

# OTHER SCENES



logo by ed ruscha

John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES, a fortnightly gazette, is published 20 times each year from P.O. Box 8, Village Station, New York 10014. No single copies are sold and as of this issue no back copies either; subscriptions cost \$5 annually (\$4 for the remainder of 1967). This issue, #4, written, published and printed at Los Angeles, California, early April/67.

## Underground Press Syndicate Members Hold First Meeting

About 30 people met in Michael Bowen's home at Stinson Beach, 40 miles north of San Francisco, for the first conference of the Underground Press Syndicate at Easter. Stinson Beach, a small coastal town with a little of the atmosphere of Provincetown (but not as crowded), is something of a refuge for creative dropout types and was recently the scene of a mass bust of hippies.

Following a semi-serious suggestion by Bowen that if anybody was holding they might like to leave the meeting and dump it (nobody moved) the discussion got under way.

It was exciting to see so many people from so many places -- New York, Chicago, LA, SF, Washington, Canada, Texas -- and realize how young, tough and straight were the editors that were changing their communities, and the whole society. There were no direct representatives from Europe but SF's Chet Helms, who operates the Avalon ballroom via an organization named Family Dog, maintains close contact with London's International Times on whose behalf he spoke.

Nothing much happened at the first session except people getting to know each other. There were other people present, apart from UPS members, and although there seemed to be natural affinities it seemed, in retrospect, that future meetings should be confined to just newspaper editors.

A network of newspapers, connected possibly by teletypes and photo-transmitting machines, is a valuable property, both financially and in influence, and messages transmitted through it must be above suspicion of outside connections.

At a subsequent "meeting of editors" the question of who should or should not be allowed to join UPS came up. There isn't any major objection to any "underground" paper joining but I suggested that maybe there might have to be some restriction because an organization that contained 60,000-circulation papers and also high-school papers really covered a little too much territory. And, anyway, what's to stop somebody putting out a mimeographed sheet, joining UPS, and then (under the agreement that UPS members can use each other's stuff) starting say, a magazine to sell at a profit?

### LIST ALL MEMBERS

The two major requirements for membership at present are this non-exclusive agreement about material and the necessity to list all UPS members in every publication at least occasionally. There was some discussion about whether more conditions should be met but nothing was settled.

In my opinion, UPS has to be a separate organization that is both responsible to and representative of all the various papers. A separate office must be set up with complete files of all papers and all records of any transaction with the UPS-network. One fulltime secretary

can organize the mechanical procedures necessary to keep UPS in existence until (as must eventually happen) teletypes, etc. are installed.

Contact between the various papers must be improved and speeded up. More use of the telephone and the airmailing of each issue to other UPS members will be helpful.

After several hours of conversation about these and related topics, participants broke up for a makeshift dinner (brown rice soup, home-made bread, hot dogs, marshmallows, etc.) and a walk on the beach in front of Bowen's home. A further meeting was scheduled for 2 P.M. the next day, but some people hung around for an evening of conversation with Rolling Thunder, a Hopi Indian representative who came to make contact and bring the word that the Indians were watching developments closely, were pleased with the formation and progress of the underground press and would send more and more emissaries to the scene to keep an eye on what was going on and report back to their communities.

### INDIANS' NETWORK

It was pointed out by the more mystically inclined people present that the Indians had possessed their own communications network for several centuries and that by now may even be using telepathy in some form for all the white men knew about it.

Rolling Thunder, representative of the most aristocratic of all Indian tribes -- the Hopis, unbeaten by the early settlers in battle never signed any treaty with the United States -- spoke much of symbolism and magic. The troubles in which this country now finds itself, he said, were white men's problems and had to be solved by the white men; but the Indians offered their support and encouragement. And they were pleased that some of the younger people of this country had returned to nature and to a faith in the Great Spirit. Some of the age-old Indian symbols seemed, once again, to be regarded favorably. He suggested, for example, that an evil symbol might best be contained by a circle and that such a circle a-

round the Pentagon could possibly contain the forces of evil therein. There was some discussion about how this could be a human circle with each member dropping some rice.

