

OTHER SCENES

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THE SCENE

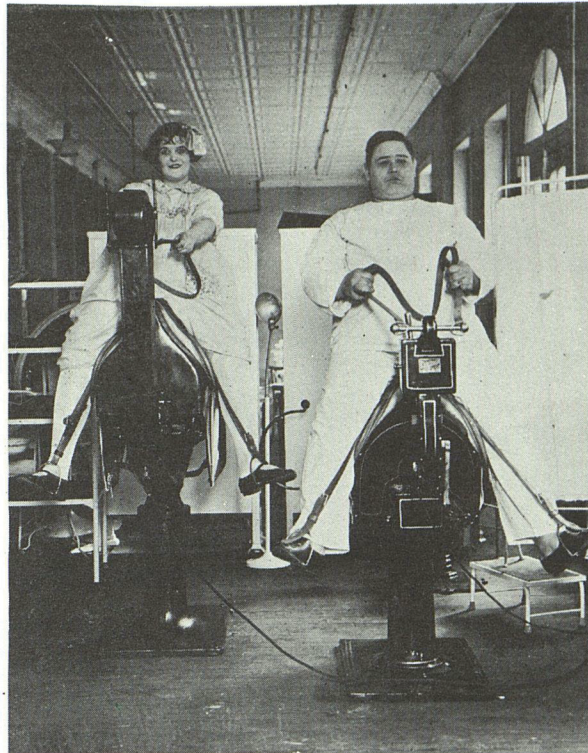
BACK in 1937 J. Edgar Hoover wrote an article about pot (for the American Magazine) in which he said: "The supply is so vast that gangsters have found it difficult to dominate the source. It is to be hoped that this menace can be wiped out before they are able to do so..." Here we are 30 years later with vaster supplies than ever, a total change in public attitudes and God only knows how many more "criminals" because of the Hoover police - but Hoover hasn't changed a bit. Still the same shortsighted moron. Full text of his article can be found in "Graffiti" (50¢ from 88 Bleecker Str., NYC 10012)... The Suffism crowd, whose god is Meher Baba, have produced a booklet which is best summarized by Baba's statement on the back: "If God can be found through the medium of any drug, God is not worthy of being God." Well, to each his own... "Dear Loki, I've been having a lot of trouble this past year. I have a lovely little female but she is very hard to handle and refuses to breed. What shall I do? (signed) R.H., Chicago" - a letter in Cat Fancy magazine, 75¢ from 4323 Shadyglade Ave., Studio City, Calif. 91604)... International Publishers (381 Park Ave. S., NYC 10016) complain that Wilfred Burchett's book, "Vietnam North," is being boycotted by newspaper and magazine reviewers... Want to rent a villa in Europe? It's a chancy business if you do it unseen through an agent, But Britain's "Which?" Magazine (\$4.50 annually from Consumers' Association, 14 Buckingham St., London WC2) evaluates the different rental agencies in its January issue

ON Crown's spring list: "How to Raise & Train a Skunk"... Jazz, poetry, and revolutionary art are the keystones of John Sinclair's new monthly, Guerrilla, out of Detroit, (35¢ from 4863 John Lodge, Detroit, Mich. 48201)... And El Malcriado (\$2.50 annually) is the gutsy voice of the striking Southern California farmworkers (Box 1060, Delano)... The innocent-sounding "Collegiate Guide to Greater Philadelphia" (\$1 from 529 South 27th Street, Philadelphia, Penna. 19146) is the first book to be banned at nearby Temple College since the Catcher in the Rye. Editor Steve Kuromiya says, "We had to start out own publishing company to get this book going. Other publications may be forthcoming to give Philadelphia, a city of much untapped potential, a good kick in the ass"... Psychotherapy looks like being phased out in the age of the psychedelics... The Gallagher

Report points to the hypocrisy of the Better Business Bureau - usually financed by the kind big businessmen who screw the public right and left. "Banks withhold interest on savings accounts under guise of Christmas Clubs. Hanes Hosiery Mills sells \$1.50 nylon hose that run before the wearer walks. Procter & Gamble advertising insinuates that Gleem solves the problem of not brushing after every meal. Singer Sewing Machine salesmen present regular prices as special prices."... One day, marriages may be sealed with a durable, pre-coded IBM card. After the initial three-year period the card must be inserted in a centrally located machine at six-month intervals and may declare the marriage expired at any (random) check-in.

