

media massages

Nudie

Nudie, the Los Angeles pop/cow-poke *couturier*, is now sporting a natural. RAGS will pay \$10 for the best candid photo of Nudie's natural. We aim to publish it.

Whole Earth

The new *Whole Earth Catalog* is among us now, fat and juicy, the most spectacular example in recent times of a good idea whose time just came. It is full of the most amazing shit—more than you would perhaps want to know about how to build a dome, or where to get chain saw parts, or the most effective methods of goat husbandry—plus the most awesome and wonderfilled list of publications you might want to subscribe to—*Order of The Universe Magazine, Perpetual Motion Journal, Compost Science, San Quentin News.*

The best parts of the catalog, still, are the introductions, written by Stuart Brand and his merry band of friends, and the selected quotes from the publications described. As an example of the first, here's the complete introduction to *Chuang Tzu: Basic Writings*:

a
great
long
string
of
solid
crystal
fortune cookies

Then we have this quote from a book called *Solar Journal: Oecological Sections*:

"During the milk strike the Indiana farmers dump tons of fresh white milk into the earth, surprised and sucking it up, as an ancient ocean, as the sun itself. One farmer in Indiana fills a swimming pool with milk; his two daughters, bikini'd, swim in it, splash for TV cameras. There is no secret family here to maintain the farm. The girls will turn sour in unexplored chemical secrets even as the milk clabbers. They know nothing of survival,

but they are pumping the market, as the automobile market is pumped by girls with very red lips sucking on men's scrotums while they ride in high-priced cars. They are pumping the market but destroying food. The rain cells are replaced with money cells while only the amazed cat licks this holy water from the earth."

We all owe a great deal to the *Whole Earth Catalog*—for its vision of the infinite variety and complexity of man, for its loving, reasoned optimism in a nation of nihilists, perhaps most of all for the exalted, *perfectable* way it makes us all feel—and now is


just as good a time as any to say "thank you." There are times, especially when a new edition comes out, when it feels like the *Whole Earth Catalog* is singlehandedly fighting the battle for sanity and joy in a gloom-crazed world—and winning.

—Jon Carroll

Laurel

Did you ever wonder, while walking through a misty, moisty woods, what would happen if you never came back? Well, if you'd tucked a copy of Alicia Bay Laurel's *Living on*

into a clean jar put
cut-up garlic and dill
weed. then some
slightly under-ripe
(hard) vegetables:
Pickling cucumbers
green tomatoes
lemon cucumbers
onion slices
hot peppers
pimiento
cauliflowerlets
carrots
olives
boil together water, salt
and apple cider vinegar.
The proportions can vary
according to taste.
pour liquid into jar
over vegetables & spices.
when it is cold it is
ready to eat, but sitting
a week first improves
it.



when preparing for future use,
boil jars before using and after
sealing them.

"Joanie's pickles" from *Living On the Earth*

the Earth in your knapsack you'd most likely make out just fine. This addition to the "how to" survive without a lot of money books spawned by the *Whole Earth Catalog* speaks to the country commune, but the city dweller who wants to slow down and unhook from the rip off markets will find it equally useful.

Living on the Earth began as an "inner commune trip" at Wheeler's Ranch in Sonoma County, Calif., where Alicia lived on and off for two years. It grew to a two hundred page manual, hand written and beautifully illustrated by the author. "I drew a picture of Joanie's pickles and wrote the recipe down next to it. I showed what I was doing to my friends and they gave me more ideas and information. Soon I couldn't draw fast enough so I just took notes." Alicia's trip and the trip at Wheeler's is to turn us on to "the serenity of living with the rhythms of the earth." It is written "for people who would rather chop wood than work behind a desk so they can pay P.G.&E."

The book begins with camping, but soon moves on to more adventurous topics like building your own home. Alicia likes organic structures: a raised platform (a big tree stump will do if you live in the redwoods) is supported by young saplings lashed together at the top, reinforced with diagonal branches and covered with clear plastic and waterproof tarps. There are instructions for building a stove out of 55 gallon oil drums, setting up a kitchen, building furniture, doing laundry and making soap. For those who already have a house there's something on the creative control of troublesome neighbors (rats, cockroaches, flies and fleas); how to make your own clothes and recycle straight clothes; making your own musical instruments; gardening; recipes for jams and jellies, pickles, flavored vinegars, sun dried fruits and vegetables, apple mead, wine made of flowers. And this is only a random sample, folks. Foods for rustic gourmets like tofu (soy bean curd) which is another culture's cottage cheese; a Nature's own cure-all section. (For colds Alicia says "Hot stinging nettle tea or fenugreek tea will clear out mucus. Yerba Buena tea fights infections; tarragon & cardamon tea will reduce a fever. Raw garlic, either held in the cheeks or well chewed with an apple has a strongly germicidal effect.") There is a section on childbirth at home, to date there have been two at Wheeler's.