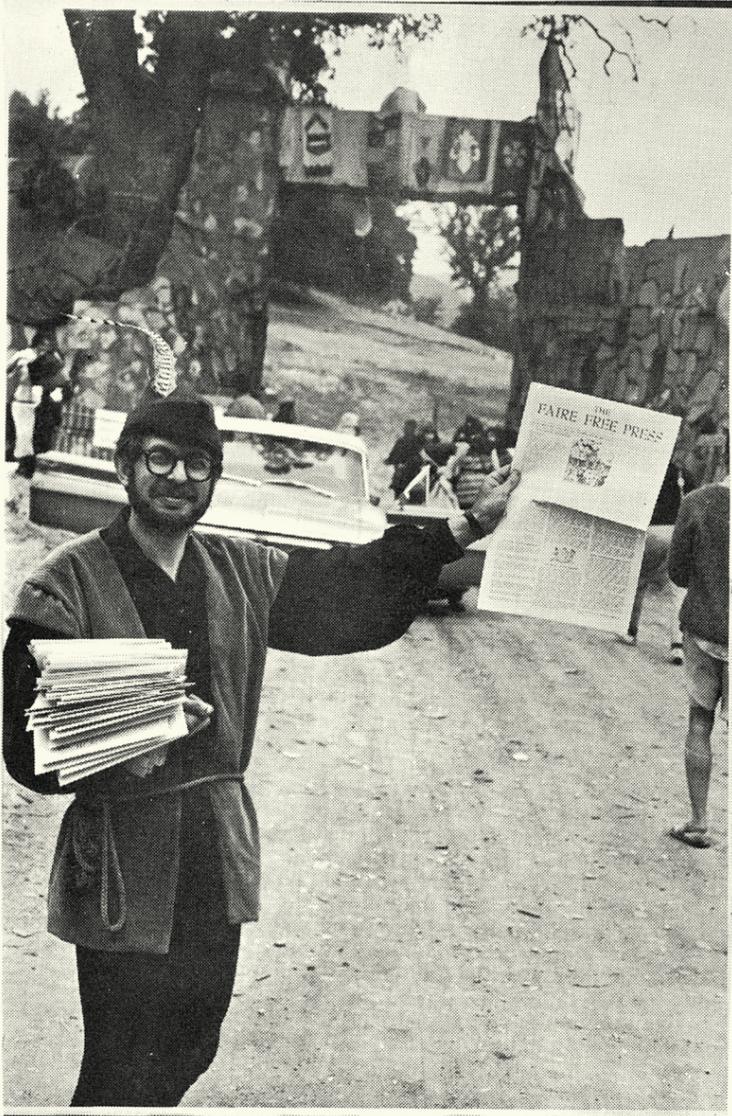
The above is a second-hand account given me the following a.m. as I was in a semi-trance (upset stomach - stoned) when Rolling Thunder spoke. He was, incidentally, dressed in an out-of-style black suit, broad-brimmed black hat, and looked straighter than anybody else present. Most underground newspaper editors are in their early twenties and favor long hair, beads, open shirts, corduroy pants, sandals or moccasins.

### HIPPIE APPALACHIN

On the second day of the conference -- 'the hippies' Appalachin' as somebody called it -- the group moved to the Oracle office on SF's Haight Street. Milling in and out of the Oracle office all afternoon, UPS members accomplished even less specific business than the previous day but the continued contact was invaluable. Max Scherr of the Berkeley Barb turned up that night -- his first appearance -- to hear Rolling Thunder speak again. He was impressed but slightly nonplussed as are all the UPS papers not dedicated totally to the Indian mystique. In fact, this is pretty much where the division comes -- on one side are the two Oracles (SF & LA), EVO and a couple of others; on the other, the Barb, the LA Free Press, Fifth Estate, etc. With papers like IT, Mendocino's Illustrated Paper, Texas' The Rag, and the Canadian Free Press in between.

The question of improved communications between the various papers came up in other forms before the conference adjourned. Ham radio communication is apparently illegal for the transmission of news copy but one ingenious way to save cable charges was suggested: record the story at the slowest speed (1 7/8ths), play back at the fastest speed (7 1/2). It will be unintelligible as recorded but

Continued on page 3



Art Kunkin at KPFK's Renaissance Fayre, May 1964, selling prototypes of what later became the Los Angeles Free Press.

## The Voice of the ORACLE

Gentlemen:

Well, here we all are, Uncle Sam on the verge of death, a sleep-stupor symbol-addicted environment haunts our hearts, and what are we going to do about it?

The San Francisco ORACLE extends its warmest invitation for a Pow-wow for underground papers all over the country, to begin at the beginning of the new year, March 21, the first day of spring. We extend this most urgent invitation that our fellow journalistic tribesmen will come together for spiritual guidance and fun.

Some of the ideas we project for the Pow-wow are:

-Discussion of the state of the union

-Discussion of the management, distribution, and circulation

tion of all underground newspapers

-A nationwide May-day puff-in

-A Be-in in Navaho or Hopi country on June 21, the summer solstice

The proposed activity for those who come is a group turn-on in Big Sur. We think that three people, (Plus women prepared to cook) would be all we have preparations for. Bring minimum possessions: sleeping-bags, tarp, eating utensils.

Please respond as soon as possible in order that we may prepare the necessary accommodations. Plan on a week's activity here in San Francisco and in Big Sur. Looking forward to seeing you.

Love and kisses,  
Ron Thelin  
Managing Editor



Some UPS members at the first meeting

## How the UPS Papers Fill the Gap

Underground newspapers, currently the fastest-growing phenomenon in publishing, have sprung up to fill the gaps uncovered by the bigcity dailies. And each of the UPS papers has an individual character representing the specific needs of its area.

The L.A. Free Press, for example, is most like a traditional newspaper because the two Los Angeles dailies — the Los Angeles Times and the Hearstian Herald-Examiner — ignore most of the major issues of the younger Southern California community (police brutality, Wa'ts, the right of people to congregate, repressive pot laws, experimentation in the arts, etc.) and the Free Press takes up the slack.

Several UPS papers — The Rag (Austin, Texas), The Paper (East Lansing, Mich.) — are based on or near to college campuses and devote much of their time to fighting basic battles over administration censorship and the right to distribute on campus as well as organizing freakouts, covering the visits of underground celebrities (Ginsberg, Krassner, Phil Ochs, Leary, etc.), and arguing about the moral issues of dropping out and/or becoming an acidhead.

The Berkeley Barb, closely related to the nearby UofC campus, sometimes appears to be an adult version of a college paper and sells well not only among the students but also to the academic semi-establishment whose sympathies are more with the angry political activists than the education factory which employs them.

Across the Bay, only a few miles away, S.F.'s Oracle is the house organ of the Haight-Ashbury community which, it appears, has its counterparts in every major city in America and, perhaps, the world. It is a creative dynamo whose influence will undoubtedly change the look of American publishing.

