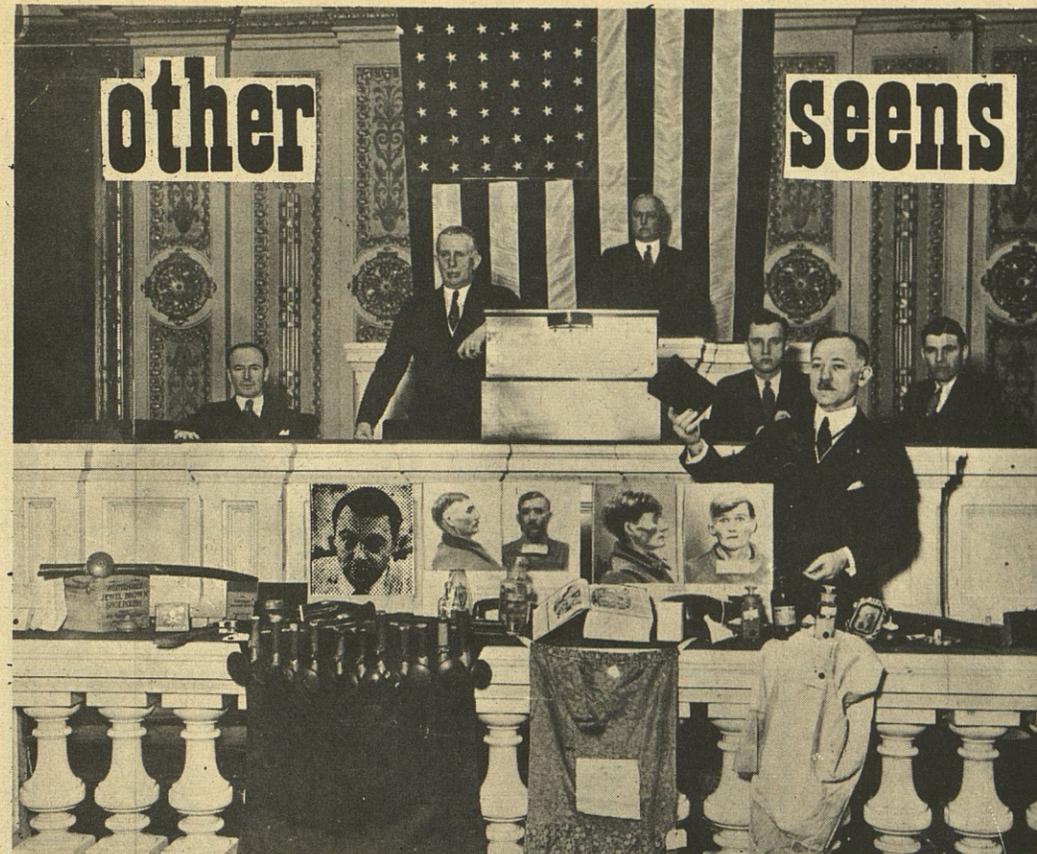


*From Stokely Carmichael's April 14 Austin speech: "Hubert Humphrey is a handkerchief head — an unconditional YES MAN..." *the rag*

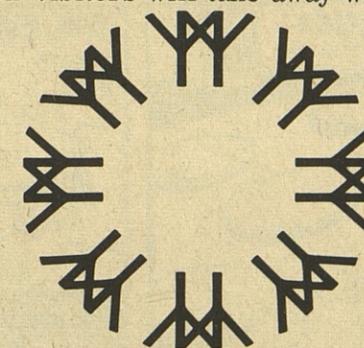


Underground Press Syndicate (UPS)

FILM, great imagination, a poetic affirmation of life, an exploration of the much-neglected sense of smell, and no vulgar hardsell commercial messages are my main impressions of the Montreal Expo which I visited on opening day, April 28. Although the railroads make it as hard as possible to get there (no conveniently scheduled trains, no couchettes, no diner) and although it is hard to get an airplane reservation, you will find it well worth the trip. Good hotels in Montreal are expensive (around \$20 single) but head for rooming houses around the bus station (around \$12 double per night). You'll need at least two days, can't even walk around it all in one day. Expo covers two islands and part of the mainland; special trains etc. cover the grounds (free) but are hard to get on because of the crowds.

