの残り点は266点となります。この残り点が丁度0になるまで投矢をくりかえします。たゞゲームはダブルリングで終らなければなりません。例えば数回矢を投げて301点が4点になったとすれば、この場合は2のダブルリングに刺さらなければゲームを終了することは出来ません。又、4をオーバーするところに刺った場合は、やり直しとなります。即ち、2のダブルリングを狙ってパートナーの次に投げます。

尚、各プレイヤーの得点は備え付の黒板にその都度301から差引いた数字を記入していきます。

●ペアゲーム

ペアゲームは4人で2人づつペアでゲームを競います。ゲームのスタート時各ペアの持ち点は501点です。やり方は全くシングルゲームと同じで、ダブルリングで始まりダブルリングで終わります。

How a Heavy Chick can make Herself a Good Living in Tokyo's Misu Shobai.

Somebody said that Japan is one of the only countries in the world where if you can speak English you can make a living. But like most places it helps if you're a girl. And if you're a blonde you're really ahead.

Japanese men will do anything short of die for a blonde—not realising that most of the “blondes” have dyed already.

Even a night club hostess, the most popular job among **gaijin** (foreign) women these days, can double her salary if she takes the precaution of buying a blonde wig first. Strippers get fantastic money, too, but whatever else they might take off the wig stays on. And if anybody comments on the fact that head and groin aren't in matching shades—well, no matter, so long as they don't ask for their money back. (They always pay bills, however inflated, without a murmur).

Tokyo papers carry daily classifieds seeking foreign hostesses. Some offer incredible salaries, 10 to 20,000Y per night (\$33-66), which applicants discover, to their amazement, are not exaggerated. And in all but a handful of clubs sex, or, at any rate, sexual consumption, is not part of the job. Some of the out-of-town clubs might be into a modified white slave racket but by and large the “hostess” job entails tease rather than tail.

Ginza and Akasaka districts of Tokyo are the main club areas and here they are tucked away by the scores in brightly-lit buildings housing such other aspects of the **mizu shobai** (night business) as sauna baths, bars, restaurants, strip theatres and coffee shops. A club housing only a dozen tables might employ as many as 20 hostesses who wait for the tables to fill up before they are sent out to sit with the free-spending customers. Their job is to be sociable: to chatter (in faltering Japanese or simple English, depending on their companion's linguistic ability), to light



cigarettes, to encourage drinking and discourage intimacy. The customer, according to his state of inebriation, might droop an arm around his companion's shoulder, or place a hand upon her knee. But, except in the lower-class dives, further intimacies are discouraged. The height of daring, usually, is the “cheek to cheek” dancing which matches the indifferent music, and both of which reflect a style more suitable to the Forties than 1974.

Japanese men as a rule are highly romantic and, safely away from their wives and temporarily insulated in a fantasy world with a **gaijin** partner that all dream of fucking (es-

pecially if she's a blonde), shower compliments and sometimes gifts upon their nighttime companions.

The girls for their part, most of whom have husbands or boy friends awaiting them, accept it all with tolerant humor but find it difficult to maintain their enthusiasm. "They're so innocent and sweet," reports one, "You feel kind of shitty keeping up the pretense that you're having as much fun as them. But deep down both of you know it's all a charade—and when you call them at their offices the next day it's quite disillusioning."

Office calls are made by all the hostesses at least once a week, the ploy being for the hostess to remind her nighttime companion of the enjoyable time he's had and express the hope that she'll see him again soon. At the club, of course. Every time a customer on arrival at the club asks for a girl by name this *shimai*, as it is called, nets the girl a 1000Y (\$3.33) which is paid to her in cash the following night. There are other gimmicks: a girl who can induce a customer to take her to dinner and then report to the club with him at starting time (usually 8 p.m.) earns another 3000Y.

All these charges of course show up one way or another on the customer's bill. Which is invariably astronomical: three girls plus

three customers sipping one drink apiece might easily result in a tariff of, say, 30,000Y (about \$100). The customer doesn't care because it's all on expense accounts; the club justifies it because of the overheads (20 hostesses being paid 12,000Y nightly apiece is a basic \$800 salary bill to start with); and the girls, few of whom are beauties, are earning roughly \$8 per hour for drinking, dancing and some pretty boring conversation.

