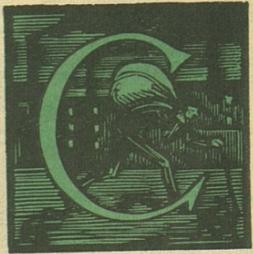




25c



An American Paper for the American People.

***** BEGIN THE YEAR WELL ***** BE AN AMERICAN *****

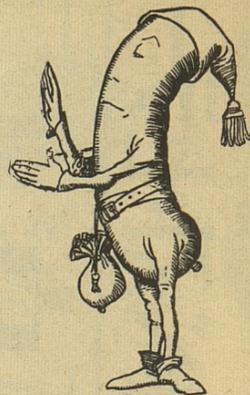
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John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES, a 20-times-a-year newsletter, is produced from wherever its editor happens to be. This issue, published in Los Angeles, January 1968, and distributed nationally.

Contributions of an imaginative nature are welcomed and should be sent to Box 8, Village Post Office, New York City 10014, N.Y. Patience is requested; the editor eventually reads all his mail.

X L AWL SER
AAK 7870

7/21/87

世界的ベストセラー "\$5 a day" の作者にインタビュー

J. WILCOCK 氏の

「旅行術」

マストロヤンニばりの国際的旅ガラス

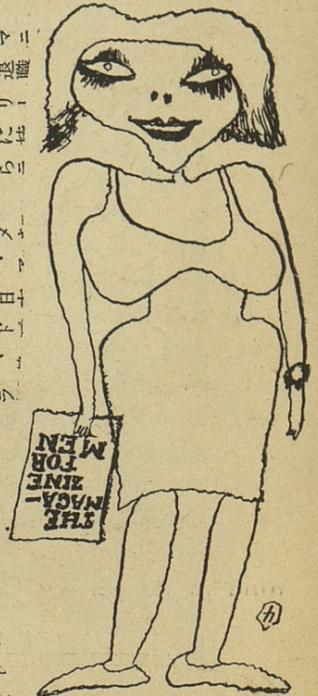
ジョン・ウイルコックは、今度か3度目の来日。8月以來北海道から九州までくまなく駆け回って、『1日5〜10ドル、日本の旅』の改訂版原稿を書きためている。「日本ほど短時間で変化する国は、世界中どこにもない。ことに物価の変動は手がつけられぬほどだ。佐藤内閣はケンカラン」

と憤慨する。『日本の旅』は4年前に初版を出したが、2年前に改訂版、そして近々また3回目の改訂版を出す。何しろラミネ代からトルコ風呂のスペシャル料金まで載せたガイドブックだから、ウイルコックも裏地踏査で責任を持たねばならない。Mr. John Wilcock、年齢不詳。奇妙な旅ガラスだ。顔だけはマストロヤンニに似ている。

彼の自己紹介を信用すれば、イギリス北部のシャーフフィールド生まれ、婦人服店の店員などしながら苦学。一時ロンドン・デイリーミラー紙の記者をしたが、23歳のとき単身ニューヨークへ移住。ノーマン・メイラーと組んで『ビレッジ・ヴォイス』という芸術雑誌を発行するなど。グリニッチ・ビレッジを本拠に、新しい芸術、思想運動に

アメリカでベストセラーになったガイドブック『1日5〜10ドル、日本の旅』の著者ジョン・ウイルコック氏が、いま美貌の「女秘書」と来日中だ。グリニッチ・ビレッジのヒッピーの草分けで、日本ではパチンコとトルコ風呂のマニア。しかも熱烈な反戦主義者でもある。ウイルコックの愉快な貧乏旅行術とはいかなるものか？

でもフリー・プレス、という雑誌を刊行。やがてニューヨーク・タイムズ紙へ入社して、旅行欄を担当した。この間、旅行マニとなり新聞社を退職。世界無銭旅行シリーズの企画を出版社に込めて、みずから



クローとなる。現在までにメキシコ、ギリシャ、カリフォルニア、日本、香港のガイドブックを書きあげ、なるベストセラー



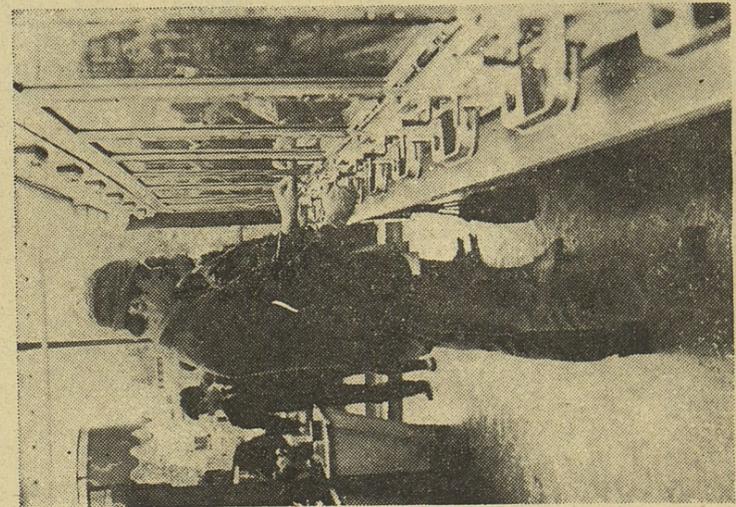
▲通つれのアンバーは彼のよきアシスタントでもある。定価は1冊2ドル、日本編の表紙には「日の丸」がでかでかと印刷してある。国際的渡り鳥を自負するウイルコックの風格は、オープンシャツに5ドル値打ちのシリウスは外人旅行者の必需品の本になっている。

にアレサ、コトネロイのズボン。数カ所にツギがあるやつだ。♀の形をしたペンダント、鈴にヒッピーバッグみたいなものをつけている。Write in Dick Gregory President for Peace in '68、平和のためにディック・グレゴリーを68年の大統領選にノ——これは何だ？グレゴリーは黒人の喜劇俳優

だ。ベトナム和平のため闘っている反戦主義者で、ほくの親しい女だ。しかし大統領選に立候補なんてことは、たぶんエメにも思っていないよ。ウイルコックはポケットから別のバッグをさくさく取り出し、その一つを記者の胸に刺してくれた。J. Wilcock takes trips! —旅は通つれ、というわけだ。だが彼にはもっと素晴らしい道づれがいた。若い、超ミニ・

スタイルの女のコである。「アンバーというんだ。女秘書さ。グリニッチ・ビレッジのコーヒー・ショップでつてから、いつも一緒に旅行している。結婚？ 将来あるいはね。ニューヨークのヒッピー族だつたアンバーには、ポリネシアの酋長の娘みたいな情熱的な雰囲気と、セックス・アピールがある。

ニセ札づくりで反戦アピール



「見届かし見えるが、パチンコの面白さは、哲学に通ずるもの」

THE WILCOCK-AMBER JAPANESE PLAYBOY PACHINKO CHRISTMAS NUPTIALS

WHILE in Japan, from late October until late in December, I revised my travel book; cooperated with Japan's first underground paper, The Shinjuku Sutra, to produce a 24-page tabloid; cooperated with a comic strip magazine called Manga Q, to put out a special edition (both these are enroute - slow mail - to subscribers); produced about a dozen other tabloid pages to run in the LA Free Press and LA's Open City (both these issues will be sent to subscribers); visited Hong Kong; spent Christmas at a swanky hotel in the shadow of Mount Fuji; and also got married. Just before marrying Amber, whom I've known for four years, I was interviewed by Japan's Playboy magazine which took us out to dinner, bought us souvenirs,

sent me a token payment of 10,000¥ (\$28) and finally ran a five-page spread on my multifarious activities. The opening two pages are shown above. The contrast between this and the American Playboy was particularly marked because, breaking long-standing precedent, I had written to the latter offering some of the fantastic sexual literature etc that I had discovered in Japan. Playboy's editor, who still regards me as a mere travel writer, turned down the offer on the grounds that they already had somebody writing travel for them. Which is one of the reasons why Playboy is obviously in need of a gutsier, hipper rival in the sex and sociology field. It is apparently getting out of touch.

Did you think the New York Times was the country's richest paper? But how naïve. The LA Times, that gigantic real estate corporation that publishes a paper, carried 120 pages of classifieds last Sunday....



"The tendency to carry youthful characteristics into adult life which renders man perpetually immature and unfinished is at the root of his uniqueness in the universe and is particularly pronounced in the creative individual. Youth has been called a perishable talent but perhaps talent and originality are always aspects of youth and the creative individual is an imperishable juvenile" -- Litton Center's preamble to a delightful show called Mini Things, self-explanatory, running in its gallery for another week.

"DEAR MEMBER,
We wish you a Happy Holiday Season. We ask for your cooperation in helping us keep our Club at the high standard to which our members are entitled. We at the Club management level feel that some of the members are grossly negligent in leaving soiled linens lying about and also in using as many as 15 to 20 towels per visit...Let us start the New Year on the right foot" --New Year Greetings from the Beverly Hills Health Club.

LA's AUTO CLUB opposes mass transit rail facilities in the area apparently on the selfish grounds that auto taxes will contribute towards financing. And why not? Anyone who can afford a car can well afford to subsidize transit for our less fortunate brothers....The Cinema on Western, its midnight Saturday sessions still running after the shortlived experiment of full-time underground screenings, will display a nude flick of Marilyn Monroe made when she was still Norma Jean Baker (Feb 10).....Randy Darden's smug letter in the Jan. issue of KPFK folio is enough in itself to turn you right off that station....