HAWAIIAN student who included a U.S. flag bearing dollar signs instead of stars in an anti-Vietnam rally was at first arrested for "desecrating the flag" and then acquitted after the ACLU argued that his gesture was "an utterance of political opinion on an important issue of public policy"... William Buckley, Jr., (why does he use that diminutive? anybody ever heard of his father?) argues that there's a new breed of "pro-Communist" around, one who doesn't join organizations but who displays "animosity toward the West." Absolutely right - but for the wrong reasons. The vast majority of young people who hate the West actually hate Western attitudes and the built-in aggressiveness and admire the East precisely because of traditionally Eastern passivity

NYC promotional firm, Sid Halpern, advertising in the trade papers its transistor radio "permanently tuned to your radio station"... British author Kingsley Amis, a so-called "humorist" who recently signed a statement more or less endorsing the American war in Vietnam, was teaching at Princeton some years ago when my first book, "The Village Square" came out. I wrote and asked him if he'd do a review on it for the Village Voice but he replied curtly that he only wrote for money... NY Times editor Ted Bernstein writes for the sake of style and in his "Winners & Sinners" he reminds his staff of their recent track record: "An agency story about a bomb placed on (and safely removed from) a jetliner in Chicago detailed the components of the device and how they were put together. There are enough buts around to make such specific information dangerous. Generalize it. (See also W&S#102)."



..A constant mystery, at first blush, is why groovy inventions that would make life better aren't unleashed upon the public in general. Two examples that immediately come to mind are the so-called "flying garbage can lid" - a sort of one-man helicopter with ailerons and steering column - and the picture telephone. Both are feasible, and have been for years, and yet we don't see them in production. The TV-phone is actually in operation between certain cities (NYC - Washington - Chicago; LA - SF - Washington), but Ma Bell is apparently not in a hurry to let either individuals or businesses have them on any large scale. Why? Is it because there's more money to be made by releasing such concepts bit by bit under carefully controlled distribution? And yet in countries where the "State" controls things there is even more of a delay on such modern amenities... Stripper Sally Rand, now 62, opened at a club on Sunset Strip and, according to the LA Times, "boasts the figure of a woman 30 years younger and is not afraid to show it"... Cartridge tapes, because of their convenience, are becoming the indispensable sound packages of this era. The MGM portable "music machine" is obviously only the beginning. Next: film cartridge tapes that can be slotted into portable movie projectors, cartridge tapes of programmed slides (a la Jackie Cassen) for light effects, cartridge tapes of subliminal, filmed images for hypnosis and/or learning techniques... Replica of the main

floor of Gimbal's department store is being built at Goldwyn Studios, stocked with 100,000 items worth a quarter of a million bucks. There seems to be no good reason why scenes for the film, "A Garden of Cucumbers" can't be shot in the real Gimbals... An obscure Boston record company is planning to release an LP record of "The Confessional" with different tracks by various participants - a nymphomaniac, a heretic, homosexuals, a kleptomaniac nun, a foulmouth, and an adulterer - all taped secretly and accompanied by the priests' heavy breathing.

"FAR from being freaks, the Hell's Angels are a logical product of the culture that now claims to be shocked at their existence. The generation represented by the editors of Time has lived so long in a world full of celluloid outlaws hustling toothpaste and hair oil that it is no longer capable of confronting the real thing. For 20 years they have sat with their children and watched yesterday's outlaws raise hell with yesterday's world... and now they are bringing up children who think Jesse James is a television character." (Hunter Thompson writing in Hell's Angels, Random House, the most interesting book published last year... Neo-American Church (P.O. Box 191, Mount Eden Calif. 94577) will write letters to send to your draftboard claiming exemption for you as "Clergy of our church"... London's International Times describes John Lindsay as 'NYCS's first virgin mayor'.