In Washington, D.C., Thomas DeBaggio's Underground has broken out of basic tabloid format to establish a new style. The paper has shown less interest in the dirty game (of politics) that Washington plays best, but compensates by unusually exhaustive art coverage and a willingness to turn over entire issues to one subject.

Harvey Ovshinsky's The Fifth Estate (Detroit) is an interesting hybrid: part 'traditional' tabloid like the L.A. Free Press (where Harvey once worked), part college paper, part experimental. Oddly enough, it is two 'generations' from the venerable Village Voice: the Free Press' Art Kunkin modeled his paper on the Voice but went further due partly to Californian environmental influences; Harvey modeled the Fifth Estate on the Free Press but went further partly due to his age (18).

The Village Voice, ironically,



the newspaper of the trendma

SHERIDAN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10014

WATKINS 4-4669-70-71



EVO's Walter Bowart

is in the position of a teacher outsmarted by its students. It was the Voice with its pseudo-liberalism and willingness to print what at one time seemed 'far - out' that paved the way for all the underground papers that followed. But publisher Ed Fancher's basic conservatism (and greed) wouldn't allow him to cooperate with UPS papers. Any paper that wanted to pick up something from the Voice had to write for special permission (sometimes refused) and was not allowed to pass it cooperatively among other UPS papers, although such sharing is the basic rule of the Underground Press Syndicate.

The East Village Other evolved more or less in reaction to the Voice which had been getting increasingly uppity (or "put-down-itty") and whose advertising acceptance policies seemed like something out of the Victorian age. EVO represented a whole new community, the East Village of idlers, actors, writers, painters, dropouts, filmmakers, which was being totally ignored by the Voice. And when EVO appeared it was typical of the Voice that they regarded it as competition and began to libel it, try to stunt its growth and undermine its advertising with hastily-conceived "East Village" sections.

Two "peace-oriented" newspapers — Sanity in Montreal, and London's Peace News — are members of UPS and both would be improved in general content if they picked up more UPS material instead of their rather dull range of one-subject features. This is meant as an objective appraisal, not a putdown; the more restricted the subject matter of any publication, the less new readers will appear.

Over in London, the International Times shows signs of fulfilling the role once played by the Voice: providing a meeting place and clearing house for the young, creative people in a score of different fields. As in many other places, London is beginning to find that it has not only started a newspaper but also spawned a community.

Feb. 14, 1967

John,

I have read your new newsletter

and see that you are continuing to

lie about me and The Village Voice.

I certainly think that this is the end

of any kind of relationship between us.

*Ed Fancher*

## These Are the UPS Papers

The LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS was started by Art Kunkin in the spring of 1964, modeled after NYC's Village Voice. With virtually no previous experience in editing or publishing Art, now 37, pasted together a batch of typical articles, circulated his sheet at the annual fair of a local radio station, got enough subscriptions to make regular publication worthwhile. Since then, publisher Kunkin has followed the twin policies of letting the paper edit itself (according to what came in) and investing virtually all income in such material assets as typesetting machines, reproduction cameras, and a bookstore. The Free Press has increasingly widened both its range and coverage, is the most professional (and successful) of the underground papers with a weekly circulation of almost 50,000 (tripled in the past year), several professionals on its fulltime staff and a reputation for being against police brutality, for acidheads, hip to the rock and teenybopper scenes, and receptive to anyone with a grievance against the so-called Great Society. Its "unclassified" ads, mostly for girls to share housekeeping with lonely studs, have been quoted throughout the country and aptly reflect the permissive Southern California scene. (5903 Melrose, LA 90038, tel: 463-2306, \$5 annually)

The EAST VILLAGE OTHER is the brainchild of Walter Bowart, 27, and poet Allen Katzman, who pasted up issue #1 just before Xmas 1965 and immediately started a war with the 10-year-old Village Voice which up to that time had regarded itself as the sole member of the liberal avant garde press. Bowart, painter and something of a mystic, doesn't much care for words, is devoted to images and pictures for which EVO is renowned. Lately, though, the textual part of the paper has also greatly improved and EVO has increasingly displayed its instinctive grasp of American subcurrents at least six months before the mass media has figured out what's going on. Partly because of being in New York and partly because of considerable publicity and distribution, a considerable proportion of EVO's 25,000 fortnightly circulation is among the city's intellectual Establishment and the paper is also wellknown in Madison Avenue and mass media circles. Its influence, therefore, is probably greater than it would appear. This alone has probably protected it from censorship and/or harassment. Still published from a dirty, cramped office on bleak Tompkins Square, EVO is somewhat akin to an outlaw operating with the sheriff's grudging respect. (147 Avenue A, NYC 10009, tel: 473-8894, \$3 annually).

The INTERNATIONAL TIMES was launched in London last fall after a long gestation period. It was sorely needed as a general medium for the hippies, war protesters, heads, fashion freaks and activists who had no place to go but their own restricted bags (i.e., Peace News, which could be a good paper if it realized that people who dig peace also dig a lot of other things). IT was literally a coming together of many overlapping worlds — Tom McGrath from Peace News; the ubiquitous Miles from "underground headquarters," the Indica bookshop; American Jim Haynes from Traverse Theatre; all on the editorial board. IT started out slow, gets wilder and better with every issue, has started to fight most of the prevalent hippie battles — for psychedelic freedom, against censorship, and toward the creation of a 24-hour-city (London) where, for too long, the Establishment has decreed that EVERYTHING should turn off at midnight. Recently IT sold almost half of its stock to SF's Chet Helms (Family Dog, Avalon Ballroom) further extending its already noticeable international outlook. Fortnightly, 15,000. (102 Southampton Row, London WC1, tel: 405-9164, \$4 annually).

