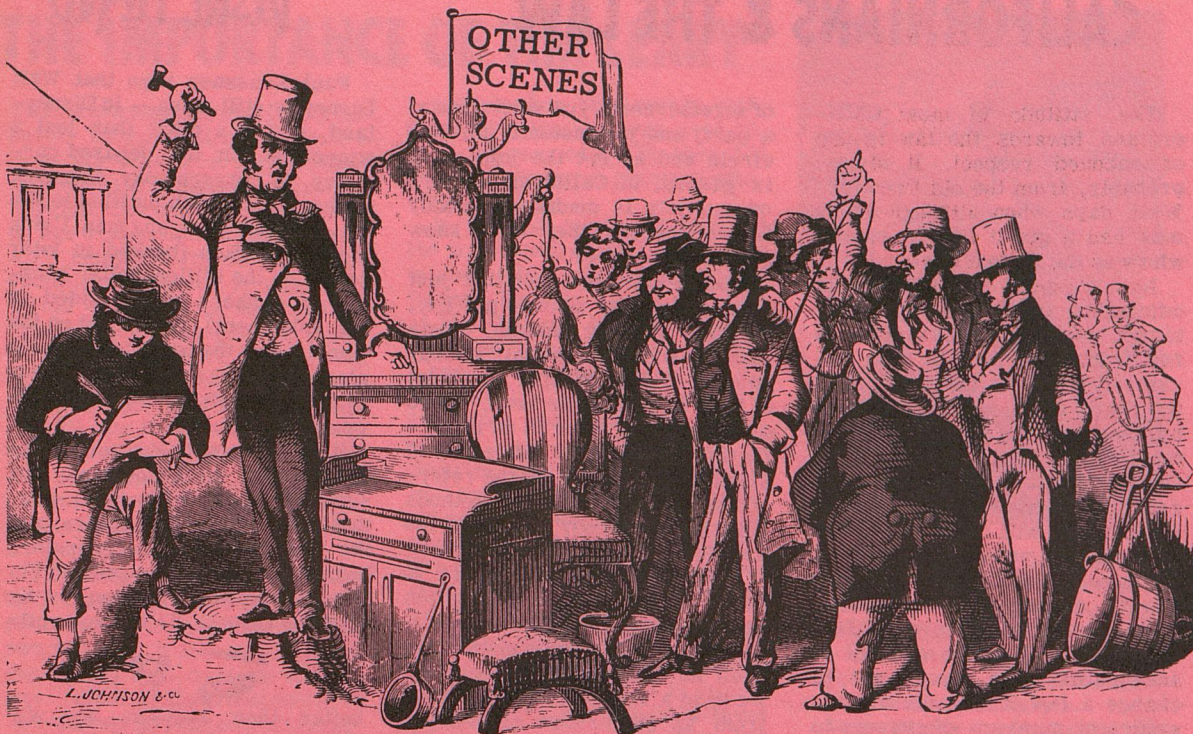


the **THE ART ROSE**

**FUCK
HATE**

Whereby, on this day we able minded creators
do hereby tell you, the Establishment: **FUCK YOU
IN THE MOUTH. WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF YOUR
BULLSHIT.**

beings of beauty



THIS newsletter grew largely out of frustrated ambitions. For some years now it has been my feeling — strengthened by constant foreign travel — that the world is ready for an international hippy newspaper. It would be a newspaper that had as much appeal to the artistic, creative, aware community in New York as in Amsterdam; in Tokyo or Acapulco; in Stockholm or San Francisco.

As most readers probably know, the Village Voice partly fulfills this function although it has always been much more interested in selling Greenwich Village as a community to the rest of the world, than in being truly international. And I have many reservations about the Voice, largely because of its exploitative and extortionate treatment of myself (and all other contributors) and partly because it is conservative and — worse — cautious.

When I began to write for EVO, the Voice's Ed Fancher got very buggy; accused me of "disloyalty" and said I couldn't write for both. As the Voice was paying me the princely sum of \$30 per week at the time (having paid me \$5 a week for most of column's 10-year duration) I didn't have much hesitation in making a choice. I continued to write for EVO.

In the summer of 1966 I went to Europe to write a book for my publisher, Arthur Frommer, about the Iron Curtain countries. Returning prematurely I found myself listed as editor of EVO, when I had merely regarded myself as a contributor (and investor). For a brief period of eight issues I did take over as editor and started to turn EVO into the kind of international paper I had long envisaged. It didn't last. EVO's founder had other ideas and, while I understand his views, I feel that the kind of paper he wants is much more limited.