John Lennon's father, 55, is to marry a 19-year-old....Dave Brubeck, no longer a group, is working on religious oratorios....Warhol got evicted from his famous 47th Street 'factory', moved to larger premises at 33 Union Square....

What's the difference between a corrupt white demigod and ditto when he's black? Nothing at all. In this case we're discussing the phony politician Adam Clayton Powell who's touring the country saying (in effect) that if white congressmen can be crooked and get away with it then it should be okay for blacks, too. And as for him, he says, he could reveal all kinds of guilty secrets about his fellow-congressmen but if they'll let him take his seat he'll keep quiet. Can we someday hope for a politician who'd sooner be admired by his fellow-human beings rather than the crooks around him in Washington?....Movies don't need to have a 'story' any more, we all know that, but the image-filled You Are What You Eat (at one point hippies chew flowers) by Barry Feinstein & Peter Yarrow will open a new era if the critics can belatedly get the message....Planners for the year's first love-in (Griffiths Park at Easter) are encouraging visitors to bring 50-lb. blocks of ice on which to slide down the hill....Barry Goldwater describes Daniel Moynihan and Max Lerner as liberals which should confirm what we've said all along -- they're not....The line that reactionary American magazines are taking about De Gaulle is rather typical: anybody who doesn't agree with our policies should be ridiculed, ostracized, starved out and, in the face of persistent determination, murdered. No reprisal is too petty, no excuse to whip up hate too trivial. DeGaulle may be a bloody fascist (its ironic how much he's like all the other bullying leaders from mao to lbj to wilson to castro) but he deserves a medal for disagreeing with america when most of the worlds' leaders are content to wait in line to lick johnson's ass....

OTHER SCENES



Los Angeles.

The Ocean Beaches Furnish Abundant Pleasure

YOU think you've been fucking around too long and would like to be a virgin again? Here's a 15th century recipe for restoring the vagina to its pristine state: "Take a half ounce of Venetian turpentine, a little of the milky sap of asparagus leaves, a quarter ounce of rock alum steeped in lemon juice or the juice of green apples, the white of a fresh egg and a little oatmeal. Mix these ingredients and roll into a ball of good consistency which you will then insert into the vagina of the deflowered girl, after having syringed the part with goatsmilk and rubbed it with an ointment of mature white wine. You will not have applied this secret preparation more than four or five times before the girl returns to a state which would deceive even the matron who might examine her".

--quoted in Dr Augustin Cabanes' "Erotikon" (Brandon House, Hollywood, 95¢).



JAGGER SAGA

EVERYTHING Sey Krim writes (left) about New York newspapermen is doubly true about the Fleet Street veterans who, if anything, can be more ingeniously vicious than their Manhattan counterparts. The latest example of this is what one might have called the Mick Jagger Saga had it not broadened subsequently into The Drug Story.

As you might remember it was a newspaper that began it - the smutty-minded, holier-than-thou News of the World (everybody's purveyor of the week's dirt-disguised-as-crime) which ran allegedly libellous accusations against Jagger's drug habits and then, when hit with a libel suit, sent a police posse out to a party the Rolling Stones were giving in a private house.

Leaving aside the suggestion that the newspaper might have planted the hash that was subsequently found - a suggestion that can never be proved for certain - it's still undeniable that the newspaper went much further than merely reporting the Rolling Stones were giving in a private house. This is a venerable practise among the less-principled papers and tends to be copied by ALL the papers if only in self-defense.

FOLLOW MICK JAGGER

Let us speculate on what happened next. In a dozen news rooms an editor gave his instructions: Follow Mick Jagger. Now a reporter sent out on a story, like most mortals in any job, is determined to come up with something. To start with he wouldn't keep his job for long if he didn't and, by no means secondly, he has to justify all those exorbitant expenses.

The stringer in Dublin who sees Jagger turn up at a party won't get paid much for reporting this item. But there's a lot more space to be gained in the Daily Mirror by pretending that Jagger and his girl were thrown out of the party and so, not very mysteriously, that's what the story becomes. Makes no difference that no decent people throw celebrities out of parties these days (unless they're looking for publicity themselves), the story sounds better with a bit of drama in it and so the facts (and the quotes) are tailored to fit.

Less than 24 hours later Mick Jagger and his girl arrive back home at London airport and, what do you know? all kinds of trouble with taxi drivers. Some cabbies are quoted as saying that they wouldn't have such trash in their taxis. The newspapers run their second persecution story in as many days and nobody speculates that reporters have been known to plant the idea in gullible people's minds that they might get their names in the paper if they adopted certain moralistic postures and were quoted as such for all their friends to read.

SO-CALLED POLLS

Much the same type of thing seems to be happening with all these mysterious "public opinion polls" that have been printed in such papers as the Daily Mail and Daily Telegraph in the past few weeks. Teenagers, it now appears from these so-called polls, don't really want pot legalized at all. In fact the teenagers interviewed are apparently so busy helping old people to repaint their homes, planting potatoes on local allotments and assisting pensioners across the street that they have no time for such skullduggery at all. Which is probably why, when asked their reasons for participating in such socially helpful practises they reply (to quote actual phrases): "It's something to do"; "It's better than laying about"; "It fills in the time".

These are the answers, mark you, of kids who DON'T smoke pot or drop acid and, if we're to believe the propaganda, don't even want other teenagers to have the right to do so. So much for the argument that soft drugs are responsible for kids' lack of drive and sense of purpose these days.

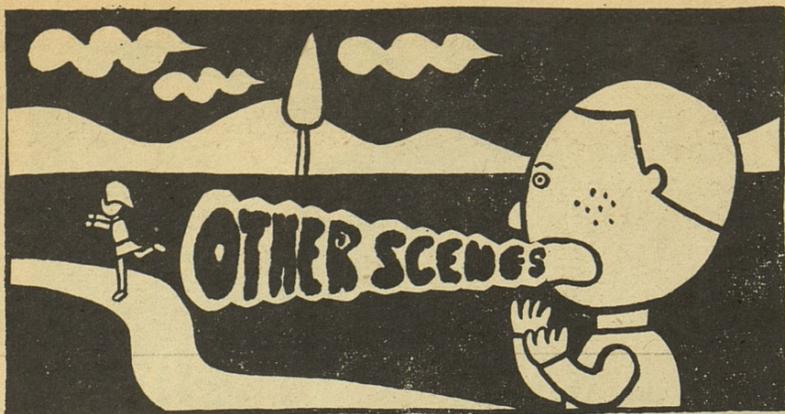
The fact of the matter is that we all rely on polls to bolster our own beliefs and prejudices. But most polls are nonsense, merely evidence known to be rigged even by the people who prepare it. Teenagers could be asked whether they smoke pot either by people of their own kind, in relaxed surroundings, or they could be cross-questioned by bowler-hatted, briefcase-carrying representatives of the Daily Telegraph in their own homes with members of their family present. It is possible that the data for the Telegraph poll was compiled in neither of these ways, but certainly the latter method is the more likely.

- J. W.



In Manhattan newspaper (and weekly magazine) shops you'll find veterans who spit on their work and automatically say that the importance of today's newspaper is to provide the wrapper for a smelly flounder tomorrow. The movie-portraits are for real, chums: no one is more snottily, and superficially, cynical about both reality and writing than the old-time, ex-alcoholic, security-obsessed newspaper grandad whom you'll run into on the overnight rewrite desk of a metropolitan paper. The idea that they might be front-runners snaring and interpreting reality as it broke before their eyes would have been a joke to the majority of these putdown experts who envied the stars on the world stage that they covered, but never conceived that they themselves were in the position to make history and not merely record it. But underneath the cocked fedora and the rest of the so-called glamor crust you could find a man who thought of himself as a failure by the worldly standards drummed in to his being by his work—money, achievement, and status.

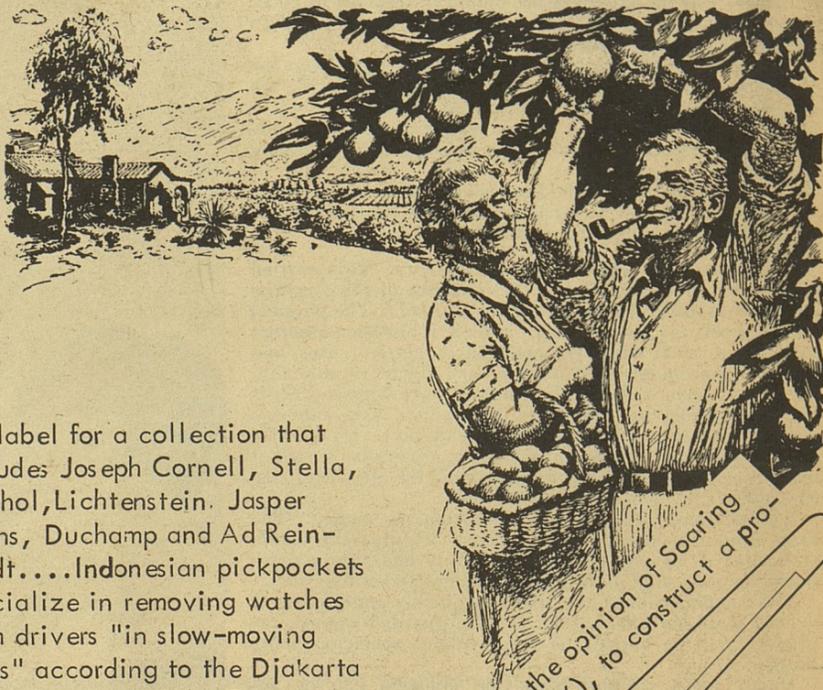




CALIFORNIANS having more or less gotten over their reverence for art -- substituting a much healthier acceptance of it as being part of life -- have now, inevitably, transferred the reverence to religion. Holy men all over the world, whether they be priests, popes, ministers, rabbis, swamis or whatever have devoted their lives to what they believe is The Way. Religion thrives on rules and tries to impose its trip on whoever will accept these rules. The fact that mystical religions (Indian, Oriental etc) are more in tune with these times than, say, Christianity, doesn't mean they're any better substitute for your own common sense. Swamis, as a general rule tend to be authoritarian, virtually unintelligible and past masters at pontificating the obvious. At present they're a fad; a year from now most of them will have been forgotten.

