

# EGO ZINE

VOL. 1, ISSUE 1

In This Issue:

MIRROR MANNERS

THE ALTAR EGO -

PERSONALITY PLUS?

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE!!

HOLLYWOOD: WHERE BONBONS PLAYED

CULTURE & BEYOND

3 FACES OF R. J. LAMBERT





## D E D I C A T I O N

PHYLLIS HARVEY  
MARGARET HAWKINS  
DIANE LINDENAU  
BARBARA O'MARY  
PATRICIA PATTOW  
PATTI SADOWSKI  
NANCY SCHMIDT  
TWEET SHERIFF  
KATHY WALKER  
WENDY WIESENFLUH  
LYNN WINSLOW

# E G O Z I N E

FOR THOSE TO WHOM LIVING IS ART

ROBERT J. LAMBERT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS, VOL.1 ISSUE 1: THE CULTURAL CAMELION, LES PETITES BON-BONS, ART HOAX, THE JAMES C. DUNCAN MEMORIAL SOCIETY, BOBBY SHAFTOW FAN CLUB, CHILDREN FOR E/ART/H. COVER PHOTOGRAPHY: GREG JERESEK

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EGOZINE 1 EDITORIAL OFFICES AT 7465 PALO VISTA DR., HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90046 © R. J. LAMBERT



# EGOZINE



# THE EGOTISTS

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"Since EGOZINE does not exist, it would be well for you to face up to that fact. I have the irreconcilable paradox of a great mystery tied up in a big bag of unreality in my studio. Too bad for you."

-Walter Askin  
Long Beach, Cal.

"Dinasaur Shit."

-A M Fine  
New York, NY

"Oh yes! I need more information on how to clarify my Current Cultural Vision and other muddled life activities. Tell me more."

-Davi Det Hompson  
Richmond, Va.

"Anxious to see/hear your top 100 All Time R&B Hits and tell me more about EGOZINE. Fanzini moving right along. P.S. Would love to be featured in an upcoming issue- huh-?"

-John Dowd  
Brooklyn, NY

"Am looking forward to EGOZINE- please send sub. rates. Can't wait for special Tom Hosier issue!"

-Tom Hosier  
Plymouth, Ct.

"Please send information. Thank you."

-Ken Friedman  
San Diego, Cal.

"Listen I'm too \_\_\_ at the moment to subscribe to anything but... maybe we could work a track..."

-Monte Cazazza  
San Francisco, Cal.

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LEFT: Unsolicited contribution by Futzie Nutzle, Santa Cruz, Calif.



## TO OUR READERS:

Yesterday's BonBon's and the J.C. Duncan Memorial Society are proud to present Vol. 1 Issue 1 of EGOZINE magazine, a publication by and for those to whom living is Art. While the difficulties of displaying or transporting artist's creations of the "Big Art" school is well documented, the plight of the Life Artist has long been much worse - while in this Search For Tomorrow/For Tomorrow May Be Too Late world, the need for their works (or more accurately, plays) to reach their public is greater than ever before. While some may call for the denial of the ego as the only way to salvation, we at EGOZINE feel this blame is misplaced. The global scourge of powerlusting egomaniacal polycorporate madmen often linked to the word egotist are more likely to be products of isolated, neglected egos than those fully nurtured. We deal here with the ego that cares enough to be the very best, presses itself to the mirror of life and strains to shape a performance that is as rich in depth and variety of experience for the artist as it is a positive artistic experience in those touched by it. Our first subject, R. J. Lambert, has long seen his life and personae as the canvas and paint of the ultimate art piece, if only subliminally at first; thus his production covers approximately the last 20 years. His feeling of periodicity recapitulates the historical view of eras, and thus encompasses the breadth of our disease from inception to solution... Welcome to the Post-Cultural Era!

The Editors,  
EGOZINE

THE ECONOMY THEATRE  
Presents Double Horror Features  
★ 1 RECESSION  
★ 2 INFLATION



Make Your World  
a Little Less Rotten.



# PASTICHE

Pastiche- 1)<sup>a</sup>A literary, artistic or musical composition made up of bits from various sources- potpourri. <sup>b</sup> Such a composition intended to imitate or ridicule another artists style.  
2) A jumbled mixture; a hodge-podge.

-Webster's New World Dictionary

"While its film production has been sharply curtailed, MGM has proved once more that it hasn't forgotten how by ringing the box office bell lustily with "That's Entertainment." There is a certain irony in the fact that the hit was an artful pastiche of MGM's lustrous old musicals."

-Los Angeles Times news item

"Miss Simmons... is a welcome addition to American shores, and in person every bit as fascinating to behold as she was in countless Technicolored drama pastiches... Remember her love affair with Leonard Whiting in "Say Hello to Yesterday"? Well!"

-Entertainment West review of "A Little Night Music" with Jean Simmons

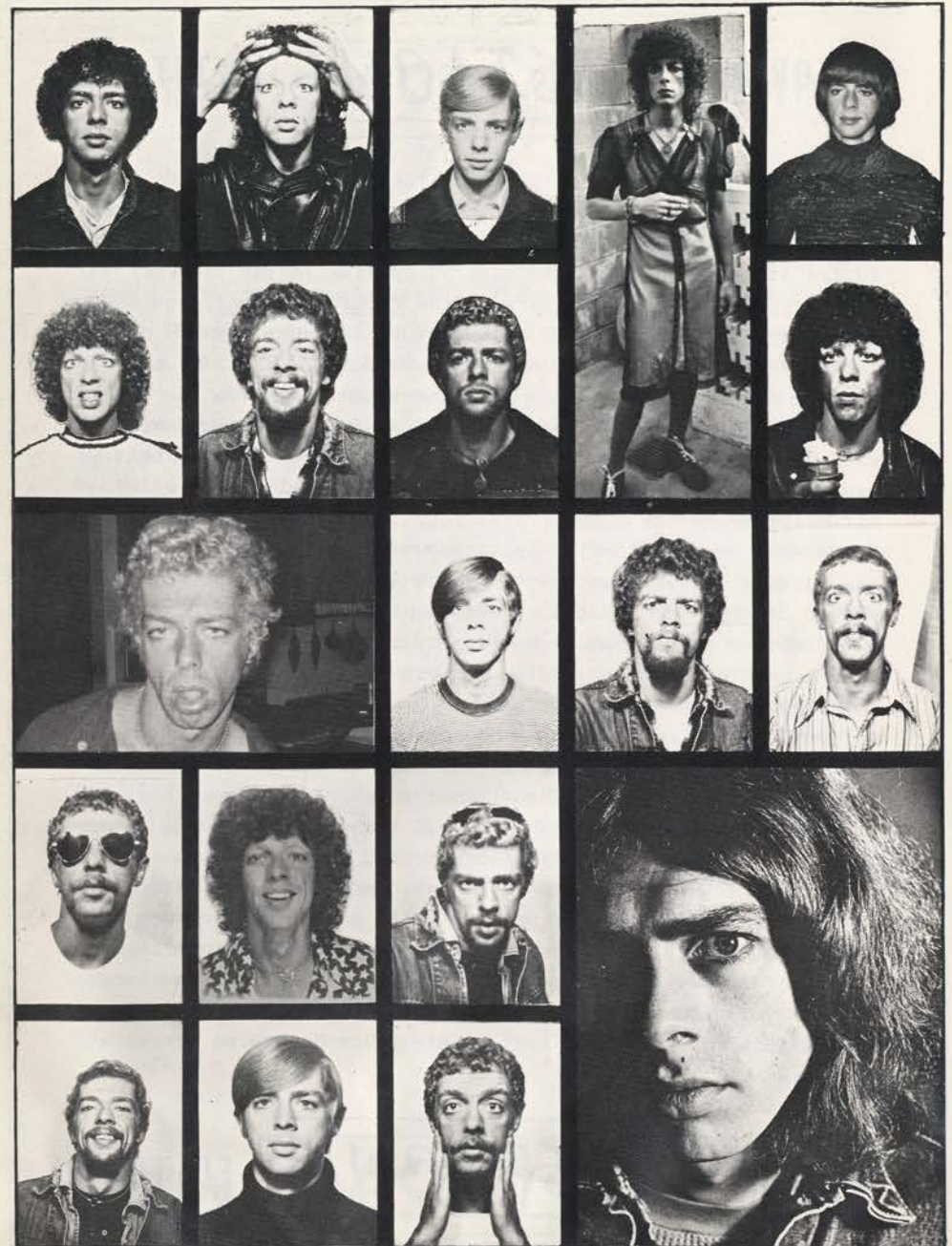
"The Hawklime Monster" is rather more of a pastiche, more of a parody than any of Braudigan's other fictions. Never mind. There are enough oppositions here to keep freshman instructors fueled for a decade."

-Newsweek magazine review of "The Hawklime Monster" by Richard Brautigan

"In the streets (of Montreal), individual lifestyles shift and change as those of English and of French descent mingle in a pastiche of pretty places; there are people who live for the present while waiting for the future."

-After Dark magazine

# PASTICHE





EDITORIAL

## PASTICHE

EDITORIAL

Pastiche, either the word itself or the attitude, has been surfacing with increased regularity lately, in the culture at large as well as in specific artistic endeavors, as the preceding quotes attest. What is even more surprising is the tendency toward approval in these writers of the Pastiche Format, not only in the more frivolous forms of entertainment, but even in a so-called "serious" work such as Mr. Braudigan's. What, we may ask, is responsible for this alarming trend away from the time-honored carefully constructed sequential framework, replacing it with a flippant smattering of fragments we must field as best we can? One might presume that since Western Civilization's definite decline in the last several years, as evidenced by the embarrassing dearth of major creative works which actively mirror the culture, as well as the the total absence of competent leadership or anything rightfully approaching "Greatness", this is just another concession to mediocrity in a desperate attempt to find something/anything worthy of pondering, worthy of expending those emotions previously reserved for the latest Hemmingway novel or Broadway musical. Yet do they pander to pastiche? Or is it simply a long-overlooked but valid sensibility, just now uncovered in the rubble of established form? The information environment ushered in with the rise of technology has been notorious in its lack of taste and continuity, demanding yet another suspension of belief as bras, cigarets and nose drops were sandwiched into the formats of popular music and tv melodramas. And of course the entire Pop Culture had at its very surface these images of disruption, alienation and kitsch glamour. However, this is not the nature of an information environment, but the nature of advertising. The last twenty years have been the worst

EDITORIAL

## PASTICHE

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

## PASTICHE

EDITORIAL

kind of introduction, but by forcing us to swallow a P.F. by mixing it with our daily pabulum, we have become aware of a new way to program reality, montage and information overload, total O.D. Being at the same time addled by the banality of current culture, yet still attempting to mirror the mirror in our very human way, what can one do but program one's own pastiche as best one can? In a world where a sixty-second performance has sold a million cars and a record isn't aired if it plays longer than three minutes, why go to a four-hour symphony or spend days reading one book? We have noticed lately that the promotional previews of new Hollywood releases are much more concise, exciting and appealing than the films themselves. In a P.F. time is compressed, one only has enough to present the essence, and then move on. Thus the form is instantly stylized, creating a string of vignettes totally at odds with each other but reconciled within themselves. Each becomes an aphorism, a hyperbole of stance, and this has always been the heart of wit and the soul of wisdom. The stances available for programing are all the images in the world, the mad woman in the supermarket or the imagination let loose in a mirror... The streets are better than tv, the facts more electrifying than any fiction. If one should begin choosing for one's self the particular postures that hold appeal, yet develops a voracious appetite for tomorrow's fashions today, what's to stop him from attempting or even demanding to try on these and successive images, rather than choose just one and pronounce the death sentence of literate, rational man, the single point of view? The answer to this is no thing, nothing at all. The future is here for those who live it. Pastiche or perish!

EDITORIAL

## PASTICHE

EDITORIAL



FETISH

FETISH

...It begins

Children  
 born whole and  
 empty — born free  
 and helpless —  
 Need care and  
 filling up.  
 Gene sources kiss  
 with phantom lips  
 the super-plastic image,  
 Begin  
 the stuffing  
 Mind upholstery/overlay  
 By inspecting its sex —  
 & invoke the devil  
 with pink or blue libations.

--Bob Lambert

FETISH

FETISH

here ...



Its parents are human beings.  
 Whatever it is...

**IT'S  
 ALIVE**

FETISH

FETISH

FETISH

FETISH





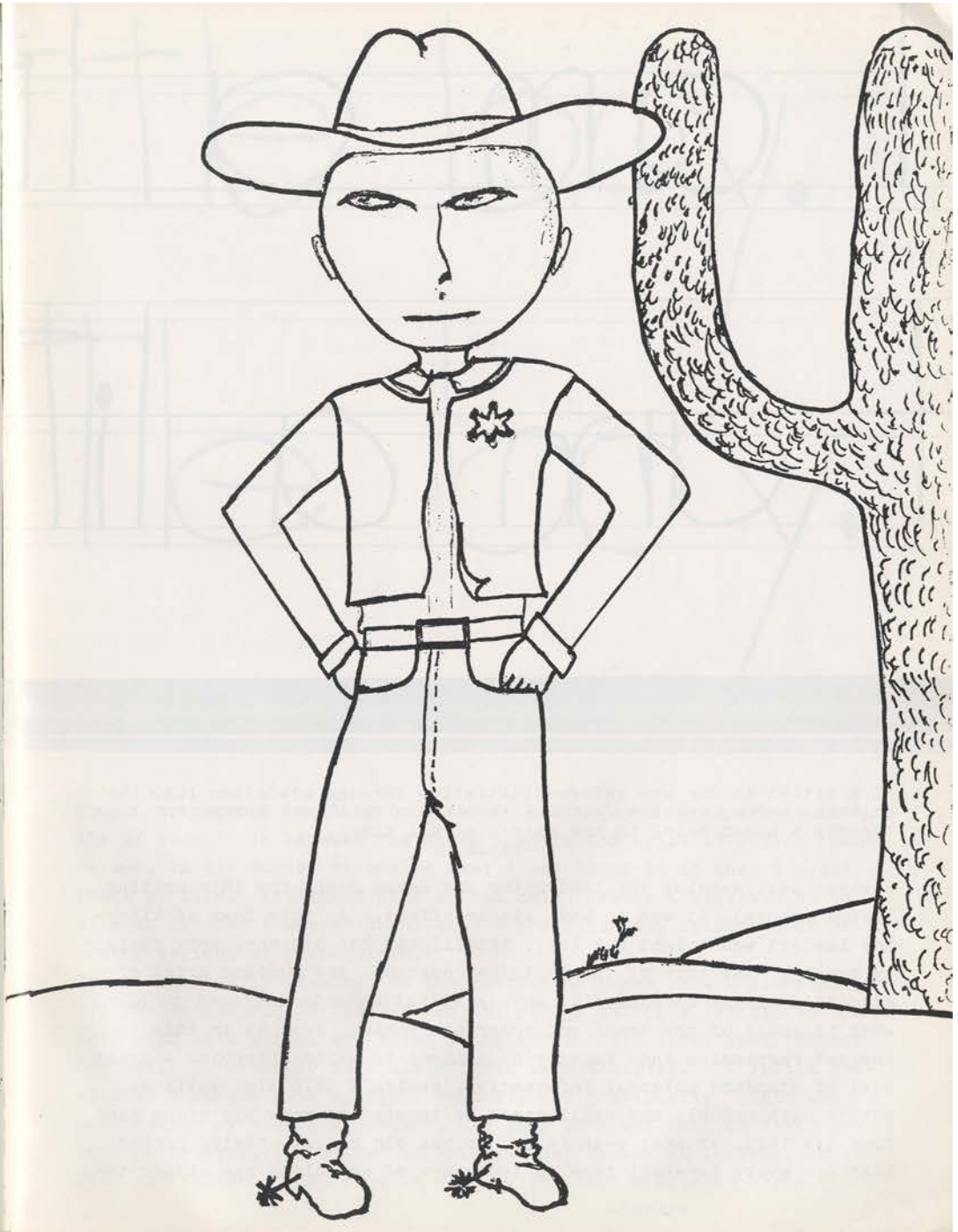
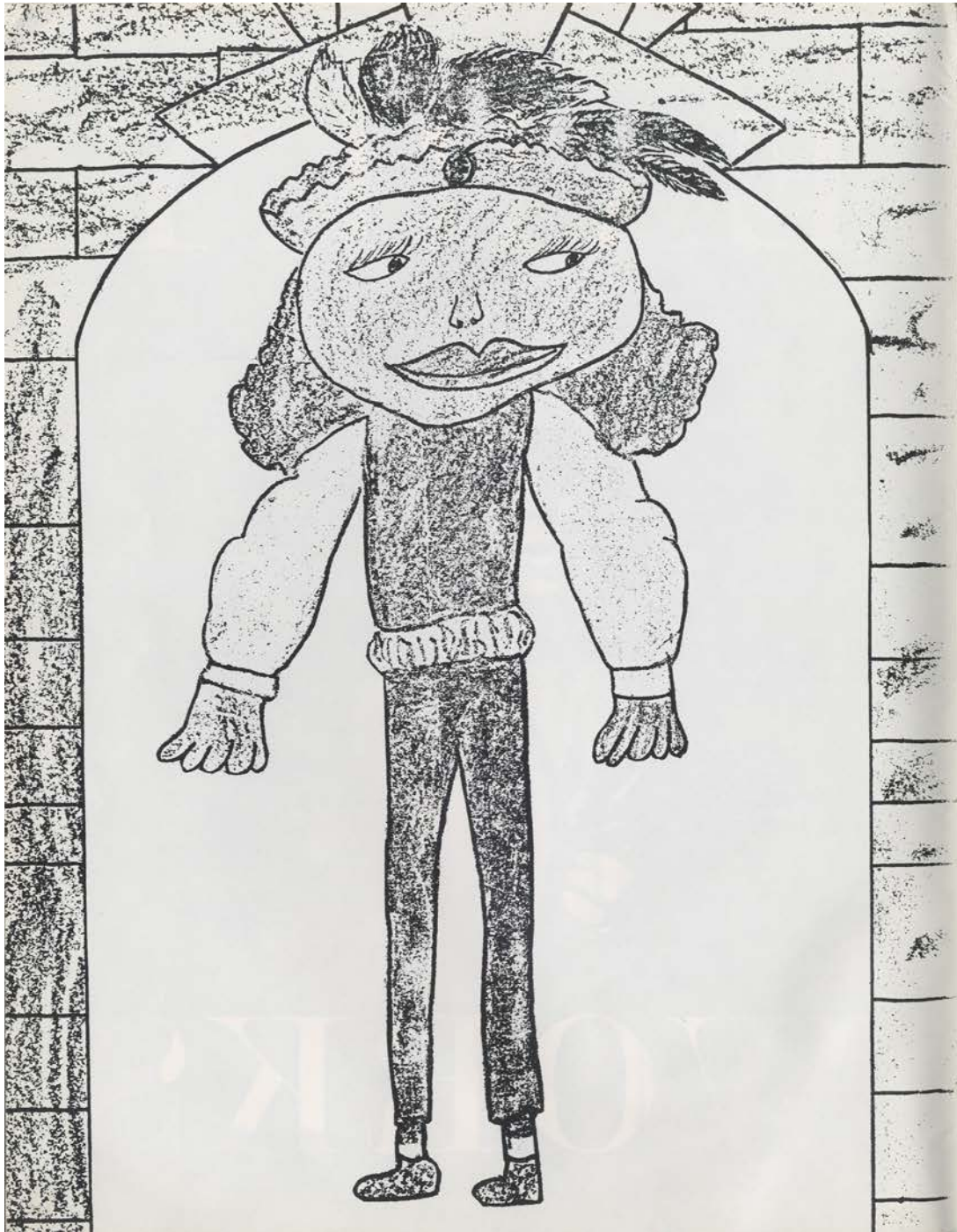
BABY  
BONBON,  
1952

# EARLY



# WORKS







I am a little boy.