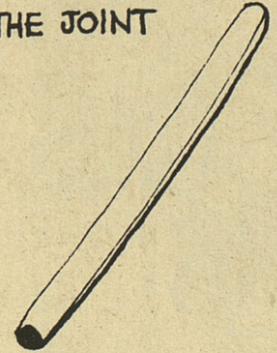
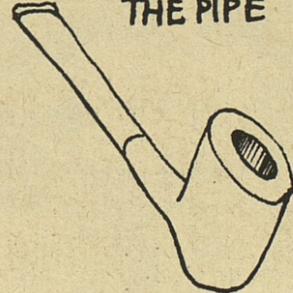
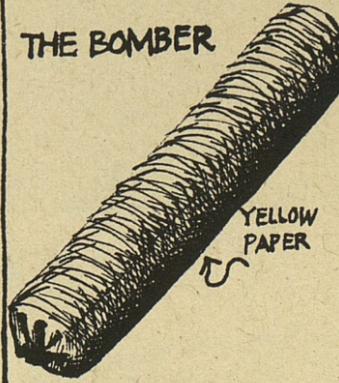
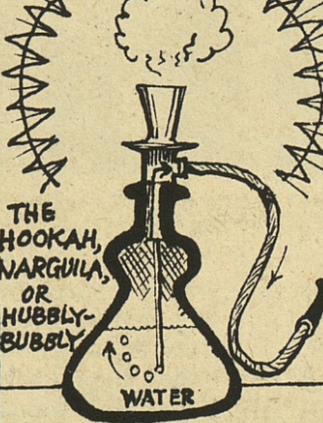
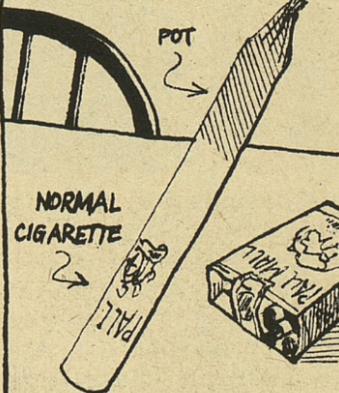
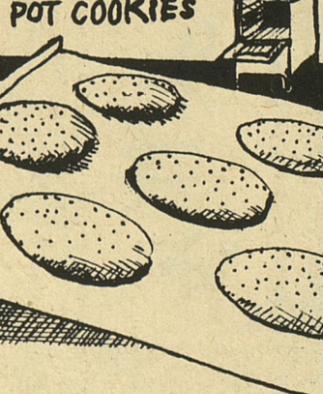
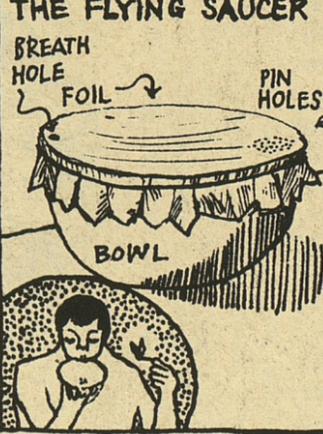
If you want to see entertainment area, La Ronde, do it early not when all the other exhibits have closed and it is too crowded to see anything. Anything Canadian (CPR, CN, Ontario Hydro, Quebec pavilion etc. etc.) is fantastic and shouldn't be missed. Almost everybody shows marvelous film - on flat screens, curved screens, watery screens, on mirrors, on right-

angled mirrors, above and below and around you; some exhibits have even moved into the area of environments with appropriate aromas (i.e. a hospital operating room). Says Peter Newman in the Montreal Gazette: "The \$650 million the Expo will cost is a small price for the impression of Canada its 35 million visitors will take away with them."