NUDE statue sitting on trestle behind Sunset Strip's Litton Center has a half-smoked joint between her toes....For \$5.50 per month, you'll be able to rent a cigarette-package sized device that can be called by your answering service. When you hear it tinkle in your pocket you call them back to get the message. Device will be available in Tokyo this spring....Bruce Brown's "Endless Summer", surfing as kinetic poetry, was originally premiered in a small town in Nebraska, the furthest point in the U.S. from water. This imaginatively ingenious distribution route was at least partly responsible for the movie's success and the idea of launching your own movie in one theatre and letting word-of-mouth build up is one way to reach the distributors without begging....The Hock Shop (5946 Sunset) is an antique shop that serves beer and music. (used to be called the Acrobatic Muffin Works, they'd have you believe)....With an original poster by Wally Berman and Dennis the Menace Hopper playing The Kid, McClure's Beard (Warner Theatre, Jan 24) should be a better production than either of its (SF & NY) predecessors...."Ultimately the most insidious enemy of art is good taste" (Andrew Sarris)....Ed Ruscha's new book (aerial pix of empty parking lots) was put together from a helicopter trip two miles up....Hunter Thompson's "Hells Angels", which gets a good review in the motorcycle clan's Cycle News, finally made the best-seller list in paperback, most fans being unwilling or unable to fork out the bread for hardcover....The discreet neon sign (two lines of 48-pt) IRVING BLUM GALLERY, Works of Art, in the window of La Cienega's subtlest trendsetter, is a mod-

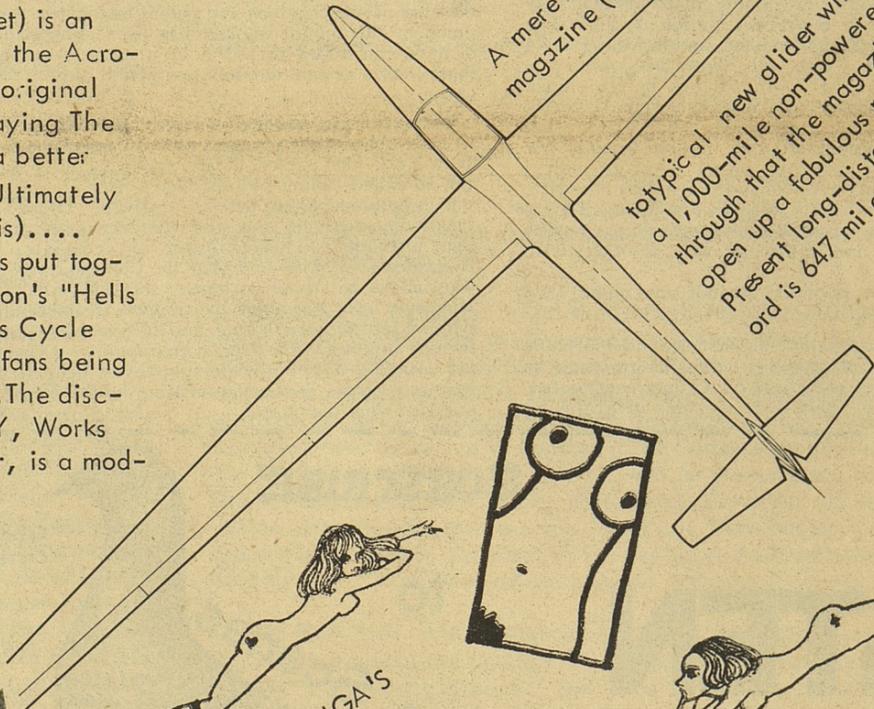
How we Retired to California on a Life Income of \$150 a Month...



est label for a collection that includes Joseph Cornell, Stella, Warhol, Lichtenstein, Jasper Johns, Duchamp and Ad Reinhardt.... Indonesian pickpockets specialize in removing watches from drivers "in slow-moving cars" according to the Djakarta correspondent of the Far Eastern Economic Review.... Know what "a band ball" is? Ask any chick who hangs out with pop groups.

A mere \$10,000 would suffice, in the opinion of Soaring magazine (P.O. Box 66071, LA 90066), to construct a pro-

totypical new glider which would be capable of a 1,000-mile non-powered flight -- a breakthrough that the magazine believes would open up a fabulous new era in gliding. Present long-distance soaring record is 647 miles....



TOPANGA'S Canyon Kitchen

closes much too early, should stay open around the clock... Reactionary Santa Monica Outlook which gets all its best copy from peering pruriently into Topanga is trying to whip up a thing about Ed Lange's non-colony nudist ranch in the secluded hills... And the Malibu cops, who can (and will) seal off the entire canyon if it ever needs some headlines (anyone running for office soon?), stop all old cars entering the colony on suspicion of smuggling dope. The pretense is that they're checking mechanical defects...

FLATTERER! I'LL BET YOU TELL THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS



John Wilcock

Now this arrogant government is planning to decide how much you can spend abroad! How dare the world's richest country toss billions of dollars into Asian swamps and tell wiser heads how to spend their money!



THE CURSE OF OPIUM.

It may be asked, Why should opium have established its power in the United States within recent years, and not before? The answer is found in the ever-increasing mental and moral strain of modern life. Worn out by the excitement of the day, the lawyer or business man is tempted by a drug that promises to give rest to his brain, and relieve the tension of his nerves; he seeks the means of sleep, in order that he may be able to meet his daily tasks on the morrow. For the same reason, opium is resorted to by all who suffer any ills of humanity, as it is by those who find their chief pleasure in mere dreaming.

The ideal preventive to the opium habit is to keep the body and mind in such a state of health that they do not require sedatives or stimulants. As, however, such a remedy would require the reorganization of our social system, laws preventing, not merely forbidding, opium-smoking are needed.

"Unless something of the kind is done soon," a physician wrote a year ago, in all seriousness, "the residents of our American cities will all be opium slaves."

Opium-smoking is essentially a secret vice. It is carried on in secret, and while under the influence of the drug the *habitué* has little desire to wander abroad. The physical nature seems the last affected; indeed, it has been asserted that the physical effect is beneficial in certain cases, and Chinese laborers engaged in building railways in unhealthy regions have been found to endure hardships and perils better while they had opium to smoke than white laborers who did not use the drug. In the end, however, the vice insures physical collapse, and after a certain period it leaves the victim less able to withstand the attacks of disease than persons in normal condition.

It is the moral nature that suffers from the outset. The drug dulls conscience, ambition, sense of duty; the victim is content if he may only dream. Only one strong sentiment remains—that of despair when deprived of the drug.

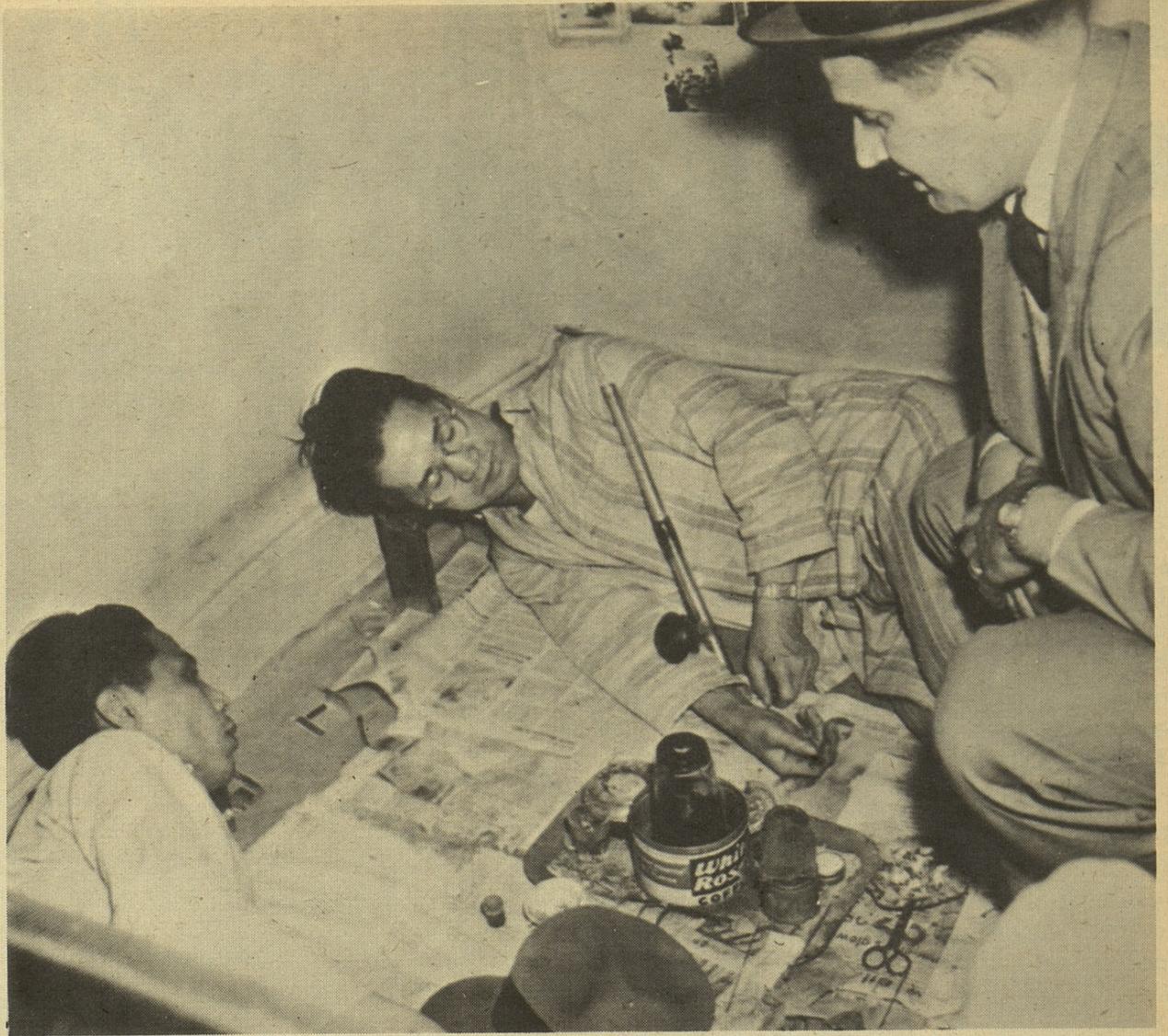
The peculiar odor of the opium is quickly noticed and is apt to betray the votary; but if this is guarded against, the practice can be carried on long without suspicion being awakened.