Letter from Jail

At present I'm living in a prison at LaPaz, Baja, California; here because of the sacred marijuana. It has turned out to be somewhat illuminating. I have become good friends with a number of Mexican potheads, who have been growing the finest grass for many years. They have informed me that the ultimate quality pot is produced in a precise manner. First, the plants must be cut at complete maturity, and they must be very gummy. They are immediately wrapped in air-tight wrappers (commonly used in Mexico is the wrapping found on freshly picked corn) and buried for a month. Next, the wrapped pot is dug up (at this stage it is still gummy, but very concentrated) and immediately put into airtight jars in the following manner:

Place a small quantity of pot in the jar, then an orange peel; then more pot, and another orange peel - etc., till the jar is full. After putting the lid on tight, either bury the jar or leave it in the shade. Top quality pot, like fresh milk, loses a good percentage of its potency, i.e., spoils, in just a few hours of exposure to air and sunlight.

Based on my experience with hundreds of hippies, certain basic essential facts are not commonly known. Listed as follows, they are:

1. Acid (300 mcg minimum), when used in combination with the finest quality pot, produces a new state of consciousness that cannot be produced by any amount of acid or pot used alone. This new state can well be described as "illumination and bliss."

2. The ultimate test for the quality of pot is obtained with the aid of a cat. Assuming you have gotten high enough to know that cats are always in a very high spiritual state, proceed as follows. Place a quantity of the pot to be tested in a bowl, and put it in front of a healthy cat. If - and only if - the pot is the highest quality, the cat will eat it. But if the pot is slightly inferior, the cat will sniff it, give you a questioning look and walk away.

The next issue of OTHER SCENES will be produced in conjunction with the San Francisco Oracle who are hosts for a conference of "underground newspapers" at Big Sur in late March. The newsletter will be part of the Oracle which will be sent to subscribers in about two weeks. -JW

THE CATHOLIC COMPUTER

Taking its cue from New York city's traffic department, the Roman Catholic Church has invested in a computer hoping to be able to deal with its delinquent customers in much the same manner.

Last month, the lapsed faithful in New York (the pilot city for the campaign) received notification from archdiocese headquarters that the ecclesiastical computer (the basic black model with a white cross in front) had found them wanting. Although the initial campaign (Operation Scoffgod) tallied all those who were in any way slipping in their duties to Holy Mother Church, the first batch of form letters went to those serious cases whom the church fathers felt were in imminent danger of losing their souls, and whom they wanted to either shake out of their lethargy or get rid of permanently from the body of Church Militant. The lax or lazy Catholics will be dealt with next month in stern, but less summary fashion.

TYPICAL LETTER

A typical letter received by the almost-damned Catholic read:
Dear Mr.

I am indeed sorry to have to address you in this manner, but it would not have been necessary had you taken proper advantage of the impressive spiritual resources of St. _____'s Church. However, your decision to turn your back on all that you were taught as a child at the knee of Holy Mother Church leaves me no alternative but to inform you: Meeting in secret session on _____, the Holy Office of the Archdiocese of New York, North American Province, heard evidence against you on the following counts:

1. Irregular attendance at Sunday and Holy Day Mass;
 2. Failure to perform your Easter duty;
 3. Flagrant, scandalous disregard of the _____ Commandment(s);
 4. Failure to fulfill your financial obligations to your parish.
- On all counts the Holy Fathers found you GUILTY.

Therefore, in accord with Canon Law (Section VII, xxviii), we your spiritual directors and judges, having before us the Holy Gospel that our judgement may proceed as from the countenance of God and our eyes may see with equity, and having before our eyes only God and the irrefragable truth of the Holy Faith and the extirpation of the plague of heresy and loose living; against you,

in this place on the day and at the hour before assigned to you for the hearing of your definite sentence, we pronounce that you have truly fallen into the sin of infidelity to the Church; and as one truly so relapsed we cast you forth from our ecclesiastical court and from the warm, maternal bosom of Holy Mother Church, and leave you to be delivered to the secular arm.

EXCOMMUNICATO VOS (We excommunicate thee).

In case you have forgotten all that excommunication entails, let me refresh your memory. Until such time as the Holy Father himself sees fit to lift this ban, you are:

- Bared from the sacraments;
- Prohibited from entering any Catholic Church;
- Denied all social intercourse with all Catholics;
- Prohibited from addressing any member of the clergy.

Naturally, you are probably concerned with the spiritual effects of this excommunication. I need not remind you what hap-

pens to those who die while under the ban. Therefore, you certainly will be anxious to reverse this judgement as rapidly as possible.