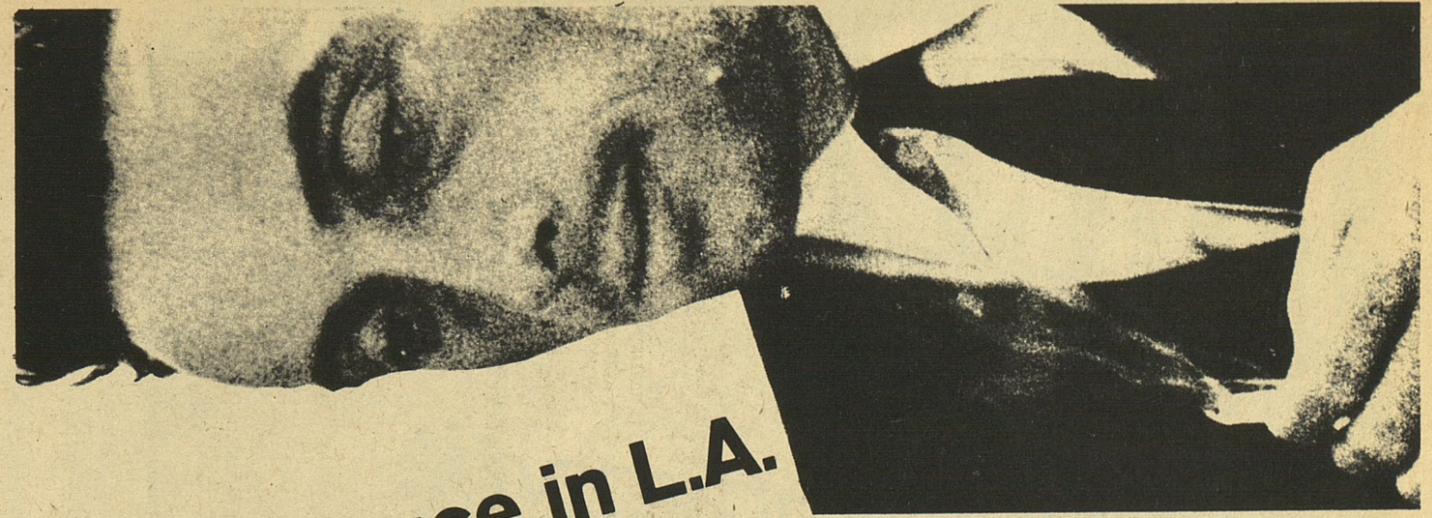


Never again will they need think of us -- or will we need think of ourselves -- as an important appendage of either Britain or the United States. They may not learn much about our history...but they will know that we are a nation which has joined the 20th century and is reaching for the 21st...I came to the Fair a nationalist, full of pride in Canada. I left it a humanist, full of hope for man."

POT INSPIRATIONS

<p>THE JOINT</p> 	<p>THE PIPE</p> 	<p>THE BOMBER</p>  <p>YELLOW PAPER</p> <p>ACTUAL SIZE!</p>
<p>THE ROACH</p> 	<p>THE HOOKAH, NARGUILA, OR HUBBLY-BUBBLY</p>  <p>WATER</p>	<p>POT</p> <p>NORMAL CIGARETTE</p>  <p>THE COCKTAIL</p>
<p>POT COOKIES</p>  <p>ADD 1/2 OZ. TO COOKIE BATTER.</p>	<p>THE FLYING SAUCER</p>  <p>BREATH HOLE</p> <p>FOIL</p> <p>PIN HOLES</p> <p>BOWL</p>	<p>DOWNWIND OF THE IN-GROUP</p>  <p>BECKMAN'S</p>

Bill Beckman is also the author of CAPTAIN HIGH. And his new book is titled PRIVATE HIGH, not a super hero, but a state of mind.