Under these circumstances, the question can be answered only by conjecture. This much seems certain—that while a few years ago the knowledge of the manipulation of the opium used in smoking was confined to comparatively few persons, it is now possessed by a much larger circle. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the practice of the vice has extended with this knowledge?

So far as the observation of the police in various cities of the United States goes, it seems probable that opium-smoking is one of the inducements which lead some white women to unite their lot with Chinamen. It is not the only inducement, however. White women of the poorer classes are sometimes treated better by Chinese husbands than they would be by white men of their own station in life. The Chinese husband is liberal with money, and is willing to do most of the household work. He allows his white wife much liberty of action. He also teaches her to smoke opium. It is easy to understand why, under these conditions, the practice of the vice should spread. The woman continues to hold relations with her former friends, her sisters perhaps. They visit her, forget what prejudices they may have had against her husband's race, learn the vice, and suffer her fate, or worse. Here may be found the explanation of some of the mysterious disappearances of white girls from their homes, and of the discovery of others with Chinamen.

The Caucasian victims of opium are not men alone, they also include young girls.

Medical prescriptions, patent medicines, and morphine have proved the power of opium to retain its grasp on its victims, notwithstanding drawbacks. As has been stated, the special drawbacks of these three methods of gratifying



a craving for opium are absent when the drug is smoked. There is another reason why opium-smoking should claim more victims than other forms of indulgence in the drug—it is cheaper. There is only one cost that it is absolutely necessary to pay, and that is of the opium itself; there are no expenses of manufacture, or of other ingredients, as in the case of prescriptions and patent medicines. In addition, much of the opium smoked has been smuggled, and the dealers can afford to sell it at a much lower price than that which has paid ten dollars a pound duty at the custom-house.

Massachusetts has tried a registration law to control the sales of opium, and the sales increase steadily year by year. New York has passed a law under which practically all the so-called opium "joints" have been closed, and under which opium-smoking thrives in private. Other States have tried other methods, and still, wherever opium-smoking has been introduced, it has increased, law or no law. There are two causes for this—one, that the Chinese have taught the Caucasians to smoke at home; the other, that the Opium Ring has been permitted to carry on its operations almost without interference so long, and its agents have been able to furnish supplies of the drug with impunity. Opium-smokers are not obliged to buy their supplies at drug-stores. Peddlers and agents of the Opium Ring furnish known customers with what they need.

Here may be found an explanation of the reason why opium-smoking has grown to its present proportions without having attracted much attention. There is secrecy in importing the opium, secrecy in selling it, secrecy in smoking it—secrecy at every stage.

While there are thus many reasons for believing that opium-smoking is a growing evil in the United States, Inspector Byrnes does not believe that the vice is increasing in New York City. On the contrary, he expressed the opinion that there had been a decrease in the number of smokers, and that, outside of Chinamen, the practice was confined chiefly to gamblers, thieves, and fallen women. He did not think that this particular form of the opium habit could claim many victims among the respectable classes in the city, for, wherever a tendency to the habit manifested itself, the friends of the person affected took steps immediately to combat it. Practically, there were no opium joints in the city, he said; occasionally one would be opened, but it could not be maintained long without being discovered by the police, who were prompt in closing such resorts.

The moral of Inspector Byrnes's statements is plain. If the evil can be kept down successfully in New York City, there is no reason why it should increase in any other city.

LISTEN

With the sponsorship of the second issue of the SHINJUKU SUTRA, carrying 12 pages of his material, John Wilcock finishes his first year of publishing OTHER SCENES, a subscription-only newsletter which grew out of his column of the same name. The 800 subscribers to OS have received 20

mailings during 1967: five small issues from Los Angeles in the spring; a 16-page tabloid, prepared as four issues, from New York in May; a 32-page color magazine prepared in collaboration with Oz in London during the summer; a full-size poster filled on one side with stories and pictures from Greece in September; a four-page tabloid from New York in October; the 24-page

Sutra from Tokyo in December. In addition to these 13 newsletters, subscribers received the Los Angeles Free Press, the San Francisco Oracle, LA's Open City, New York's Books and Downtown, California's Nude Living and two copies of OZ from London. (Eight years ago Wilcock offered subscribers to his Surprise Club ten mailings per year; now they get



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20, but all in the realm of avant garde publishing).

Among items scheduled for early 1968 to OS subscribers are: another issue of the Sutra; Japan's comic-strip magazine "Q" with six English-language pages prepared by Wilcock; Japan's Playboy magazine; a tabloid from Hong Kong; a roundup of the early 1968 California scene; and a pre-Biennale issue to be distributed at the international art show in Venice in June.

Since his column was dropped (after 10 years) by the Village Voice in 1966, Wilcock has edited the East Vil-

age Other and the Los Angeles Free Press, doubling the circulation of both within 3 months (to 22,000 and to 48,000 respectively).

Through his growing contact with "underground" and active editors, writers and publishers in many countries, Wilcock plans to launch an international tabloid later this year, printing the same paper in (probably) London, Amsterdam, Los Angeles, New York and (possibly) Hong Kong. It will forecast the future, particularly in politics and the arts.

John Wilcock

OTHER SCENES



"So I'm back in business" says Maurice Girodias "Getting my Dirty Books out again at last -".

He raises the spectre of a smile. Girodias has the wan, suffering look of a baroque saint, and seems elegantly weary as a diplomat who has spent a lifetime arguing at the Geneva Disarmament Conference. He is the greatest pornographer in the world, the single most dedicated provider of sexual delicatessen for the Anglo-Saxon mental meat-market. He is now to be canonised in the first big-budget Dirty Movie.

"Girodias" says Mel Fishman "was the First Man on the Underground". Fishman is a Californian with a satyr beard, and is planning to make the first mass-audience blue film. The script is by Stephen Schneck, a not-so-underground novelist, and is being based - loosely - on Girodias' life. It is being called The Olympia Reader, and it was Girodias' Olympia Press in Paris - when Paris was still The City of Light. Remember? - which brought the waiting world Jean Genet, Henry Miller, Burroughs' Naked Lunch, Nabokov's Lolita, Donleavy's The Ginger Man, Candy, a homosexual number by Jean Cocteau, and a great quantity of delicious, untalented, hard-core porn.

"And now we are republishing. In New York" says Girodias, who is holed up at the Chelsea Hotel (favourite holing-up place for the more Established Avant-Garde, ever since Thomas Wolfe raved there, Brendan Behan had DT's there, and Dylan Thomas went into a coma there. Now Arthur Miller lives there. Which isn't the same thing, really). "First I bring out The Travellers Companion" - and these were the green covers, as internationally recognisable an image as a Coke top - "No, I never liked that green colour myself ... Perhaps they should shoot this film in green? Then in October I bring out the Ophelia Series. This will be cheaper, in every sense of the word. In Paris we had many series that started with the letter 'O'. It is the most significant letter in pornography.

"The first book will be Stradella" - and this, I recall from pubertal reading, is a good meaty stretch of thrashing thighs - "I own the rights on all my books, but always there is trouble with writers. The moment their book does well, they see that they can make more money on the straight market. All except Bill Burroughs. Having been through that junkie thing, he doesn't seem to mind ...

"But Nabokov! He pretends that when he sent me Lolita, he did not know that I was a publisher of what he calls 'obscene novel-ettes'. I had already brought out Sam Beckett's Watt. And, anyway, people attack me for publishing obscenity for obscenity's sake. So what. I admit it? What's wrong with that? What

are these analytical standards? Isn't this the worst form of hypocrisy?" Certainly Girodias is an ambiguous figure. Half hustler, and half freedom-fighter, impelled by a drive to make money - "Why is publishing pornography different from other publishing? They think they can treat me like a convicted criminal. It's a business" - but impelled by an equally urgent drive to extend the frontiers of taste, and, in fact, time and time again losing all his loot through acts of wilful defiance - ("Maurice Girodias" an unusually tedious Parisian poet intoned at me once "Will Always Go Too Far").