The BERKELEY BARB is produced out of an old, rambling house owned by Max Scherr, a radical in his fifties who looks very much like Allen Ginsberg. For years Max ran a gloomy bar called The Steppenwolf, began the Barb a couple of years ago when the Berkeley campus became the hot center of student protest throughout the country. The paper, two-thirds of whose 12,000 circulation comes from street vendors who parade up and down Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue, is uncompromisingly tough and is constantly fighting battles with the police, university authorities and finks of one kind or another. Probably its greatest enemy is political demagogery which it constantly roots out and exposes, but it has also gained much of its reputation (and particularly its out-of-town circulation) from its publicizing of the activities of Berkeley's Sexual Freedom League which, but for the Barb, would have remained largely unnoticed. The Barb's editorial production days are regular weekly crises; what seem to be dozens of contributors, editors, advertizers, troublemakers, wellwishers, etc., wheel in and out of the 20-room mansion, tripping over kids, making themselves coffee, sleeping on sofas, bargaining for space and dropping astonishing rumors which a benign Max (as calm as his paper is angry) may or may not have time to check out. (2421 Oregon Street, Berkeley, tel: 841-9470, \$5 annually).

EVO, the Bat Masterson of the news trade, is the legend in its own time. This beautiful artistic product was created by Walter H. Bowart and mid-wifed by Allan Katzman. It was cheerleaded along by John Wilcock after three issues.

EVO gets better and better. It's never the same most of the time. Our facts usually are herded into the same room like sheep but honesty is basically the animal that leads them there.

EVO WILL TRY ANYTHING especially if it's prophecy. Our mistakes are enormous but so is the life giving energy which emanates from it. We will hopefully be coming out with a monthly comic book newspaper reporting about the clowns of our Time. We are planning soon to go weekly.

If anything explains how EVO happened the best way would be to look in a mirror.

WITH its elaborate artwork, its intelligent and analytical (and ambiguous) text and its exciting experimentation, the San Francisco Oracle is the most interesting paper in America. Its creators are using color the way Lautrec must once have experimented with lithography — testing the resources of the medium to the utmost and producing what almost any experienced newspaperman would tell you was impossible.

Starting next month, the Oracle (25¢ from 1371 Haight Street, SF) opens up in LA with a 32-page issue providing "a centering device for widely spread groups who are working at being Art; means of communication to provide cohesiveness; representative of the common consciousness for those who desire spiritual growth and the freedom to BE, simple Be," as editor Joe Dana puts it.

Among the dozen or so Underground papers — loosely linked together in UPS (Underground Press Syndicate) — the Oracle is regarded as the artistic leader of the "psychedelic wing."

Other UPS members:

THE PAPER (130 Linden Street, East Lansing, Mich. 48823.) Weekly, except summer: 3,000. THE ILLUSTRATED PAPER (Box 541, Mendocino, Calif.) Monthly, 2,000: \$3 annually. UNDERGROUND (6100 N. 26th St., Arlington, Va 22207) Fortnightly, 2,000: \$4.25 annually. THE RAG (2506 Nueces, Austin, Texas.) Monthly, 2,000: \$3 annually. GUERILLA (4963 John Lodge, Detroit, Mich. 48201.) Monthly, 2,500; \$3.50 annually. THE FIFTH ESTATE (923 Plum Street, Detroit, Mich. 48201. Fort nightly, 8,000; \$2.50 annually. THE EAGLE (Mass & Neb Avenues N.W., Washington D.C. 200-16). Weekly, 2,500; \$3. WIN (5 Beekman Street, NYC 10038). Biweekly, 11,500; \$5. PEACE NEWS (5 Caledonian Road Kings Cross, London N.1. England) Weekly, 6,500; \$6.50 annually. SANITY (3837 St Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, Canada). Monthly, 5,000; \$2.50. PEACE BRAIN (3430 N. Elaine Place, Chicago, Ill.) The PROMETHEAN (560 Grover Cleveland Hiway, Eggertsville, NY 14226). SATYRDAY magazine (Box 12, 30 Bathurst St., Toronto, Canada). Monthly, 2,500; \$2.50 annually. ART & ARTISTS (16 Buckingham Palace Road, London S.W. 1. England) Monthly, 35,000. CANADIAN FREE PRESS (53 Argyle Ave. Ottawa, Ont.). Fortnightly, 10,000.

THE East Village OTHER

## Will Success Spoil Our Underground Newspapers?

Three years ago there was the month-old Los Angeles Free Press. Two years ago there was the Free Press (circ: 4,000), the just-started East Village Other and the Berkeley Barb. This month there are at least fifteen newspapers, in three countries, in the Underground Press Syndicate with a total circulation of almost 150,000.

What next? Well, probably every major town and city in this country, and others, will eventually have its own 'underground'

### L.A. Oracle

Weeks before the L.A. edition of The Oracle appeared the spacious offices (at 840 N. Fairfax) had become a headquarters for the casual, new community growing up around that particular section of West Hollywood. The bookstore opened by the Free Press — Kazoo — and a handful of sandals, leather and craft shops, a psychedelic store, and the acid-head-favored Canter's Delicatessen (open all night) had already provided a nucleus of activity, plus an ambulatory area, and more and more of the big, old houses in this predominantly Jewish area were being shared by groups of youthful dropouts.