Lenny Bruce in L.A.

Lenny had given instructions to the box office not to let anybody in free until they checked with him personally, and then he'd buy the tickets himself. So I waited in the lobby until twenty minutes past the scheduled opening when he came running down the path, shouted a greeting and tore into the theatre as if he were on roller skates. By the time I'd grabbed the tickets and walked down the aisle, he was bouncing onstage to scattered cheers and a few warm-hearted ribaldries.

There couldn't have been more than eight or nine rows filled and for a moment or two I thought, what a shame, but then I noticed that Lenny didn't seem to mind at all, and I realized that we've taken similar paths lately, both of us have changed to smaller, purer audiences, and from then on I was able to sit back and jut dig what he was saying, like old friends should, without the necessity to provide total attention or applause, or even, for him, the neatly spotted laughs that most comics write into their scripts with the regularity of turn-pike planners spacing tollbooths.

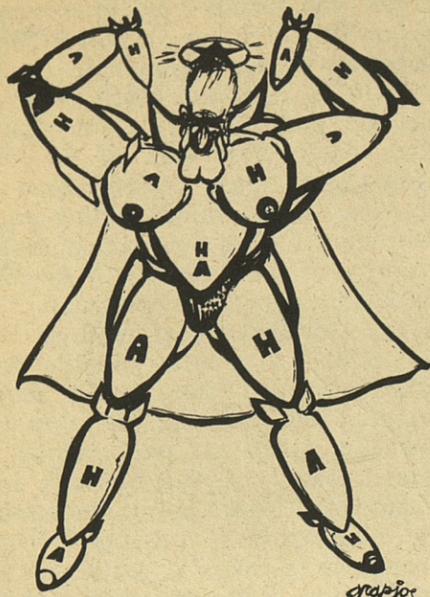
Not that he isn't funny. He's still exploring the business of being Jewish, with all the intellectual hangups and insights and conflicts that that has brought him, and somehow his whole life is summed up in the different attitudes that he has had towards the mezuzah outside apartment doors. God Himself, leaning a little, like Pisa's Tower, was hidden away in there when Lenny was a child. Now, he suggests it's a good place to stash a joint.

His act, which is hardly an act at all in accepted theatrical sense, has several main themes which criss-cross and interlock constantly: the

manner in which a Jew regards the law; the literal way in which many judges, and particularly non-Jewish judges, administer the law; the Catholic Church and its franchised Howard Johnson-type branches; the difference between priest and rabbi ("both shit but only one fucks"); narcotics guys from different divisions busting each other for possession; the semantic content of language ("Hey, jewboy," means nothing down south, no more than "Hey, baby," up north); and the whole business of being busted and sometimes framed.

His adventures with the law, as almost everyone knows, have made Bruce an expert on the subject and the fact is that the LAW has become his obsession. He is a deeply religious man, but his faith is in the stone-tablet solidity of Law as the basic structure of society and not in some bearded mystic who, by inference, must have handed down those engraved tablets. What Lenny is doing, these days, is trying to explain that just as the mezuzah doesn't really contain God, a judge isn't the Law itself but merely and all-too-human, non-infallible middleman.

Everything about the law has become an obsession with him and he'll talk for hours, if you'll let him, about obscure legal points whose theological equivalent might be the how-many-angels-on-the-head-of-a-pin syndrome. What has been done to him is a sin and a crime, a man who uses a public forum to explore the human condition and has the guts to bare his own life in illustration. But he has come through it so far fairly intact, having blazed a path that most truly hip (i.e., honest) comics must necessarily follow for a long time to come.