Girodias is now forty-eight. While he was operating in Paris, it seemed as if the heady mood of the thirties still hung over that moribund capital. The French Law disapproves of headiness, in any form. They busted him. Girodias started a club, a multi-layer cake of a place, including bars, sitaround places, an avant-garde theatre - it was, in fact, a fun palace, such as Joan Littlewood and John Calder never seem to get around to starting - but the theatre put on a production of De Sade. So that was busted too.

So he moves to Denmark. And the Danish Police, who have never taken it into their Viking minds to bother about the printed word before, bust his printing-press. So he hires a barge and send it across to England, loaded to the gunwales with sex books. Unprecedentedly, the barge sinks. Finally, he comes over to set up in London ("The Permissive Society", if you have been following the press), and he meets some beautiful people, publishers with thick, soft suits, and great affluent smiles, like the cat that got the cream ... They set up to acquire his rights - "And now" says the most fatly affluent, amiably ... "Now we want to drop the Dirty Books Image!".

So now New York, and hoping for the best. Girodias sits in Fishman's suite in the London Hilton, and sips a Pouilly Fuisse moodily - "A recent vintage. But good" - while Mike Wilson, who has been working on Science Fiction with Stanley Kubrick, plays some sitar, Fishman sends down for some hamburgers, and explains about the movie ... which is to be, well, partly biographical, but, interleaved. With fantasies. And frank, all so frank, no nonsense - The public is ready for Real Blue Movies, of a studio excellence, isn't it? Girodias looks a bit puzzled, and makes a telephone call to a lady in Paris. "The film" explains Fishman "Will be screened at selected cinemas, like the Plaza in New York, or even better, the Rivoli ... "And there will be special times, like in the theatre, except there will be effects impossible to duplicate in the theatre. Will it be illegal? "No, of course not ... and kids? Kids shouldn't be up that late anyway". Girodias is still puzzled, but quiescent. Blue Movies aren't really his scene. His scene is Dirty Books. He telephones New York ...

THE PORNBOOKER

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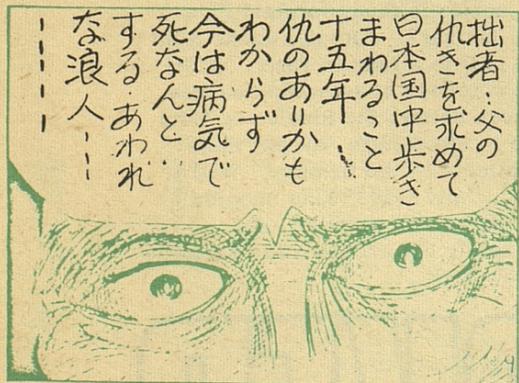
ECSTASY ELEGY

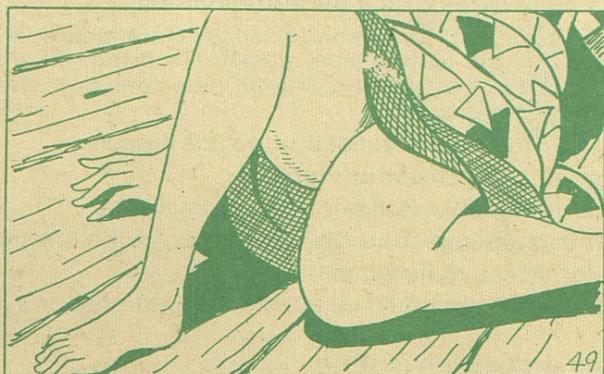
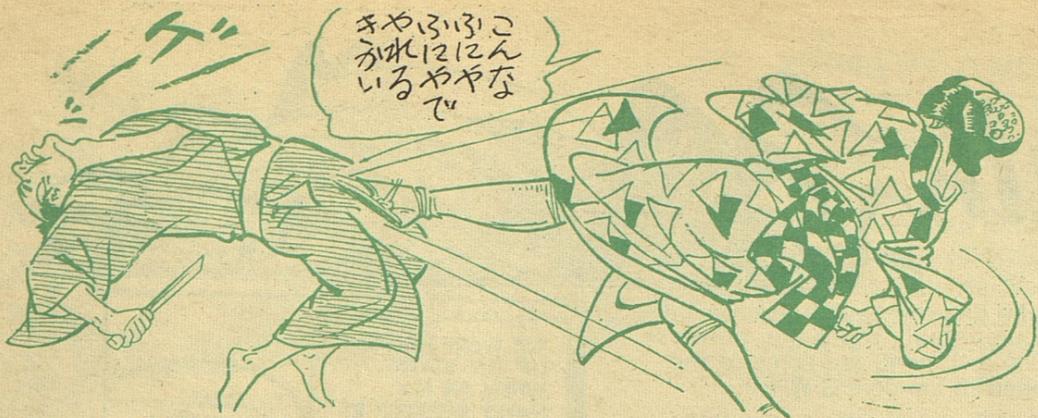
by Masaru Nahoki



増刊 漫画 OK

WHEN a girl tried to hang herself because she doesn't like to marry the man who her parents forced her to marry, a samurai pulled her leg. He explained that he had looked for a man to avenge his father's death all over Japan for 15 years but he couldn't find him and is now going to die of ill. To regret, he has never done with a woman so he'd like to do once before the death. He asked her to have him do. As she refused, he outraged her. After she stopped suicide she changed to be a saucy woman.





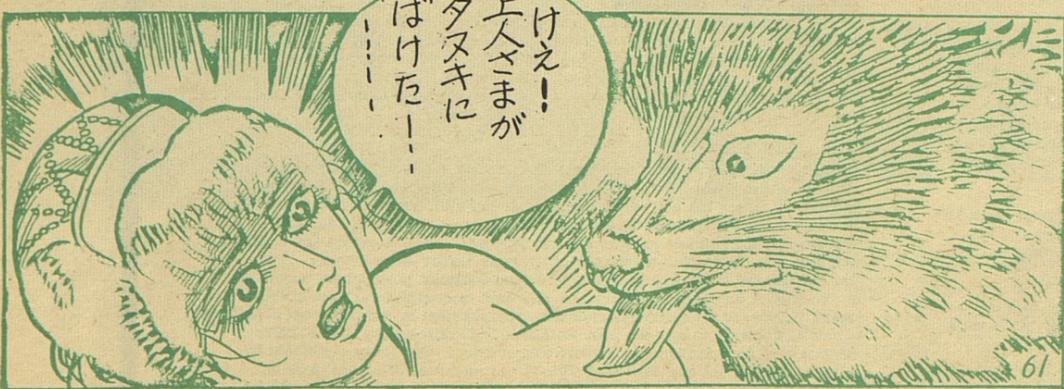
SHE went to meet a holy man, they say, who dislikes women and she seduced him. He refused once, but seeing her half-nude he intercourses with her.

At the ecstasy, for the hard ache she looked him and found a badger instead of a saint. In fact, a saint has died three years ago. She died on the bones of a saint.



Girl: "What a shame! Though he said he disliked a woman he is being absorbed".

"U-u-u!"
 "Hi-hi-hi. How hard! Hi-hi-hi!"
 "Ah! Saint... My berry seems to break..."

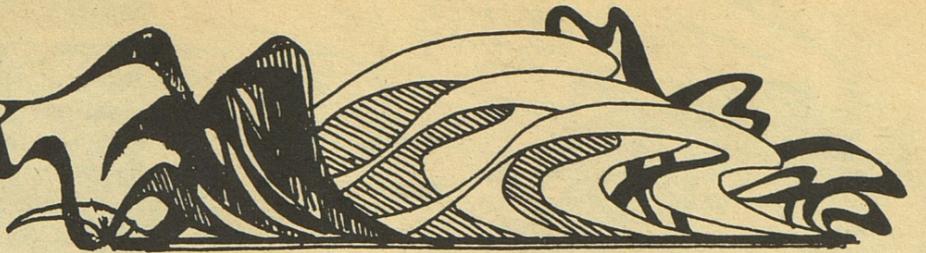


"Oh! Saint has taken the form of a badger!"



Rosetalk

Rosetalk



arc, to

boncum

brall

inrom

death, the

doll

dustbowl

dwellsell

epileap

for cough

fistular

greenland

hotpot

itching

jug

knowledge, have

lippy

long trail

long lie

lubber

mist

notch

notchy

ochre

presentation

roseboys, rosegirls

tramlined

U-tube

way-yay-hay

Hippie language is, in terms of the English-speaking community and even beyond, pretty well universal. There are, however and inevitably, local variants. The following are some of the latest in-terms or endoglosses used in London, S.W.1.

To ascend the psychedelic curve (NB: psychedelic is a false spelling) that culminates in the definitive vision.

Originally bum-come but, by assimilation, transformed into a form that comes off the tongue more easily. To attain an orgasm (both sexes) that does not involve the grosser forms of coition. As noun: such an orgasm.

The quiet note of jubilation sounded in gentle orgasm.

Colour content of a psychedelic vision.

Police or other repressive forces of the community.

Not funny but frightening - like the utterances of the enemy.

A pipe used for smoking marijuana.

A cell where several hippies live but where also supplies may be obtained.

To achieve the destination of a trip.

Clearly enunciated, with the accompanying indication of something harmless - like a beer or cigarette, this can be used as a gentle rebuke to the enquiring fuzz.

Used with some such term as group or force, signifies the police. Evidently a compound of fist and the ular of constabulary, ular also being the Malay word for snake. And the whole word connotes a disease.

The psychedelic visionary world. Also just THE LAND.

A Liverpool importation. Marijuana that is in danger of confiscation.

In need of marijuana.

The head (presumably as a receptacle for the wine of visions).