Belatedly then, I came to realize that what I wanted I would have to do myself, with nobody's help except the people who were willing to gamble five bucks to pay for it. What you can expect then, for the next 12 months, is an international paper in miniature not only containing news from all kinds of places but sometimes actually produced from there.

This, naturally, creates a certain number of production problems and you'll have to bear with me through the uneven quality of the various issues. This first number, for example, is being put out hastily in Los Angeles while I'm in the middle of a one-month job of editing the fiery, fast-growing Los Angeles Free Press. The second issue of this newsletter, in fact, will actually BE a couple of copies of this newspaper (with apologies to those who are already subscribers) edited by me. And, as a final contribution to this sequence of newsletters on the California Lifestyle, you'll receive a copy of one of Ed Lange's magnificent nudist magazines because it's easier to send you the magazine than devote precious space in the newsletter to miniature illustrations from it.

A few final points: I've never been very happy with predictability and I don't care much for time-tables so if you don't receive OTHERSCENES regularly, don't get alarmed. During the year you'll get 20 "issues" of one kind, size, shape or another, even if sometimes the "issue" is some kind of a surprise that you didn't expect.

Yes, of course, I'd like to hear from you. In OTHERSCENES I hope to print the very best material, textual or pictorial, that I can find and there's no reason to think that some of it isn't being created by my own readers;

Anything that fascinates you will probably fascinate me. If you come across something that looks interesting, write and tell me about it (or send me a copy);

No single copies of this newsletter will ever be sold. I'll be happy to provide back issues to non-subscribers at any time but each order must be accompanied by \$5 and will be answered with all subsequent issues of that year;

I will exchange subscriptions with the editor of any magazine, newspaper, newsletter in the world, whatever the price, frequency or language of such periodical.

Okay then, off we go on a new experiment in journalism. I'm delighted to meet you all and I hope that by the end of the year we'll all know and understand each other a lot better. --John Wilcock.

CALIFORNIANS & THE LAW

The attitude of most Californians towards the law is one of subdued respect. It stems, probably, from the old Frontier-West days when although every man had a gun it was the sheriff who was the fastest draw.

Now respect for the law is admirable in a perfectly egalitarian society but California is far from that and, in fact, accurately reflects the thesis that the limits of freedom are defined by the way the people react to the law and not by the law itself. Obvious as it is, it seems necessary to repeat that 1) the authorities will take as much authority as you will allow them to have, and 2) that authority can be curbed only by legislative change that comes AFTER socio-political action and not in anticipation of it. Simply put: to change a law it is necessary for sufficient numbers of citizens to defy, or at least to challenge it.

It is pessimistic, but accurate, to point out that although 30,000 people are reportedly already in jail for violations of the idiotic marijuana laws, many more will follow them into custody before the laws are changed.

Obviously it would be a waste of space here to justify pot smoking; even the police admit that in and of itself it is quite harmless. But as long as the vicious California laws are used to crucify its adherents, the statewide paranoia will continue. In New York, and most of the rest of the world, pot-smoking is the grooviest kind

of togetherness: you sniff some at a party and you instantly join the circle and accept the joint as it is passed. In California to turn on publicly is madness. Nobody trusts anybody they don't know personally — ever.

And despite the fact that just about everybody smokes pot (i.e., hippies, showbiz, admen, musicians, writers, cops) nobody seems willing or able to mount a fight to change the laws. There are laborious ways to do it (collecting hundreds of thousands of signatures to get it on the referendum) and more direct methods (fighting somebody's case all the way to the State Supreme Court).

Probably the best way is to throw money and organization behind some particular case — the Peter Fonda case would have been an excellent example. Here we have a well-known young actor from an illustrious and much-admired family... owner of a house in which pot was found growing... by implication a head... almost certainly sympathetic towards heads (as who isn't?)... the possessor of money, reputation and influential friends.

Just supposing he had said: "Yes, sure I smoke pot; why shouldn't I? All my contemporaries smoke it and I challenge you to produce evidence that it is harmful to anybody, including myself. I challenge the law, in fact, on CONSTITUTIONAL grounds that it is no business of the State's what I choose to ingest or inhale."

But he didn't do that. He copped out and pleaded not guilty on the grounds that he knew nothing about the pot on the premises. So somebody else will one day have to fight that case. Somebody, probably, without money or influence. It is not possible for us to pick our heroes but if we want to win our battles it is necessary for us to recognize those heroes when the time comes.

HAVE A SEAT: Wooden seats (right) painted to represent human figures are the current aberration at La Cienega's McKenzie Gallery, in a one-woman show by artist Altina called "The Family of Chair" (chair also being the French word for "flesh").