•Neemt en eet dit is mijn lichaam. •

ONE of the reasons why New York is such a bitchy place to live is that it inevitably degrades its citizens to the level of the rudest, most unfeeling specimens. Can you smile and overtip a taxi driver who snarls at you? If you ask for a drink of water and the waitress makes you walk down to the other end of the counter to fetch it can you refrain from breaking the glass? When you have to pay a dime to get into a toilet in the Airlines Terminal are you able to leave without taking the toilet roll? And what about when you're driving and the motorist behind you honks; do you honk the man in front who's holding you up? Maybe I'm just being wistfully sentimental but somehow these problems didn't seem to arise as often in California.

NOW that novelist and critic Leslie Fiedler has been busted for pot possession do you suppose that a few more members of the literary and academic community will stop playing a double game -- i.e. smoking pot in private and supporting and working for universities that turn heads over to the police? It's doubtful. But maybe it is about time some 'name' heads got together and sponsored a NYTimes page ad to promote the idea that blowing boo isn't just a habit of beats and/or juveniles ... The seventh issue of Olaf's Real Free Press (Wolstraat 41, Antwerp, Belgium) literally turned me on ... Smuggling cigarettes from NC to NY (and who but dumb bureaucrats wouldn't have anticipated it once NY taxes were high enough?) is tame compared

to the smuggling of butter from Holland into Belgium -- armored trucks, nails on the road, magnesium and gasoline bombs to keep the customs' officers at bay...In small upstate towns in NY the movie of "Ulysses" is being promoted as containing "shocking and embarrassing language" and the movie theatres shrewdly offer to refund the money of any advance ticket buyers who want to "reconsider". No refunds but lots of extra tickets sold. ...Cigarette advertisers, expecting to be gradually shut off from advertising on radio and TV, are returning to gift stamps...In India there may be a new law to ease taxes for bachelors and spinners who are "not contributing to the population problem" ... The Gallagher Report says that the Wall Street Journal pays only 23 percent of all mail costs, as do most heavy papers and magazines that are allowed to travel third and fourth class...Two years ago the ratio of supply men to fighting men was one out of every thousand; today we have 50,000 supply troops servicing 425,000 fighting men. An army marches on its stomach and there have to be adequate amounts of ice cream, coca cola, etc., or the U.S. fighting man won't be able to fight... Sports writers, who are almost without exception illiterate, almost without exception were critical of Cassius Clay's defiance of the draft. And what exactly is the World's Heavyweight Boxing Title worth if it is taken away from the man who won it because of his political opinions? ...Time magazine is training 50 Thailand journalists before sending them back to Bangkok to work for its interests (and for the CIA?)...Another book on the Kennedys -- by the wife of the French ambassador to Washington, Herve Alphan -- is being delayed for a year or two because it might embarrass the French foreign office.

John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES, of which this is #8, is written, printed and published at P.O. Box 8, Village Station, New York 10014, whenever its editor happens to be there as he is now in May 1967. OS costs \$5 per year (\$4 for the rest of 1967) with foreign subscriptions costing \$10 from September 1967 to December 1968. These may be paid for in the equivalent foreign currency. No single copies or back issues are sold. Art director for this issue, Bill Beckman.

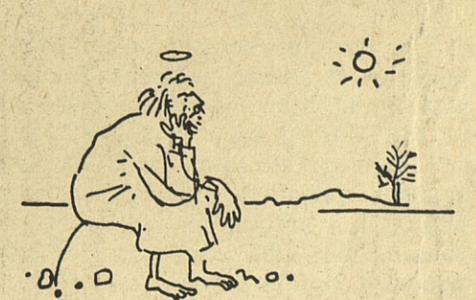
THE ADVENTURES OF JESUS BY STACK FRANK!



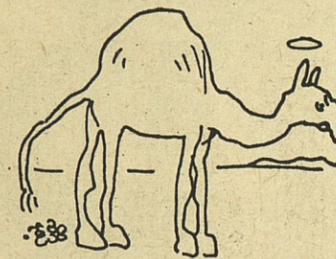
I'M OFF TO THE DESERT WILDERNESS TO BE TEMPTED. GOD, IT'S HOT!