The parent Oracle in S.F. hadn't been too keen on the idea of a separate L.A. edition but Joe Dana was persistent and they all ended up casting the I-Ching (which came out encouragingly) so by late February the enterprise was launched and Joe was presiding genially over a random collection of dropouts, flower children, cross-country transients, psychedelic freaks, and even a few producing artists and writers.

Before long the daily sessions were beginning with a simple, ritualistic ceremony before an altar: Indian paisley drapes on the wall, Buddha, burning candles and incense. The group, sitting crosslegged around a prayer mat on the floor, held hands and meditated briefly on the tasks ahead. There are very few chairs in the Oracle office and most people sit on the floor if they sit at all. Most tables are about 18 inches off the ground.

Candles and incense are a regular part of the environment but not pot. A sign in the bathroom reads: "Please smoke your grass down the street." There is too much a stake to risk holding or smoking or even holding at dropout headquarters.

The first edition appeared in late March in a press run of 25,000 copies, color cover and some of the now-almost-familiar psychedelic art inside. A gallant and promising first effort that undoubtedly will become a collector's item. Cost of the printing — \$900 — supplied by Elysium's publisher Ed Lange. Numerous ads in issue #1 were merely listed in three or four lines of type but in future issues will be designed with the cooperation of the Oracle's own staff to avoid jarring commercial styles.

Even before the paper appeared it had established a community and now this exists physically in another form: about a score of the Oracle's hierarchy have moved into an immense mansion off Wilshire Blvd, sharing the space (about 20 rooms, enclosed swimming pool, conference hall etc) and the chores.

newspaper before long if only to give intelligent readers an alternative to the regular papers that still make news and treat 'news' in neanderthal-like terms. How, for example, can you believe the orientation of a newspaper that habitually prints the inane moral lectures of judges as some kind of holy writ? Or refers to marijuana smokers as "dope addicts"? Or consistently underestimates crowds protesting the Vietnam war? Or runs editorials implying that some of its best readers are niggers, but...

Every underground paper in this country has been told by at least a score of its fans: "You know, you're the only newspaper that I read." And if one read all the UPS papers exclusively, and nothing else, one really wouldn't be misinformed about most of the issues that really matter. One wouldn't, of course, know the daily box score on Vietnam casualties, but on the other hand one would have some knowledge of the moral issues concerning the war and would probably lack the reverence for Johnson administration figures (and Johnson) that is the habitual posture of, say, readers of the New York Times.

As the influence of underground papers grows, the term "underground" becomes less relevant. They continue to report the underground sympathetically (that might, in fact, be their definition) but their operations are increasingly above the surface. Dennis Mazer's "Poontang Unlimited" is the basis of a national distribution network (he also operates the "Whammy Bus"), and cooperation between the papers themselves is represented by an increasing use of the mails and long-distance telephone.

"The Underground Press Syndicate exists to facilitate the transmission of news, features, and advertising between anti-Establishment, avant-garde, new-left, youth-oriented periodicals which share common aims and interests. Its members are free to pick up each other's features without remuneration," was the preamble that I wrote for the first-listing of such papers in EVO about one year ago. And from that date, UPS has been whatever its individual members chose to make it.

But the next logical step is obviously an improvement of such communications facilities: installation of teletypes and photo transmitting machines between key cities — London to New York to Detroit to Los Angeles to San Francisco to Seattle to Vancouver to Toronto to Montreal to New York. The cost of such machines is not prohibitive. On top of a regular monthly rent, paid by each paper with a teletype, is imposed a bill for cable charges for the amount of time the cables are being used. To the best of my knowledge, these charges are based on regular cable rates: \$1 for each three minutes of transmitting. Papers with regular Friden typesetting machines can set copy on punch tapes, hold them until after 6 p.m. (when cable charges get cheaper) and transmit them FASTER than they were originally typed. The use of such communications can only help the cause (or causes) and critics who object to increasing "automation" presumably think that letters are superior to telephone calls.



The scene at The East Village Other

## MORE ON UPS CONFERENCE

Continued from page 1

identical with the original when played at the original speed.

There were also vague suggestions of using the existing teletype circuits of outside organizations, in return for which they would have access to UPS copy. Not such a good idea because if you have access to a communication system you can plant information on it as well as taking information off — and it isn't always clear exactly where such planted propaganda comes from. Another thing to watch is outside money coming in to finance something like a nationwide communications system: a lot of people (unions etc.) would like to have such a propaganda weapon at their disposal if it wasn't obvious that they were bankrolling it.

If it's agreed that UPS must be a separate structure (with offices at EVO in New York, and the LA Free Press in the West)

one thing that has to be settled is where will its income come from. How about a \$30 subscription (payable to UPS) available to libraries, mass media representatives, etc., which would entitle the buyer to every paper in the syndicate? Each sub would cost each paper only mailing costs & stencil, etc but would a) circulate the papers to the right places, and b) give UPS a continuing income with barely no cost to the papers themselves.

The conference closed on Saturday with the agreement that no statement be made to the mass media yet about UPS' aims and intentions. As there are currently about 30 papers in the syndicate and only half a dozen were represented at this first conference it seemed premature to issue a statement that wasn't fully representative. Members will be circulated individually for views on this matter.