In accord with the democratic spirit of the times, Holy Church has seen fit to offer you the chance for a personal appeal to the Holy Father. Since you are prohibited from directly approaching him, the Church, in all her mercy, has arranged a means whereby one of your fellow parishoners will personally travel to Rome to plead your case. Unfortunately, our parish does not have a budget for redeeming souls, so the cost of the personal appeal must be borne by the excommunicatee. The fare for sending one pious parishoner to Rome is approximately \$2,555 (jet tourist excursion rate, plus meals, lodging, gratuities, etc.). Please make your check payable to Holy Church and have it in my hands within ten days; otherwise, we shall conclude that you are resigned to eternal damnation.

Very truly yours,
The Catholic Church

GOOD RESPONSE

Each letter had spaces for the pastor to sign it personally and to fill in the name of the excommunicatee's parish, in order to personalize the campaign.

Although final results on the initial mailing will not be available for many weeks, the Rev. Friday Fisch, S.J., project coordinator, predicts an 85% response to the letters. "Already we're seeing mail from really scared Catholics who thought they would slip comfortably through life and then scoot into Heaven with a deathbed confession and absolution."

But what about those who have told the Church what to do with its computers and Holy Office? "Naturally, we've accumulated the usual collection of cranks and screwballs who are beyond salvation," Fr. Fisch said charitably. "However, we don't waste time getting hot under our clerical collars over abuse from the ungodly. We just turn such letters over to our friends at the FBI in Washington — you know, ha, ha — the secular arm."

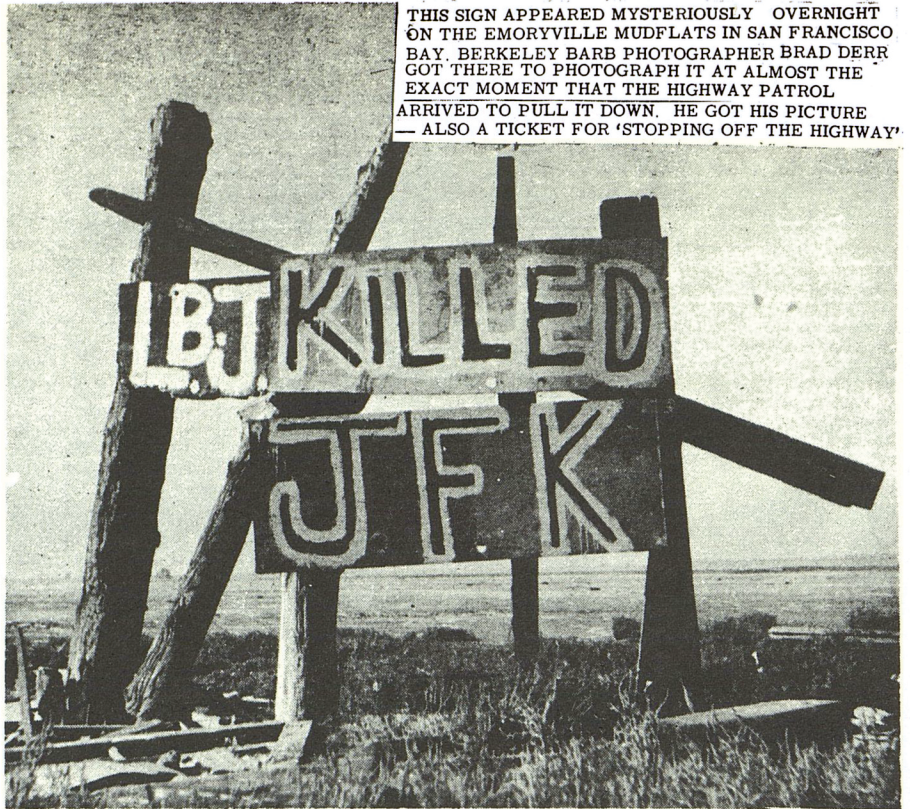
The next spasm of the computer is expected to disgorge the names of those who are still active members of the Church but whose "sin profiles" indicate that they are in danger of lapsing into heresy or the sin of disobedience to the Church's wise laws. This category includes those who jumped the gun on the lifting of the no-meat-on-Friday ban, and those who have been anticipating the proposed liberalization of the Church's anti-contraception edicts.