And on and on to the very complete index at the back.

Alicia put together *Living on the Earth* from many sources, including Peace Corps pamphlets designed for Americans living in primitive areas, like where there aren't any bathrooms. Other contributions were made by "funky Charlotte" and Nancy, modern day pioneer women; Alicia's mother, an LA sculptor; and Mother Nature, that "big broad" who teaches us everything if we have the time to learn.
—Alexa Davis

High Stories

High Stories is a book/magazine for people who get high. "It's drugs literature," explains the author, Richard Schmorleitz. "It can work outside of drugs, too—for children, for example. It has no pretense of being anything but what it is. It won't bring you down when you're looking for something to read when you're high." It's illustrated by his wife, Carolyn. Richard peddles *High Stories* wherever he can—on the Boston Common and at the Powder Ridge Rock Festival, for example. (For a copy, send \$1 to Paperback Booksmith, 71 Amory St, Roxbury, Mass.)

Richard also earns a living as a pornographer. "I believe there's a New Pornography, porno without guilt." His book, *The Three Faces of Rape*, reflects this philosophy. Written under the pseudonym Robert Evelyn, the book concerns the sexual escapades of three experimental psychiatrists in Victorian Vienna. The shrinks use the orgy as a therapeutic tool to cure a beautiful, young patient.
—Peter Beren

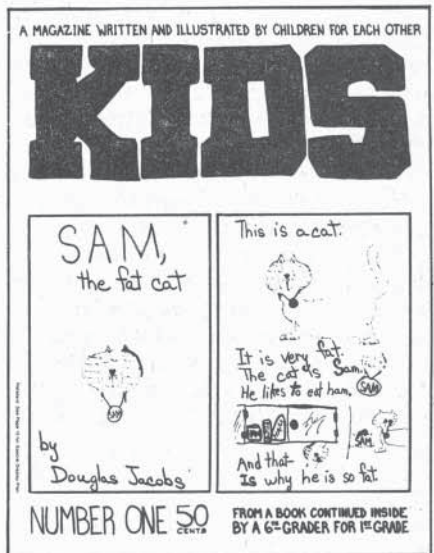
Pot Art

Apocrypha Press, Box 12519, Tucson, Arizona 85711, has set out to become book-of-the-month-club for heads. Their first title is *Pot Art and Marijuana Reading Matter* by Stone Mountain, 148 pages, \$2.98. It contains clippings from the popular and scientific press from 1926 to the present, reports on Scythian hemp purification ceremonies, black market research, Cannabis Culture Heroes and the greatest fable of our time as told by Harry J. Anslinger. The book also has a psychedelic supermarket and shoppers guide to pot paraphernalia, gourmet recipes, the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers comics and detachable

posters. *Pot Art* received a rave review from Allen Ginsberg, who has given Apocrypha Press his official blessing for success. If *Pot Art* isn't available at your bookstore, you can order it directly from Apocrypha Press, 40% discount on six or more copies.
—Daphne Davis

Kids

Kids is a new magazine written and illustrated by kids for each other. Coming out of Cambridge, the first issue features drawings, doodles poems and stories by kids. Editor Marc Alonso, age ten, commented, "*Kids* is something new. It shows both the good and bad that kids do. It's of kids, for kids and by kids. No one over fifteen can get into it. Fifteen is the limit. Kids under fifteen are



more honest than kids over fifteen." *Kids* may very well be the vanguard of the subpubic liberation movement which fights against adult chauvinism.

Sensuous

Lyle Stuart, overjoyed with the storm of prurience its sexy non-book *The Sensuous Woman* has created (it's sold 605,000 copies at \$6 per), has included on its spring list a sequel called, with relentless logic, *The Sensuous Man*. There is however, a problem. Lyle Stuart, known for never accepting writers with agents, has yet to find a writer for the book. If any RAGS reader needs bread so badly that he won't mind getting a lot less than he should, be our guest. You read it here first.