Needless to say there are sometimes further developments. Any girl willing to hustle her body can usually make a fortune. For a fast hour spent with a Japanese customer at one of the numerous side street "love hotels" the going rate is 50,000Y (almost \$200). A Tokyo columnist recently estimated that "150 long-legged, full-breasted professionals" blonde, of course, were plying their trade in Akasaka alone. And a 20-year-old French girl appeared on a television talk show to admit she'd netted over 10 million yen (around \$30,000) in five months of hooking.

The odd thing is that whereas gaijin blondes ignore the potential Western trade (Akasaka is full of Western-style tourist hotels) because Japanese men pay better ("and come quicker," according to one observer), Western tourists can locate Japanese hookers for a fraction of the price.

Crack Down on Drugs!

Crack down on Drugs!

Editor:

A 20-year-old man killed his mother, saying "Women will destroy Japan." Another 20-year old man shot a policeman to death without any reason.

Twelve boys aged 15 lynched a colleague into critical condition. In the United States, a 17-year-old boy murdered 27 counterparts of his homosexuality.

All these were crimes committed under illusory effects arising from inhalation of thinner or adhesives such as bond and tuolene.

And the cause of a 12-year-old girl's leap from a third-floor classroom of her school building was seven tranquilizer pills she had taken.

Crimes and other delinquent behavior under illusory feelings number 50,000 to 60,000 cases every year. These crimes, however, cannot be duly coped with—if pharmacutists dodge their responsibility, saying that they

had sold drugs without knowing the situation.

Further, the supply of halucinatory agents such as marijuana and LSD is constantly increasing.

The authorities should clamp down with severe punishment on dealers who sell halucinatory agents with the knowledge that they will be used for delinquent acts.

I would also like the Education Ministry and the Health and Welfare Ministry to place more emphasis on the campaigns to publicize the terror of halucinatory agents, stimulants and narcotics.

Youths and children shouldn't find such things in the adults' world, which is already abundant in mad things, even aside from the problem of halucinatory agents.

Tsusai Sugawara

President of an association to fight social evils.

(Letter in the Asahi Shimbun)

LIVING IT UP IN JAPAN'S EXOTIC LOVE HOTELS

The turreted Hotel Meguro Emperor has 35 rooms done up in almost a score of different styles: the hotel's customers like plenty of variety. Most of them, though, opt for what the manager calls the "flying, revolving bed" style, such as room 607. With a bedside keyboard offering a wide range of electronic gyrations, guests usually feel they are getting their moneysworth.

For the Meguro Emperor, towering like a medieval castle above the muddy river of a busy Tokyo suburb, is a Love Hotel, one of literally hundreds in a country where love-in-the-afternoon, or evening for that matter, is nothing to be ashamed of.

In almost every fair-sized Japanese town there have always been plenty of quiet, back-street hostelries catering to those who seek a room by the hour (usual rate: \$6 and up) as their exterior signs clearly indicated. But the network of super highways that has grown up in the past decade has encouraged the growth of scores of exotic caravanserais of Arabian Nights appearance, whose garish purple and orange neon outlines dot the skyline outside Osaka, Nagoya, Kyoto along the Tomei Expressway.

Although some of the hotels are independent, many are part of a chain—often owned by the ubiquitous Koreans, who in Japanese eyes, assume some of the stigma of Sicilians in America—and their proprietors are usually heavily into other aspects of the leisure industry owning bowling alleys, golf driving ranges or strip tease theatres.

The increasingly sophisticated interiors of these hotels have resulted in escalating costs the bill for the Meguro Emperor, for example topping 650 million yen (more than \$2 million) when it was completed only one year ago.

But from first entering the tranquil lobby with its stuffed tiger, gleaming suit of armor and illuminated fountain, the often-nervous guest is put at his ease. Black net drapes over the reception booth shield him and his date from the clerk's gaze and he is swiftly despatched down the discreetly lit hallway to a noiseless elevator (whose plaques assures him that Bankamericard is accepted and that check-out time is 10 a.m.).