I am a little boy.

"The artist is one who refuses initiation through education into the existing order, remains faithful to his own childhood being, and thus becomes a human being in the spirit of all times."

-Rilke

However well meaning the instructor who asked Bobby for this writing lesson (above), it was to have little effect. In this dawn of literacy Lambert was bright but lazy, intelligent but strange, very socially remote. The lure of the fanta/sea overtook the mundane grist of education almost immediately, and in silent moments it raged to block what it could of the banal and colorless world. Somehow in this incessant regression into fantasy he managed to avoid absorbing a great deal of standard cultural information, couldn't tell time until he got to high school, and still can't be trusted to know his right hand from his left, or what year it is, or how old he is. "Being picked last for every baseball team in ten years of schooling can either tea

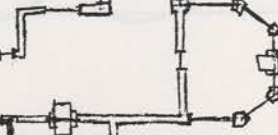
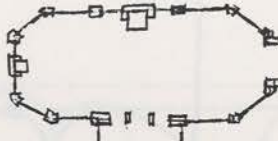
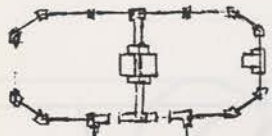
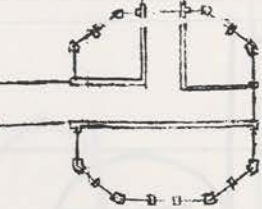
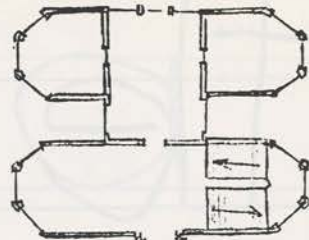
ch you tremendous humility or tremendous arrogance- I aquired a little of both." In between the mixed manners and split attention spans he was, in his words, "Planning what I was going to do when I could start my life. Adulthood held appeal only because I expected to be able to do what I wanted then...but I never had any intention of becoming serious or responsible."

The pair of early drawings on the preceeding pages show a discerning eye for antithesis in fashion fetish, yet he strongly identified himself with both works, and tried to celebrate both archetypes through costume. Needless to say, his efforts were thwarted. "I felt a great need to break with my fixed context, and continually. This was and remains my vision of heaven. As long as I was held in fixed location, however, I remained an astute obser/voyeur of posture, surface and facade." "En fin, la vie...c'est tout s'agir du style."

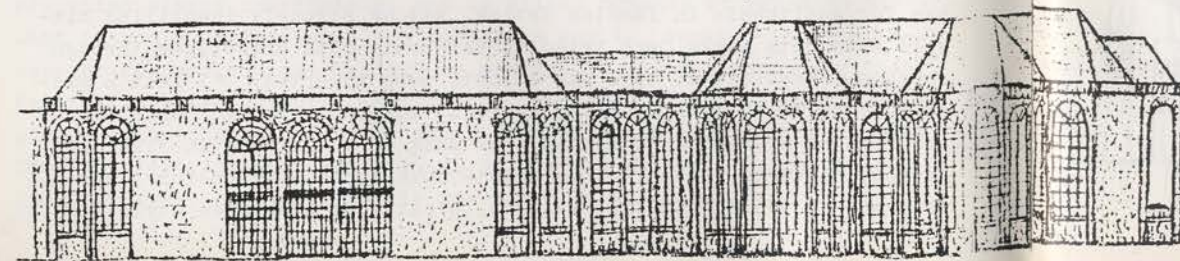
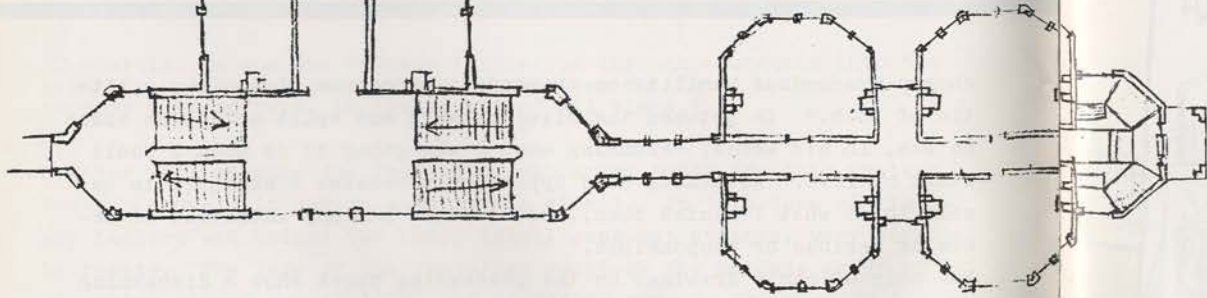
-Sartre



# R. J. LAMBERT ARCHITECT 1957 - 1963



11 Movie—Drama (1938)  
"Marie Antoinette." Norma Shearer,  
Tyrone Power, John Barrymore, Robert  
Morley. (3 hr.)



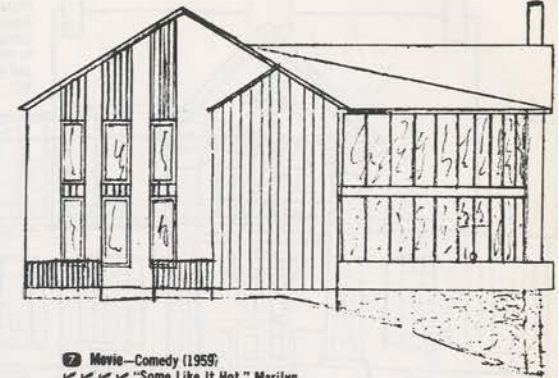
## ARCHITECTURE

### Where Do You Draw the Line?

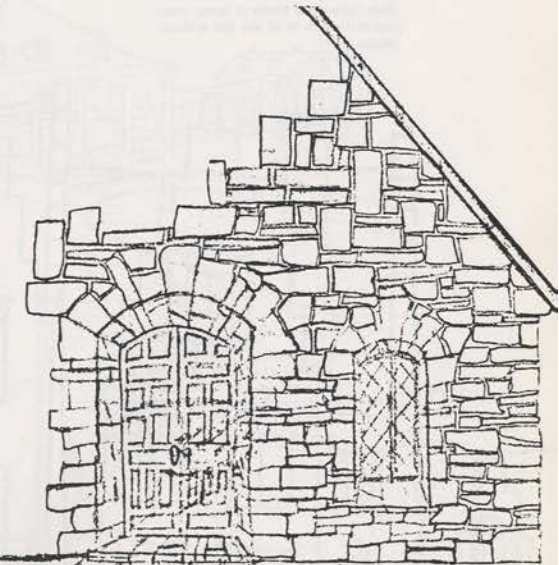
"I will build thee a labyrinth  
where we may remain forever a-  
lone."

—from *Love's Body* by N. Brown

As increased demands were made on his attentions Lambert became more troubled and distant. From 8-13 yrs. of age he studied history, architecture, and antiques, and assumed the position of designer of his dreams. Hundreds of drawings, from palaces to gazebos, flew from his pencil during this period, including elaborate floor plans like the one at left, & garden plantings and furnishings. "It is where I took refuge during those years," he now admits. "I even built scale models of one from every period."

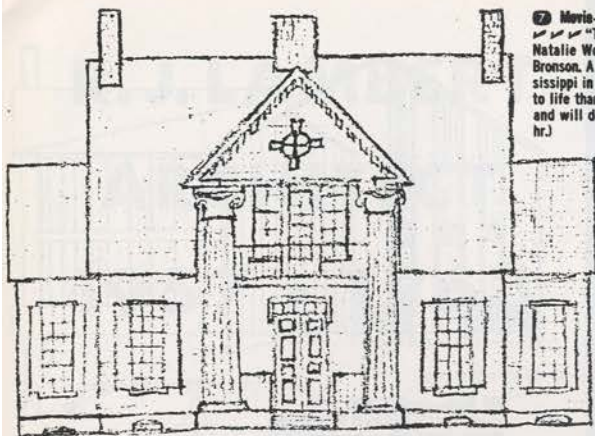


7 Movie—Comedy (1959)  
"Some Like It Hot." Marilyn  
Monroe, Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon. (Paris  
1) (1½ hr.)

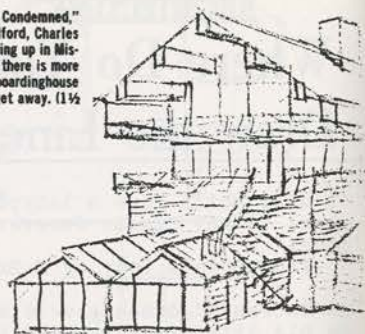


9 Movie—Comedy (1941)  
"Topper Returns." Roland  
Young, Joan Blondell. Topper accidental-  
ly gets involved in a murder case and  
needs the Kirbys to bail him out. (2 hr.)

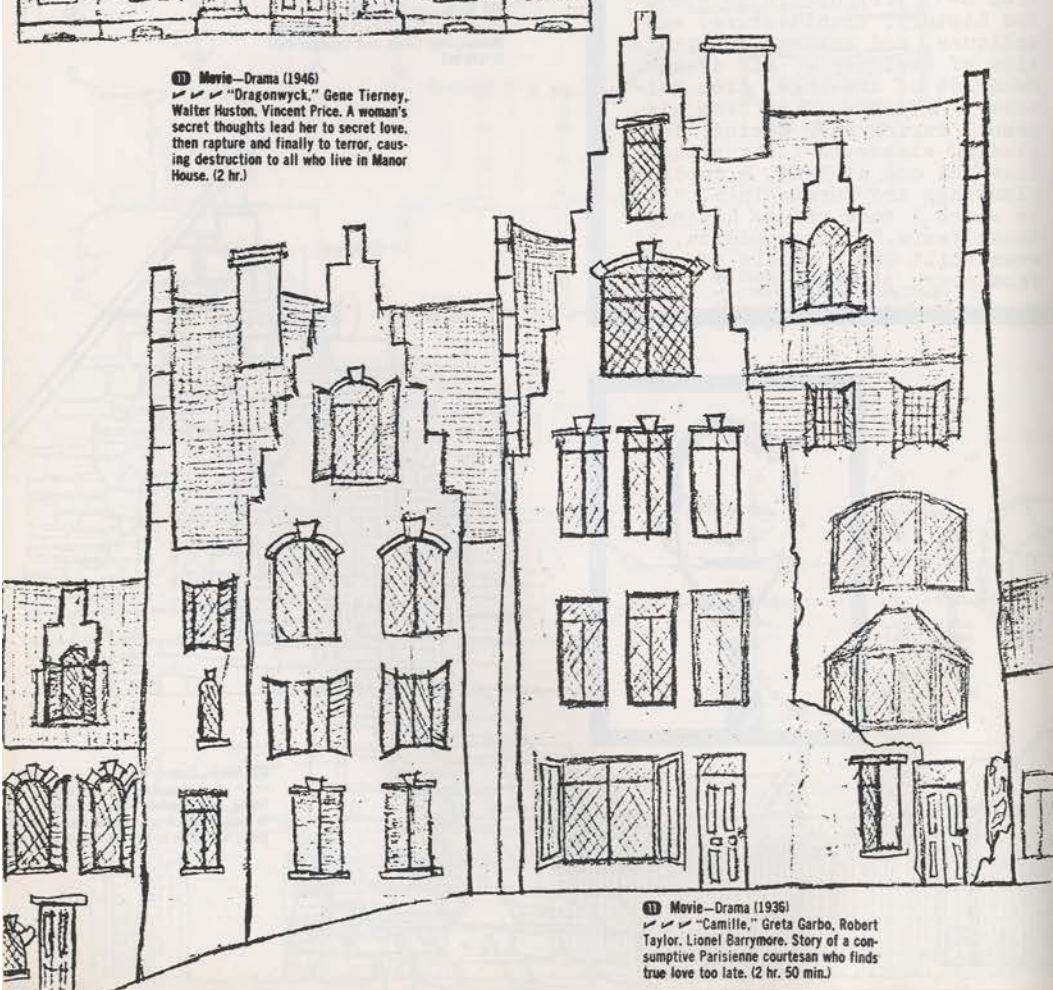




7 Movie—Drama (1966)  
 "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford, Charles Bronson. A young girl growing up in Mississippi in the '30s knows there is more to life than her mother's boardinghouse and will do anything to get away. (1½ hr.)



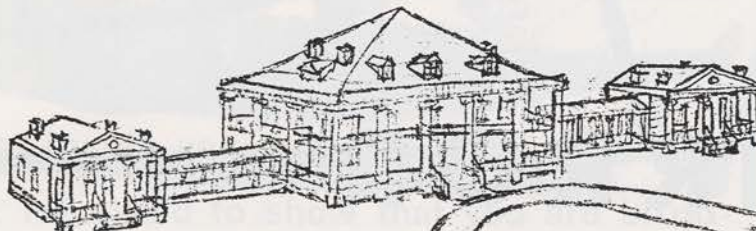
11 Movie—Drama (1946)  
 "Dragonwyck," Gene Tierney, Walter Huston, Vincent Price. A woman's secret thoughts lead her to secret love, then rapture and finally to terror, causing destruction to all who live in Manor House. (2 hr.)



11 Movie—Drama (1936)  
 "Camille," Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore. Story of a consumptive Parisienne courtesan who finds true love too late. (2 hr. 50 min.)

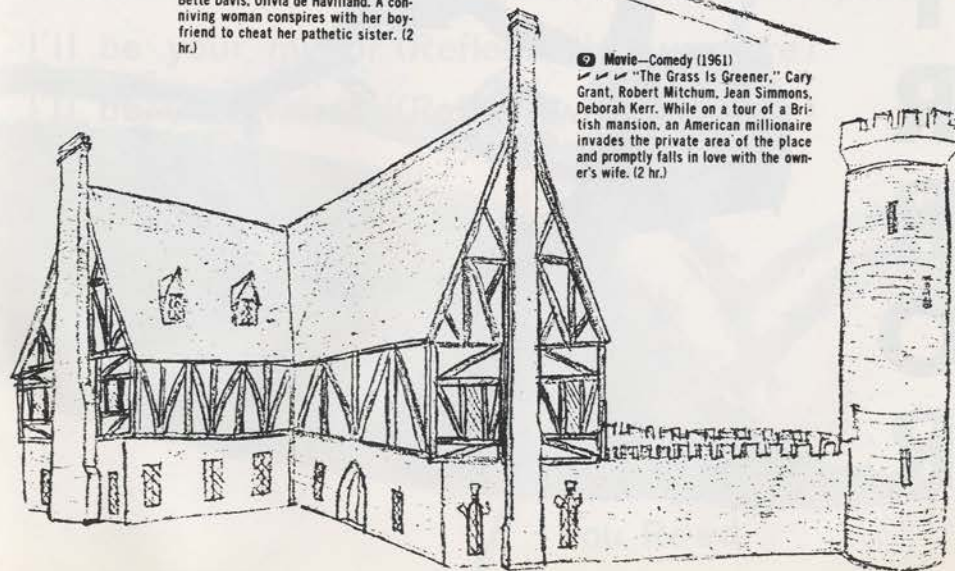


7 Movie—Drama (1960)  
 "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, Dina Merrill, Betty Field. A beautiful model falls in love with a married man. (2¼ hr.)



10 Movie—Mystery (1965)  
 "Hush Hush Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland. A conniving woman conspires with her boyfriend to cheat her pathetic sister. (2 hr.)

9 Movie—Comedy (1961)  
 "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Deborah Kerr. While on a tour of a British mansion, an American millionaire invades the private area of the place and promptly falls in love with the owner's wife. (2 hr.)







**MIRROR**

**I  
R  
R  
O  
R**



I find it hard to believe

You don't know the beauty you are

But if you don't, let me be your eyes,

A hand to your darkness so you won't be afraid.

When you think the night has seen your mind

That inside you're twisted and unkind,

Let me stand to show that you are blind-

Please put down your hands, cause I see you.

I'll be your mirror (Reflect what you are)

I'll be your mirror (Reflect what you are)

- Lou Reed



# EGGO



## M I R R O R

MIRROR- 1. a smooth surface that reflects the images of objects; looking glass 2. anything that gives a true representation or description 3. (Rare) something to be imitated; model 4. (Archaic) a crystal used by fortune tellers, sorcerers, etc.

-Webster's New World Dictionary

With the onslaught of adolescent energies the mansions became museums and Bobby moved out. In search of his art's new dwelling, the old face/odd confronted the silvered surface and the circumstance, and he slipped from his lessons, like Alice, to research in the Realm of the Mirror. Rehearsing every sentence before saying it, the Right clothes, hair straightening and hours of self-manipulation, face pressed against the glass void. The devil in the guise of a penguin/phallus contemplating its own image introduces this era. "I figured if I wasn't going to be able to get away with putting on in front of my audience, I could always try and put my audience on," he says. But Wallace Nutting's Treasury of English and American Antiques had prepared him too well- he bore the chore of reflecting every New Look, and in his artistic zeal went far beyond the necessary. By the time he was 18 it was train trips from Milwaukee to Chicago twice a year, Brooks Bros. for sport jackets, Lynton's for suits and overcoats, Baskins for shirts, Abercrombie & Fitch for shirts and ties, and a special

## M I R R O R

weakness for sweaters ("They hid my body") and suede jackets. The Ultimate Elegance emerged in connection with his growing interest in applying his voice to the rigors of classical music- vested English suit, Spanish suede overcoat, French theatre glasses, silver cigaret case, and a properly rolled and sheathed umbrella. "How else could I go to the opera?" he says. "But eventually pursuit of these peaks of Culture proved too consuming, too demanding for the amount of return. Although it was good background, my dabblings in its domain were perfunctory."