(Los Angeles magazine)

DISNEYLAND

Paul Krassner says that Walt Disney is still alive — in Disneyland, and it's more than just a wisecrack. In the debased currency of present-day language Disney is as much entitled to the tag of "genius" as any man. Using his imagination (backed in later years by the billion-dollar backing of bankers who gambled on his judgement), he turned on the world, and the sum total of the pleasure he has given would seem to far outweigh any other considerations. But...

It is only on one's second, or third, visit to Disneyland that some of the cracks begin to show, that you notice the cables and the unpainted metal generators behind the glittering scenery (is it a deliberate intention not to disguise them?). The rides, while

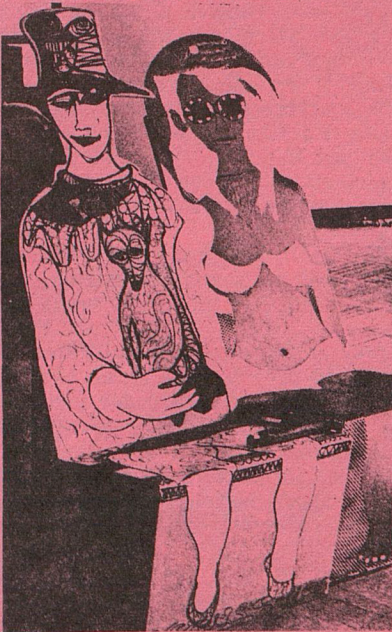


better than average, are old-fashioned and — what is worse — protective; in the darkened tunnels and haunted houses the little cars in which you are riding appear to be about to crash into walls which always turn into breakaway doors at the last minute. But at the last minute — not at the last second. There must be no REAL fright in Disneyland, no REAL stomach-turning plunges on the roller-coaster, not even any offensive sights to the eye. (Last year more than 500 teenagers were refused admission for longhair, beards or what Disney considered to be "beatnik" characteristics. All Disneyland employees are pure and wholesome and, suggests Shel Silverstein, probably have to sign a virginity oath before being hired.)

One of Disneyland's pleasantest attractions is the mule ride into the "mountains" and most of



its charm lies in being able to ride a real, live mule and ride a grassy trail under real trees, albeit out of sight of the plaster Matterhorn for only a few moments. But even this experience, is marred by the way the mules are chained together, unable to vary from their preordained path by so much as an inch. A real ride on a real (unfettered) mule would offer the risk of an unpredictable experience, of course; but that's life, isn't it?



THE IMPORTANCE OF TIM LEARY

THE importance of Tim Leary can hardly be overestimated. We are in an age when most people under 30 repudiate religion — organized religion. But has there ever been an age when people existed without ANY religion? The decline of the established Church in this post-World War II period has been accompanied by the growing popularity of mysticism in one form or another — Zen, astrology, Tarot cards, native Indian law. Add all this to the transcendental experiences that millions of people have had under pot or acid (or peyote, hash, mescaline, psilocybin, yage, etc.) and you have a potent combination.

Tim Leary says if you can't have the right to mess about with your body and your mind in your own way (i.e., to take mind-changing drugs) then do it the age-old way: return to the tribal unit system and set up your own "church," equally if necessary. Leary says the way to find out where you're it is to look into your own head before messing about with other peoples'. He says to drop out of the organized ratrace, the college degree route, the junior-to-senior - executive circuit, not later when you've fulfilled your quota and paid off the mortgages out NOW.

He's telling hundreds of thousands of people what they want to hear — what they instinctively know but need to have a tribal elder lay down for them. And at

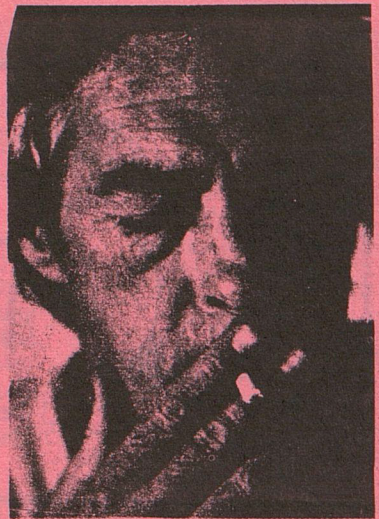
a period when they openly state they don't trust anyone over 30, then anyone over 30 they DO trust carries even greater authority.

In the last months of 1966 and the first month of 1967, Tim Leary evolved into a major international figure. Because of his pot bust at the Mexican border (still unresolved legally) he was already a hero to the kids. Because of his obvious ability to change and grow and adapt and absorb all potentially rival ideologies he is smarter than most of the people who criticize him. (Most of these critics, after all, have never even turned on and many of the others are too absorbed in their subjective hangups to deal with him on any "objective" level.)