A Biblical revival, and none the worse for that. To indulge in pre-coital sex. Best used in the expression of a gentle wish: "I'd like to have knowledge of you".

A reefer.

A trip embarked on in solitude.

The sexual act when deliberate techniques of prolongation are used.

The female breast.

Pot when alight.

For beginners, a unit of psychedelic experience.

The night (from the Russian?)

Marijuana

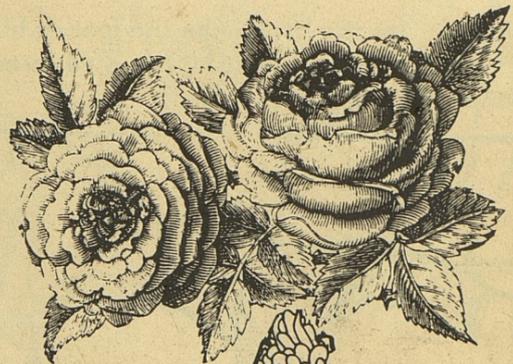
A trip (perhaps an attempt to translate the German hippies' Vorstellung).

British flower-children. Thus, ROSEGARDEN: a place of meeting.

Hooked on hard drugs.

The brain as a thoroughfare for trips. (Perhaps from Underground and its popular synonym tube).

A rosegirl's cry of jubilation (this seems to be derived from Pitman's Shorthand Manual).



What does LONDON need most?

A little anger. Everybody is so goddamned polite about everything all the time. They're told to line up and they line up. They're told to obey orders and they obey orders. It's so unnecessarily docile.

Why shouldn't they be?

Well they shouldn't be all the time. Don't accept rules just because they're there. Who made the rules and why? Do they make sense? Those are the questions that people should ask themselves before meekly obeying everything. Freedom comes by taking it -- always has -- not be patiently waiting until somebody offers it to you. American Negroes are the latest to find that out but it's an age-old lesson.

You're not suggesting that Londoners get out into the streets and start shooting policemen?

No, of course not, because Londoners aren't oppressed to the degree that American Negroes are. But they ought to get out into the streets and protest.

What specifically?

Well, they can protest Wilson's fawning acceptance of Johnson's murderous war in Viet Nam. They could protest some of the damned silly regulations that the British have to endure such as being told that they can't get a house or a telephone until the government sees fit to give them one; or being told how much money they can take out of the country. They could protest some of the social issues concerning discrimination, such as the restriction on coloured West Indians - who are Britons after all...

But there aren't enough jobs for the people here already.

That isn't the point - there aren't enough jobs for anybody anywhere looked at in that light. The restriction on West Indians is a discriminatory one - because they're coloured and most Britons are white supremacists.

How about some more personal issues that people could protest?

Well how about just the freedom to be. To stand on the sidewalk and look at something without being arrested for loitering. To play a guitar in the park without getting a music license, things like that.

If people were willing to fight for simple issues like this - in other words call the officials' bluff and go to court about it - they'd soon achieve a climate where it was easier to have this freedom without being harassed or arrested for

such simple, harmless things. The trouble with the English is that too many of them are busybodies and killjoys who immediately get officious if they see somebody doing something that they wouldn't or daren't do themselves.

Surely such protests would also result in more repressive measures from the authorities like in America?

Possibly, but I doubt it. I think protest and social action always gets results of some kind even if it's only to make more people aware of the possibilities. The vast majority of people in a society would like their lives to be better -- and even for other people's lives to be better -- but it's just never occurred to them they could do anything about changing them. Look how many people are affected by the wiping out of pirate radio, for example, but most people don't see it as a matter of principle at all -- just as the disappearance of a few pop stations.

Why is it a matter of principle?

Why? Because what right has a bunch of politicians to arrogantly say that you must ask their permission before you can communicate with people? What the pirate radio stations should do -- and what the government is afraid of -- is criticize the way the politicians are doing (or not doing) their jobs. If you have a communications system and you use it politically, to get social justice, you have a potent weapon that can never be silenced.

Aren't there more important issues?

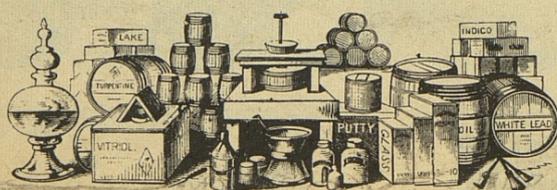
All issues of freedom are important. In my view Vietnam is the main priority in the world today and if only Britain would raise its voice against America's murderous policy the war might come to an end a lot sooner. Too many Britains think Viet Nam is irrelevant. Of course, it's quite a cynical attitude that the British government has adopted -- help America and America will help you, the rights or wrongs of the case hardly enter into it. What Britain refuses to realise is that a so-called Socialist government should be on the side of the humane Americans who want to stop the war, not giving moral support to the military/business establishment in America that considers it more important to murder poor Asians 8,000 miles away than to cater to the needs of poor Americans in their own country. One gutsy statement by Wilson to the effect that Her Majesty's Government felt Vietnam to be an unjust war might change America's posture overnight. And, incidentally, restore Britain's prestige as a nation that believed in principles over profit.



Snare-picture: objects found in chance positions, in order or disorder (on tables, in boxes, drawers etc) are fixed ("snared") as they are. Only the plane is changed: since the result is called a picture, what was horizontal becomes vertical. Example: remains of a meal are fixed to the table at which the meal was consumed, and the table hung on the wall.

Snare-picture squared (snare-picture of a snare-picture): the tools used to fix the objects in a snare-picture are themselves snared along with the objects at a certain "snared" moment.

In the "Grocery Store" at the Galerie Koepcke in Copenhagen in October 1961, groceries were recognized as individual works of art without being incorporated into an assemblage. They were stamped "Caution, Work of Art" and bore my certifying signature. Nothing else about them was changed and the price was the current market price of each article.

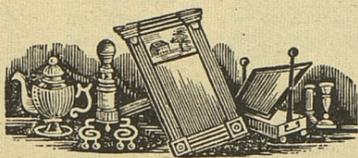


Once the creation of objects through the imagination is accepted (at first the imagination was totally rejected), the false snare-picture enters. It consists of imagining and composing a situation in which the details appear to be a chance situation, so that the result cannot be distinguished optically from a real snare-picture. Example: a baby-pen with scattered objects and toys that a baby might have left in disorder, except that the pen was never used by a baby.

Working with chance situations implies the acceptance of chance as a collaborator after the initial result has been achieved, of transformations due to time, weather, corrosion, dirt, etc. Example: the rats who devoured the organic matter on two of my snare-pictures at Galleria Schwarz in Milan have been accepted as collaborators. Taboos have as their objective the preservation of traditions and forms,

SNAREART

an objective that I reject: at the Galerie Koepcke «Grocery Store», sandwich rolls, in which garbage and junk were mixed during the kneading, were baked and sold as «taboo catalogues.»



When the supporting element of a snare-picture represents something (if it is a realist painting, for instance) a relationship is automatically established between the snared objects and the supporting element. This relationship destroys the false perspective of the representation: a deliberate choice of added objects interprets, profanes and changes the meaning of the supporting element. Example of a *dérompe-l'oeil*: a romantic view of the Alps—a valley with a stream flowing toward the spectator—is augmented by bathtub faucets and a shower.

Chance and creation merge, the difference between the snare-picture and the false snare-picture gradually disappear, when the real snare-picture is multiplied by false ones. In the «art multiplier,» a chance situation is fixed to a mirror, and the same situation is reflected onto another mirror joined to the first by hinges. In addition, the objects are reflected and multiplied in proportion to the angle at which the mirrors are set.

and fix situations in my name. The copied certificate of guarantee was printed for the occasion.

The foregoing principles can be applied to the other arts. A conversation, snared on tape, between four persons, reproduced as was, became the play «Yes, Mamma, We'll Do It,» first performed at the Municipal Theater in Ulm, Germany, in 1962. This true snare-play became a false snare-play when it was acted out on the stage; but it became a true snare-play in the second part of the play when the actors listened to themselves speaking their roles in the first part and commented spontaneously.

During the group manifestation Dylaby (dynamic labyrinth) at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam in September 1962, I transformed two rooms of the museum. In one, converted into a dark labyrinth, the spectators were exposed to sensory experiences (warm and humid surfaces, varied textures, sounds and odors) as they had to develop their senses to appreciate the environment. In the other room, a principle of the snare-picture (changing of plane) was applied to a whole room containing an exhibition of fin de siècle painting and sculpture. The real floor was «hung» with paintings, so that it was transformed into a wall; sculpture «stood» on one of the real walls, transforming a real wall into the floor; and the other walls shifted their position in relation to the new «floor.»

In March 1963, a composite photograph of my room, composed of 55 individual shots, was exhibited as a snare-picture at the Comparaisons exhibition in Paris.

In the Dorotheanum (Non-Profit Suicide Institute), at Dorothea Loehr's gallery in Frankfurt-am-Main in October 1963, different facilities for suicide were offered in eleven rooms. (No one profited by the opportunities offered.)

In March 1964 at the Allen Stone Gallery in New York, I exhibited 31 «Variations on a Meal,» extending the variations-on-a-theme principle of hard-edge art to include the collaboration of chance. Thirty-one identically set tables were transformed through the agency of the invited guests. The results were exhibited.

The «word traps» made together with Robert Filliou were an attempt to visualize proverbs and sayings. Example: «Raining cats and dogs,» in which toy cats and dogs were fixed to the top of an open umbrella.

The exhibition of my hotel room. These principles developed in an unmethodical fashion, and are much less precise categories than they might seem as outlined above.