In many ways the first UPS conference was extremely productive. We all met each other and had a chance to check each other out to some extent. It's bound to result in more interchange of information and ideas. And it's bound to hasten even more the decline of the big city papers which are almost uniform-

ly, so far as their readers are concerned, suffering from a vast credibility gap.

The following people signed the pad handed around at the first meeting:

Joan Alexander (SF Oracle), John Bryan, Art Kunkin and Nat Freedland (LA Free Press), Washington Independent), Dennis Mazer (underground news agent), Jeanne Morgan (Free Press), Thorne Dreyer, Carol Neiman and Dennis and Judy Fitzgerald (The Rag, Austin, Texas), Ron Thelin, Harry Monroe, Hetty McGee, Steve Levine (SF Oracle), William Fortner, Michael McGibbon (Church of One), Leland Meyerzove, Earl Segal (The Seal, Chicago), Betty Schurmer (Washington Independent), Dorn Dillane (Haight-Ashburn Models Society), Ken Friedman, Walter Wells (Illustrated Paper, Mendocino), Walter Bowart (EVO), Phyllis Jackson, Claude and Helene Hayward and Chester Anderson (Communications Co., 406 Duboce St., San Francisco), Michael Angello (LA Provos), Mabel Hartleaf (Meadowlands), Joseph Byrd (LA Experimental Workshop, 1853 Arlington Ave., LA 90019), Barbara Haskell (LA Festival of Experimental Arts).

### CANADA

The high priest of LSD, Dr. Timothy Leary, advises Canadian Manpower Minister Marchand to "learn how to make love with God," in the lead article of a new Canadian newspaper.

The paper, called the CANADIAN FREE PRESS, was embroiled in controversy even before it hit the newsstands with the refusal by several major Ottawa and Montreal printing firms to handle the publication because they considered it subversive, pornographic, and obscene. A Montreal printer has agreed to put the new paper on his presses and it is now appearing on newsstands in Ottawa, Montreal, Vancouver, and Toronto.

The allegedly obscene and pornographic material includes one well-known four-letter word describing the reproductive process and a visual satire on Prime Minister Pearson.

The first of the two articles, attacking the Royal Canadian Mounted Police narcotics squad, attacks the unlimited powers given the Mounties under open-search-and-entry warrants to enforce the Food and Drug and Narcotic Control Acts.

The second, by John Kelsey, editor of the award-winning University of British Columbia student newspaper, the UBYSSEY, is an incisive description of the continuing skirmishes between the RCMP and Vancouver's marijuana users, the "Kitsilano hippies."

Published by a group of artists, university dropouts, and one junior executive living in an Ottawa housing cooperative, the CANADIAN FREE PRESS appears in a sixteen-page tabloid format.

### The Illustrated Paper

WALTER WELLS

THE ILLUSTRATED PAPER still loves, lives. But not without a struggle. Mendocino is a unique place. Society miniaturized into capsule form. We are in direct contact with authorities and rightists constantly but at the same time have a beautiful turned on group here. Each person doing his own thing and knowing and understanding the others. And we live with the ocean and the woodlands.

The struggle comes from economic pressure from the rightwing. To live we can no longer depend on work in town. We are going through a tremendous change to become self sufficient and plan to discuss our plan in future issues. A lot of people have the same problems we do and we hope to demonstrate a successful solution.

The present staff of T.I.P. has settled down to five people. Most of us live here on this partially wooded three acre paradise, 3/4 mile from the Pacific. On half an acre we are going to plant enough vegetables and raise enough animals to support us. We will trade some of the vegetables for staples and will give what is left over to the Haight Ashbury Community. We will use one of the existing buildings for canning, freezing, butchering, tanning, pickling, and making preserves. We will also have chickens, rab-

bits and goats and ducks and frogs in the pond, plus fruit trees, blackberries, strawberries and raspberries. The work will be divided among five adults, so it will give us time for other projects, as well as take the worry off our minds as to where in the hell is the food going to come from. We're putting up a new building, divided into two 20x20 shops, a workshop where we will make stained glass and metal lamps, candle holders and cast bronze statues and bells, and a printshop. We have the equipment we need, and we'll sell our products to tourists and in S.F. We have already been doing this kind of thing on a limited basis and it works fine.

In the printshop we will publish THE ILLUSTRATED PAPER and will at last have the chance to really work out our ideas in graphics, color, content, etc. We will also make prints and posters and publish the works of writers (avant garde). We're setting up a Writer's Fund with our subscribers.

There is a very good cooperative feeling here in the group. We've just realized that the sharing and helping should show through the paper. We'll have some articles on the well digging parties and house raisings that bring us all together for work and fun. Someday we'll publish a hip directory to the county, a how to make it with nature kind of thing.



Berkeley Barb's Max Scherr (left) with political activist Jerry Rubin



THORNE DREYER

Specific data: Me, 21 years of age, perennial college dropout, confirmed counter-societal. Funnel: Carol Neiman, 19 years of age, getting there.

The RAG has a definite non-ideological connection with the left-wing love, flowers and freedom sect, anarchistic division of sds. Staff writer Jeff Shero is a former vice-pres of sds and symbol of the famed "Texas anarchists." Two years ago we completely freaked national sds out and now they am us. But The RAG is in no way officially connected with sds.