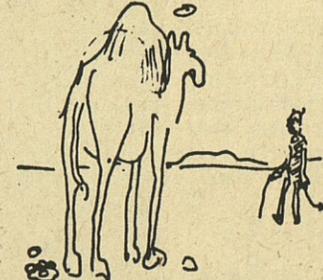
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STAY OUT HERE FORTY DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER. JEEZ! I'LL STARVE TO DEATH!



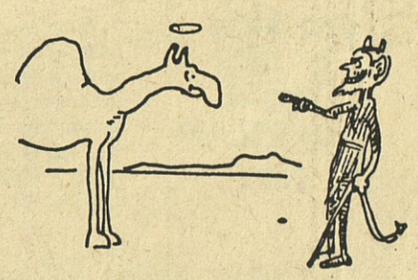
SHIT! IT'S HOT. NOBODY TO TALK TO, NOTHING TO DO, NOTHING TO EAT. WHAT I'M REALLY TEMPTED TO DO IS GO HOME... IN ORDER TO SURVIVE I'LL HAVE TO TURN MYSELF INTO A STINKING CAMEL.



WELL, I'LL BE DIPPED IN SHIT! THE SMELL IS SO BAD I CAN'T HARDLY STAND IT.



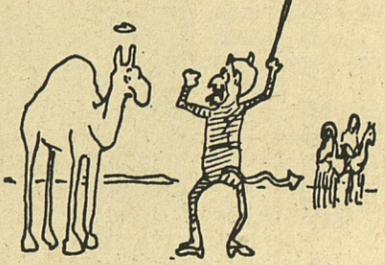
HERE COMES MY ARCH ENEMY THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS NOW.



HAI YOU CAN'T FOOL ME WITH YOUR CAMEL DISGUISE, J., YOUR HALO GIVES YOU AWAY.



GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!



WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT! DO YOU WANT THE POWER AND PLEASURE OF THE WORLD OR NOT?



DID YOU SEE THAT? THE PRICE OF DARKNESS WAS BACK THERE OFFERING THE POWER AND PLEASURE OF THE WORLD TO A CAMEL!

Up With the Button and Down With the Button

The first person to realise that a store could exist selling nothing but lapel buttons was Mark Sloan who opened The Big Store at 112 MacDougal Street, NYC, last year. It's appropriate therefore, but ridiculous, that he should be the first person to be busted for selling "pornography" via buttons. Two NYC cops invaded the store recently, confiscating:

LAY DON'T SLAY
POT, PEACE, PUSSY, PERVERSION
SANTA SUCKS
PORNOGRAPHY IS FUN

Kind of ridiculous, don't you think? The ACLU thought so, too, and decided to help Mark in defending his case. Their brief maintains that impeding the freedom of expression in this case is a violation of the Constitution. And, in well-chosen words, they continue:

God bless

AMERICAN
COPS

"For centuries, political and social protests have been couched in concise, terse and sometimes shocking terms. Today's expressions of dissatisfaction employ words calculated to shock what the protest generation refers to as the 'establishment.' Thus 'Lay Don't Slay' expresses