Daniel Spörri



Everything is a snare-picture, anybody can choose a chance situation and make a picture out of it. To demonstrate this, I accepted an invitation to exhibit at the Danish «Salon de Mai» in 1962 on the condition that Addi Koepcke be allowed to choose

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HONG KONG

Other Scenes

By **John Wilcock**
 Author Of '\$5 And \$10 A Day' Books On
 Japan, Mexico, Greece, And U.S. West Coast

Hong Kong Revisited

HONG KONG. — A couple of months ago the Hong Kong government sealed off an enormous bay, Plover Cove, pumped the seawater out and refilled it with fresh water to give the Colony its biggest new reservoir. Unfortunately, saline deposits remained and the water is definitely salty despite official assurances that the salt will work itself out within two years.

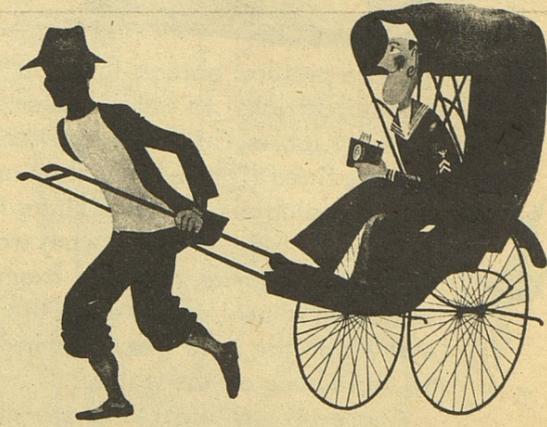
Because various local industries, including the expensive tourist hotels, have a priority on pure water the Communist papers' propaganda is that "fresh water for the rich, salty water for the poor" and, while there's undeniable truth in the accusation, it's ironic considering the Plover Cove was sealed off to try and make HK self-sufficient and not dependent on supplies from China which could be cut off at any time, as they have been in the past.

A local liquor distributor has been giving away one-ounce plastic sachets of pure Scottish water with each bottle of Scotch... There was a brief boom in sales of mineral water until buyers discovered that was "salty," too... "All rooftops, tattoo parlors, Houses of Prostitution, all Red Chinese establishments, all Royal Women's Barracks" are among the list of places officially prohibited to U.S. servicemen on R & R leave in Hong Kong.

"Wherever there is oppression there will always be resistance," proclaims a sign above a tableau of figures in the gloomy China Arts and Crafts store near the Kowloon Ferry dock. The tableau depicts the Rent Collection Court, a famous example of extortion and injustice in the China of old and seems rather moving amid the opulence of Red China's most artistic show-place... Biggest bargains in town are at the Mao-slogan-filled department stores but many residents have boycotted them since "the disturbances" as Hong Kong's riots are now euphemistically called. Communist agitators apparently overestimated their support and were aghast to discover how few local people endorsed their bomb-throwing and assassinations of policemen. One local detective, called upon to arrest agitators who were manufacturing bombs in a department store, tagged the offenders (with typical British understatement) as "very naughty"... A six per cent increase in tourist visits to HK was reported this summer instead of the 20 per cent increase that had been expected. Several thousand "come-and-be-killed" letters had been sent out to travel agents throughout Japan, Australia and the U.S., reported the South China Post-Herald which added that currently 29 "fighting divisions" were being operated in the Colony — all of them under orders to plant bombs and paint slogans.

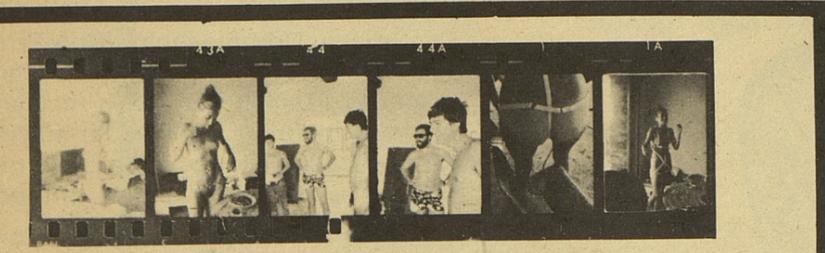
Nine Brazilian piranha fish have caused as much controversy as politics during the past week. The fish, installed in an aquarium in the window of a local watch shop, were fed goldfish every day, a macabre spectacle that drew immense crowds and numerous complaints until the owner replaced the piranha with less predatory specimens... Narcotics bureau inspectors, stripping off the thin veneer from five "refrigerators," found they were moulds of solid opium... Cashing in on the current boom for watches in HK, counterfeiters have been flooding the market with Russian-made watches stamped "Made in Switzerland"... Unlike Japan's marvellously eye-catching neon, HK signs along the harbor aren't allowed to twinkle because a local ordinance says moving lights would confuse aircraft.

今日日



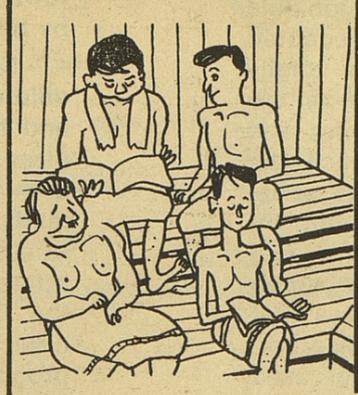
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This issue of OTHER SCENES, the current four pages, was prepared in Hong Kong in December 1967 and is being published in Los Angeles in January 1968. For subscribers it is the second issue of 1968 (the third being the pages wrapped around it). For new readers it may be their first look at this 20-times-a-year newsletter which comes in this and other shapes and sizes from wherever its publisher, John Wilcock, happens to be. Subscriptions cost \$5.50 for the rest of this year, dropping by 50¢ each subsequent month -- a simple device that relieves its peripatetic editor of the need to send out back issues. Foreign subscriptions cost \$7, payable in any currency to Mrs E C Wilcock, 12 Glazbury Road, London W, 14, Because of the editor's constant traveling, subscribers are requested to be patient; they will be attended to in due course. All domestic (U.S.) subscriptions and mail should be sent to Box 8, Village P.O., New York 10014, with checks made out to John Wilcock rather than Other Scenes. Thank you kindly.

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ORIGINAL
FAN TAN
 ROYAL FLAVOR GUM



SOUTH CHINA SUNDAY POST - HERALD, DEC 17, 1967.

Eight bombs were found on the Island on Sunday.

In two separate early morning incidents—in Shamshuipo and Shaukiwan—police fired one shot at persons acting suspiciously and attempting to elude arrest. In both cases an object was thrown at the police party. No one was hurt, and one of a group of about 10 was arrested in Shaukiwan Road for planting a suspicious object in the street.

In classroom

Twelve suspicious objects were reported on Monday. One of them was found to be a bomb—it was found in a classroom of Bernard College in Yau Yat Chuen. In North Point, several men were seen throwing handbills made to look like \$100 banknotes bearing inflammatory slogans. One man was arrested.

On Tuesday, 11 suspicious objects were reported. One bomb was found in a street in Hung-hom.

No bombs were found on Wednesday, and only nine suspicious objects were reported.

Four bombs were found in Hunghom on Thursday (three were found on a roof) and other suspicious objects were reported.

No bombs or suspicious objects were reported on Friday.

。歡甚笑談星女本日數與邊一吃邊一，中會餐在大逸邵
 Run Run Shaw enjoys conversation with Japanese actresses.



Suzie is just...

But no-one believes it

SUZIE WONG, Cantonese film actress, says two things about her most people DON'T believe are true - her name and her age.

"I am called Suzie Wong, and I'm 16. But people think I'm joking over the first, and being untruthful about the second. Yet both are true." Suzie, who is Chinese and Spanish, is one of the dazzlers at Shaws' Studios.

The trouble is she looks 20, and there's always a twinkle in her eye whenever anyone questions: "But are you REALLY called Suzie Wong?"

She's 5ft 3in tall and her vital statistics are 36-24-3-6.

Not long in films - five months to be exact - she works every day.

Before going all out to capture a celluloid

audience, she sang and danced in night clubs for a living.

"It was a strain, though acting isn't much better," she said.

She finds film-making "good fun," but being always in the public eye is really what attracts her.

She's no sportswoman. No swimming for her - dancing is enough to keep her fit and slim.

Born in Spain, she still has a sister there. Her languages include Mandarin, Shanghai, Cantonese, Spanish and English.

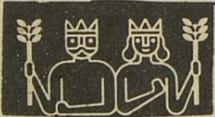
She is now making *The Heavenly World*, which is expected to be released before the Chinese New Year.

The Star

MOST flamboyant of HK's four English papers is The Star which came from nowhere to the top circulation (25,000) in two years. Printed photo-offset, still rare among dailies, it aims directly at the fast-growing younger segment of the population. Through a recent exchange deal you'll be seeing more from the Star in future issues of OTHER SCENES.

The Star

LETTERBOX



Pure water wanted

"K.C.," of Maidstone road, Kowloon, writes:

I FULLY support "J.E.," who wrote to Letterbox on December 6 about the present water supply. I also would prefer an eight-hour ration of pure water instead of a 24-hour supply of salty water.

She's a young hussy

"OBSERVER," of North Point, writes:

I WOULD like to express my opinion of Hongkong's so-called modern young girls. Some of these young girls ask to be raped, the way they dress and behave. These cases could be minimised if the parents of these girls made them dress respectably, and to suit their age. For instance, I have seen a 12-year-old girl with all the make-up on her face that a manufacturer could possibly create, and wearing the tiniest mini-skirt you could imagine, as though it was made out of two handkerchiefs. The girl had large earrings dangling down to her shoulders which even a cannibal would not think of wearing, a handbag as big as a suitcase, nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes and to top it off a pair of falsies that would have looked grotesque even on a fully-matured woman, let alone a spoilt and conceited brat such as this. The only reason a girl does all these things is to attract men, and the most disgusting thing about this is that the child's parents seem to be proud of their daughter and her appearance, and encourage her with such praise as "She's just growing up" and "What's the difference - it's the fashion these days."