Austin's a very funny scene. There aren't the real ideological-philosophical splits between politics and hippies that exist many places. We probably have the most political hippies and the most hip politicians around. Guess it's kind of the result of us against THEM. Remember, the RAG is the only underground paper even in the marginal south. And Austin, itself is often called Berkely southwest (god save it), because it's the ONLY place for miles around where anything is happening. Yet hardly a week passes that some beatnik doesn't get bashed on the head by a beer bottle. Earlier in the year our then printer and "Grassroots Sociologists," Larry Freudiger had his scalp split open with a billy club at an sds picnic. Two weeks ago another staff member was jumped, beat up, and had \$125 worth of recorders stolen.

But what part has the RAG played in the Austin scene? I guess essentially it has created a real viable left-hip community. There have always been lots of beatniks, lots of ethnic folkies, lots of motorcyclists, lots of flipped-out artists. But the BAG has brought them all together in a funny sort of way.

#### GENTLE THURSDAY

BAG was instrumental in bringing off Gentle Thursday, "officially" sponsored by sds, in which hundreds of UT standants and local hippies participated. Color-



Thorne Dreyer of The Rag

ed chalk, helium filled balloons, and lollipops were distributed on campus. The west mall was soon overflowing with blankets and dogs and hippies and frat rats! and babies and folksingers. A balloon was run up the flag pole above the flag. An old ww II jet in front of the rotc building was decorated with make love not war and fly gently sweet plane. Buildings all over campus sported such wonderments as Abolish Authority, Down with Grades, poems, pictures of NAKED WOMEN, lots of gentle things. It really blew the communal mind of the campus and was still going strong into the night.

There's a state law against commercial solicitation on campus. But not to be daunted, the first RAG immediately situated itself in the hands of a clever hawker at a central spot on campus. He held big balloons saying RAG and was pouting a mile a minute, about love and psychedelics and revolution. Soon a dean, He would not budge. Kampus Kops. He kept his ground. Real live city cops hovered near campus but made no move. That evening we were

given permission to sell in the student union but have continued to sell on campus, if with a bit less fanfare, all year.

So the RAG has been a great success in every way — except economically. We are not ashamed, in fact I guess there's a little pride involved in admitting we're not good businessmen. Our circulation has stayed between 1500 and 2000. We have had little success in soliciting ads. Shall we say Austin merchants are easily intimidated? And local hip establishments amount to less than a handful.

Though circulation might not be terrible impressive (by LA standards) the RAG has gotten around. Students at several Austing high schools have been threatened with expulsion for selling RAGS in the halls. The RAG has been distributed regularly at Fort Hood army base, an outpost of the Austin underground. State Rep. Burke Musgrove, whose proposed lsd legislation is likely to become Texas law, has ordered 100 copies of a recent issue which carried an article about him.

## international

DEREK TAYLOR

So with the whole world gone pop, it seemed only sensible to explode into an international festival of pop.

Which is what will happen. In Monterey, where the Pacific is very blue under a sun of guaranteed California gold, the Festival will be held this June upcoming on the 16th, 17th and 18th when school is out and the young are full of promise.

The title: MONTEREY INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF POP — '67.

The aim: to bring the best elements of pop people together for interaction in the open air.

The Festival plans to attract tens of thousands of pop followers — the young and those who remember, the free and those who would like to be, to watch and hear and absorb and enjoy some of the world's best young entertainers in the happiest surroundings, piling music upon music, hour upon hour into the sapphire evening.

California was chosen as home for the Festival because it is within the twin melting-pots of San Francisco and Los Angeles that the fun and funky, the freaky the fol and the rock were so mingled that music mixed in California spoke out to the world with poetry and pageantry and in such a profusion of light and color that there was no one who did not hear and see that something fine was happening.

Those in America to whom the Beatles had so beautifully reached out, were now able to reply in terms simple or psychedelic. And the Beatles heard and were glad that an axis had been formed. Beatle spoke to Byrd and Stone to Sopwith Camel, the Ma-

ma and Papas gained a whole world of sons and daughters and the Beach Boys were born anew.

So in California the great and the near great and those who are only good will meet in Monterey in June and you will be hearing more and more and more from me as the acts are booked and the flags raised and the incense burned.

In the meantime, some names: Festival director Ben Shapiro, father of three, soldier of fortune, impresario, freedom fighter for Israel, moustached man of color, charm, cheek and vision. . . Festival producer, Alan Pariser, bachelor, once bearded, now straight, adman, moviemanager blessed with impulsive energy and compulsive charm. . . and for publicity, me, Derek Taylor, rock'n' roll hack of exceptional honesty. Plus a cast of thousands.

San Quentin Execution is scheduled for next Wednesday. 63 living men are stacked up on death row — waiting for theirs.

Do not let the public conscience rest easy that day. Play TABS all day Wednesday.

In the streets, in homes, churches, nite clubs, parks, scenes, roof tops — downtown — uptown, everywhere, etc.

Rock Bands will do it — Bamboo Flutes will do it — guitars, sitars will do it. Voices humming, Church chimes ringing, Jazz groups, harmonicas, whistling, Salvation Army Band, Big Bro. & the Co., Art Blakey, you, me, etc., etc.,.

Help it happen, don't let a brother die unheard — be a love witness. — Window sign in SF'S Haight-Ashbury.