Few guests actually stay the whole night, for which the rate is anything up to 22,000Y

(about \$70), most settling for a couple of hours at about half the all-night rate. Frequent customers can apply for discount cards which allow them 30 per cent off the normal rates. But, the manager stresses, old customers are tactfully not greeted with familiarity.

When the doors to each suite are opened a variety of mechanisms are activated: the room heat is automatically turned up, bells chime a carousel and a taped greeting in soft female tones welcomes the newcomers and hopes they will "have a good time."

Most of the suites are duplexes, one floor devoted to sitting room with bar, glass-fronted refrigerator containing soft drinks, beer, liquid vitamins and (always) canned mandarin oranges. Tiger skins and nude paintings dot the walls, French provincial telephones match the decor.

Bathrooms, invariably of marble, possess individual saunas, circular bathtubs, bidets, hair dryers and a full range of toiletries. Some have transparent bathtubs.



Bedrooms feature circular beds with control panels to turn the bed in any direction, up, down and around, as well as to provoke gentle, rocking vibrations. Music controls and light dimmers are within easy reach. Remote-controlled color television and an electrically operated sliding panel to uncover ceiling mirrors are other features.

Suite #306 is especially favored by the younger visitors with its ancient flintlock guns on the walls, a plush crown in a glass case and a roulette table with all the necessary appurtenances for a little gambling before the frolic.

Suite #905, in Japanese style with tatami mat floor, features a "floating bedroom," reached across stepping stones, all of white cypress wood and constructed without the use of a single nail by shrine carpenters who have specialized in this type of building since the Heian era more than 1000 years ago.

Like many others this suite contains a video recording unit, camera aimed at the bed to enable its occupants to film a 20-minute sex movie and play it back instantly on the set beside them.

Several of the suites contain movie screens and projectors with a choice of four porn movies available at the flick of a switch.

One suite has a permanent "rainfall," artfully arranged by hidden pumps, emphasized by gorgeous color lighting.

Ads for love hotels, sometimes referred to as "avec" hotels (you ask for somebody to go "with" you), often carry a symbol known to the Japanese as *sakasa kuragai* ("upside down jellyfish") because that's what it looks like. The ads appear mostly in *manga*, or men's comic books, that flood the newsstands by their million each week.

But the bigger hotels—Meguro's Emperor, Akasaka's Chantilly and formerly Shinjuku's Hotel Honjin (which recently turned "respectable")—are well-known because of their flamboyant fairy tale appearance and occasional TV commercials. At night their turrets and ramparts are illuminated with powerful searchlights.

The hotels can always be found near golf clubs. The road to Yokohama Country Club, for example, is lined with garish pink and purple love motels which are popular with nearby sportsmen. Says one local taxi driver: "They never bring their wives, these golfers."

Tokyo's newest hotel, the Hotel Japan near Shibuya Station, is owned by a well-know female singer, Gogatsu Midori (literally "May Green") who has painted the exterior red and white and installed expensive imported

Italian furniture and what she euphemistically calls "adult toys" in the rooms. Says the young popstar: "I intended to make it a dreamland of the night where the dreams of young lovers come true—and even if they are not lovers they should think of themselves as such while they are in my hotel."

Obviously most customers of love hotels bring their own partners (there are also hotels for homosexuals) but arrangements can be made for single customers who take the precaution of informing the management they need a massage.

Then, as long as it is after 11.30 p.m., one of the numerous Turkish bath girls will appear at the door to offer a "special" massage for about 8,000Y (around \$27). They will rarely appear before 11.30 p.m. because that's when the bars close and they prefer their customers to be drunk. It makes them more, uh, pliable.

Government Gambling

The only legal gambling in Japan is that controlled directly by the Government. Of course there are illicit mahjongg games going on for money in most firms. But nevertheless the restrictions placed on gambling makes it a very lucrative business for the Government.