Rubber mahjong tiles?

LESTER CHOW, of Homantin, writes:

I SUGGEST the authorities give an award to the first firm to produce silent mahjong tiles. If only they were made of rubber or plastic, think of the extra millions of hours' sleep the neighbours of midnight mahjong players would get. I'm sure these people don't play the game for pleasure, but for the satisfaction they get from crashing down the tiles on the table.

Traffic makes too much noise

"DISTRESSED" of Hongkong writes:

WHEN ARE the authorities going to do something about the problem of noise in Hongkong? I'm a middle-aged person with few outside interests and I spend a lot of time in my flat. Perhaps I'm a little selfish but I feel I'm entitled to some peace after many years of work. But can I get it? Certainly not! First there are traffic noises. This is an all-day and almost all-night worry. Loud exhausts, squealing tyres and shouting drivers, buses grinding away with full loads and clattering trams. I can forgive noisy public transport - that's essential for our people - what really angers me are the antics of those smart types in their minis with bellowing exhausts and the boy racers with their expensive Continental sports cars. Have they got to tear around as though it's the last lap of the Macau Grand Prix and they're leading by a car length? The place for showing how fast you can drive is the race circuit, not the public roads.



SUZIE models a low-cut dress.

... 16 years old!



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Teahouses complain -

SALTY WATER 'HITS SALES'

PEOPLE are still talking business over a cup of tea - but they are not drinking as much as they did before our water became saltier, according to Mr Yip Yu of the Luk Ming Restaurant of 340 King's road.

"Many people claim stomach aches and blame it on the salty water, whether that caused it or not," Mr Yip said today.

But a tea dealer said there has been no drop in tea sales. It was too early to conclude one way or the other.

A Government spokesman repeated today that salty water would have no harmful effect on tea drinkers, and pointed out that a small amount of salty water from Plover Cove has to be mixed with our water to preserve a normal

supply through the winter months.

Fresh water could not be used up now because China might cut off the supply at any moment.

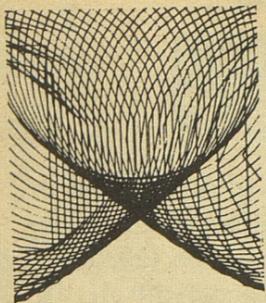
Mr Yip was one of seven teahouse managers who told a STAR survey reporter that business had been affected by the increased salt content of Hongkong water.

At the Chuen Heung Teahouse, 413 Hennessy road, Mr Ah Kwun said: "Most of our customers are regulars, and they have the 'yum cha' habit - but before where they would have 10 pots of tea, now they have only six."

是嗎? 喂! 雅麗! 你有什麼辦法要 不生就不生呢?



你真是 孤陋寡聞, 現在世界不同啦! 你看報紙沒有? 那些火箭、噴射機、電視……以前認為是神話的, 現在都實現了。



DEAR Diana

● DROP a line to P.O.Box 15307
Mark your envelope: DEAR DIANA

Too embarrassed when he called

I AM 16 and I've written to a neighbour. She replied and asked me to call her. I did but I was very much embarrassed as she did not seem very pleased. I love her very much. How can I date her and get acquainted?

MISERABLE BOY.

IF this girl asked you to call her she must have been interested once. But she may have met someone else by now and doesn't want to know you. You should write once more and ask her if you have upset her, and ask for a date. If she refuses there is nothing more you can do.

Wants to lose weight

I'M 5ft 2in and 114lb. I know I am too fat and hope to reduce. I only eat a little at lunch and more at dinner. If I eat lots of bread without meat do you think it will cause fatness? I would like to reduce my calves. What is a good exercise for this? If I lie down and do the bicycle exercise, will it widen my hips? I also want to get rid of the fat around my hips and thighs. How can I spend my Christmas holiday?

GEORGIA CHONG.

AS you did not tell me your age I don't know whether you are still likely to grow and loose that "puppy fat." Maybe you eat so much "more" at dinner that the little you eat for lunch is out-balanced. Lots of bread alone will not only make you fat but very unhealthy as it has no vitamins. Always include meat in one meal. Cut off the fat first before eating. The bicycle exercise is very good for both calves and hips. But your diet is more important than occasional exercises. Join a club that goes hiking and climbing around the New Territories or on some of the Islands around Hongkong. This will give you a chance to meet others and to reduce your weight.

Goes out with 'the boys'

I AM 18. In the summer holidays I met a tall boy. We soon fell in love. He told me he loved me and asked me not to go out with other boys. I promised him. But he always goes out with his friends and leaves me at home. Sometimes he doesn't phone me for three weeks. When I asked him not to go out so often because he has to go to the office early in the morning, he explained that he only goes out with boys. His words angered me very much though he says he still loves me. I don't want him to throw away all his friends. What can I do?

TEARS, North Point.

YOU are old enough to know the extent of your feelings for this boy. If you do love him you shouldn't want to date others, but you must have some social life. Men always want to have nights out with "the boys" but your boy should restrict this to one night a week. He can't love you very much if he doesn't even phone you for weeks. You must have a serious talk and try to arrange that he sees you as often as he sees his other friends. On the nights when he is away go to a movie with a girl friend. Don't sit at home.

Unfriendly cousin

MY COUSIN has also been my particular chum in school until lately. We haven't exactly quarrelled but we don't talk to each other. I have made several attempts to be friendly with her but she turns down my offer by saying things that go like a thorn through my heart. I get full of tears. I have determined never to talk to her again. But I value this friendship which lasted eight years. I still hope to be friends with her. We have opposite habits. We have only one point in common, playing basketball. Is it possible for our friendship to continue? She is not a bad girl. We are both 15?

DEBORAH.

THERE must have been a reason for this sudden change in your former friend. But, as you have done everything to make up, you should ignore her and talk to other girls. This will probably make her jealous and she may be your friend again. When you grow up you will realise that friendships change over the years.

● JOHNSON LEE, 7 Ashley road, 4/F, Room 6, Kowloon, 15, is very lonely after school and wants letters from polite girls.

● QUINZA CHEUNG, North Point Mansion, B Flat, 5/F, King's road, Hongkong, is very lonely after school and wants to meet boys about 5ft 3in.

THE STAR, Hongkong.



官少英(女)十五歲
願與寶珠芳芳迷為友。
Susan Koon,
1067, East 80th St.,
Brooklyn 11236
U. S. A.

THIS IS HONGKONG



Illegal, but they're popular

THE nine-seater buses or "pakpais," as they are known to the Chinese, grew out of the shortage of transport because of the disturbances. For a time, the mini-buses served the purpose, then about a month ago, they were banned on Hongkong roads. Suddenly, they appeared again, and today, the "pakpais" are the most popular form of transport. This picture by David Chan shows the big queues that are often seen in the city awaiting for the 50-cent pakpai ride to office or home.



Teddy Robin & The Playboys

AH TOO, HE SAYS!

HE SAY: "Difference between man's wife and steno he is that latter she not have to account for money which she get."

HE SAY: "Strip-teaser she is night-club performer who have some acts to grind."

HE SAY: "Pen he is tongue of the mind; hand he is eye of the blind; and foot he is revolver of the brain."

HE SAY: "When two women she suddenly become very friendly with each other, it's sure sign that some other woman she have just lost two friends."



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K7870

UNDERGROUND TELEVISION

The next art form scheduled for liberation is television. Long a slave of film, this workhorse medium is beginning to find its wings.

"As collage replaced oil paint, the cathode tube will replace the canvas." These are the words of Nam June Paik, a Korean artist living in New York who has become the prophet of The New Television.

Paik uses direct electronic manipulation to produce distorted television images, some surrealistic and some abstract. He may adjust the interior mechanism of the set so that it shows a garbled but pleasing picture. Or he may use a powerful electro-magnet to interfere with the cathode ray beam of the television tube, making "crazed" electrons line up in op-art-like force-field patterns across the picture tube.

Potentially, the main instrument of The New Television is the videotape recorder. This is an instrument with which the artist can work and rework his material, instantly replaying what he has done, collecting images from various visual sources (commercial television, film, magazines) or producing his own live. Unlike film it allows him to be free from censorship. He can put anything he wants on tape. There's no Kodak Labs to return blank film if they disapprove. Making a videotape can be as private as writing a poem or painting a picture.

Television is like film, but it is not film. Film is

light moderated by shadow, and the texture is of thousands of tiny grains. Television is florescent light, and the texture is of hundreds of horizontal lines. The quality of the image is different. The quality of the television image is of immediacy, and never of immediacy, and never of spectacle (film); of flow, and never of stability (film). With its electric presence, it is the medium of our time.

Few artists are using television at present. It is more expensive to work with than film right now. Presumably it can be dangerous without some electronic knowledge. But many artists are making plans for using television, and the cost of videotape recorders is coming down in a hurry. An equipment salesman here on the West Coast told me there may be a \$100 recorder by 1975.

Meanwhile a sort of highclub in New York has already started using videotape for "underground television." People pay \$1.75 to see a private hour videotape. Some of this is described as looking like a "psychedelic 'Today Show' "

Sheldon Renan

author of
"An Introduction to the American Underground Film"
(Dutton Paperback, \$1.95)