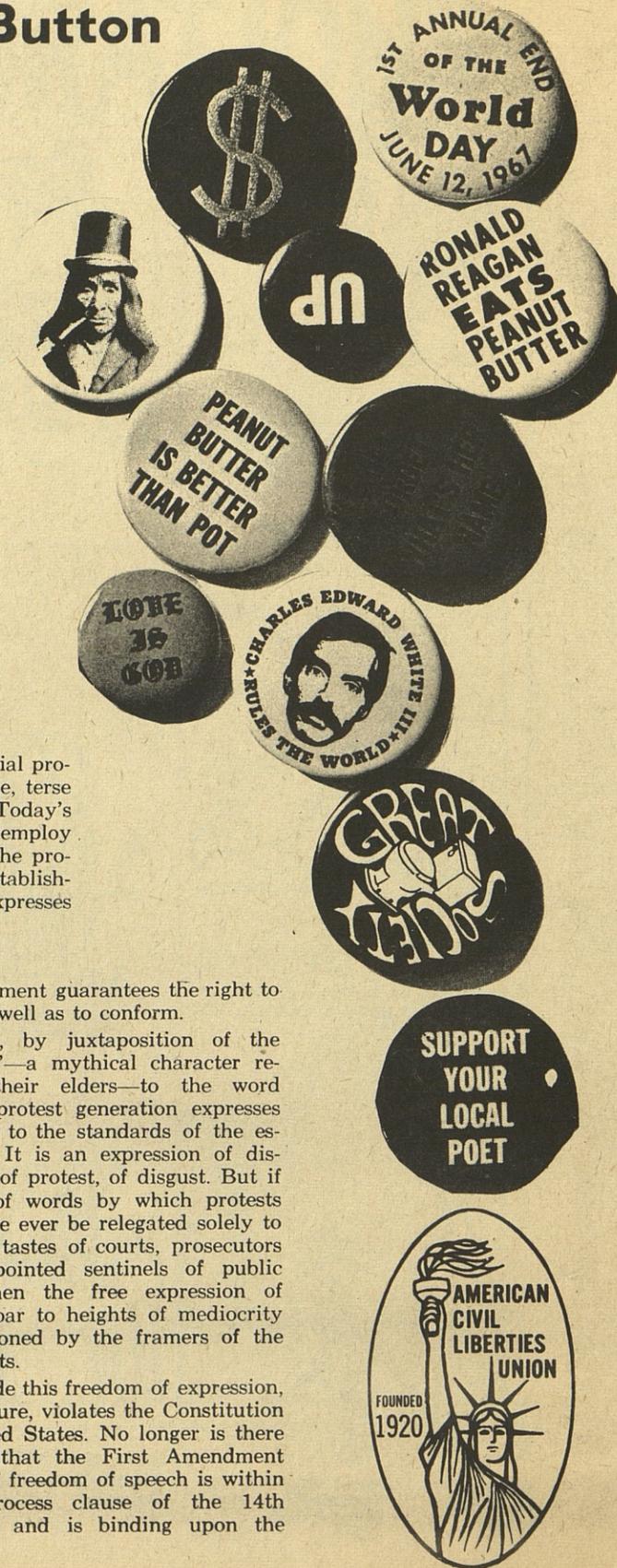
either an anti-war political sentiment or a pro-Decalogue religious thought. If the language used is incomprehensible to those crusading spirits who have motivated this prosecution—or if they would have preferred other phraseology to express perfectly acceptable social ideology—that is *their* problem. But certainly the choice of language utilized to freely express social comment can not be the basis of a crime.

"Anyone who can't at least raise a slight smile at the legend 'Pornography Is Fun' has earned the right to a serious reappraisal of his ability to laugh at anything. The young don't want to be told what is and what is not fun—i.e. 'Pot, Peace, Pussy, Perversion' (or is this one really a right-wing protest against the protestors, equating pacifists with perverts?). At any rate, it is inconceivable that a rational mind could construe these legends as serious pleas to support pornography or perversion. The language may shake up the 'establishment,' but the

First Amendment guarantees the right to complain as well as to conform.

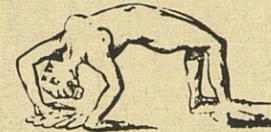
"Similarly, by juxtaposition of the word 'Santa'—a mythical character revered by their elders—to the word 'sucks' the protest generation expresses its revulsion to the standards of the establishment. It is an expression of dissatisfaction, of protest, of disgust. But if the choice of words by which protests may be made ever be relegated solely to the literary tastes of courts, prosecutors and self-appointed sentinels of public morality, then the free expression of ideas will soar to heights of mediocrity never envisioned by the framers of the Bill of Rights.