### POPULARITY POLL

Best Dressed Boy . . . . Bob Lambert

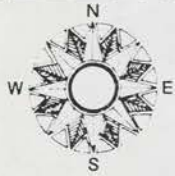


# EGGO





# Milwaukee's World Port



...offers you direct from  
the artland of America ...



OPPOSITE PAGE: Nanki-Poo Lambert (in white circle) poses with several early FANS.

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BELOW: Above Milwaukee's port lie Downtown and, on point with trees, the East Side, settings for much early exploration for Nanki in "I Am Curious: Yellow (Poem)".



# THE MYSTERIOUS EAST!

An Oriental actor begins training as a child—and must master literally thousands of stylized poses, gestures, and facial expressions.





# 320 Perform Bach Work Gloriously

# UWM Stages 'Near Perfect' Concert of Sacred Music

# 280 Singers In Famed 'St. Matthew'

# Quality

By FREDERICK H. OTT  
Of The Journal Staff

Johann Sebastian Bach's monumental and glorious "St. Matthew Passion" was given a performance befitting its stature Sunday night in Music for Youth's production at the Grand Avenue Congregational church.

Conductor Milton Weber must have garnered almost every available musician in the Midwest for this performance.

There were four vocal soloists, a harpsichord, bass viol, an organist and a choir of separated orchestras.

In all, 320 musicians took part in the performance — a labor of love for all concerned.

Especially notable was baritone Ara Berberian, who sang the part of Jesus with a rich, perfectly controlled voice. Tenor Nicholas Di Virgilio, who sang the part of the evangelist, was not far behind Berberian in excellence. As for vocal parts in the score, the parts are the most demanding of both of them were splendid.

The combined forces of the Concordia college chorus, the Milton college chorus, the Ontario chorus of the University of Wisconsin — Milwaukee and the Music for Youth chorus performed their Herculean task ably. They were aided by soprano Caroline Whitney, alto Evelyn Reynolds, tenor Robert Johnson and bass Edward Schreiber.

Special mention also must be made of the fine work of harpsichordist Dorothy Lane, cellist Theresa Killian, Allan Rickman on the bass viol and organist Daniel P. Smith — and let's not

forget the Music for Youth orchestra.

The performance was in translation by Roland Kirkpatrick with the assistance of the listener's knowledge of the work.

Long before anyone thought of stereo, Brahms wrote his "German Requiem." It was heard Sunday night with all its sound and fury in the University of Wisconsin — Milwaukee Student Union.

By MARY ZIELINSKI  
Sunday's Music of Youth, Inc. concert of sacred music was a near perfect performance in both content and execution.

About the same time, Verdi, Hindemith and Stravinsky. The opening number, "Conzon Primi Toni" by Gabrieli was performed entirely by the Music for Youth brass ensemble who captured the sharp retorts and subtle climaxes of the music.

There will be 280 voices, including choruses of Concordia college, the Milton college, the University of Wisconsin — Milwaukee and Music for Youth.

Vocalists and instrumentalists will join their musical talents at 5 p.m. Sunday to present Bach's St. Matthew Passion, one of the immortals of religious music, in Grand Avenue Congregational church, 2133 W. Wisconsin av.

There will be 280 voices, including choruses of Concordia college, the Milton college, the University of Wisconsin — Milwaukee and Music for Youth.

Dorothy Lane, harpsichordist with the Chicago symphony the

Caroline Reynolds, and Robert Johnson

ist of the opera, will speak, but the sun ve through at Holy

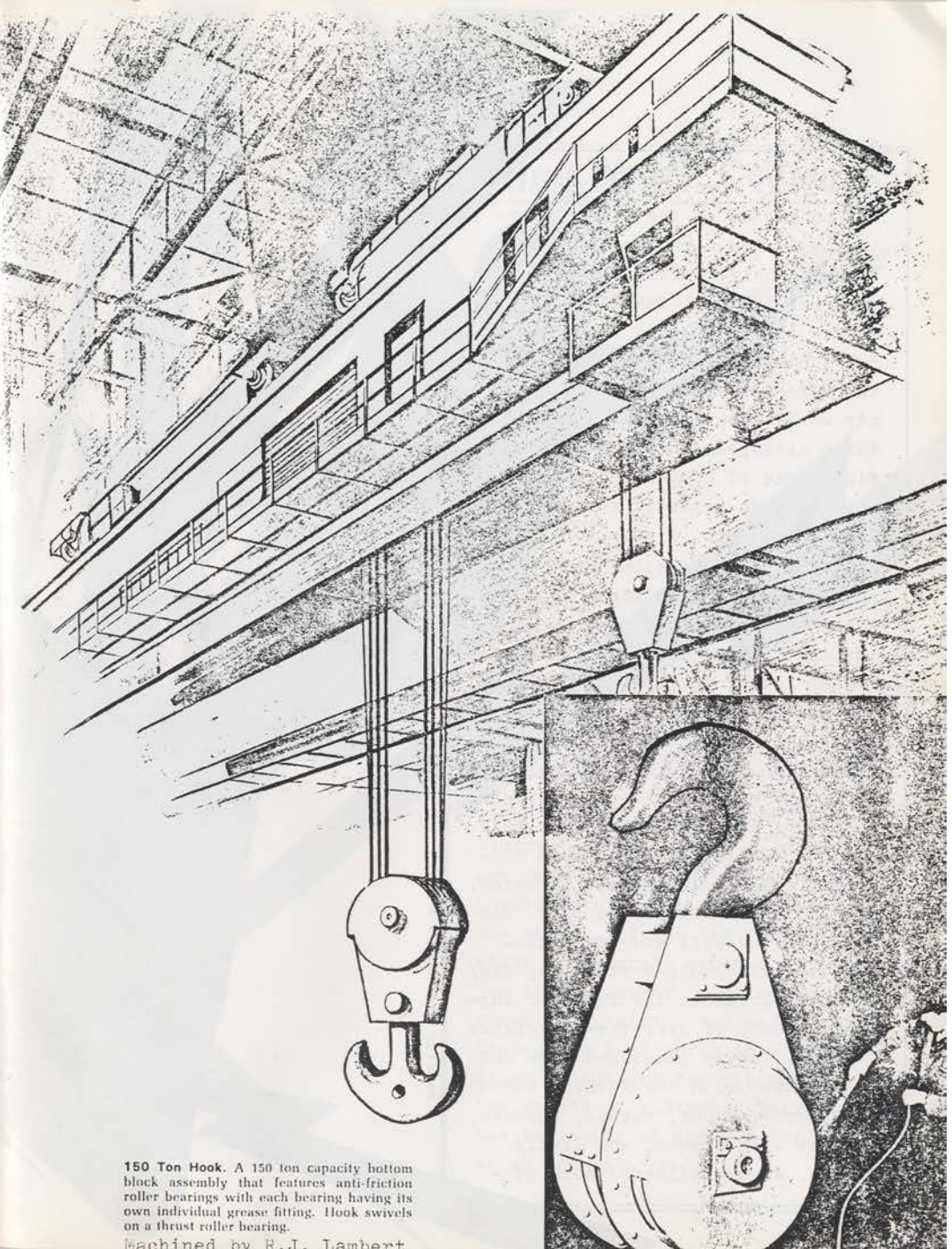
outh or in Weber, excellent a college or Youth cis semi- Music ensemble, ous conc- ic in the

the Hill ed, even People nse, the e Others into the ncert on ion. And rth their

ff with a fanfare followed ant par- s from it.

le "San- 's "Miss- nd selec-

# Music Hall Bon-Bon



150 Ton Hook. A 150 ton capacity bottom block assembly that features anti-friction roller bearings with each bearing having its own individual grease fitting. Hook swivels on a thrust roller bearing. Machined by R.L. Lambert



These years spent in uncertainty in the depths of the mirror eventually led to a process of redemption and self-realization. Friends and rock 'n' roll fueled the life-forces in the ensuing insurrection. "I found more in the mirror than the mere surface of things as reality would order them- false structures disappear there, all things float free of context to be re-assigned by an artistic gesture or a critical glance. I came to prize exaggerated expressions and flip-pant satire in a growing rage against the forces of the banal, the truth about postured 'intelligence' intent on Terminal City, the horror... and then, the absurd joke... It was thrilling beyond measure to find social authority endlessly vulnerable and powerless in the face of parody and ridicule. But mostly it was just a more comfortable and amusing mode of being. I found a few kindred spirits, and from off-the-cuff and under-the-carpet dirt sprang a startling display of blooms in the rude and lurid landscape of over-the-back-fence culture. Entire languages came and disappeared with the fashion sense of seasons; faces, noises, phrases, a brush with heaven, and Simply Divine. As we reflected each oth-

PHOTO BY FRANK FORD

When Worlds Collide!!!

er's finest features boundaries blurred, and I began building an ego from the surface, outward and inward, with pauses to reflect all the while... I saw that the only value an identity could hold was joy in the act of creating it. Mirrored myth, mirth, and madness destroyed the Real World in a laser slash of cutting remarks aimed at the wrists of culture. This was the beginning of the end for life as we know it."



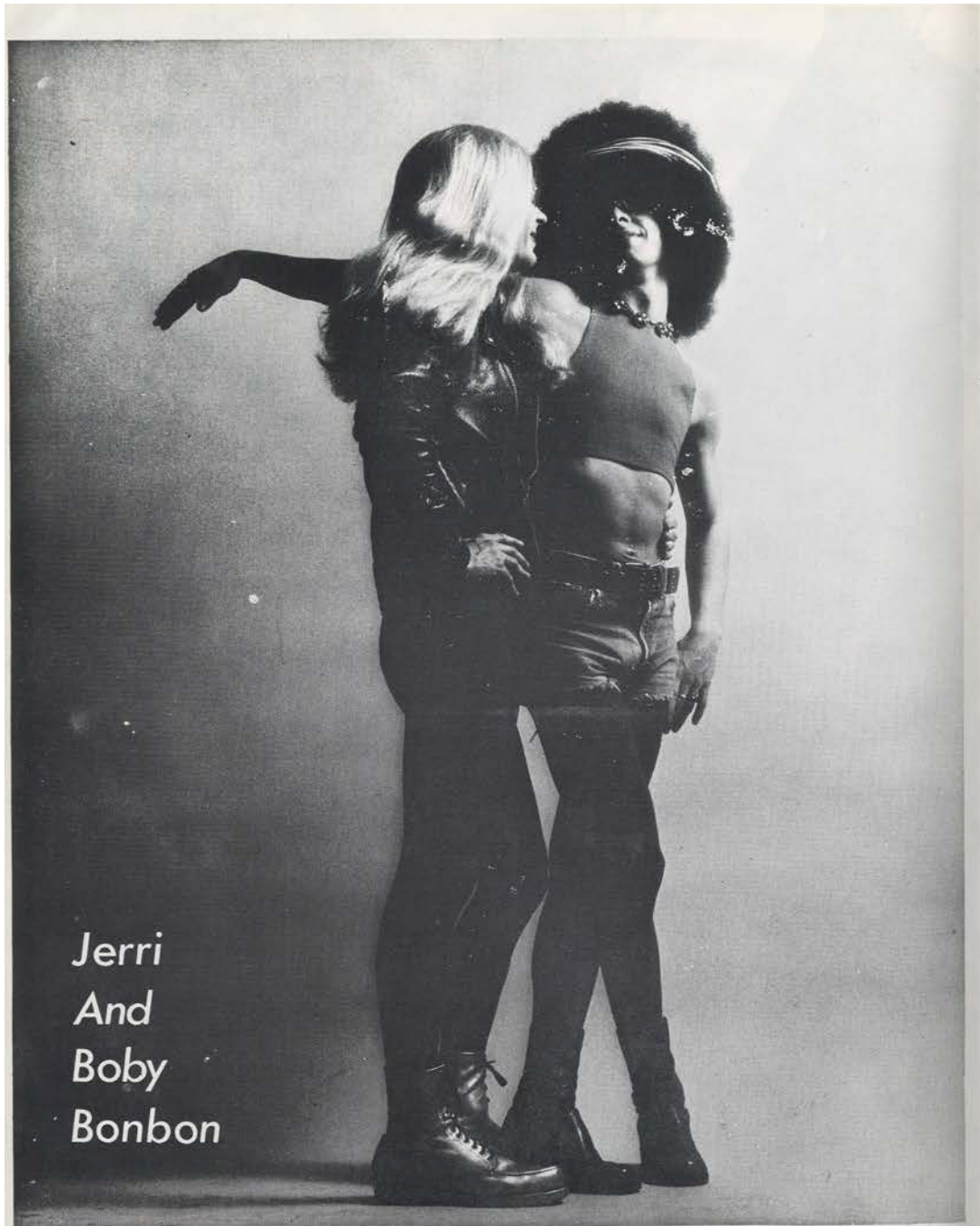




What was to follow was the quest for validation, an answer coaxed from the mirror by the proud yet critical queen, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is fairest of them all?" And not taking 'no' for an answer til with an unerring eye for 'I' and impeccable style the surfaces of culture and nature, conscious and subliminal, align and float suspended face to face- mirroring infinity, mirroring eternity, for the last time...

PHOTO BY GREG JERESEK

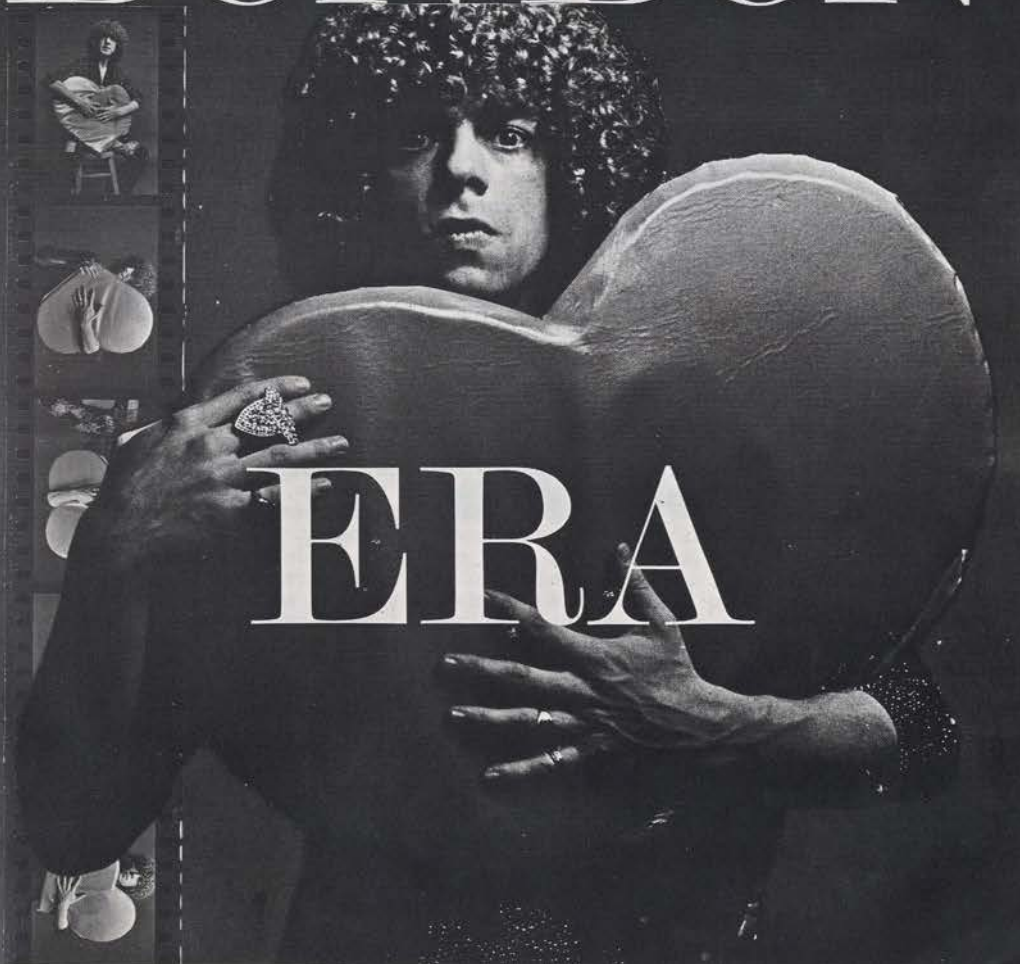




Jerri  
And  
Bobby  
Bonbon

ABOVE PHOTO BY EMERSON & LOWE / RIGHT, FRANK FORD

# THE BONBON



# ERA





Shirley Maclaine: "There's just no damn reason at all why almost anybody can't do almost anything."

**POETIC LICENSE**  
issued by

*Les Petites Bon Bons*

To \_\_\_\_\_

On \_\_\_\_\_ (date) In the state of \_\_\_\_\_

This license subject to immediate renewal.

.....

*"We want you to make us, we want you to make yourself"*

Sig. of licensee \_\_\_\_\_ Sig. of bonbon \_\_\_\_\_

A few years of college and the Grand Tore of Europe/Homage to the death of Art behind him, the mythood of American adolescence was extended to its farthest perimeter, and Lambert came face to face with the problem of insuring the survival of ever-new instant personal myth- imortality enough for anyone. "They Tried to Tell Us/This Kind of Love/Can't Last Forever, and some of them believed it." he says. "There were several shifts in the cast and in the end the ones left alone/together were those who could think of nothing better to do than get down to serious fool- ishness when confronted with the onslaught of boredom." Jerry Dreva and neighbor Bob Lambert were throwing scraps of decomposed culture over the back fence when Les Petites Bon-Bons showed up and it was instant death at first sight. Dreva and Lambert were survived by Jeri Rainbow Bonbon and Boby Bloom Bonbon, and all their proliferating dreams and identities. Narcissus was about to bloom. The ego not satisfied with reflection without distortion from the wan/banal frame of culture reference, the ego that truly mirrors only itself and embraces the gap between culture and nature, becomes a symbol a poem a flower...a STAR. "It is self-love so insatiable it turns inside out and covers the world. We lived above- ly and spilled out on the subliminal, through the mail slit, promoting what we weren't sure... but a chance to act out life like playing in the idea palace of my dreams, Mad Queen off her head, Monarch as butterfly, butterfly as gadfly. You Too Can Have The Look Of The Stars of Holly- wood, they told us, and oh how delighted we were by the magicallure of a personality that portrays many roles while always playing itself... It was ridiculous to think of private myth reaching legitimate propor- tions, so we of course took culture up on it. It was Hollywood or Per- ish! And even Hollywood will never be the same.



is Going Places

**A GAY YOUNG FLATTERER!** Slim, pinosee lines. Luxurious soutache braid embroidery in self color . . . last-minute news from the fashion front! Self-covered buttons and scalloping in one long sweep from neck to hem. Full flared skirt and half belt that buckles trimly in back. Beautifully cut and finished of our best Satin Back Faille of Celanese . . . see colors and feel quality of sample on opposite page. Nevagape placket.  
Misses' Sizes: 14 to 20 to fit bust 32 to 38 in. See size scale on Page 8. State bust measure and color.  
Colors: Forest Green 313, Zinnia Rust 609, Ruby Wine 514, Royal Blue 218 or Peacock Blue 320. 31 F 4080. . . . . Shipping weight, 1 pound 8 ounces.