He is a superb politician, which is ironic considering that such a concept — "politics" — is exactly the kind of "game" that he believes we should all drop out from. But the fact is that he is a figure of such skill, intelligence and charisma that he is a born leader who will increasingly become a symbol of a movement that cannot help but accelerate. It could clearly change the social structure by bypassing "politics" completely. He disavows any wish to be a leader but he cannot avoid it if he continues to preach his gospel to widely scattered groups.

After his show in Chicago in December he expressed some concern about the commercial way he was being promoted; high prices, high-powered publicity, etc. In L.A., he took pains to ensure that the "underground" (as exemplified by readers of the Free Press) could get \$2 tickets (regular range of seats was \$5.50 to \$3.50). But the fact is that in the climate of today, the show business aspects of his traveling presentation are inevitable. And so are the relatively high prices. He does, after all, put on a good show: imaginative use of film, rock groups, blinding flashes of light, weirdly haunting sounds.

Early in January, Leary's adherents were responsible for the dramatically successful Human Be-In in SF's Golden Gate Park. Originally planned as a function for the League for Spiritual Discovery, the overall name for a movement constructed on the cellular system, the Be-In finally became the responsibility of the SF Oracle at Leary's suggestion. It produced at least 20,000 peo-



ple with one thing in common: they had smoked pot, taken acid or otherwise sampled the psychedelic experience. Several people spoke but the one message that everybody recalled (when I asked them) was Leary's.

Four nights later, Leary and friends filled the 3,000 seat Santa Monica Auditorium for a performance of his "Illumination of the Buddha," one of the series in which Tim re-examines the basic religions to show the common bond they share. (And, by implication, to prove that LSD — the League, not the drug — is as important to this age as any of the others were when THEY began.)

Next comes Seattle, then later this year Europe. In an era when internationalism and internal freedom are going hand-in-hand, Leary is inevitably headed for leadership of a worldwide movement.

It will bring with it, naturally, certain hazards. At Santa Monica as he stood, in his white kurta/pajama outfit, intoning his message of revolution, a woman in the audience stood up and threw eggs at him. They could have been knives. Or bullets. Or bombs. How does a movement that preaches love protect its leaders without using the very force that it condemns?

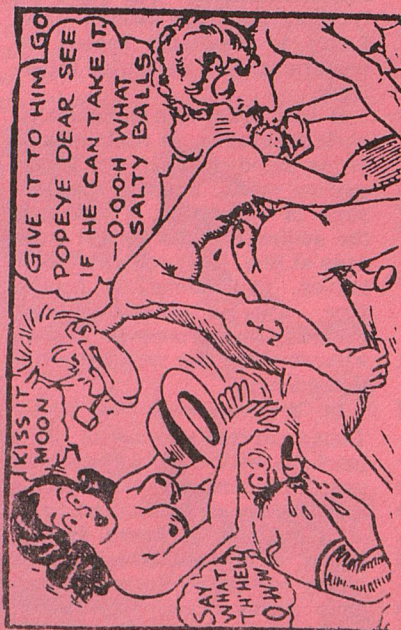
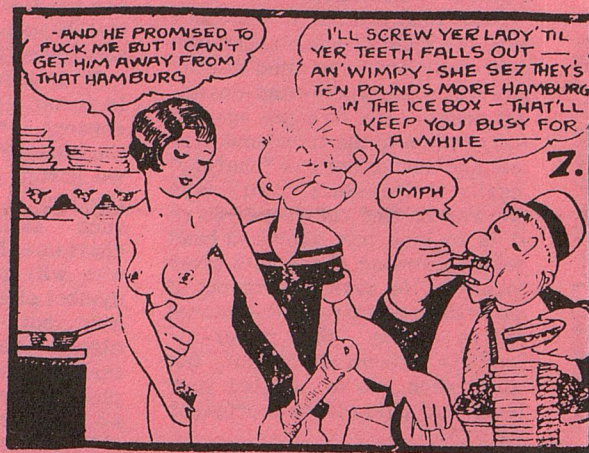
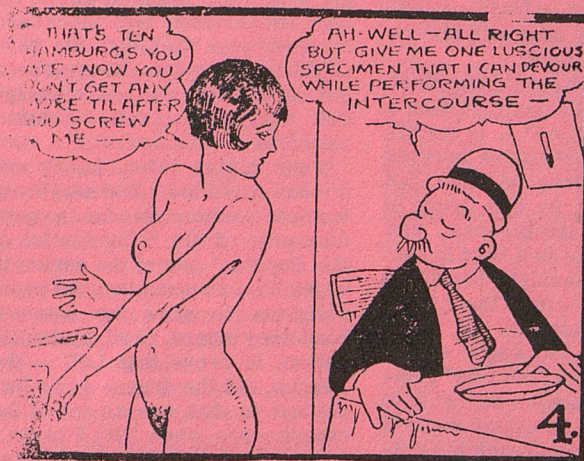
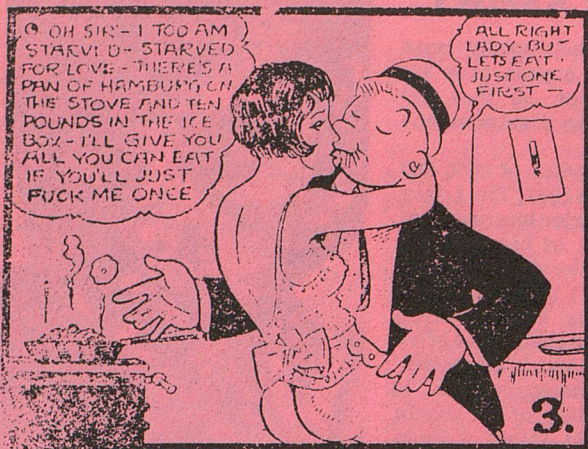
In the same week that the LA Times carried a report of LBJ's luncheon with Cardinal Spellman and Billy Graham, I attended a small party on Mulholland Drive at the home of Laura Huxley, widow of Aldous. In addition to Leary and Ralph Metzner, Thaddeus Ashby (founder of an LSD "church" in Mexico) and Alan Watts were present. "In fact, what we have here," a friend remarked, "are the new spiritual leaders of America."

