

Other Scenes

John Wilcock

1969

NEW YORK—CBS president Frank Stanton (who fired the Smothers Bros.) passed down the word to Columbia Records to stop advertising in the dirty, little underground papers.

At about the same time, Columbia mailed out a general press release boasting about the success of its phony “Revolutionaries” hype. Enormous sums of publicity money were spent not only on advertising but on “display racks, window streamers and posters.”

Individual distributors hoked-up various promotions such as the one in Milwaukee at which a busload of clean-cut high school kids were brought in from the suburbs to picket record stores, bearing such signs as “Make Out With Mozart” and “Columbia Records Has Soul.”

Such sleazy schemes have helped Columbia to win the All-Time Hype Championship despite considerable competition; it stands convicted by its own words of commercializing and debasing what was once a noble concept.

For shame too, on those underground papers which feel it necessary to emulate the straight press by selling their editorial columns to such advertisers.

Editors’ Note: Apparently what Brother Wilcock says is true. We just received word from our national ad representative that Columbia Records has unilaterally broken a year contract with this paper. This is after they had gotten a substantially reduced rate on the basis of an anticipated year’s worth of advertising.

It was always clear to us that Columbia’s “revolution” was a hype, but it was a hype that we think most of our readers were hip to.

MEDIA MIX: Pristine, the cunt deodorant, has even offended some of the advertising profession. Ad Age carries a letter from San Diego nominating it as “Advertising We Can Do Without”...

Judging by current TV commercials, America’s major preoccupations are with removing body odors and flying somewhere; anywhere...

Howard Hughes may start a fourth TV network, reports Backstage...

Frozen eggs in a carton all ready to pour into the skillet are being test-marketed in Pennsylvania.. In Miami, six-packs are being sold in foil wrapping to keep the drinks cold...

Mad Ave’s Smith-Greenland agency getting uptight about reactions to its highly-publicized “touching” creative sessions wherein a four-member team (two girls, two guys) produce more “personal” copy by hand-holding and other intimate contact. Seems that some people got the idea they’re all fucking each other (on the sponsor’s time)...

FUCKEMALL: Soon as New York mayoral candidate Norman Mailer and Jimmy-the-cop Breslin give a press conference somebody should check out their stand on marijuana. They’ll probably lose two-thirds of their fans right away.

“In rejecting the findings of the Warren Commission it is not necessary to accept those of the Garrison probe. If more Americans realized this a Congressional investigation of the assassination would become a possibility” (Kerry Thornley) Hard Times says the Pentagon plans to handle civil disorders by feeding data about demonstrators and their tactics into a computer which theoretically will predict their future plans...

One can't help feeling sorry (can one?) for poor Ted Kennedy, heir to the Legend and self-destined to rule us all one day. Dogged by the press everywhere, never uncharted in his political chores. Well, of course, he could get out of politics and into some other job; it would be hard for us to bear it but we'd try...

A Dutch firm has invented a toilet seat that can be raised by a foot pedal, a boon for those who are too stoned to do it by hand.

POSTHASTE: Once the darling of the liberals, NY *Post* columnist Murray Kemp-ton—who's been getting increasingly devoted to style over content—has announced he'll quit the paper in the fall. But there are rumors he was "allowed to resign" when the wishy-washy *Post* discovered he was about to be convicted of disorderly conduct in the aftermath of Chicago. Reporting his conviction last week the *Post* carefully pointed out that at the time of the offense, "Kempton was on leave from the *Post* to attend the convention as a delegate."

LOSERS: The guy who blew the whistle on the mail order ministers, Richard Carroll, 26, is a reporter for the San Jose (Calif.) *News* who disapproves of "phony" religious degrees partly because of his personal ambition to become a chaplain (Kill, kill, kill, for Jesus)...

Painter Leon Golub invited artists to bring antiwar collages to his studio for a "Mail-in" to the Pentagon. German TV turned up to film the display so Golub took down a nude picture of man bearing the word PEACE (submitted by Gregory Battcock) because it offended them.

Chicago moviemaker Ray Craig, 28, has transformed an old school bus into a mobile movie theatre, will head anywhere to show underground and experimental movies...

Dozens of big screens and projectors tucked away amongst the trees will be the setting for the Walk-In Film Festival, Central Park Mall, May 23 to 25. Take your films and show 'em, says Claudio Badal (929-1290) who's determined to keep it informal...

HELP is a monthly mag (2 Arundel St. London W.C. 2) devoted to people with a social conscience. Its orientation is impossible to describe but it's interesting, attractively produced and unique...

The American Exile in Canada (25 cents from P.O. Box 759, Station F, Toronto) is a monthly whose title is self-explanatory...

In a milieu where everybody seems to swap or give away their publications—communication, communication—NYC's *War/Peace Report* told UPS they were sorry but they couldn't afford to give a free subscription. Which is why all those grant-aided liberals always seem to be talking only to each other...

John Wilcock is planning NYC's first daily news magazine and needs more backers.



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