"To impede this freedom of expression, in any measure, violates the Constitution of the United States. No longer is there any doubt that the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of speech is within the due process clause of the 14th Amendment and is binding upon the states."



letters

witnessing such spectacles. Is it more amusing to see a handsome woman twirling and contorting herself in making backward tumbles than to see her calm and composed? When a couple of young performers dance to the sound of



Another Scene.

the flute, attired in the elegant costume of the Graces, the Seasons, or the Nymphs, well and good, the picture is a simple and a pleasing one."

Bangkok, May 15th (my birthday, God help me, and neither wiser nor richer than I was 20 years ago when I was 23 ...)

Dear John,

It seems suddenly improper to start a letter with these words, since I've just learned from the excellent (though far from exhaustive) "Dictionary of French & English Slang" (ed. Leitner & Laner) that a "Dear John letter" is one written by a girl to her lover to break the news to him that the affair is over (usually while he's abroad on military service.) So please don't misunderstand me -- I still love you dearly.

By the way, the above dictionary distresses me occasionally by its lack of enterprise. For instance, in enumerating for the Frenchman avid for esoteric learning the various terms invented by American bar-room scholarship as euphemisms for the female pudenda, the dictionary can offer no more extensive a range of epithets than: "pussy, cunt, box, snatch, hole, crack, twat". Where is my favourite word, the mellifluous "quim" (also ignored, I'm shocked to find, by the compilers of Webster III) ?

To add the insult of Gallic proliferation to the injury of Anglo-Saxon incompleteness the compilers list no fewer than twenty French terms for the word "cunt". What! Are the French to be considered more imaginative than the Americans in their verbal contemplation of the mysteries of sex?

But this is a mere digression, since I had intended to discuss something entirely different with you. I remember enjoying particularly while reading your brilliant "Japan on \$5 a Day", your section on the bath-houses of the Shinjuku area of Tokyo and the additional facilities offered by the

halter and shorts clad masseuses. And I was reflecting on it yesterday as I lay sweating in my steam-bath (in Bangkok, you lie in a padded coffin with a hole at the top end of the lid for your head to stick out, rather than sit in a box as in Japan), and since extreme heat seems to produce in my mind a pleasant state of delirium, I was comparing the cool efficiency of the Japanese masseuses with the apparently gay insouciance of the Thai girls. In Tokyo (and in Hong Kong too) the offer of genital manipulation is a solid business offer, to be accepted or rejected or bargained for. In Bangkok, however, it is all part of the service; indeed, each girl has her own individual technique of stimulation, including a unique form of body massage consisting of "butterfly strokes", delivered with the finger tips along the parts of the body carrying the sympathetic nerves, small love bites awarded to unexpected parts of the anatomy, and mysterious, incomprehensible croonings into the ear.

TELEPHONE CLIMAX

But of course there is a moral in this story. By diabolical cunning and ingenuity, the Thai girl times the whole bath and massage routine so carefully that when the genital massage is about to react its satisfactory climax the room phone rings and the Supervisor in the lobby announces that time is up. Imagine one's predicament! Here is this saucy wench standing by your massage-bed, one hand holding your tool, the other the telephone. When she turns to you demurely and asks "One more half-hour, sir?" what can one do but groan "yes" and spend another 50 baht. (A massage in Bangkok costs 100 baht, or about \$5.) So one might conclude that the forthright behaviour of the Japanese is preferable to the devious treachery of the Siamese: not so! Because, of course, to every moral there is a corresponding a-moral. And in this case, the extra half-hour can bring much joy. Some of the girls, if they like you, are quite content to be bent over the bed themselves and be screwed. The more demure ones will lie down on the bed with you and allow the operation to conclude with mutual frigging...and downstairs, the Madame will offer you a cold beer, free, before you leave.

Simon Watson Taylor
Bangkok