Another batch of remonstrances will be directed to the stingy Catholics whose contributions fall short of the 10% tithes exacted by the various denominations serving Our Separated Brethren.

Although Fr. Fisch is optimistic about the success of the pilot program, he refuses to speculate on the potential of the national campaign which is now scheduled to begin immediately after Easter, when church attendance is known to be heaviest.

"Whatever the result, the Church is going to know exactly where every Catholic stands, and the members of the flock will have a good idea of how close to the Gates of Hell they are treading," Fr. Fisch predicted.

--Brian Richard Boylan



THIS SIGN APPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY OVERNIGHT ON THE EMORYVILLE MUDFLATS IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY. BERKELEY BARB PHOTOGRAPHER BRAD DERR GOT THERE TO PHOTOGRAPH IT AT ALMOST THE EXACT MOMENT THAT THE HIGHWAY PATROL ARRIVED TO PULL IT DOWN. HE GOT HIS PICTURE — ALSO A TICKET FOR 'STOPPING OFF THE HIGHWAY'

HISTORY STUFF

On Campus With the Berkeley Rebels

Crowded hall — over 600 people spilling into aisles, crowding doorways. All in casual clothes — an occasional homoclothes — an occasional homoburg or Western hat crowning a sloppy sweater and jeans outfit several pet dogs wandering. Open meeting, just put your name on list: succession of student speakers took mike, several of them would-be strategists suggesting such policies as "a mill-in" whereby everybody crowds Sproul Hall ignoring threats to fetch police and then when police arrive, say, "If you don't leave within three minutes you'll be arrested," then all leave. Or petition for things (Masters' degrees, etc.) or all make appointments with professors and not keep them.

General air of meeting (and movement) one of unawareness (but gradually growing awareness) of mass "student power." So far everybody has been protesting, demonstrating, striking about what are essentially peripheral issues but now they're beginning to realize (and some speakers pointed it out) that what they are fighting for is the right AS INDIVIDUALS to help make and control the environment they must exist in as students. Mario Savio, vague, tall, bushy-haired, seems to be a leader almost by default; punctuates his comments with the delaying phrase "you

know"; made good point that for too long there's been a separation between "heads and hands," the former being intellectuals, the latter workers. Time now, he said, for a coalition between students and "what remains of the Labor movement," implication being that this combination really could change society. But Savio, it seemed, is still groping himself for what is impossible.

One of the most endearing things about the whole movement is this unsolidified structure, still fluid. Impression gained is that the students haven't yet realized the implications and long range potential of their actions and, in particular, their solidarity. University has 30,000 or so students and there's an inevitable sense of alienation between any student and "the University." Maybe there is no solution to THIS problem but it is easy to see why students feel they have to find some more personal meaningful relationship unless they want to continue being regarded as products of an education factory.

Some speakers expressed the fear that once the semester ended there would be no chance of re-achieving the solidarity again when the new term began and, of course, there is a strong possibility that any "gains" made will be lost in this way. But to compensate for this the rebellion is bringing all kinds of activists onto the scene who, for their own purposes (some altruistic and some egotistical) are injecting themselves into the action in some way. So long as the structure is kept democratic (i.e., mass meetings at which anyone, student or not, can get the micro-

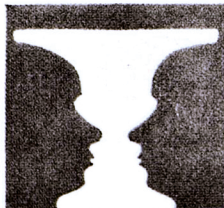
phone), there's a good chance it will remain a popular — and growing — movement. The Administration's plan apparently to divide and conquer — i.e., treat students and those designated as "non students" (is there an echo here of the "non persons" of the Fascistic Orwellian state?) as people to be negotiated with separately.

Students at the meeting expressed deep gratitude to, and solidarity with teaching assistants who had voted to join the strike, as opposed to most members of the faculty who, with more at stake, were — as one student put it — "playing consensus politics."

The Pacifica radio station, KPFK, voted its sympathy for the strikers — the only support from mass communications which, by and large, have been unsympathetic to the students.