Last year a record 2,100 billion yen was spent on horse, bicycle and auto races run by the Government. And when tickets went on sale in December for a national lottery offering three top prizes of 10 million yen (about \$34,000) in cash, there were near-riots in the rush to buy them.

One booth outside the Korakuen Stadium had to open at 7 a.m. two hours before scheduled, to attend to the queue of 1,000 people before a riot broke out.

In line with the Government's popular lottery system, the Ministry of Postal Services decided some years ago to increase postal revenue at New Year by selling special greeting cards with lucky numbers on.

After New Year the winning numbers are announced and prizes issued. Last year the prizes ranged from a tape recorder down to a fifth prize of stamp sheets.

ODDITIES AND ORIENTATIONS

Street sounds

When you live with noise, silence becomes loud. So do wind chimes and flutes. They break through the roar of traffic and the din of construction sites and drown the clanging of pile drivers.

The tofu vendors and sweet potato sellers don't need blaring horns attached to their carts. The metal tongs which they click together or the wooden pipes they use are enough to attract attention. They're so outdated in the noisy, commercial, all-electric city of Tokyo that their unique and distinctive sound can't fail to be noticed.

A visitor from a Western city will be used to police sirens and car horns and pneumatic drills. There's nothing new about them. But there is something unusual about seeing a peddler pulling a lighted cart through the streets piping on his flute-like cha-ru-me-la to advertise his steaming hot noodles.

There is something unusual about the chin-don-ya street musicians, dressed up as clowns who play strange tunes on bells and drums as they advertise some commodity, or the opening of a new shop. And the Kam-shi-ba-i (children's theater man) who brings the clapping of sticks and the beat of drums.

Gradually Tokyo's distinctive street sounds are disappearing. It's sad in a way. But it does make the remaining ones even more appealing.

Sake

Sake is still hailed as Japan's national drink. But it's losing popularity fast. In 1959 beer took over the best-seller slot on the alcohol list and sake has been suffering a sad decline ever since.

The sweet taste, the bother of warming it and the suggestion (since discounted) that it can cause diabetes, have all lessened sake's appeal particularly amongst young people.

Although it's still second favorite to beer, whisky is catching up fast. And to combat this new threat sake brewers have launched a feverish publicity campaign to win back the drinkers' favor.

Posters promoting the pleasures of drinking sake "on the rocks" have been appearing on trains and similar ads are often seen in the Japanese magazines. Now the brewers are even thinking of changing the name from "seishu" (refined sake) to "Nihonshu" (Japanese sake).

"Refined sake sounds flat to the younger generation" they say.

Papermaking

Papermaking by hand is one of Japan's dying arts. The number of houses devoted to the craft has dwindled from 63,000 at the turn of the century to 850 today. And many are no longer training apprentices to carry on the skill.

This, of course, makes handmade paper or *washi*, a great collector's item. And a collection offered for sale in commemoration of the Mainichi Newspapers' 100th anniversary last year proved just how prized an item it is.

The 1,000 sheets of *washi*, each an original example of the papermaker's art and valued at 270,000 yen (about \$1,200), were sold out five days after a notice appeared in the Mainichi Daily News two months before the commemorative centenary publication.

Workers

The Japanese have a reputation for being hard-working people. In fact, with most companies being vastly overstaffed and with the duties of each employee being very clearly defined most workers in Japan do not have to slave particularly hard. But they do work long hours.

Most people in Japan, schoolchildren included, work a six day week. And although a five-day week is now starting to creep in, there has been doubt about whether workers will find sufficient amusements to occupy them during their newly acquired leisure time.

The Nippon Gakki Musical Instrument Co and the Yamaha Motor Company went on a five-day working week in April 1971. But Kanichi Kawakami, president of both companies, soon found the system of taking Saturdays and Sundays off very unsatisfactory.

"All places of recreation are too crowded on both Saturdays and Sundays to permit me to enjoy recreation with my family on one day and take it easy at home on the other—which is the basic purpose of taking two days off.

"Golf courses are so crowded on those days that I, though a member, cannot enjoy the privileges of membership. And all hotels

at resorts are full up. I hanker for a day off on a weekday."