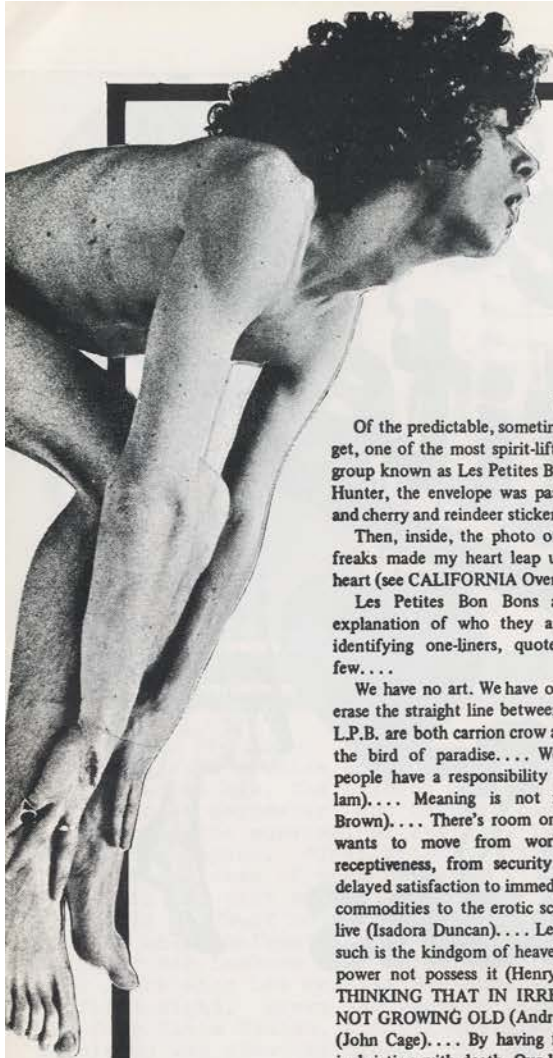
**ANNE WILLIAMS** found this dress in a Fifth Avenue Shop, selling at a very high price! We've copied it for you exactly in our best quality Satin-Back Faille sampled on the opposite page. We've trimmed it, just as they did, with embroidered appliques of bright multi-colored fail . . . very, very new! A velvet bow at the Peter Pan collar, and smart self-covered buttons. Two-piece style. Full flared skirt.  
Misses' Sizes: 12 to 20, JUNIOR SIZES: 13 to 19. See size scale on Page 8. State bust measure and color.  
Colors: Forest Green 313, Royal Blue 218, Peacock Blue 320, Ruby Wine 514 or Zinnia Rust 609. 31 F 4085. . . . . Shipping weight, 1 pound 8 ounces.

**HERE'S HEM INTEREST** advocated by all smart designers for this Fall! And we've accented the hem with rows and rows of richly gleaming braid to match the trimming on those new shirred sleeves. You'll adore the neck- line, too . . . that soft high cowl is very flattering. Self-covered buttons edge the smart yoke. Skirt is flared all around. Tailored in our finest Satin-Back Faille, the fabric sampled on the opposite page.  
Misses' Sizes: 14 to 20 to fit bust 32 to 38 in. See size scale on Page 8. State bust measure and color.  
Colors: Forest Green 313, Ruby Wine 514, Zinnia Rust 609, Royal Blue 218 or Peacock Blue 320. 31 F 4090. . . . . Shipping weight, 1 pound 10 ounces.

When you buy dresses from Sears, do so with the greatest confidence . . . with the utmost assurance that your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not entirely satisfied. You are as sure of style as of quality—at Sears.

These dresses are shipped from New York City direct to you. You pay postage only from our nearest Mail Order House. Numbers after color names refer to Sears Color-Graph facing first index page in back of book.





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Of the predictable, sometimes routine, but always welcome mail I get, one of the most spirit-lifting pieces of '72 came from a Cudahy group known as Les Petites Bon Bons. Addressed to John Fran-'sis' Hunter, the envelope was pasted up with a N.Y. skyline post card and cherry and reindeer stickers. Zip Code was 53110h!

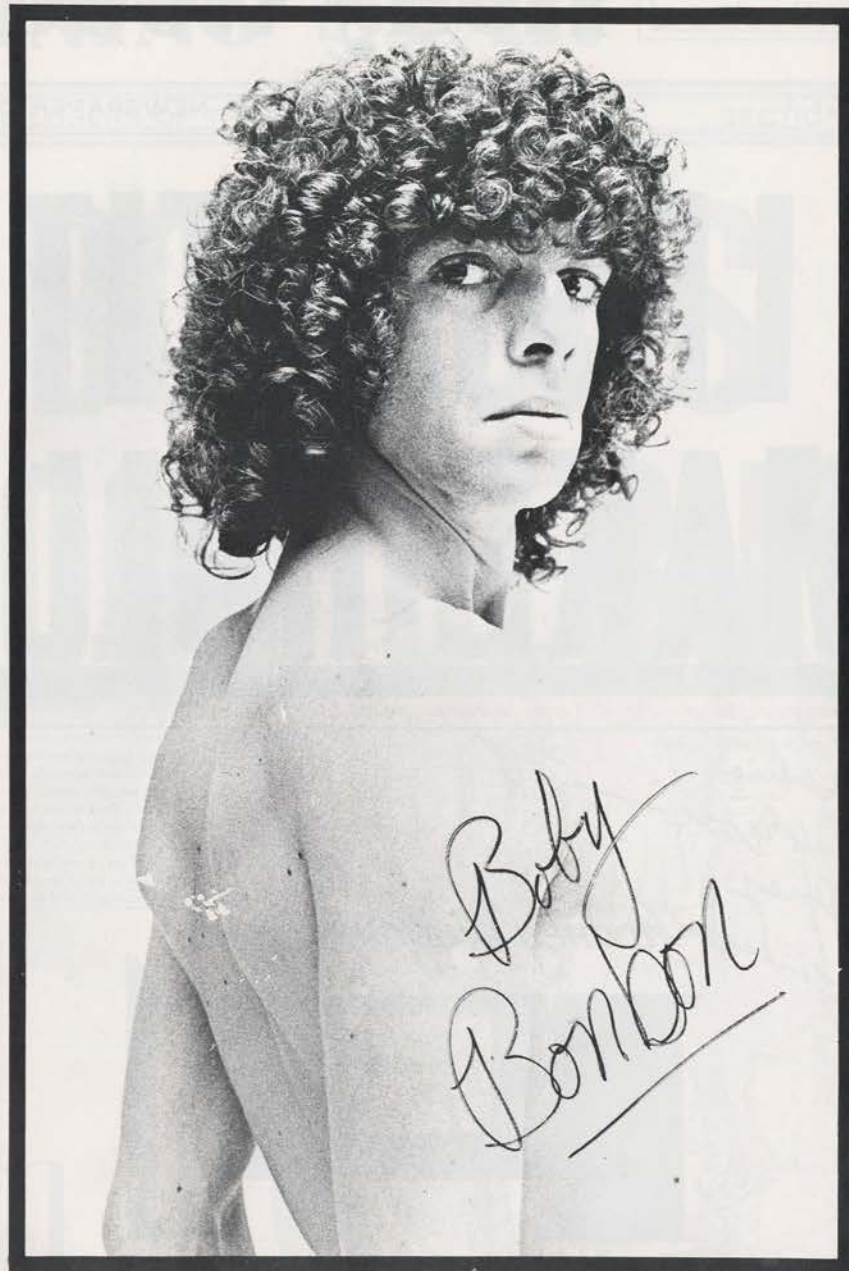
Then, inside, the photo of a cluster of gorgeous gender defiant freaks made my heart leap up and warmed The Cockettes of my heart (see CALIFORNIA Overview).

Les Petites Bon Bons asked for nothing, gave no prosaic explanation of who they are, just three lovely pages of super-identifying one-liners, quotes, lyrics and, well, let me share a few. . . .

We have no art. We have only Life which is One and Gay. L.P.B. erase the straight line between life and art and give you ecstasy. . . . L.P.B. are both carrion crow and the rising phoenix, soon to become the bird of paradise. . . . We don't believe in positions. . . . Gay people have a responsibility to sabotage seriousness (Charles Ludlam). . . . Meaning is not in things but in between (Norman Brown). . . . There's room on the Bon Bon cloud for anyone who wants to move from work to play, from productiveness to receptiveness, from security to the absence of repression, from delayed satisfaction to immediate gratification, from the fetishism of commodities to the erotic science of use values. . . . To dance is to live (Isadora Duncan). . . . Let the little children come unto me, for such is the kindgom of heaven (Jesus Christ). . . . We aim to radiate power not possess it (Henry Miller). . . . I AM NOT FAR FROM THINKING THAT IN IRRESOLUTION LIES THE SECRET OF NOT GROWING OLD (André Gide). . . . Everything we do is music (John Cage). . . . By having fun we are fighting the straight man's inebriation with death. Our lives are our art. Our art is our politics. Our politics is the way we make love. . . . We are poets and we are dancers. L.P.B. is the name of the play, a group of rock musicians, a gay twirling corps, a traveling circus. We are the \$64,000 question. Everything they say we are, we are—and lots more they haven't even dreamed of yet!

My dears, I have you *on* my wall, I hope you don't mind. You have immortalized yourselves. There was a star danced, and under that you were born.

λ λ λ



PHOTOS BY FRANK FORD



WEATHER FORECAST  
Continued fair and warmer.  
Gay and balmy breezes

# Hollywood Evening Star

FINAL MARKETS  
AND  
SPORTS REVIEW

PAGE 1 "A NEWSPAPER DEDICATED TO THE LOSERS OF THE WORLD" SECTION 1

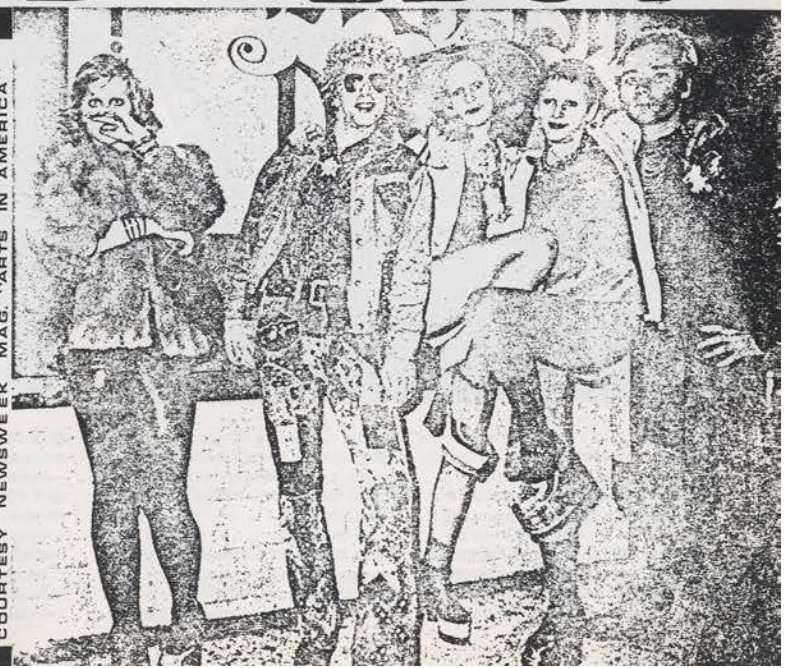
# LES PETITES BONBONS MAKE HOLLYWOOD DEBUT

*Oh, you pretty things. Miss Jeri and Miss Bobi of the Bonbons make their Hollywood debut; girls, keep a close watch on your old man when these cuties come to town!*

*To Bobbie  
Thank you  
Rodney  
Bingenheimer*



*The pleasures of pop: The Allman Brothers Band (above), an integrated Dixie tribe, achieved superstardom this year without the need of visual high jinks; Rodney Bingenheimer's discothèque on Los Angeles's Sunset Boulevard (right) is the Mecca of the glittery, decadent rock 'n' rouge scene*



COURTESY NEWSWEEK MAG. 'ARTS IN AMERICA'



# IN STYLE

## THE GLITTER SCENE AT RODNEY'S DISCO

COURTESY PEOPLE MAGAZINE

Photographs by Julian Wasser



It's 10 p.m., as TV stations across the country remind their viewers. "Do you know where your children are?" If they lived within dragging distance of Los Angeles's Sunset Strip and were around 15 or so, they might well be at Rodney Bingenheimer's English Disco. Rodney's clientele ranges from kids on an innocent lark to unbelieving adults to glitter-rock groupies enjoying

a little indoor streaking and freaking. They parade around in skin-tight satin pants, chests (his and hers) bound up in Lurex halters and wobble atop 10-inch platform heels.

Rodney collects a \$2 cover at the door, sells beer to those old enough and an unfortunate cherry drink to the rest. He pays the rent with the proceeds of the pinball machines alone.

Music is on records, and the dancing is more exhibitionism than courtship—boys often dancing with boys and girls with girls. Bingenheimer, the 5'3" 26-year-old impresario of the disco, left a little town outside of San Jose in the mid '60s to lay siege to the L.A. rock scene. His breakthrough came when he persuaded RCA records to sign the then little-known David Bowie. David,

The Bon Bons, a gang of older L.A. glitter-bugs, drop in on Rodney (front and center) to see what goodies he has in store.



an honorary member of the disco's board of directors, has helped make the club a must flashpoint for visiting rock heavies—to the ecstasy of their carbon copies in the crowd.

Although recently the victim of a stroke which briefly paralyzed his left side, little Rodney has Napoleonic plans for the future: franchising the Rodney discos all across America.

Gossip has always been functional in the land of the lotus and pabulum eaters, Los Angeles. Once in Hollywood the voracious vacuum of Causes Without Rebels and Postures without Poseurs swept them into action... "Jerri came out west first, I followed 6 months later. By that time we already had a fan club... 2 weeks after arriving I appeared in my first rock magazine, with the caption 'This is LA'. Although we were hardly typical of the crowd at Rodney's we so defined its reflection that our picture appeared with every article published on the disco. We continued to make "Packages" (others called them "Press Kits"), but in the Hollywood context they of course went mostly to our fave rock stars when they hit town, usually left at their hotel. These collaborations sometimes took days to complete, and were very elaborate... some pieces were standards made up a few at a time, others were custom pieces for particular stars, using their imagery and mythology. We saw this work as a sort of ritual sacrifice, the pieces were done for their wit and beauty and were then discarded into the culture. We also continued to connect with The Subliminal and became aware of the correspondence dancers et al during this time. But mostly our energies revolved around coloring and defining an era, holding up a stance to the mirror of culture and watching a reflection materialize. This borderline realm of rumor hazard and myhtaken identity often led to mutant manipulations and media inversions. We collaged our selves into many scenes in the cultural landscape, and although the media had no trouble presenting us in relation to a particular setting, they are at a complete loss as to how to explain us GENERALLY, a phenomenon out of context. We weren't trying to glut the musician market, or fuck the stars, or get into "The Movies". We were starring in our own fantasies, and it was already the best!



# JEANS AS A FACT



FASHION FOTOS BY SUZAN CARSON

# OF ART...

OVER A YEAR before leaving for Hollywood, Bobby began work on a series of costume pieces, in homage to denim vs. the Oh You Pretty Things controversy, vestments to be worn as character armour in the ensuing clash with culture. OPPOSITE PAGE: Hand-stitched "crazy quilt" patterned appliques of leather, velvet, embroidery and upholstery fabrics with chrome and brass studs cover Lee jeans, topped by an Italian denim jacket with black glove leather, wine velvet and green satin appliques accented with chrome studs, silver beads and red jewels in Deco motifs. THIS PAGE: Levi denim jacket with string and jewel rhinestones in red, blue, gold white and light green//







**THE  
ANGELA**

**BOWIE GOLDEN GLOVES**



**PRESENTED TO BOBY BONBON AT**

**JANUARY 3rd,  
1974**

**AWARD**



**THE ROXY THEATRE, HOLLYWOOD**



# Accessories:

The Future In The  
Reflected In The



In the display at left are featured some of the items eclectically assembled by Bobby BonBon to condemn the old by allowing it to testify against itself and set new standards for chic in the borderground of boredom.

Counter clock-wise, from top: 1) Red harlequin-framed mirrored sunglasses; Foster Grant, \$10. 2) Scarves, 6 or so, from The Aardvark/Sunset Blvd. 10¢ ea. 3) Blue Italian "Whale Toe" platform shoes (also in red), \$60. 4) Mary Quant makeup crayon box, \$8.50 5) Assorted pins-initials, animals, etc. Goodwill, 10-50¢ ea. 6) Necklaces-bone, plastic, rhinestone- snakes fruit flowers/ collected. 7) Cigaret cases, one deco (dated 1925) w/ tortoise shell & mother-of-pearl, the other carved burl elm circa 1910. 8) Crocheted Victorian belt hung pouch w/ silver clasp & chain. 9) Edwardian pewter & brass match boxes. 10) (center) The hand of the Spirit beckons with fingers beringed in plastic, silver, turquoise, & lapis lazuli-- the wrist a brace of laquered shells.

## THE BONBON LOOK!!

Past  
Moment...



FASHION FOTO BY SUZAN CARSON





KHJ AM • FM • TV

5515 MELROSE AVENUE • HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90038 • AREA CODE 213 462-2133

"THE REAL DON STEELE SHOW"

YOUR REQUEST FOR TICKETS TO "THE REAL DON STEELE SHOW" IS NOW CONFIRMED FOR MAY 12th, 1973. YOU MUST PICK UP YOUR TICKETS AT "RODNEY'S" ON FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1973 TO BE ADMITTED TO THE SHOW.

PLEASE BE AT THE STUDIOS OF KHJ-TV AT 5515 MELROSE AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, AT 11:00am THE MORNING OF THE SHOW. REMEMBER, ADMISSION IS ON A FIRST COME FIRST SERVE BASIS. THE DOORS OPEN AT 11:00am AND CLOSE AT 11:30am.

PLEASE BE APPROPRIATELY DRESSED FOR THE SHOW. MEN AND WOMEN MAY WEAR THE "TODAY" LOOK, BUT ABSOLUTELY NO TANK TOPS, BLUE JEANS, OR T-SHIRTS. REMEMBER, MINIMUM AGE FOR APPEARANCE ON THE SHOW IS 16.

DANCE CONTESTANTS ARE CHOSEN OUT OF OUR STUDIO AUDIENCE.

PEACE

013406

KHJ • AM • FM RKO GENERAL INC.