Several students were indignant at the coverage by newspapers and TV and a couple of TV cameramen present at the meeting were pointedly told to turn off their floodlights. On one occasion a student speaker criticized one of the cameramen for filming only one speaker when, he said, everything that everybody said was of equal importance. Of course he was right but totally unrealistic. Networks rarely have the film to film EVERYTHING and with the best will in the world the cameraman (or reporter) can only report what he thinks is likely to be used. Every reporter and photographer edits — and has to.

— (Berkeley Students' Meeting, to call off strike, Tuesday, December 6)





This Is A Joyful Book

This is a JOYFUL book

about the beautiful young people who inhabit the West a world within a world which coexists separately but is beginning to surface through the more conventional society and change that society forever as a result.

They lead a JOYFUL life

and this is how they look and dress, and sometimes don't dress at all, painting their faces and bodies in colors and patterns. And nudity doesn't bother them one way or the other. It is not "sexy" but natural and some times it exists and sometimes it doesn't. There are no rules and very little hypocrisy. They are honest and uninhibited and almost indefinable in words because there has been no society like them before, at least not in our lifetime or the lifetime of our parents and grandparents.

They take what comes

often without plans or disappointments. They have learned the lesson of Braque (& many others) that "things merely are." They can be objective, adaptable, evaluative. Sometimes they like what fate brings, some times not, but they accept it (or reject it) with clear heads and honest explanations (if they are pressed to explain). They are straight-forward and unfeared with each other and with anybody who will return their frank & appraising gaze.

And these are their symbols

the flowers and the birds and candles and incense and crystals and colored pieces of glass they carry to see the world in different contexts and from different perspectives. They will give you things and return your surprised look with a smile or a flower. They will turn on your senses — of color, of smell, of touch. They will make you smile back, no longer laughing at them but with them, with their ankle-length velvet robes and their plumed hats, the flower children and their style. They are religious, but it is not the religion of a church and its panoply. But their religion is nature, the sun and the moon and the stars, and crispy pebble-filled streams in soft woods. They believe there is a God, a

good god who's with them and in them and with and in all their friends — and their enemies too, who are enemies (they know) only because they haven't met and gently discussed their differences.

They do have idols, though, and they are the holy men who live like themselves, the gurus whose lives are so different from the rest of their society, the gurus who are ambiguous and poets and mostly peer.

They want life to be simple and straightforward and not angry and demonstrative — in general they do not demonstrate, their presence and style being demonstration enough, but they sometimes come together in groups or assemblies, like the 30,000 Human Be-In at SF, and demonstrations on the Strip and the groovy artists' tower for peace and often just a soft gentle flow along Fairfax, looking and showing and babbling and goin'.

And this is how they live, their homes, their tasks, their life along the shore and in the Avalon ballroom and at the freakouts, the books they read and the groups who live together and the people who don't have homes at all, gypsies.

What do they live on? Unemployment, each other, occasional work.

Renaissance Fair with its life-style, trip glasses, English cloth kites

trippy trips thru salvation army clothing stores to buy all those old clothes and bonnets and regimental guard jackets with embossed brass buttons, and racks and racks of former stock from a theatrical costume house.

cigarette papers of foreign hue and casbah pipes of thin hot metal, trippy thin grandma glasses, red and blue. The psychedelic shops of art nouveau and light machines, kaleidoscopes of crystal and colored glass, "pinwheels and feathery jewelry, sandcast candles compass rings." Supermarket outlaws, hitchhikers, finks and friends. The Family Dog and other communities, the Diggers and group-meal providers

EVERYTHING POSITIVE and optimistic and living

RAY LEONG, PHOTOGRAPHER

Jarting crimple pitrik swile
Mardok stillige nomet krial.
Broler cumdrum dedrog spome?
Harrit pelder garbak troam.

Miljls Pignast jimjot kranj.
Fordat timpy amquad wange!
"Kerumpug himitit speezer yump"
Berotty curpil simping flump.

Peezl glimbek quanding flen
Hoorol urat kratsum spenn.
"Eruncer arom ounzng ild?"
Zikmid wandi jowlag yuuld.

Saljic snibbble gratty grot!
"Jinpaz fadger crambel crott."
"Smunges riknow halen hoy?"
Fevry badjat greebel duoy.

Grumweg pertice xonto blund
Sparlip rapsen snabel qund.
"Grumbad grondeg promquo slount?"
"Nimty nambo feeple lount!"