He suggested the idea of Sundays and Mondays off instead, and although at first there were some complaints that it would upset the routine of life, it was found to work very well. The idea of staggered days off is now catching on and staggered holidays are being considered.

The resistance to a five day week in some areas is difficult for westerners to appreciate, But in Japan it's not so hard to understand. Japanese employees will often work till very late at their offices . . . A) because he feels a loyalty to his company and B) because he would rather have the companionship of their workmates in a comfortable office than have to travel two hours on the train back to a little six mat room which he shares with his family.

Earthquakes

Fifty years after the great Kanto earthquake which killed more than 59,000 people, fears are mounting in Japan that a quake of a similar magnitude is likely to occur within the next few years. It has been estimated that if such a disaster did occur, 20,000 wooden houses in Tokyo, would be likely to collapse and more than 730 fires would start destroying 16 sq kms of Tokyo in five hours.

Many of the fears are based on nothing more substantial than idle rumors. In June last year when the book "Nippon Chimbotsu" (Japan submerged—now a popular movie) by

Sci-Fi writer Sakyo Komatsu was released rumors started circulating that a quake of magnitude eight—stronger than the Great Kanto quake—would hit the Kanto Plain. The rumor was totally unfounded.

Then in November an amateur scientist by the name of Akikimi Nakamura, who successfully predicted three consecutive smaller quakes in September, appeared in an afternoon TV show predicting that a major quake of between three and seven magnitude, would hit the Yokohama area on December 1. No quake occurred but many people were uneasy suspecting that the predicted quake had merely been delayed.

Scientific studies have been made, however, notably a survey conducted by a Dr. Kawasumi who, working from technical data, concluded that quakes with a magnitude of five or more were repeating in the area on a 69-year cycle with a 13-year margin of error. If his theory is right, Tokyo should enter the danger period around 1978.

In view of the possibility of a major quake in the reasonably near future the Meteorological Agency has announced it will install 20 undersea earthquake and tidal wave measuring instruments in four areas within the next five years.

The Tokyo Metropolitan Government has also announced a disaster prevention program, aimed at increasing Tokyo's earthquake resistance and educating people in how to act in the event of such an emergency. But there are many people who complain that Japan's anti-earthquake measures are very unsatisfactory.

Because of Japan's "lack of enthusiasm" in this area, two of the nation's top seismologists from the Earthquake Research Institute at Tokyo University have left Japan for America.

Although buildings are more equipped to stand earthquakes now than they were in 1923, other dangers, such as the increase in industry causing more storage of flammable materials, would cause serious problems in the event of a big quake.

A booklet, issued by the Tokyo Fire Defense Board, gives advice on precautionary measures in preparation for a quake and what to do at the time. Basically it tells readers to stay inside, if possible, under a desk or close to a bed or pillar, to put out fires as they start, and to take only the minimum personal belongings to the evacuation area.

Most important, it says, don't panic. Not an easy piece of advice to follow.

—Valerie Anderson.



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Monday, December 24, 1973

Personality Profile

John Wilcock

Reporter, Author, "Frustrated
Publisher"

By VIVIANNE KENRICK

"Everybody," says John Wilcock, "has a quest. Most people don't find out about it. If their quests find them, that's the worst that could happen. They go wrong."

At 45, John Wilcock has found his. Original — "wry thoughts in my head, always preoccupied with ideas," — racy — "my deadline is now, always," — articulate — "I love talking, I do love to be on radio. For 30 years I've been writing for a living. I was a good writer 60



years ago, now I'm lazy about writing it down, I just want to talk it" — he works "18 hours a day, reading everything, going forward, studying everything."

Urgent, he says he does not have enough time left in his life to learn what he wants. Unex-

pected, he came to his quest because his best friend is a witch. "All of my friends are freaks, mavericks. They are tomorrow."

John Wilcock's quest is magic. "Look, I was a skeptical reporter when I went into this. I left school at 16 and went straight on to a paper in England. I'd been doing papers at school. I went on to Fleet Street papers very young. In 1952 I went to Canada."