SMOKE
MARIJUANA
 PRICE \$ 50 PER JOINT
 Sold by your local connection.
 Superior Pot
Grass
10 LID
 imported by **WETBACK and CO.**
 © 1966 WETBACK and CO.

POSTCARDS ON SALE IN L.A.

BOOKS

ONE of the rarer specimens of the publisher's art is the Tijuana bible sometimes known as the Mexican fuckbook. Although some, like the one shown, were printed 20 years ago (and even then sold for as much as \$1) they can still be found floating around Southern California. Moon Mullins and Popeye seem to have been the most popular sexheroes.



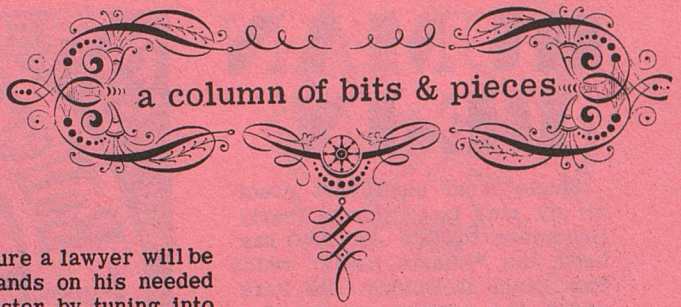
HOW TO BEHAVE AT A SEX PARTY

SF's League for Sexual Freedom gets a lot of publicity for its activities but the truth is that the people who attend the parties have, until recently, comprised a pretty small number of friends and acquaintances.

The League's magazine, however, now feels it is necessary to lay down a few rules for various uncool elements who turn up at the gatherings:

1. Do take off your clothes. . .if you haven't before with a group it will feel strange. . .for about five minutes. Then you'll realize that everyone else is nude too, God has not stricken you down for your immodesty, and you'll begin to feel less awkward (and dancing nude is an experience not to be missed).
2. Do be open to the other people at the party. The SFL plays by a different set of rules than the cocktail set; rules based on openness and warmth toward one another rather than "cool" defensiveness.
3. Do be civil. League party rules aren't that different from the rest of society. Uninvited laying-on-of-hands, for instance, is a sure route to unpopularity (and a possible route to ejection from the party and/or the league if your victim wants to complain rather than endure). The same holds true of uninvited voyeurism/ Don't stand and watch people who are intimately involved with one another unless you've been invited. . .such behavior is as much a violation as is uninvited physical contact.
4. Do have a swinging good time. Do or don't do whatever pleases you as long as you aren't causing unpleasantness to the people around you.

do it!