INVOICE NUMBER - DESCRIPTION	NET AMOUNT
DON STEELE SHOW	25 00
PRIZE WINNER	25 00*

# BOBY BONBON-SABLE STAR DANCE TEAM OF THE ERA



PHOTO BY GREG JERESEK

Make it "Rodney's Day" on "The Real Don Steele Show" and who would be more sure to show up perfecting their s/dance in the face of the Glitter Era but Boby Bonbon and undisputed Queen of the Groupies, Class of '73, Miss Sable Star? Three other teams competed for the prize, but with Rodney as judge, the choice was obvious. Boby and Sable received \$50 for their efforts, plus tickets to Lion Country Safari, which neither of them ever used. The two winners are pictured above exchanging the LATEST at a front booth in R's on the occasion of Miss Star's 16th (or was it 15th?) birthday. No OD's in the john.



LES PETITES BON BONS

present the

IGGY POP

SCHOOL OF TEENAGE

Rebellion

BEARER OF THIS CERTIFICATE HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST SCORES IN.....

- ROCK N ROLL GROUPIEISM
JUVENILE DFLINQUENCY
PARTY CRASHING
UNBRIDLED SICKNESS AND PERVERSION
CRIMES AGAINST SOCIAL DECENCY

Jairy & Baby Bonbon
bon bon

bearer

Iggy Brings Out the Glitter Crowd

LISA ROCOCO

This dear old town is hotter than it's ever been, my darlings, in every way imaginable. Just yesterday my brand new custom-made plastic platform shoes melted and stuck to the sidewalk on Hollywood Blvd., right on dear Marilyn's star after I had a lovely lunch at Daniel's. The heat has worn the skin of Hollywood down to the nerve endings, and in just the last two carazee days things have been popping, not always for the best. If it keeps up for a couple more the whole scene could explode into shambles. It won't take much.

I just couldn't say whether it was Iggy's fabulous party at the Top of the Strip and his outrageous return to the Whisky that was the catalyst for all the madness, but it certainly did get the strange energies rolling. Jeri and Boby Bonbon and Columbia Records did an ultra-marvelous job for Ig, and the party moves into the number-one-for-the-year (so far) position. Among the distinguished guests were Lady Divine in all her glory (her makeup man, Van, flew down from San Francisco and rendered her fit to be seen in public), Goldie Glitters (in the red dress she wore in Vice Palace), several Louds - Lance (snapping away with his Instamatic), Kevin (with a couple of the boys in his band) and beautiful Delilah (making her first trek into the wilds of Hollywood).

Also: Wally Cokette - oops, he's an Angel of Light now. Sorry, love. Howard Kaylin, who spent the evening out by the pool; Dennis Lopez, who has some hot deals cooking now that he's no longer managing Sylvester; Miss Pamela and Michelle Myer. Susan Pile and Ronnie Rhinestone (working hard on their Interview coverage); Pristine Condition (with musical notes painted around her eyes); authoress Francie Schwartz; Columbia artist Jimmie Spheris (he saw Pink Flamingos four times in New York and was ecstatic at meeting the

movie's Divine star) and his filmmaker sister Penelope. Pant, pant.

Also regulars Kim Fowley and Rodney Bingenheimer, of course (Rodney was in a brand new jacket, so you know this was a big one - Rodney never buys new clothes). From the media: Lew Irwin, Earl Leaf, Elliott Mintz & Julian Wasser. Melissa McCarty was there, looking fine in denim and a sheriff's badge; Rick Munoz.

Expected but absent (with completely forgivable mitigating circumstances): Lee Childers, with Wayne County (?) in tow, who ended up sitting in their plane on a New York runway for five hours after rushing across Manhattan to catch the beastly bird (Mainman, which dropped the Stooges from its artist roster a week or so ago, didn't fare well at all that night, what with their Susie Haha being denied admittance to la Whisky); and Claudia Lennear, who had promised up to the last to pop out of the six-foot cake (artfully decorated by Mr. Griffith Parke) with machine gun in hand, unable to attend because of rehearsal exhaustion. A game Ms. Clemente subbed for her, but by that time it was terribly anticlimactic.

Surprise guest of the evening was the new president of the shaky Columbia Records empire, Goddard Leiberson, who seemed to be enjoying himself, to the considerable surprise of all. He enjoyed his drinks and his chats with Kim Fowley and Monica Medieval, to be sure, but he didn't enjoy some of ace photog Richard Creamer's aggressive shutterbuggine. So Goddard had him thrown out, and now Richard is fuming.

It was the last day of spring, the hottest June day in history, a Cokettes reunion, a teenage school's out celebration, a testimonial for the incomparable Raw Power boys (whose Whisky opening was the hottest since Sylvester and the Hot Band's party last year), the Bonbons' first large-scale, non-conceptual

FUNCTION - in short, a multi-faceted smash. Lisa's heartiest Hollywood congratulations to all concerned.

The next night though, my loves, was the other side of the tinsel coin, a brutal and disastrous evening at both ends of town. What must poor Wayne County think of Hollywood on this his first visit, with Lee getting thrown out of the Stooges' dressing room followed by that ghastly scene up at the Mainman house, a 50-person drunken bit of spontaneity that resulted in broken glass, cut feet and a suicide attempt. As we said earlier, there's a short fuse on the Hollywood powder keg. And the same night, Asylum Records threw a party for their Eagles, on the beach, and the missing caterer was by far the least of the problems. The presence of Pristine Condition, Kathy MacDonald (who was really giving it when she vocalized with the strolling mariachis), Goldie, Wendy and Daniel, two Bonbons and their crowd on one side, and those awful, macho Laurel Canyon creatures on the other was bound to erupt into something less than pleasant. And so while a beloved, world-renowned singer-songwriter played callgirl in the sand under the lifeguard tower, scuffles were breaking out closer to the beach house.

It really got hot and heavy at departure time - Prissy's makeup man was juggled in the face, and then three other guests were badly stomped and chased by three brutes on the deserted Coast Highway after jovially telling the assailants, in answer to the latter's request, that no, they didn't have any cocaine to offer them. Lisa, lividly indignant at the moment, does wish that Mr. Geffen would be more careful about whom he lets into these affairs. He'd better, or things will get really nasty, to no one's benefit.

As Speedy Keen, who this month made his first visit to the Hollywood he captured so well on the Thunderclap Newman album, wrote and sang: "There's something in the air." And, my dears, it's not all good.

By RICHARD CUSKELLY

Herald-Examiner Staff Writer
The girl who was supposed to jump out of the birthday cake called an hour before the party began, to say she couldn't make it. But everybody else showed up.

Lance Loud, his sister Delilah and brother Kevin (three young members of public TV's "An American Family") came down from Santa Barbara.

Divine and Gilda Glitter, two of the most renowned male actresses of our day, were there dressed in fifties bar-girl dresses.

Rodney Bingenheimer was there too, playing huggy-kissy by the pool with a pretty young thing who probably frequents his teenybopper nightclub on Sunset.

Some anonymous girl took off all her clothes and dove into the swimming pool. Nobody paid much attention.

The occasion? The return of rockstar Iggy Pop (real name James Osterberg, Jr.) to Los Angeles for a brief stay at the Whiskey. A pre-party performance with Iggy and the Stooges in attendance was held at the Continental Hyatt House and hosted by Le Petit Bon Bon and Columbia Records.

When the party broke up and the show itself actually got going at around 11, everybody's sequins were drooping, and yesterday's clothes were beginning to look like the day before yesterday's.

But Iggy didn't let anybody down as he leaped across the stage bare-chested singing about "Raw Power" and a lot of other unprintable subjects. There was a lot of trouble with the microphones. Everytime one of them failed him Iggy paced the stage like a caged tiger. He never did spring, but the danger was clear and present. That's why everybody came.

His music? Well, it's as free-floating and anarchic as ever. Not as good as David Bowie's or Lou Reed's, of course, but just as raucous and nearly as much fun.

See Liza Minnelli? Divine decadence is more than painting your fingernails green.



"Would you put us in your magazine if we wore dresses?" That was the question and we rose to the challenge. A free subscription will be awarded to all who correctly guess the identity of this famous group. Send your entries to The Name Game, Box Z, SS24 Betty Way, W. Hollywood, CA, 90069. Void where prohibited by law or religion.

Les Petites
Bon Bons



**PARTY**

Up in Xanadu The Diamonds Fell Like Rain: Well, it wasn't exactly "Citizen Kane", but photographer/Bowie publicist Lee Black Childers party for visiting Cherry Vanilla and the Stooges still has Hollywood talking. Even though no one threw anyone in the pool, Torreyson Drive won't ever be the same!



Our lensman Richard Creamer captures writer Richard Cromelin, with Jerri and Bobbi of Les Petites Bon Bons

—L.A.'s latest dragrock sensation—in a serious moment. (Photo by Richard Creamer)

**Contest Results**



The results of our latest contest have been, as usual, educational and highly amusing. You'll recall we offered a free subscription to all who could identify the three arresting drag queens atop April's letter page. Herewith one of the 39 winning entries, followed by a tabulation of the incorrect guesses:

The Les Petites Bon Bons are a group of Gay Life artists who live and play in and around Milwaukee and Hollywood. The future sees them in New York, but then, the future sees them in many, many places. What counts is where they are not. So far there are seven Bon Bons, all of which are gay males. They are loving, imaginative, carefree and childlike. The Bon Bons aim to be a walking exhibition. Out of the closet-galleries-and into the streets.

Bobi lives in Laurel Canyon, he moved there from Milwaukee, in December. He has a really fabulous wardrobe, most of which, he so skillfully made look its best with a few rhinestones here and some threatening studs there. You can't miss Bobi with his naturally blond ringlettes (like little Shirley Temple), but he's always changing his look, with wigs and turbans to hide his curls.

Jerri has very distinctive high cheekbones; and he just recently cut his hair, close to his head, short, it's like black velvet. He was raised, like me, very Roman Catholic. He loves to take long walks in the park and watch little boys play. If you ask Jerri what kind of boys he likes he'll tell you "PUNKS are just heaven!"

If you're an interesting person (to the Bon Bons) you can bet your snakeskin boots you'll be receiving a package of assorted goodies from them.

What else can I say about the Bon Bons except: "Boy they're Terrific!"  
Signed with Loving Kisses  
Miss Patti Clemente  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Grand Funk Railroad	103
David Bowie & Friends	89
Rolling Stones	87
Pink Floyd	86
The Kinks	79
Alice Cooper	78
Slade	76
Black Sabbath	75
The Faces	73
Lou Reed & Friends	70
Led Zeppelin	64
Jethro Tull	60
Iggy Pop & Friends	57
Jefferson Airplane	54
T-Rex	51
Faith	47
Todd Rundgren	46
Fleetwood Mac	45
The Beatles	43
Mott the Hoople	43
Yes	42
Uriah Heep	41
Emerson, Lake & Palmer	40
LES PETITES BON BONNS	39
Deep Purple	39
The Move	38
Alvin Bros.	37
Moody Blues	34
Argent	32
Traffic	32
Edgar Winter	32
Electric Light Orchestra	31
Grateful Dead	31
Elton John	24
Johnny Winter	23
King Crimson	21
Manassas	21
Flash	20
America	17
Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show	17
Leon Russell & Friends	17
Beck, Bogert & Appice	15
Blue Oyster Cult	15

Badfinger	15
Beach Boys	14
Jo Jo Gunne	14
Wings	14
Wishbone Ash	14
Eagles	13
New Riders of the Purple Sage	12
Nicky Hopkins & Friends	10
Silverhead	10
Spooky Tooth	8
Rick Wakeman	7
Joan Baez	6
Doobie Bros.	6
Rory Gallagher	6
Mallo	6
The Osmonds	6
Shady Lady	5
Three Dog Night	4
Black Oak Arkansas	3
Mike Saunders, Lester Bangs & Richard Cromelin	1
Marianne Faithful, Jackie DeShannon & Dusty Springfield	1
Lisa Rocco, Lady Bangla Boom & Richard Cromelin	1
Cherry Vanilla, Lee Childers & Rodney Bingenheimer	1
John Prine, Steve Goodman & Shelly Fabares	1
Del Shannon, Bobby Ves & Brian Hyland	1
Lee Michaels	1
Johnny Mathis, Jim Nabors & Rock Hudson	1
John Denver	1
WAR	1
Jim Croce, Steve Goodman & Don McLean	1
Carole King, Lou Adler	1
James Taylor, Robert Taylor & Zachary Taylor	1
Donna Fargo, Charlie Rich & Rick Wakeman	1
Herb Alpert, Jose Jimenez & Julius Wechter	1
Peggy Lee, Rhonda Fleming & Bette Davis	1
Rick Wakeman, Ray Davies & Lou Reed	1
M. Cerf G. Shaw, M. Owen	2

LOU — Who does he think he is, Burt Reynolds? . . . Are you finished, Jim? REPORTER — No. I'll be finished when the Chinese acrobats are. LOU — I can't stand them. REPORTER — You said that already. LOU — He's putting another chair on his head. REPORTER — He's going all the way up into the ceiling in a minute and swing from the rafters. (The phone rings again.) BETTY — Hello? . . . With a Bon-Bon package? Where are you? . . . (To Lou) It's Susan Pyle with a Bon-Bon package. DENNIS — Ask her if she has any dope. BETTY — Oh, yeah . . . uh . . . Listen, do you have anything other than a Bon-Bon package? . . . What? . . . Okay, just run up with the Bon-Bon package. LOU — Just for a few minutes now. BETTY — What? . . . Oh, she has to go do a screening anyhow. DENNIS — What's a Bon-Bon package? BETTY — From Les Petites Bon-Bons. DENNIS — Oh, FUCK. I don't even want to answer the door. LOU — I'm going to, I'm gonna meet Ruby Rhinestone. BETTY — I'll answer the door. LOU — This is my, these are my people. BETTY — Hah! Miss Pyle. DENNIS — She your people? REPORTER — She SURE is. LOU — Fuckin' cunt! REPORTER — Could I have some more of your scotch? LOU — You can have as much as . . . you'd be happy with. There's also ice.

SUSAN — Hi. BETTY — Susan . . . DENNIS — Wait, wait, wait . . . You forgot your glasses. SUSAN — That's what I was wondering: How I got home last night. DENNIS — We were wondering also how you got home. SUSAN — I was totally wiped. I don't even remember when — LOU — Susan, did you bring something that's usable? BETTY — No, I already asked her. SUSAN — No, but I have scouts out, and I'll know tomorrow. SUSAN — I'm parked in the red zone. (To Photographer) Are you Jim Martin? DENNIS — Where IS Jim Martin? REPORTER — (From Bathroom) I'm getting some water. DENNIS — Oh. LOU —

(To Betty) Why don't YOU open it. (To Susan) Just tell me who gave it to you? SUSAN — Jerry, uh, Bon-Bon . . . LOU — Oh, it's a present from Les Petites Bon-Bon. SUSAN — Yes, of course. LOU — Want to go to the Stampede? . . . Oh, look at this! . . . OH . . . BETTY — That took a LOT of work. SUSAN — I have one, too. LOU — God, he did the whole book! SUSAN — They only do it for people they love. REPORTER (Sotto voce) They only come out at night. BETTY — What? REPORTER — They only come out at night . . . Isn't that a great album title? . . . Are you married to him? BETTY — Yes . . . You mean, you'd never know? REPORTER — No, no. I saw your picture in "Inter/View" but I just didn't recognize you, because photos don't exactly — BETTY — That was a very bad picture. REPORTER — Photos don't mean the same thing. BETTY — No, they don't. SUSAN — Jim? REPORTER — Yeah? BETTY — How come I haven't spoken to you in such a long time? REPORTER — I don't know. SUSAN — I was going to call you up last week, but . . . I don't know if it's safe to leave messages there for you anymore. REPORTER — No, not there. I don't work there. I just go by now and then. LOU — Oh, it's a condom. REPORTER — Just a condom? . . . No. Glitter, glitter. DENNIS — That's really lovely. LOU — When YOU have fans as dedicated as MINE . . . SUSAN — Look at this, isn't this nice? LOU — It's all so camp . . . What's THAT? They made that themselves. Oh, that's when I put on my nail polish. DENNIS — When you were in the park? LOU — The English were a bit appalled . . . Oh, this is great. They put a lot of work into this . . . It's STILL Jerry Bon-Bon; I haven't met any of the OTHER Bon-Bons. SUSAN — Bobby's . . . Bobby's out here, too. BETTY — Jerry Bon-Bon Bon. SUSAN — (To Reporter) Rich Cromelin was with them tonight. I had to make the pickup, and I happened to run into them . . .

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# HOLLYWOOD

Bushed. Wiped out. Time to unwind. Such a month, dears, enough to make you believe in Hollywood again after that three-month vacation she took.

David Bowie sailed off into the sunset yesterday on the Oronsay, and dear David was a tad infuriated when he saw the size of the cabin they'd given him. Just livid they tell us. But he'll be moving into a suite Friday when they get to Vancouver and the crotchety occupants depart. I don't know what their problem is; I'd give up my room for David any time...Then to Japan! Don't you think RCA should have chartered the ship (it's a teensy one, only 28,000 tons) and sent us all along with him? After all, Japan is going to be the real center of things before long, and with Kansai turning out those incredible clothes in Tokyo, Paris has just about had it.

Are you tired of David gossip, love? If I don't hear from you I can't know, so I won't stop till you tell me. He is so happening, you know. Well, Lisa will tell all - almost (we do have to preserve some vestige of personal secrecy. Don't we?) He popped into the Rainbow for dinner a couple of times, but then got attacked in that tacky private club upstairs. He caught Liza Minnelli (whose show was a grand birthday fizzle) at the Music Center (and was so taken with the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion that we wouldn't be surprised to see his promised fall extravaganza take place right there), attended a screening of *The Last Tango in Paris* at Goldwyn Studios, had dinner with Ringo Starr and Klaus Voorman (and don't you think all this neo-Beatlemania is slightly undignified and just a little late - like maybe ten years?), talked with some film people (despite prevailing rumors, it's not going to be *Stranger in a Strange Land*; much hotter than that, and I wish I could tell you more), wrote some music, had dinner with Bette Midler and Claudia Linnear, then caught Bette's show back at the Music Center (he said it was "*Fabulous - fa-H-b...*" That it was).

And his affiliates: Mick Ronson and Woody Woodmansey kept pretty much out of sight, but that darling Trevor Bolder (someone said he looks like one of the Seven dwarves, which is so true) propped up here and there, pinballing at Rodney's (Rodney Binzenheimer's English disco-Sunset-Strip) eating at Denny's down the street.

Speaking of Rodney's, things are going along just fine there, contrary to last month's

apprehensions. But we can't deny that the gendarmes are keeping a watchful eye on the place, so by all means if you're in Los Angeles make the scene, but do be cool.