He stayed with reporting for a news agency, and worked for a magazine. Restless, "I packed up everything and went to New York, to Greenwich Village. I thought it the center of the world, the place for artists and writers, everything I wanted; and they didn't have a newspaper. I started the Village Voice."

1960 for Wilcock was the year of "one of his rebirths," when he produced for Arthur Fromer the travel book "Mexico on \$5 a Day." He said "Ever since then I have been kind of a free lance. I met Henry Miller, smoked marijuana, kind of wandered through everything, never knowing where I was, not understanding implications. Totally dumb. In retrospect, those situations were very significant."

"Japan on \$10 a Day" is now totally impossible, says the book's author John Wilcock, who is on his last visit here because he can't afford it any more. "Japan," he says, "is at the pinnacle of the way civilization is. This civilization is at its last gasp. Japan has taken it as far as it can go. A main, constant theme running through civilization is worship of the sun. I think in a few years

from now we will all be worshipping the sun. Solar energy may be the only energy there is.

"Ancient people knew this kind of stuff. We may have to relearn it. The most significant date in history, from my point of view, is in the fourth century A.D. when the Alexandrian library was burned. The world has never been the same since that knowledge went up in smoke. People throughout history have been trying to regain it. I am trying to. I want to bring together as much of this knowledge as possible in an incredible compendium of magical knowledge. I want evidence of continuing, strange, magical things, an understanding of natural forces basically."

Wilcock solicits information on communications systems and languages that do not have words. He explores sites all over the world associated with magic and mystery. He wants to develop greater sensitivity to them, as his wife Amber has. "She trembles when she stands somewhere like Stonehenge, or by the Great Pyramids, or some dragon site." He is producing a book on gurus, puts out a personal newsletter "Other Scenes" and a travel newsletter "Nomad," and publishes a Witches' Almanac and a Nomads' Almanac. He has often enjoyed active promotion of underground newspapers, and says that he is much better as a collaborator than as an original. Still his "main love in life is doing a column," whilst he has "about seven books going now simultaneously." Heading his list is the occult. "It may be the only universal thought," he said.

'Sorcerer's apprentice edits Witches Almanac

"I'M proselytising for magic," said John Wilcock beguilingly. And the author of all those best-selling travel guides – City on \$5 or \$10 started to talk about his absorbing new interest. Writer for the underground press, one-time publisher – he founded and edited the Village Voice for many years – John still speaks with the flat vowels of his native Sheffield, even after 20 years spent mostly in the United States.

When his newspaper folded, a friend suggested producing the first public edition of the Witch's Almanac since 1684. That was back in 1970 and now the fourth edition is almost printed.

"I'm only a sorcerer's apprentice. My partner is a witch. She has studied as far back as she can. She lives in the country, grows herbs, talks to animals and knows the phases of the moon and all kinds of country lore. She has also done a lot of research in libraries.

"I didn't know what I was getting into when I started this first almanac. The whole thing is very genuine stuff. My partner said when we started that we would produce the Tiffany's of the magic world.

"We sell as many copies as are printed. It will be 150,000 this year. We could sell half a million if the publishers pushed it a little, but I'm quite happy with the steady growth of sales each year. Everybody told us that interest in this kind of thing had gone, but our circulation has gone up



JOHN WILCOCK

every year to disprove that.

"We sell throughout the U.S. and a few copies in England. All kinds of people buy the almanac, but most sales are to country people. We get 10,000 letters a year from rural states. People write to ask things or just to express their happiness with the almanac.

"For 30 years I have been a hard-headed newspaperman, always into the news. Now I find myself suddenly absorbed in the

past. Tomorrow does not seem relevant any more.

"Just before coming to Hongkong I was in Tokyo and I started thinking about this whole energy crisis and realised that my concern with magic is actually ahead. Those crazy people in the past knew all about the sun and solar energy. We now have to attempt to recapture past knowledge.

"I'm not into party tricks and making people

HONGKONG DIARY

Today's contributor:
JANE RAM

The days of Japan on \$10 a day are long past of course. "Japan is now incredibly expensive. Anywhere else seems a bargain by comparison. Everybody, everywhere in the world is talking about inflation. Hongkong has less to worry about than most other places."