## Can Haight-Ashbury Survive?

PETER KRUG

The Haight-Ashbury, nucleus of a nationwide cultural revolution, represents one of the boldest social experiments of modern times. The question: can an essentially anarchistic community of several thousand free men and women survive in the midst of corrupt, anxiety-ridden bureaucratic society? Can Jerusalem exist in the middle of Sodom? So far, the experiment which has been totally spontaneous and accidental, has succeeded beyond anyone's greatest dreams. The approximately five thousand members of the community are living, on the whole, in complete harmony and toleration of one another and, considering the radical scope of the experiment, in harmony with their non-revolutionary neighbors. Growing harassment by the police has served merely to create the minimum solidarity necessary to hold the community together.

The most recent harassment attempt on the part of the police was a blatant move to create a riot during the Easter school recess. An announcement was made (and carried in newspapers all over the country) that the police feared a 'Fort Lauderdale West' in the Haight-Ashbury. The police made no attempt to prevent the expected riot. They did not confer with any church or civic groups in the area, neither straight nor hip ones, to discuss ways of alleviating Park Station

ways of alleviating pressures. Instead they laid in a huge supply of riot equipment at Park Station and continued to advertise 'Fort Lauderdale West' to the whole country in an obvious attempt to lure rowdy college and high school people to the area.

As an active and concerned member of the new community, I placed the following warning in the window of my handicraft shop on Haight Street.

#### WARNING!

Young Pilgrims and Members of the Love Community.

Moved by groundless fears, the Establishment is saturating the area with police and preparing special detention facilities for young people; this in anticipation that Haight-Ashbury will be a 'Fort Lauderdale West' during Easter week. If accosted by police please consider that these are frightened men, moved by Man's eternal fear of the Unknown. Consider that we are the

vanguards of a New Age, and act accordingly.

\*Avoid all contact with police whenever possible. Frightened men often react irrationally.

\*Obey police instructions at all times. It is the mark of a wise man to bend with prevailing winds.

\*Carry identification at all times. If you are under 18, stay off the streets after 11:00 p.m.

\*The east end of the Park is being patrolled at all hours. If you are caught sleeping in the Park, you may be arrested.

\*Be friendly. Be loving. Be understanding. Be Cool and be CLEAN (if you know what I mean).

\*If unjustly arrested, cooperate. Frightened men often become violent. Report all incidents of harassment to Citizens Alert (776-9669).

\*Remember, policemen have hearts and minds and souls just as you and I do, even though their humanity is not always evident.

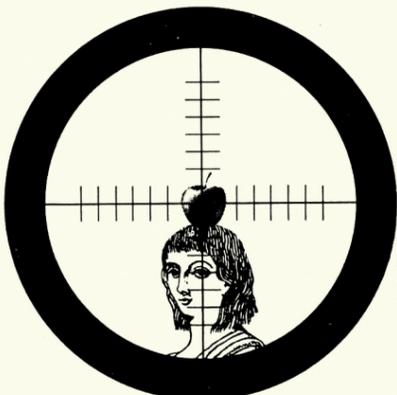
\*Don't be intimidated, but consider the above factors in your Easter week plans. Enjoy yourself.

LOVE  
Wild Colors

## Invitation

this thing will begin Friday evening and continue straight thru until sometime Sunday afternoon. It will take place in seven (or more) rooms of Glide Church Foundation and will include the exterior of the church (like a mountain of snow and ice in the parking lot). There will be four hundred dancers, whispering ushers, flower flingers, hundreds of films, numberless poets, a publishing complex which will print newspapers and any poems and novels written during this time, belly dancers, formal and informal discussion panels, fire eaters, amateur hour, gospel choirs, preachers of all persuasions, mantra chants, astrologers and psychiatrists, legal weddings will be performed for whosoever so desires and brings a valid marriage license, free food, baby sitters, costumes and makeup given to those in need of costumes and makeup, rainbow-colored magics, foot readers, tunnels of rebirth and the presence of divinity.

Everyone is invited. Everything will be free.



The Soul —  
drum it  
gum it  
scum-a-dum it  
The Soul —  
kick it  
flick it  
prick-a-dick it  
The Soul —  
clang it  
fang it  
wang-a-dang it  
The Soul —  
mock it  
rock it  
cock-a-dock it  
The Soul —  
prod it  
sod it  
rod-a-dod it  
The Soul  
muck it  
chuck it  
fuck-a-duck it  
The Soul —  
bump it  
clump it  
hump-a-dump it  
The Soul —  
stew it  
chew it  
screa-a-dew it  
The Soul  
splay it  
slay it  
lay-a-day it  
The Soul —  
it's the goal  
ever lovin'  
ever shovin'  
up the hole!

— Armand Kihl



Tuli Kupferberg  
Poet, publisher, Fug

ITEM: John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES, Issue #4, April 1967

Notes: This issue is devoted entirely to underground papers. Highlights: The Los Angeles Free Press, The Berkeley Barb, East Village Other (NYC), San Francisco's Oracle, International Times (London UK), The Rag (Austin TX) and many others.

From the OTHER SCENES INVENTORY REPORT an archive of John Wilcock's Other Scenes

"The International Newspaper!" | "John Wilcock Takes Trips!"

See all available issues at:

<http://www.ep.tc/otherscenes>

Support the archive by purchasing the comic book biography of John Wilcock, by Ethan Persoff and Scott Marshall: <http://www.ep.tc/book>

A project from [EP.TC](http://www.ep.tc) - Each upload to the archive includes audio commentary: <http://www.ep.tc/podcast>

Additional information on John Wilcock is being added posthumously by friends of John at <https://johnwilcock.net/>

Feel welcome to distribute this PDF by any non-commercial means

Enjoy the archive! - Ethan Persoff - Archive Begun: 09/2021