And Angela Bowie, a star in her own right, planed in from Motor City many hours late, leaving her outlandish welcoming crew without anyone to receive and rendering Angie escortless to her hubby's Long Beach Arena show. But she made it, by taxi, posed for *papparazzi* out front, and dominated the intermission madness in the lobby. It was in and out for Angie, who flew home immediately after the Palladium show to check up on little Zowie and look for a Bowie domicile closer to the heart of London. A short, sweet visit, and she was a grand lady every minute.

We mentioned Lee Childers' party last time, in brief(s). It was the *hottest*, dears. Definitely the highlight of the season. (Lee's hair has been fabulous lately - three days running it went from white to gun-metal grey and back to gold). Besides the Stooges, who live at the house, we saw the heaven John Lazar, whom you'll remember as the depraved Z-Man in the all-time classic *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* (no connection with the New York Dolls), the divine Miss Dee Lux, the surviving G.T.O.'s, John Cale, Peter Allen, Lisa Robinson, Inter/View's Susan Pile, a repatriated Kim Fowley, Diane Gardiner, photog *par excellence* Sam Emerson (who latched on to Les Petites BonBons and ended up shooting some stunning photos of them in the studio), as well as the most illustrious of the Hollywood press, headed by the incomparable Sharon Lawrence.

Guest of honor, of course, was Cherry Vanilla, whose presence in town brightened things to no end. Hope you caught some of her radio interviews, which were fabulous. We were listening when Sable and Laurie, currently Hollywood's front-running groupies (actually, we're all groupies, as Cherry so rightly says) phoned a station and screamed a welcome to Hollywood to the BonBons? They're so sweet. Actually, Chuckie BonBon, who'd flown in for David's concerts, was already on his way home, where a full-scale press conference was scheduled. He wrote a song about Sable on the plane, and I'm just dying to hear it. And speaking of BonBons, do check out the Match issue of Inter/View and see what Lou Reed had to say about his gig in Milwaukee. And speaking of Lou, rumors were flying all over the

America party at the Rainbow, first that Lou was in town, then that he was right there in the restaurant! Can you imagine? Some people will believe anything, won't they?

Thanks to all who endeavored to identify Lou's Sugar Plum Fairy in our Win A Dream Date With The Bonbons Contest (and now that four more of Les Petites have joined Jeri and Boby in Hollywood-they've settled in a hillside pagoda in Highland Park, where baboons run wild in the streets-that should be quite some weekend), but as of this writing no one has plucked the proper Plum. So I guess we'll just keep it going for a while longer, and to help you out (it is a toughie), please eliminate the following, all of which were submitted with gratifying enthusiasm if not always much thought: Joe Dallesandro; Candy Darling; Holly Woodlawn (they all have their own verses, dears); Syd Barrett; Rodney Bingenheimer; Lance Loud; Andy Warhol; Wayne County; Sylvester; Dora Rocco (really!); Ultra Violet; Ray Davies; John Cale; Nico; Bob Dylan; Betty Reed; Lord Sutch; Sylvia Miles; Angie Bowie; Zowie Bowie; Boby Bonbon; Lisa Rocco (how very flattering, but as wrong as all the above). Keep at it. Someone's bound to hit the Fairy on the head soon.

Lisa Rocco

In Hollywood ~~everyone~~ knows Jeri and Bobbi Bon Bon of Les Petits Bon Bons. Soon to be featured in a major motion picture, Les Bon Bons may be coming to your town soon!! (Photo by Richard Creamer)



## HOLLYWOOD

A big Hollywood welcome to Bobi BonBon, another new resident of Laurel Canyon. Meantime we're distressed to report that Mark BonBon was arrested again, this time in London, after he OD'd and started smashing the hotel's windows. They even had the fire department out in front.

HERE)



NOT TRANSFERABLE

### EMBARKATION DAY VISITORS' PASS

(VALID FOR ONE PERSON ONLY)

ORONSAY

To the Captain of s. B Bonbon

Please permit the Bearer B Bonbon (AVAILABLE FOR ONE PERSON ONLY)

to board your vessel on (date) MAY 19 1973 between the hours shown in the Embarkation Notice ONLY.

ISSUED SUBJECT TO THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON THE BACK HEREOF AND TO HARBOUR AND CUSTOMS AUTHORITIES REGULATIONS.

See and sign the reverse side

BY: George Turner

VISITORS MUST LEAVE THE SHIP ONE HOUR BEFORE SAILING TIME

DAVID BOWIE

AND STAR GIRL THE PATTY CLINE BON-BONS

IN HOLLYWOOD!

(SEE PAGE 72)



Les Petites  
Bon Bons

# HOLLYWOOD



# ELTON JOHN



September 7th 1973  
Hollywood Bowl

David Doll was sighted high in the seats at Elton John's Hollywood Bowl show, and once again, Elton provides Lisa with gobs of material. Reg adores parties, and so there was another, this time at the Roxy (finally!). Elton's personally supervised guest list included Martha Reeves (in head-to-toe denim), Peggy Lee, Dyan Cannon, Elizabeth Ashley, Bruce Johnston, Carly Simon and James Taylor (his hair was dirty), Robbie Robertson, Paul Lynde, May Britt, former Procol Harum guitarist Dave Ball, Dobie Gray, Linda Lovelace (who introduced Elton at the Bowl) and Terry Melcher. Doug Weston was checking out the competition, and Lou Adler was sneaking friends in through mysterious back exits, even though he'd insisted earlier that the list be trimmed lest the fire marshals shut the place down.



*Baby*

*Bon Bon*

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Dear Elton- Thanx so much for one of the best concert/party evenings Hollywood's seen in some time.. The rainbow pianos r eleasing white doves etc. looked great f rom our 3rd row box courtesy Standard Oil l(in front of Ann Margaret & her hairdre sser even)and the complementary wine was a perfect touch. I got quite drunk late r at the party, and was really at my obn oxious best when Kathy Heller, Jeri and I(above) descended on Paul Lynde, with w hom we exchanged quips tricks and insult s, hats and harangues- it was heaven! BRF





1.



2.



3.



4.



## THE PORN PROJECT: BB 'POSTCARD

The Porn Project was a piece consisting of 20 sets of five cards, each with a different collage and body quote, sent out separately on five consecutive days; conceptually, the cards would arrive at their destinations in the same sequence. In several confirmed cases, this actually occurred. Recipients were people culled from our regular mailing list, Wayne County, General Idea, Jackie Curtis, Lou Reed, Buddy & Mathew of Glendale, Andy Warhol and Taylor Mead, among them. The quotes were:

- 1) Originally everything was one body; it is again.
- 2) I sing the body eclectic
- 3) The body to be realized is the uni/verse as one perfect wo/man
- 4) The eternal body of man is the imagination
- 5) Is this my body?

This project was also the subject of a radio interview with Lew Irwin on his syndicated "Earth News" program, one of several on various Bonbon gestures.

SHOW'



5.



April 30, 1973

Universal Presents

A  
CASI FILM LTD./COPPOLA COMPANY  
Production



# American Graffiti, Barrio Style

*"Child  
Star Award..."*

To Mackenzie Phillips, aka Laurie Phillips, daughter of the Momas and Popas and a neophyte starlet in her own right since her role in that Super Pastiche of the white '60's, American Graffiti... A fellow Rodneyite (before moving up to the silver screen) since she was 13, she insisted we see her premier— little did we know as we boarded the limo in front of the club on Sunset what we were about to see, or what would become of it... "Just another 'Commercial Success,' I guess." With light slicing the sky, Lance Loud and even Wayne County flown in from New York, it was indeed tantamount to the Locust Poem, and thus a fitting farewell to the Glory That Was Bonbons... "The next morning they woke up on their way home, young boys with quite an adventure behind them." -Log Book, The Grand Tore of '73



ROOM NO. 117 REG. CARD NO. 2395 NAME Mr. ROBERT L. ...  
 FROM CARD NO. TO CARD NO. ...  
 MONTH DAY WEEK  
 DATE 7L 5 3 1974  
 B. F. ROOM  
 ROOM  
 N.Y.S. TAX  
 N.Y.C. TAX  
 TELEPHONE 250  
 LAUNDRY  
 CASH ADVANCES  
 SUNDRIES  
 TRANSFER  
 TOTAL CHARGES  
 CASH REC'D 231.77 1.50  
 ALLOWANCES  
 TAX REFUND  
 TRANSFERS  
 BAL. FORWARD

G 2618  
 CHELSEA HOTEL  
 222 West 23rd Street  
 New York, N.Y. 10011  
 (212) CH 3-3700

PAID  
 HOTEL CHELSEA

ADV.

The ornate, marble-floored Chelsea Hotel on Manhattan's West 23rd Street, with its famous wrought-iron balconies and traditionally tolerant management, has been a hip haven for writers, artists and musicians since it opened its doors in 1884. The antics and accomplishments of its guests—celebrated, obscure or hovering somewhere between—have become a part of New York City's artistic lore, and so has the legendary Chelsea itself. Its fading elegance was saved from destruction when it was designated an official city landmark in 1966.

Fabled residents have included writers like Mark Twain and O. Henry, Thomas Wolfe and Dylan Thomas. Today the Chelsea is the permanent domain of Composer Virgil Thomson, the spot that Playwright Arthur Miller chooses to stay at when he is in town opening a new play, and the regular New York stopover for a host of luminaries from the world of art, music, film and fiction, who, along with its dozens of regular residents, prefer the funky, faded chic of the Chelsea to more contemporary quarters uptown. Perennial Chelsea guests include the entire Fonda clan, Director John Houseman and Actors Al Pacino and Timothy Bottoms. Boasts the hotel's managing director, Stanley Bard: "It is the greatest assemblage of creative people under one roof in the world."

In recent months, however, the Chelsea has also become an occasional hangout for a seedier brand of clientele—prostitutes, pimps and gamblers—and last week their high jinks snared some

**Rip-Off at the Chelsea**

surprised Chelsea guests in an ugly rape-and-robbery incident. A third-floor room was serving as an all-night gambling den, with sex available as an added lure. At least 13 men and women, some of them registered guests, made their way to room 330 for the night's gambol. Around 7 a.m. Sunday, two men crashed the party at gunpoint. The pair made the partygoers strip and stole their



MANHATTAN'S CHELSEA HOTEL

money, watches and jewelry. As a vicious finale, they raped one of the women. The two men then locked the victims into the room's closets and bathroom, and fled.

**Outlandish Goings-On.** The trapped guests broke out a few minutes later and telephoned the management, which quickly summoned police. The officers interviewed victims and members of the hotel staff. By around 9 a.m. narrowed the possible suspects to Aaron Legrand and Edward Steadley, who had checked into their first-floor room two days before. A policeman dressed as a bellboy went up to their room with the bill, and when one of the pair opened the door part way and asked him to slide it under the door, the officer, backed up by two other armed policemen, broke in and arrested the two men. They were later charged with robbery, rape, unlawful imprisonment and other crimes. Police confiscated \$1,881 in cash from the room and a haul that included several watches and rings.

Is the heist likely to hurt the Chelsea's zany reputation? Hardly, say its most seasoned guests, who for years have known how to blink at outlandish goings-on at the Chelsea. "The incident just gives the place a little pep," observed Composer George Kleinsinger, a 17-year resident. "The Chelsea is still a very personal place, and I like it for that," says Playwright Miller, who lived there from 1965 to 1972. "It has big, quiet rooms. Some of them," he adds with an indulgent smile, "need painting, of course."

Bonjour,

**MADHATTAN**

**The Grand Tore Of '74**

now presenting

**"HOLLYWOOD BONSBONS ON THE STREETS OF NUDE YORK"**

**May 25 - 31**



PREVIEW  
WITH  
PICTURES:  
"EARTHQUAKE"

It wasn't until fall, some months after their return to Los Angeles, that it was obvious the Baby Bonbon was dead... Of Natural Causes, of course. The neuro/geo/logical disaster zones, the faults, the false, the myth and the by-myth-taken, desolate vista of a battleground where Culture vs. Nature (below). "I keep straining my ears to hear a sound, maybe someone is digging underground." Or changing the channels, rearranging the landscape, redefining the realm to see who survives. "While I was a Bonbon I saw a seemingly seamless cloak of identity, without beginning or end. But as I traced the shape of the image in life it sought its inherent dimensions and subsided, leaving darker dramas to be dealt with. We probed the crumbling wastes of our histories for

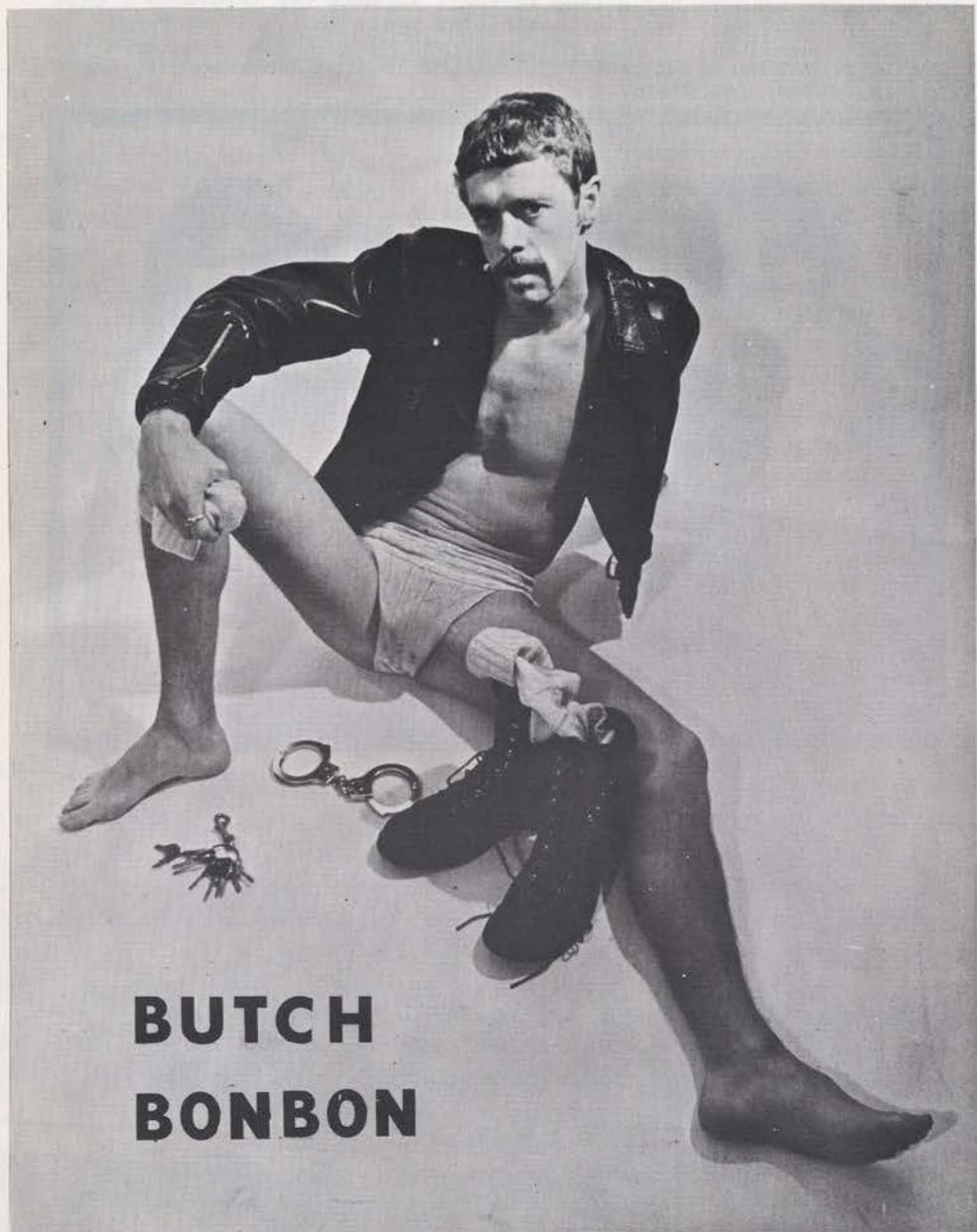


BELOW: The Bonbons bid a fond farewell to Mott the Hoople at a wake held in their honor at the Continental Hyatt House on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles. The rock band was persuaded to sing an a cappella rendition of "Sucker". Left to right: Greg Jeresek, Boby and Jerry Bonbon, Ian Hunter.



signs of Life: the Pain which Passeth All Understanding, evidence of Love Gone Bad. What we found was Fashion Fascism, a note of Nazi nostalgia tuning up with Futurism circa '84 in the Tremor of the Times. Dying Gods the Fathers snarl their last commands from swaying monoliths, debris-strewn alleys, and pickup trucks with gun racks; I survey the scars of their reflections as they fester in the vast scope of my experience, commands and shower rooms, husky shirtless hitchhikin' drifter in headlights blaze one night near San Jose, black leather jacket of a boy in 4th grade, smirking tattooed carney, scrawls in a truckstop john, Albuquerque N.M., army stories... With a snappy salute & a crisp "Yessir!" I embrace the vanishing essence that lies at the surface of obsolete culture like so many fashion notes." Exploring the cult of masculinity in camouflage among its most ardent adherents, the artist as arbitrator of Fashion Fascism finds it all FASHION: FETISH! Love Among The Ruins.

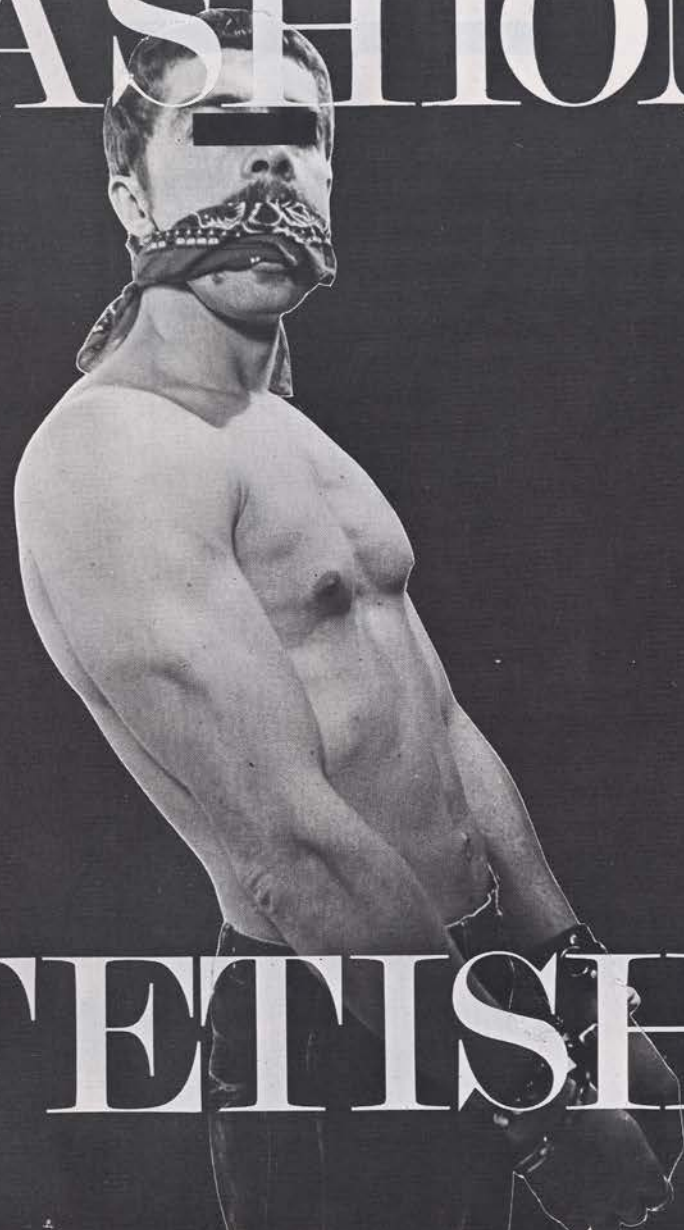




**BUTCH  
BONBON**

PHOTOS BY SUZAN CARSON

**FASHION:**



**FINISH!**



THE HUNTER GETS CAPTURED BY THE GAME

Everyday things change, and the world puts on a new face;  
Certain things rearrange, and this old world seems like a new place- oh yeah...  
Secretly I been trailin' you, like a fox that preys on a rabbit...  
I had to get you and so I knew I had to learn your ways and habits.  
You were the catch that I was after,  
But I looked up and I was in your arms & I knew I had been captured.