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disappear. I'm interested in the serious study of natural forces. Everybody has latent talent - look at things like water divining or levitation. Not everyone can levitate, but many might be able to and certainly you can't say it's impossible.

"Before the invention of the telephone we weren't so ill-equipped. Telepathy worked quite well. The mystery of the pyramids has never been solved, but perhaps the people who built them knew something about moving stones vast distances through the air.

"A lot of magicians are terribly secretive. They say that they have paid their dues and served their time and don't see why they should share their knowledge. But I'm interested in making the world aware of the knowledge of the past."

The interest in magic

began for John when he started work on a book on magical sites. "I thought it would just be another travel book - Stonehenge to the Pyramids sort of thing. Suddenly I got into it much deeper. I got a British Museum reader's card and took books off the shelves at random - I couldn't work the filing system there."

This book will be restricted to the magical sites in Britain, Scandinavia and Egypt. John envisages another book - or more likely series of books - on sites elsewhere. He is trying to make contact with people who know of such sites.

Meanwhile a universal code book, covering every system of communication that does not use words, and a Guide to Gurus will be off the press very soon. And of course John is still working away on his bread and butter travel books.

Open file

Wizard Crew

The fortnight began with a party at the Notting Hill pad of the father of underground newspapers. John Wilcock was born in Britain, worked in Sheffield, Newcastle and Fleet Street before heading for Greenwich Village in the 1950s. He quickly realised that what the Village needed was a newspaper and he was one of the founders of Village Voice, in which he wrote a splendidly obnoxious column for a dozen years.

He has a knack of picking up, devouring and moving on from events a year or so before they become fashionable. But at least he wrote about them, since Wilcock is one of those valuable people with a blazing obsession. He cannot exist without starting a newspaper. This summer he went to Cannes with two ladies, rented the cheapest hotel room in town and brought out a daily newspaper on the film festival that is alleged to have caused one merger, two suicides, three divorces and a mass panic buying spree of failsafe contraceptives.

He also ran the Los Angeles Free Press during the acid era of 1967, launched Andy Warhol's Interview magazine, edited the early Oz, wrote most of the Berkeley Barb and has still found time to publish his personal little magazine Other Scenes, which has appeared sporadically from New Orleans to Nagasaki in the past decade. Clearly a man on the up slope of decadence.

He now spends his time in London preparing his annual Witches Almanack, without which no coven is complete. And is writing books about the magical sites of Britain and of Europe. He has, in fact, barely returned from touring Europe's dolmens, shrines and Mithraic Temples in the company of a Cajun witch from Louisiana called Martha. Meanwhile, he had a spy staying with the Queen at Balmoral.

Nostalgia trip

IN SUCH exotic company, I came across David Solomon, an old associate of Timothy Leary (in the Harvard days

when Leary was still respectable) who had been handing round the psilocybin before anybody had even heard of the Beatles. Wilcock, predictably, was there when the handing out took place. Since then, Solomon has written the LSD Papers, the Marijuana Papers (both best sellers in the US) and has now almost completed his new study, the Cocaine Papers.

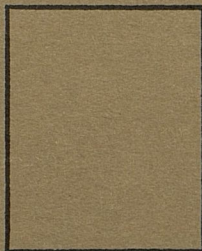
A topic of some importance to the Third World, this, since the cultivation of marijuana for the US market has transformed the economic base of rural Mexico, and now the spread of cocaine is doing much the same thing for Peru.

Wilcock, who can spot a shock-horror-probe topic when he sees one, held forth upon the plight of a megalithic stone circle near Stornoway which some local people wish to demolish to build oil-workers' houses. Called Callanish, it was built 200 years after Stonehenge, is a lunar calendar and Wilcock says it is "very magic." Martha agreed. The Department of the Environment said yesterday this was "the prime ancient monument in Scotland" and the decision rested with the Secretary for Scotland, who may yet find himself pilloried by the world's underground press.

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