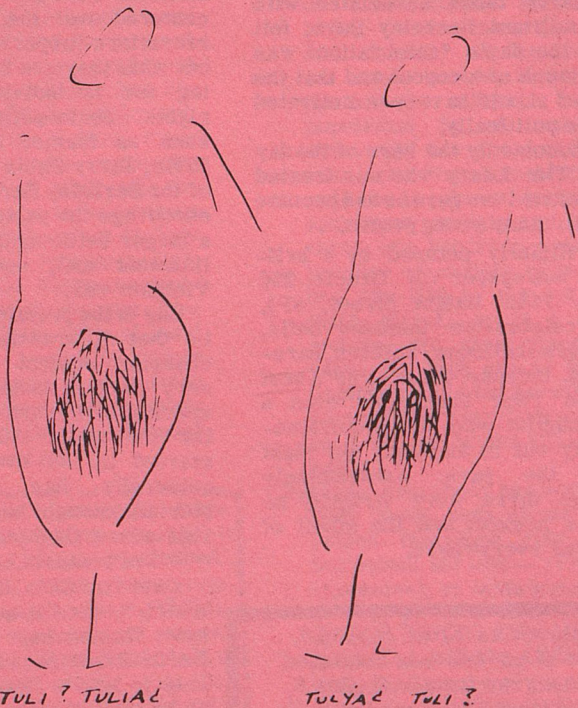


TWO glassy-eyed guys in a car, passing a joint back and forth, zooming through stop lights, indifferent to anything until they spot some teenagers in an adjoining car, apparently passing a joint back and forth. The pair stub out the roach, turn the blinker light and siren on and command the kids to pull over. That's a sketch in the current show at San Francisco's semi-improvisational The Committee... One of the most interesting magazines about the popmusic scene — largely because of the imaginative collages of pictures — is World Countdown (25¢ from 1946 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood, 90028)... "A man is a Radical at 21, a Liberal at 31, and a Conservative at 40. How does a man remain a Radical?" asks The Modern Utopian (75¢ from Richard Fairfield, Tufts University, P.O. Box 44, Medford, Mass. 02153) which aims to bring its readers constant news about all the organizations working for beneficial social change (it plans to ignore such organizations as YAF, John Birch Society, etc., which it says "advocate a return to the past")... "In his speeches, LBJ does manage to prove one thing: Tim Leary was right — you can get completely disoriented without drugs." (Alex Apostolides)... So many fake postage stamps (Blue Chip, Miniature bookclub stickers, Easter Seals, etc.), have passed through Virgil Howard's hands, all duly postmarked unnoticed by the U.S. Mails, that he's preparing a collection to donate to some museum "to document the inefficiency and ineffectiveness of the stagnant bureaucracy in which we remarkably survive." Send him any samples (Box 103, South Pasadena, Cal. 91030)... "Jayne Mansfield was at the show. In fact she was the show. She was wearing an orange dress that came to just below her ankles. Which would be fine, except it started at her ankles." (Burt Prelutsky reviewing the SF Film Festival)... University of Southern California put out an "isn't-it-marvelous?" release bearing news of how computers "may well revolutionize the practice of law." It seems

that in the future a lawyer will be able to lay hands on his needed precedents faster by tuning into electronic circuitry. Is that going to be the direction that mechanization will take? — allowing us to repeat the past by programming (and projecting) history?

FAST -selling item in one of the gift shops in the so-called Farmers' Market (a slick but attractive complex of stores and open air restaurants) is the old-fashioned earthenware "ginger beer" bottles still sold — complete with ginger beer — for about 10 cents in the English towns of Chichester, Leicester and Market Drayton, whose names are still on the bottles. The empty bottles are selling as antiques for \$2.50... "I know of no occupation in American life so meaningless and unproductive as that of art critic." (Dan Flavin, creator of an art that specializes in

parallel banks of fluorescent neon tubes, writing in Artforum)... In New York everybody's heard of Nat Sherman's custom-made cigarettes for all occasions but I hardly ever meet anybody smoking them. Out in California they seem to be in everybody's pocket — maybe because they're expensive (\$7 per 100) and have to be ordered by mail from the exotic east... Ephemera is the name of an antique store in Venice... After the riots on Sunset Strip a lot of the clubs catering to teenagers had their licenses revoked. Half of them promptly announced plans to convert to "topless" clubs so local government officials are now trying to ban that particular type of entertainment. There's so much money at stake in topless places, though, that it's doubtful if they'll disappear.



