

# Other Scenes

John Wilcock

1968

What a pathetic creature Horseshit Humphreak is; how could anybody with any intelligence take him seriously? Other Scenes wrote (in March 1966): "If vice-stooge HH had the guts to express his own opinions he could be the next president, which—with the polarization over Vietnam—will certainly never be his fate as a yesman." The fact is undeniable that anybody who's prepared to rationalize evil for any reason whatsoever is already irrevocably part of it. As of now HH Horseshit looks like a sure loser (his only helper being Asshole Agnew) which, from any revolutionary's viewpoint, holds hope for the future. President pip-squeak humphreak could keep the wallsitters (including those deserted dreamers who worked for McCarthy) in line for a couple of years before all hell breaks loose; president vixen nixon might last a year; but with george shit-ass in power we might be lucky enough to cause the literal overthrow of the u.s. government within six months. Think on these things. Guerrillas should eschew ideologies (tho not ideals) and concentrate upon tactics.

Ronald Reagan wears full stage makeup in public. A full time rake...

Offered the ridiculously low figure of \$1.10 per acre for 58,000 acres of their ancestral lands in Washington State, the Stillaguamish Indians responded with a proposal to buy some of LBJ's land in Texas for \$1.10 per acre. The White House replied that the arch-crook... pardon... archduke of Texas liked his land and didn't want to sell any...

Bob Watts has devised a photographic sticker that exactly fits over the face of a parking meter and never expires...

Fantastic losses by the Post Office (that junk mail that stuffs your box pays only half what it costs to handle it) now total not one million, but TWO THOUSAND million dollars per year. So pressure is building up to turn the whole operation over to private enterprise, which, sad to say, is usually more efficient. (If you don't believe this, compare the operation of the Bell Telephone Company with that of its totally inefficient, State-run British counterpart). A profit-making corporation delivering your letters? Could be an improvement as long as it was competitive and not another monopoly.

What's loosely known as the underground needs it's own TV station—or at least a block of hours on some existing station. As things stand at present, the establishment is able to isolate segments or people and present them as the "underground" which is equivalent to quoting people out of context. The shows—and they would have to be several hours at a time—should be loosely organised, open-ended, LIVE and non-censorable (after all, nobody is forced to watch). With somebody that the underground, collectively, trusts as anchor man. Paul Krassner would be ideal...

*Horseshit* magazine has been running into problems with its advertising because hardly anybody takes them seriously. "I guess they can't believe anybody would name a magazine *Horseshit*," writes Tom Dunker...

Psychedelic newspapers seem to have disappeared but there's still one of that loving, back-to-nature variety—in London: *Gandalf's Garden*, a member of EUPS (50 cents from 10a Airlie Gardens, London W.8...

And the gutsy, little *El Maleriado* (25 cents from P.O. Box 130, Delano, Calif. 93215) still battles crooked sheriffs, pigs, greedy growers and racists in the parched grape-growing valleys around Delano...

Les Levine's closed-circuit TV cabinet named Iris—installed last week in a suburban Philadelphia home—is a self-contained home-movie that absorbs the scene before it and then proceeds to display it in slightly varying form on six TV panels covered with different colored plexiglass...

Pointing out that “small presses often find it difficult or impossible to collect money owed them by bookstores,” Nevada’s “Camels Coming” (Box 8161, University P.O., Reno, 89507) prints a list of “good guys and bad guys.” Among the former: NY’s Eighth St. Bookshop which has a longtime reputation for helping little mags. Among the latter; NY’s East Side Bookstore.

# fifth Estate

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