Everyday things change, and some old ideas give way to some new;  
Some new ideas are strange-like the new idea of me bein' caught by you- oh yeah...  
I had laid such a tender trap, hoping you might fall into it-  
But love hit me, like a sudden slap- one kiss, and then I knew it.  
My plan didn't work out like I thought, cause I had laid my trap for you-  
But it looks like I got caught!

What's this old world comin' to, things just ain't the same,  
Anytime the hunter gets captured by the game.

-Smokey Bill Robinson,  
As sung by The Marvelettes

PHOTO BY SUZAN CARSON





# FETISH

"But Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement."

-Wm. Butler Yeats

## THE FILTHIEST PEOPLE

"Put down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree. Every throne a toilet seat & every toilet seat a throne. The distinction between the sublime & the vulgar is swallowed up in symbolism... the way up is the way down..."

-N.O.Brown

In my Fathers mansion are many rooms, and playing the part of Culture he kept us each in our own for quite some time. Now that daddy's obsolete the kids have the run of the house, pulling things out of drawers and closets, mimicing stances in this role & that. Unbridaled egotism, ultimate taboo, is to dare to see the whole Idea-Palace-Of-My-Dreams, study its architecture, divine its mystery. The forbidden is the most fun at first, until it's diffused and de-fused, & we are left at last with the full spectrum of tastes to color our lives in balanced beauty. From the media mirror held in high facade a reverse image flickers in low profile across the horizon:

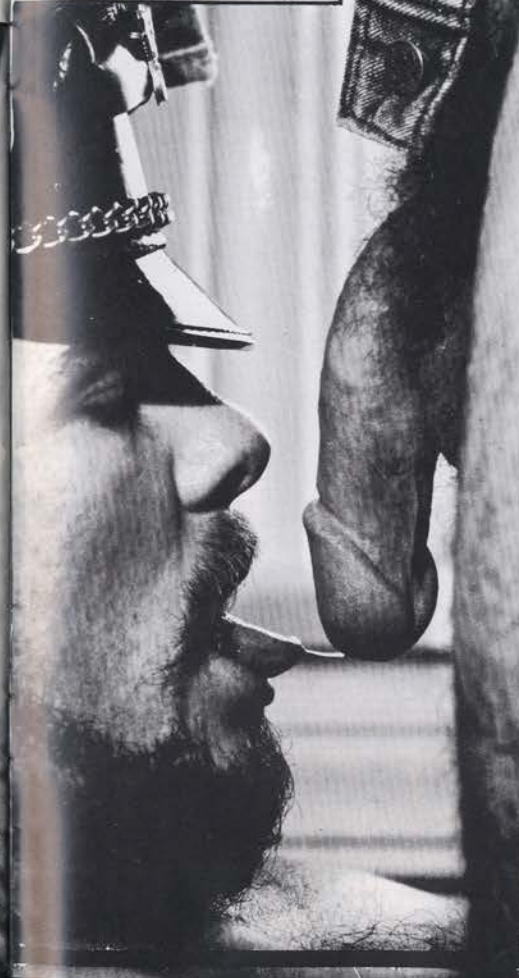


# FETISH

# FETISH

## ALIVE?

Playing The Part Of The Man as a Hells Anal- the essentially rough and dirty character of masculine mythology and the mind-field of fetish in residence. In reflection it was only Natural, as form follows fiction, to expose this nether realm where mute taboo and unrecorded ritual meet reality as residue of the Reign of Men. It has all the cachet of the no-longer-functional, all the studied mannerism of ultimate chic, all the fashion-consciousness of haute couture, and all the exclusivity of The 600. So fashion-rite in an era of Downward Mobility to focus on Man as Loser, The Hunter Captured By The Game, the outcast "Born To Raise Hell" who can no longer deny the subliminal appeal of his own image, now that the devils work has been done. Time to return to the pool of Narcissus & become a conceit. And where could one become conceited more easily, poolside, than L.A.? The indigenous arrogance heated up under a hot sun with the seething rangy aggression of the Old West pistol packer shocked to find himself at the end of the pioneer trail. He feels like a trapped animal...what does he do? He's beside himself...



# FETISH



We now have them!  
**COMBAT TROPICAL  
 MILDEW RESISTANT  
 VIETNAM  
 BOOTS**



## These Men Are Not for Marrying

**DEAR ABBY:** I just read the letter from the man who likes to wear ladies' lingerie and claims to be "all man."

My husband was one of those. He, too, served with the Marines, during which time he was sexually involved with an ex-Green Beret. I finally had a private detective get pictures of the two of them

together, which was all the evidence I needed. His boyfriend was the father of four, and I was pregnant with my fifth at the time.

We are divorced now and nobody can understand why I left a handsome, 6-foot, 210-pound, masculine-looking man who was "good" to me and the kids and who had a

pleasant, easy-going personality.

Abby, please warn other women that men who like to wear women's lingerie are not "all men" like they say. I don't care if they're ex-marines, ex-policemen or Olympic champions. Don't use my name. My children don't know about their father. Sign me,

**BEEN**

**DEAR BEEN:** Men who get their kicks from dressing in women's attire are transvestites. Some are bisexual, some are homosexual, and some, strangely enough, are strictly heterosexual. And unless a woman can go along with it (which takes a very understanding woman), these men are not for marrying.

**ULTIMATES  
 SAVAGES**



THE  
 SEAMY  
 SEEM  
 AND  
 BE  
 SEEN  
 SCENE...

"I never bothered with that scene back home but there sure are some good lookin' dudes out here."

-A youthful houseguest who also claimed to be 'all man'.

"California cock is best."

-truckstop john wall, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Los Angeles, California  
 July 30th, 1974

Dear Departed BonBon,

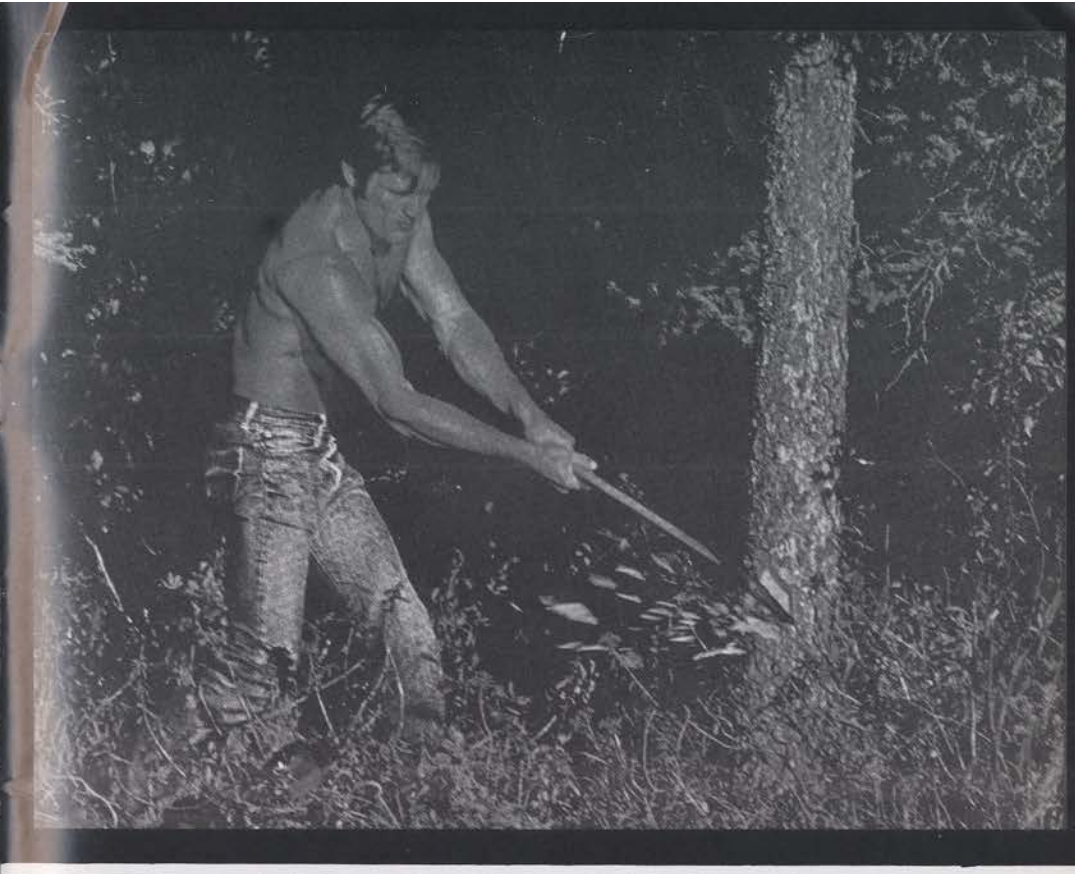
Standing on the shaky ground of the crumbling edge of culture, summer in Los Angeles seems to force the city's diverse Ultimates into even more exotic bloom. They say "In LA there's a lotta Hot Stuff runnin' around..." and there is, the best of what culture ie advertising has been





,,, *NOT MENTIONED* in guide

honning and defining ever since it discovered sex and the subliminal.... I mean it's here these gods of the Sacred Stance have come to be born, & they punctuate the social landscape aspiring in a blast of Ultimate Style to the High Art of car, booze and cigaret ads. The L&M man liveth in Laguna, need I say more? His billboard campaign will Play Itself in LA and California exclusively, to a very pointed audience. All these local artistes have done everything to realize my research in culture's last stand, The Ways and Habits of the American Macho, in lurid local color. Facing the mirror with hindsight foremost in mind, I have adjusted my stance to the last detail... the hair is all cut off of course, standard procedure in most rituals of manhood; a mustache & beard where none had ever grown



books to Hollywood Boulevard,,,

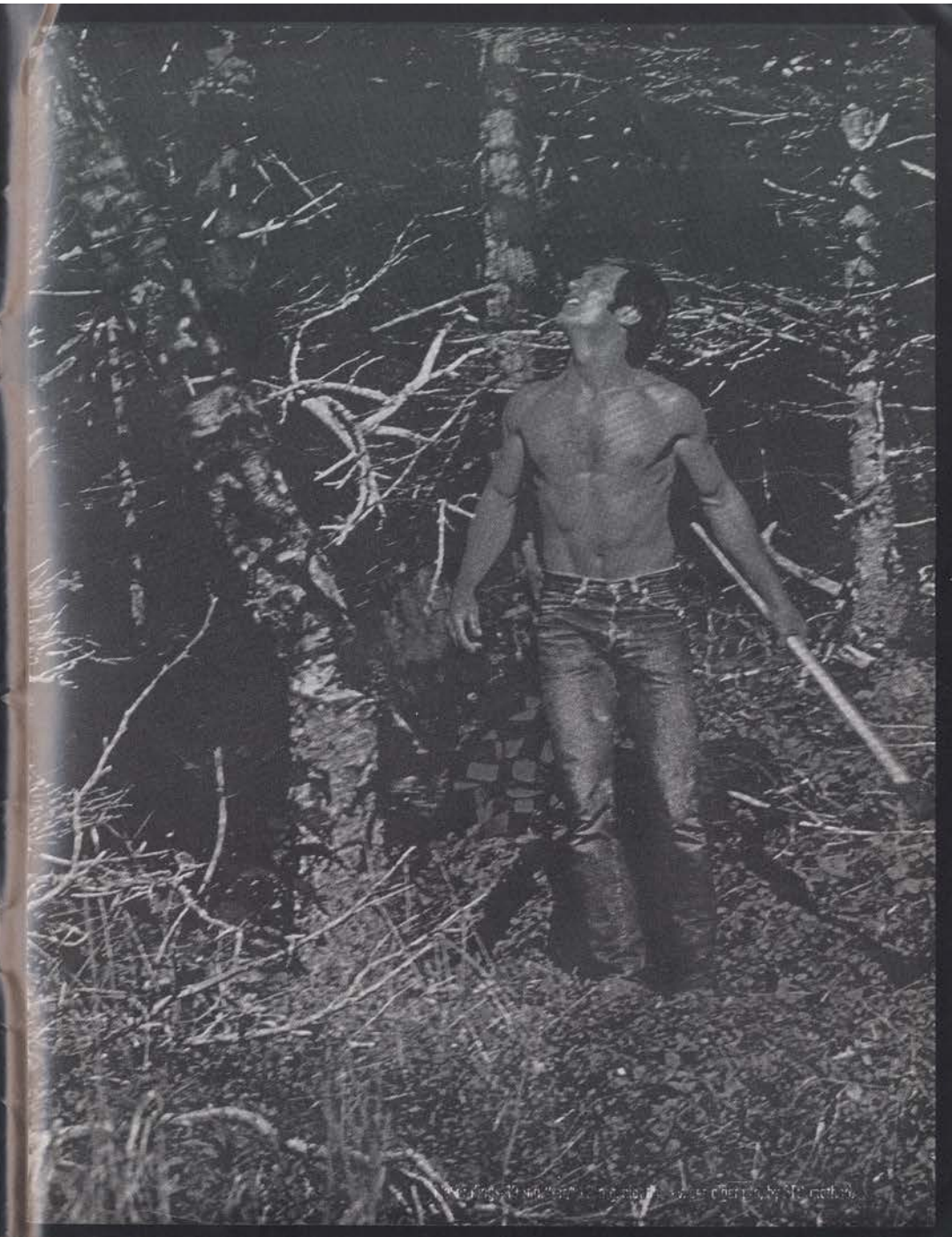
before, crisply defined muscles glistening in hot bronze tan and oil from 10 months of 2 hr. workouts, work boots, wool sox & rolled-up button fly jeans- no belt, top & bottom buttons open in the most Preferred Causal style... thick black leather watchband & sleeveless T-shirts with with room fer that bicep bulge or red/black plaid flannel shirt, sleeves rolled, open front exposing smooth swelling pecs & tight abdominals rippling down in symmetry, or no shirt at all. Inherent restraint allows for only one small silver ring. Eyes are a stretch of silver mirrors that scan the shifting shiftless landscape for a prey to reflect on til we ignite and consume our masques, light-on, man, the Last Tangle and Perish! Here I refer to my copy of JJ Baylin's Treatise On Gorgeousness, where he asks "Shall we admit,



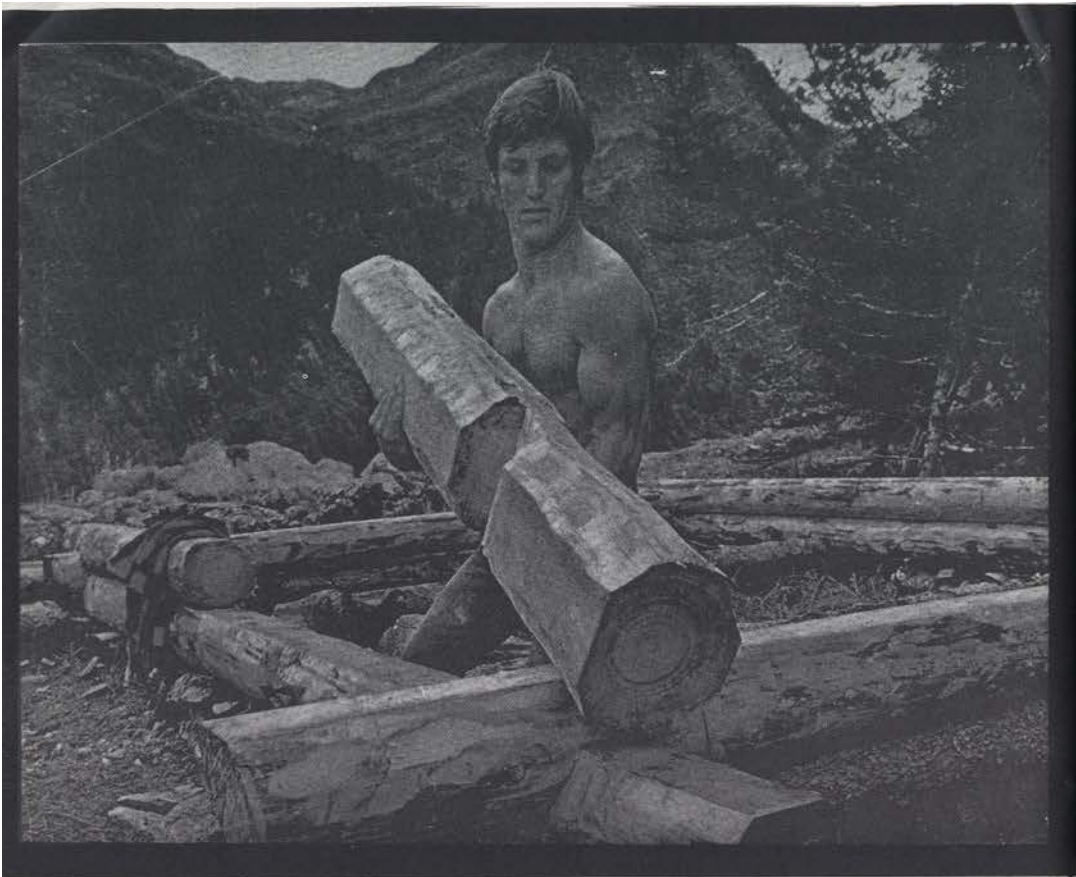
then, as did the sensual careerist who stated that 'you are only as gorgeous as those with whom you make it.' that the Gorgeous shall always seek out and ultimately find the other gorgeous'?" I think we should and learning ways and habits there are 2 ways this is done, via co-workers, buddies/unusual situations, for those who feel they have time to wait; or through the instant plug-in video image of Café Society, the seamy seem and be seen scene, the streets alleys parks and cars of LA. They come here 'cause they hear it happens here and because they do it does. As a culture it defies the commonly accepted code that two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time, the fetishes being largely invisible, real only to those who court it. But when you come in and some dude sez "Open yer dirty fuckin' mouth man and tell me what you want!" you know you're on the trail... And so, with persona in place, I finally got an interview with Jose, bus driver, biker, body builder, mechanic, perhaps (& widely considered to be) the most consummate performance artist on the scene (and there aren't many, as the eyes adjust in the darkness as to night vision, who really refine and define the sensibility...). He's maybe 24, had his first orgasm during a high school wrestling match and it was lifestyle at first sight. He does things like work on his bike all day & go on that night in grease-smear'd T-shirt, stand under a convenient ceiling spotlight and start feeling his arms, let beer run out of his mouth, down his chin to soak his shirt as he laves it in & then rips the shirt off his chest so he can feel his pecs, for the entertainment of whoever cares to watch... Tho he is sometimes criticized for his self-indulgence, with his impeccable body (couresty Gold's gym, thankjew) and costumes can it be