YOU CANT TELL THE DIFFERENCE ANY MORE
BETWEEN A BOY AND A GIRL

-tuli kupferberg

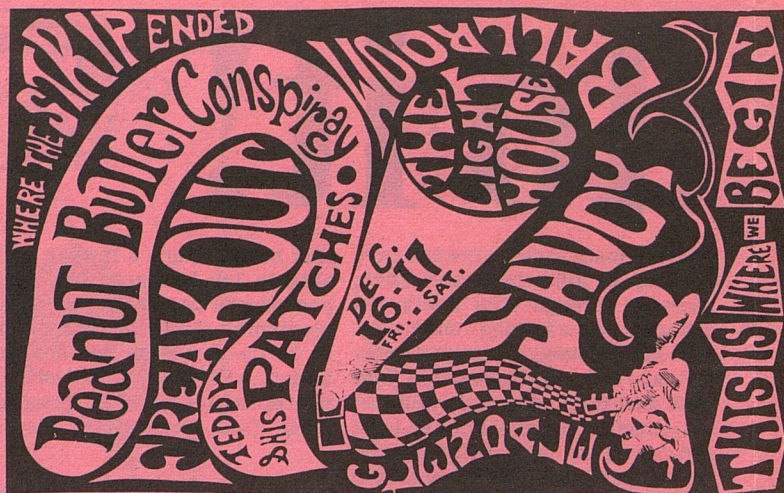
HUMAN BE-IN

Single most significant event of my stay in California (early December to late January) has been the "Human Be-In" which took place in Golden Gate Park under the auspices of the San Francisco Oracle. A beautiful day in which more than 20,000 hippies — many from L.A., 400 miles away — gathered with no other purpose than to celebrate life and the joy of being together. A fantastic scene: 20,000 young people whose only common link was the fact that they were heads. Many of the current heroes spoke: poets Lenore Kandel (who was facing obscenity charges because of a poem called "To Fuck With Love," only just noticed by SF moral watchdogs after having been freely sold for a year), Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gary Snyder, Michael McClure.

Jerry Rubin, who turned up at the last HUAC hearings dressed as a Revolutionary War soldier, got out of jail to attend. He's being harassed in Berkeley because of his political activities. Most of the Berkeley people, particularly those associated with the militant Berkeley Barb, felt that the day's "celebration" was too much of a copout and that the crowd should have been motivated more politically.

Undoubtedly the hero of the day was Tim Leary who was treated as befitted the guru he has become for so many young people.

Brilliantly planned by a brilliant newspaper (SF Oracle, 25¢ from 1542 Haight Street, SF), the celebration included bells, banners, balloons, bubbles, bare-backs, incense, most of SF's best known rock bands and even a parachutist who dropped dramatically out of an empty sky right into the park. Astonishingly enough there were virtually no police present and the smell of pot was everywhere.



SAN FRANCISCO

The kids in the San Francisco Bay area are more or less split into two camps. In Berkeley, most of the action centers around the campus protests at the university, the students having decided that in a university as big as theirs it is becoming necessary for them to help make their own environment and not be treated merely as so much material to be processed through the education machine.

The protests surface in many different ways (the pre-Xmas one centered over the right of Navy recruiters to operate on campus), but what they are basically fighting for is individual students' rights. Socio-political activists such as former student Mario Savio, Jerry Rubin and the editors of the Berkeley Barb publicize and encourage the protests as part of a larger battle against the Establishment and, specifically, the Vietnam war.

One of the protestors' problems is that a transient and ever-changing student population is very hard to keep interested in specific action and every semester the whole thing has to be started up all over again. The university has usually acted stupidly enough, however, to provide a new flashpoint for a fresh round of protests.

Over in SF's Haight-Ashbury district, once a semi-ghetto and now blossoming into a hipper North Beach (a similar relationship to NYC's Greenwich Village and East Village), most of the action centers around what can only be described as psychedelia. The long-haired beautiful people only want the right to BE (which includes being left alone). Dozens of stores, coffee houses, etc.,

provide resting places for the gypsy-like population which drifts in and out, sitting on the floor, studying the notices for parties or roommates on the numerous free signboards, wandering up the street to partake of the free food magically conjured up daily by the Provo-like Diggers.

The common meeting ground, however, for all the kids in the area is the decrepit, old Fillmore Ballroom where every Friday and Saturday night SF's top groups (the Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Country Joe and the Fish, the Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother & the Holding Co.) play at the "light shows." The music is tremendous, as is the geniality of the crowds present (many people sit around on the floor painting words and images in luminous paint, which shines under the black light), but the light shows are not too imaginative. Warhol has been doing it so much better, using many more ingredients including film, which strangely is lacking at the Fillmore, and the nearby Avalon Ballroom which runs similar shows.

The main thing to come out of the light shows, in fact, has been an almost totally new art form: the beautiful series of posters, a combination of art nouveau and psychedelic, which are already collectors items across the world. Each patron is given one free and, promises promoter Bill Graham, will continue to be. But whereas once only 2,000 posters were printed for each show now the press run is 25,000 and these are wholesaled at 60¢ apiece to sell for \$1 in local stores and up to three or four bucks in the rest of the country.

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Los Angeles' Newspapers

Los Angelenos are probably the unluckiest newspaper readers in the nation. Apart from a cluster of suburban dailies that are about as fatuous and out-of-touch as most of their ilk (the Santa Monica Outlook recently ran 144-point headlines to announce some local marijuana arrests, relegated the Vietnam war to a two-column head), Los Angeles offers two daily newspapers: the bulky, four-section Los Angeles Times and the old-fashioned, Hearst-owned Herald-Examiner. The Times, a morning paper, appears at 7 p.m. the night before; the "evening" paper is on sale at 9 a.m. Both are incredibly lacking in any real news.

The L.A. Times carries more advertising than any other paper in the country (even more than the N.Y. Times) and most of its sections are quite literally merely advertising with some long, continuous story (say, about hill-fighting in Afghanistan) turning around the ads for page after page. As I write this I can thumb through the smaller-than-usual Saturday paper (Jan. 6/67) and note that out of 52 pages only five have more editorial copy on them than advertising (and 20 of those pages are classified ads).

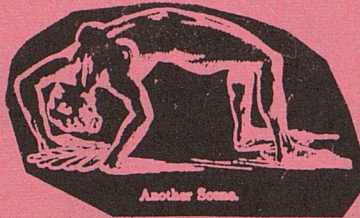
As a matter of fact, MOST pages are two-thirds advertising, leaving a tiny portion at the top left-hand corner of the page to fill up with "news" copy. Needless to say, with virtually no competition, the "news" usually reads (and probably is) as if it was written by press agents. If you think the N.Y. Times is dull...

The Herald-Examiner is hardly worth serious examination being a pastiche of columnists with nothing to say — the philosopher kind who tell you about what they were thinking as they backed their cars out of the garage that morning — and the stereotyped Hearst diet of blood, gore and (anti) sex.

The sad fact is that most Los Angelenos probably think that this is what all newspapers are like — and probably aren't even aware that other cities have a choice.

The Los Angeles Free Press, of course, offers a choice — but being a weekly is on a different level. Nevertheless, its circulation has shot up from nothing to 30,000 in a scant 2-1/2 years. At first, as might be expected in a comparatively reactionary part of the country, the paper met with great opposition: its street corner boxes were broken into and the contents torn up, abusive calls came over the phone, obscene messages via the mails.

But it kept going, often with a bankroll so small that nickels and dimes from the box collections had to pay for the gasoline



to take the paper to the printers. And as for the printing bill....

Today, with its geographic and editorial coverage widening week by week, it's the granddaddy of the "underground" press and its future seems almost unlimited. It has become the natural focus for the New Left, the acidheads, the teenyboppers, and all the creative types and aging liberals that have nowhere else to look for news of their contemporaries. It pioneered the Young-student-seeks-shapely-housekeeper type of ad and probably sells at least 10,000 copies a week to people who don't know how they're going to fill in all those dreary evenings until they've checked the calendar of offbeat happenings.

BACKPAGE: The Earth Rose came out, for one issue only, with a batch of poems (Bukowski, John Buckner and editor Steve Richmond), a painting, and the front-page message reproduced overleaf. Within days Richmond, 25, and three of his friends were arrested for distributing "pornography."

First bust came on the UCLA campus whose morality guardians alerted police in Santa

Monica where Richmond's store is located (Earth Books & Gallery, 244 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.). Police confiscated several other publications in his store but got only two copies of The Earth Rose, half of whose 10,000 press run had already been given away or sold. Richmond, whose case comes up in late February, has 5,000 copies left whose sale (25¢) would undoubtedly help his defense fund.



LOS ANGELES

land of illusion, everybody exaggerates in both word and deed; buildings are enormous display pieces dating back to the giant doughnut or miniature Sphinx variety,

even when you rent a car you go to "Budget" or Dollar-a-Day or something that sounds similar but always turns out to be twice as expensive as the come-on signs outside. If they didn't exaggerate they wouldn't get any of the customers.

What does climate encourage? living on the cheap (outdoors and virtually on the beaches for some people, in unheated shacks for others), because population is so mobile — everybody has a car and most have come from someplace else — there is colossal turnover in apartment rentals and always there are hundreds available. because of variety of terrain, one can live by the sea, on a main street, up in a canyon remote, etc. most places reserve the high ground for the wealthy people but here there's so much that everybody can live on a hill or in the hills if one wants.

because everybody has a car nobody much uses either buses (which therefore give lousy, infrequent service — also very expensive), or taxis which start at 40¢, go up a dime for what appears to be every couple of blocks and add up to two or three bucks on just short hops. LA has been talking about mass transit for years but nothing ever gets done, despite the prototypical example of monorail at Disneyland.