*yet smart throngs crowd its doors daily*

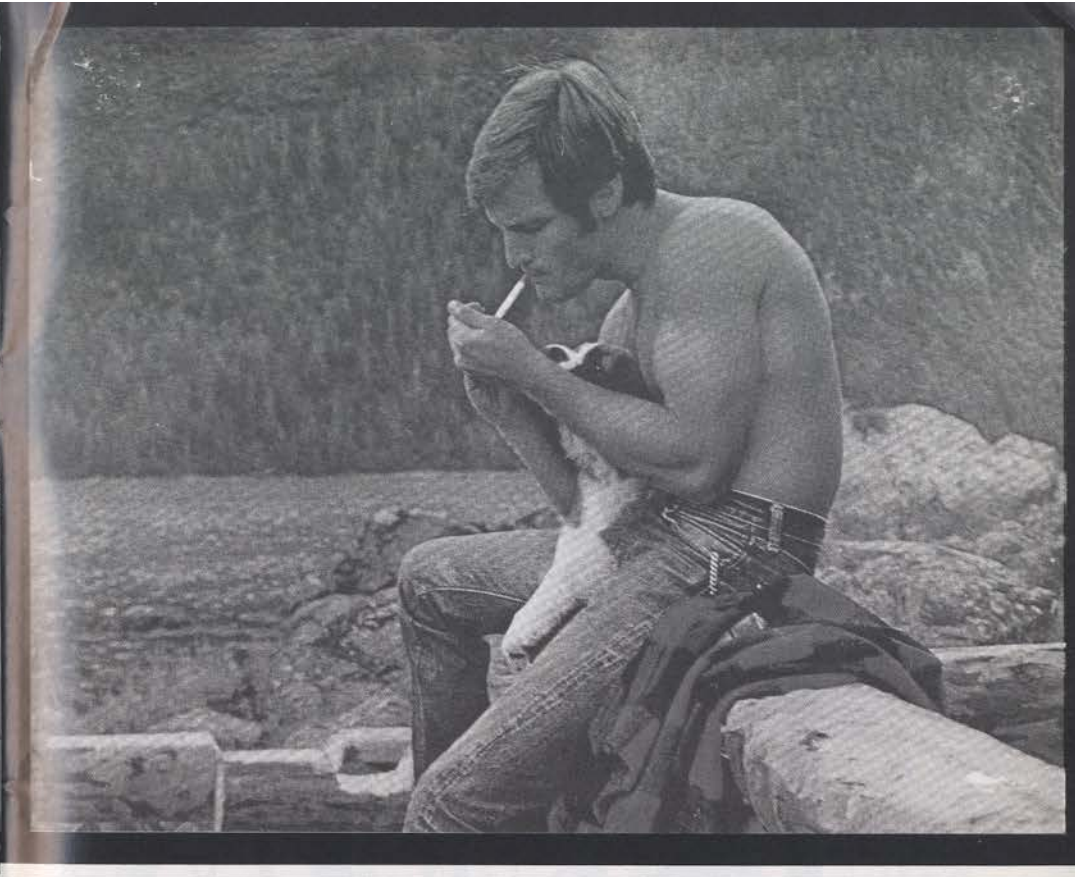
anything but envy? And he's democratic, I mean he'll let anyone have a look or feel tho private sessions remain difficult to come by. He says he likes to go in & heat a place up, be its center of temptation, and so is also into heat imagery, a gas jet fireplace he turns to a roar to sit beside while he runs through a few hours of his exhibit... which is never less than that, and can sometimes run to several days. Then there's Tom, ex-carpenter, ex-gas station attendant, fringe Hell's Angel Harley rider & pickup truck driver (very authentique), who is the first person I can remember ever asking me to shoot a game of pool... He's the perfect long lean lewd dude in greasy jeans & boots, sleeveless levi jacket with Harley patch across the shoulders (which he wants to tattoo there), exposing







arm tattoos and leather wristbands, long dark straight greased hair thrown back from long angular face with full black beard growing in and piercing black eyes squinting against the smoke from the cigaret clamped in his lips as he shoots his turn at the pool table. He has more recently graduated to bartender at some of the more esoteric watering spots, and is the only number in LA who can really get away with wearing a hard-hat out for the evening... Such a fashion edict may sound arbitrary, but by the blast of clarity with which it slices through amorphous expectation and acutely defines it at a glance, there can be no doubt. My subjects have been selected with the same critical "I" that crafted my own facade from the trash-heap of culture, alluring aspects more apparent as their functions grow obsolete. From there on it's mutual admiration and testimonials, yer a fuckin beautiful man, man, they say but it takes one to know one, you know. Uniform dressup is on the rise, from the occasi-



onal combat outfit, down to welder's caps or heavy leather tool belts of the often obliging telephone repair man... The most startling are the police uniform fetishists, the policemen out of uniform and lookin' fer a stud buddy, and the police in uniforms looking for someone to bust, the shattered core of culture when worlds collide! Now you too can don the image appeal of playing cowboy or fireman without bothering yourself with the boring details and hard work these characters were once related to, born of necessity in the oppressive reality of the Cultural Era. Human physical archetypes have changed little in 10,000 years, yet the net of myth we weave and throw over them, as it grows more dense and wild, catches on itself & ravels out of sight, out of mind... The superior non-poluting flexibility of a mentally constructed environment that contains (as it connects to) whatever obsession it has evolved through taste, myth & circumstance, is now becoming obvious- a smart new idea for a New Era!



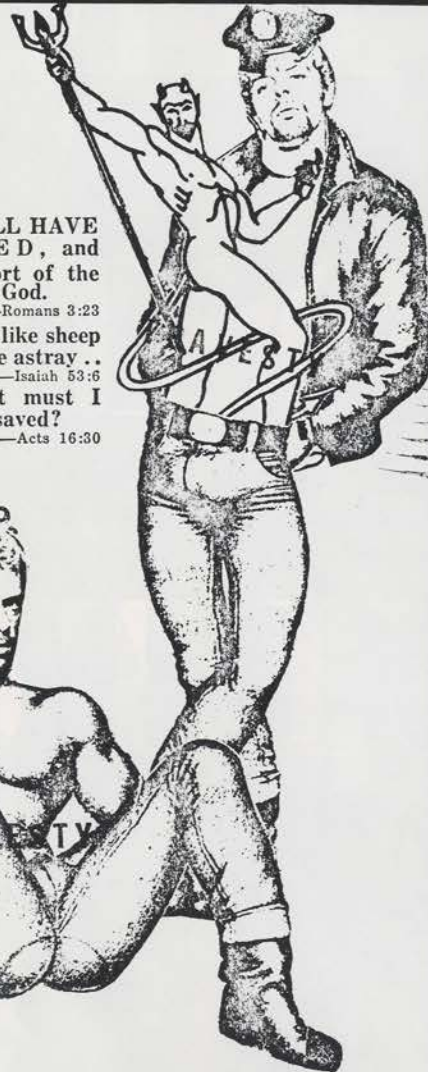
# IN MEMORIAM:

There is a way  
which seemeth  
right unto a man,  
but the end thereof  
are the ways of  
death. —Proverbs 14:12



Ouch

30  
FOR ALL HAVE  
SINNED, and  
come short of the  
glory of God.  
—Romans 3:23  
All we like sheep  
have gone astray ..  
—Isaiah 53:6  
... what must I  
do to be saved?  
—Acts 16:30



... it is appointed  
unto men once to  
die, but after this  
the judgment.  
—Hebrews 9:27



14 Come now, and  
let us reason to-  
gether, saith the  
Lord: though your  
sins be as scarlet,  
they shall be as  
white as snow;  
though they be red  
like crimson, they  
shall be as wool.

These pages are dedicated to our exquisite nameless fetish model who appears here (lower left) and elsewhere in this issue. Unable to strike the arduous balance between fantasy & reality and keep one from being the victim of the other, he is dead of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. Vita mutatur, non tollitur.



# THE POST CULTURAL ERA



"THEIR MEMORY OF PERSONAL EVENTS IN THEIR LIVES IS FAINT, TO THE POINT WHERE THEY'RE OFTEN VAGUE ABOUT WHO THEIR PARENTS WERE. THE DAILY ARTIFACTS OF LIVING WERE WILLED TO THEM BY THEIR ANCESTORS AND NOT MUCH ELSE. THEY HAVE NO CONCEPT OF AN AFTERLIFE. IT'S NOT NECESSARY TO WORRY- YOU'RE BORN, YOU LIVE, YOU DIE.... LIFE IS HERE, NOW."

-L.A. TIMES REPORT ON THE TASADAY





GLAMOUR, GLAMOR (orig. esp. in 'cast the glamour,' to cast an enchantment) 1. orig., a magic spell or charm 2. seemingly mysterious and elusive fascination or allure, as of some person, object, scene, etc.; bewitching charm: the current sense

-Webster's New World Dictionary

One of the many modes of life lost during the Death of Culture is the loss of the Glamour Elite. A product of the self-indulgence of the powerful few who controlled the growth of culture, they were once the sole purveyors of idealized lifestyle as pap for public fantasy, stylized to the aspirations of any given historical period. More recent history is largely a chronicle of the masses below reaching for their fair share of glamour. Consumerism and advertising raised this quest to a fever pitch, selling mechanical panaceas to the problem of being human by pandering to any potential self centred desire and glamourizing it. As we began to take for granted the possibility of acquiring personal glamour, culture itself became too much an imposition on nature, now nearly depleted from feeding our propensity for vain conceit. In turn the objects of our affectation shift, the character of that scene of elusive fascination or allure no longer dominated by the fashion fascism of the power structure. A mere handful actually live in the palaces of the past; haute couture turns out its denim chic, the lifestyle that supports the most leisure is the



ATTENDS...

IMAGE COURTESY OPAL NATIONS

# THE DEATH OF CULTURE

most envied. What comes forward to fill the void left by the loss of the seemingly mysterious object fetish is the inner resource of taste. Refined at last and in tune with the ego and the moment, this is not taste as the manipulation of compulsive consumerism but the wedding of highly personal experience, media input and intuition that can arbitrate the Fashion Moment in a spontaneous flash of the 'current sense' that is brain-current generated, the magic spell that reels the mind & body with its own sense of Ultimate Style, delight in living itself. The cultural era called for the separation of mind and body into work(Job) & sex(family)... Now that sex means fun and work means unemployment, mass media reflects our taste for fuller sex lives and leisure pursuits involving nature. Beyond this, as genital body fetish subsides with the demodé family structure it was based on, the generalization of body pleasure and specialization within the Fashion Moment, the clannishness of kindred spirits. The new chic will not come from Paris or New York but off the subliminal...it's context will be Life at its fullest. Its metaphors for glamour will be true enchantment, species-delight in its essence and its natural environment/ plants/ animals/ water/ mirrors/ the spectrum/ and their relation to the limitless powers of the imagination to connect in joy. Machines will not be needed.

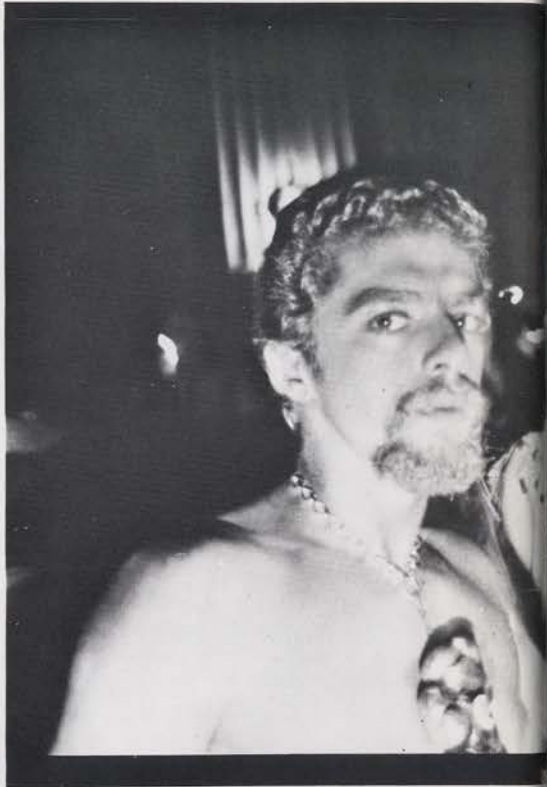


ELK'S BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, FEB. 2

The Decca Dancers, with approval in principal from Robert Filliou and the *Eternal Network*, celebrated the one million and eleventh Anniversary of the birth of art. There was no worldwide school vacation or paid holiday for all the workers of the world, but for the eight-hundred people who attended there was an evening of all-round festivities and spontaneous funmaking as the Canadian dancers saluted the network and opened the doors of a *New Era* with the presentation of the *Sphinx D'Or Awards*.

WHISPERED ART HISTORY. How it all began depends on who you speak to. For Robert Filliou the idea of a *Fete Permanente* started back on January 17, 1963 when he thought about the fact that one million years ago modern human beings first appeared on the face of the earth and that in those days art was life and that it would be an excellent idea to have an artless day of festivities to celebrate the happy beginning and bring about a happy ending to the whole affair, so that art will become life again and return to the people; children, men and women everywhere, to whom it belongs. For Lowell Darling and Dana Atchley it started a couple of years ago with plans to hold an *Art Red Cross Convention* in San Francisco that would bring together everyone on the emerging correspondence network. For Mr. Peanut of Vancouver it started over lunch with Lowell Darling at the *Elk's Building* in *Hollywood*, which they unanimously agreed would be the perfect place for a celebration (the building is one of those superb L.A. twenties structures designed for Superman to land on with a Grand Auditorium patterned after the Brutish House of Lords). Back in Vancouver Mr. Peanut spread the word at the *Western Front* where the idea took off on the subliminal, involving first *General Idea* and later more and more people on the *Eternal Network*. From this point on suggestions and possibilities abounded. Willoughby Sharp, Mighty Mogul of the Art World and Lowell Darling agreed to act as hosts and insure that everything was streamlined in *Hollywood*. Dana Atchley suggested the theme of the *Decca-Dance*, which tied in neatly with everyone's long range plans. Image Bank and Ant Farm, interested in the influence and effects of Futurism on the culture asked, "What about tomorrow?" Flakey, with the assistance of the *Corres-Sponge Dance School*, involved everyone by asking for contributions to be housed in the *Great Wall of 1984* for the National Research Library in Ottawa. *General Idea* had just announced plans for the *Miss General Idea Pavilion 1984* in the special issue of *FILE/IFEL*. The future was being decided today! The word was out from Vancouver to Toronto to Paris to Nice to Koln to London to New York to San Francisco to Los Angeles. The enthusiasm was confirmed and the grand collaboration begun. Count Fanzini commenced the epic issue of *FANZINI GOES TO THE MOVIES*. Willoughby Sharp, Megan Williams and Chip Lord took care of video. Flakey (E.E. Claire), and A.A. Bronson co-ordinated the script. Kerry Calonna shot the film with his nine man film crew. Robert Filliou provided the inspiration. Lowell Darling made sure everyone knew. Environmental Communications provided the hardware. Ms. Rhonda provided the glitter and the wheels, and the network provided the *Spirit* that made anything possible. ONE MILLION AND TWELVE HERE WE COME!

# ART'S



R.J. Lambert (aka Bob Bon Vivant) rendered his art's presents visible by selecting a facade in step with the fashion footnote of a DECCADANCE motif. Moments before the ceremony began he slipped off to don tattered jeans, knee-high black leather boots and chrome handcuffs, his glistening muscled torso hair and beard sprayed silver and a large fresh beef kidney hung from his neck by a silver chain. Later as he began to emote with this

# BIRTHDAY!!!



prop he was inspired to perform the now infamous "Meat Dance" sequence, which fortunately was caught on film and appears as the dramatic climax to a 20 minute B&W documentary sound film of the event by Kerry Calonna & the UCLA film department. As art star Granada Gazelle is said to have gasped upon witnessing the piece, "The most electrifying performance I've ever seen." Prints available from the *Western Front*, Vancouver, B.C. and UCLA.

After the final toasts of the Birthday dinner began to subside, the czars and moguls of the art world sated on the friendly and familiar luncheon hospitality of gracious Mike and Sylvia Mazurki, the privileged, the famous, the infamous, the pleased, the leisured and mondane ascended the Escalier D'Honneur to the auditorium. And what a truly plethoric constellation it was: Chris Burden, Van Schley, Hudson Ant Farm, Richard Dixon, Sandy Stagg, Dave Robinson, Rookie of the Year David Young (with all new face!) on the arm of noted art critic John Mayonnaise, there were Bon Tons, Bons Mots and Bob Bons Vivants. There was Monte Cazzazza head above the crowd, Angie Bowie was absent but was escorted by William Burroughs in Spirit. David and Gary Greenberg with the Environmental Communications crew, John Margolis and Billy Adler, Anne and Toni Ramos, Noah Dakota, Jane Livingstone of the County Art Museum, Gene Youngblood, Opal L. Nations, Futzie Nutzle, Irene Dogmatic, Pat Tavener Mail Queen, Alex Hay, Doug Christmas, Bill Farley, T.R. Uthco, Sam C. Arter, the Chief, Chairman Mo, Mary Ashley, Sue Subtle, Polly Bergen, Phalix Partz, Daddaland, S.S. Tell, Pascal, Robert Cumming, Willy Walker, the lovely Leslie and Lorenz. With over eight hundred attending, the event became the ultimate splash, and when those notable shark fins began to surface, poolside manner was brought to its ultimate refinement. There was a subtle hint of glitter and glamour caught in glint of Ms. Rhonda's platform lame heels. The dark and deep mystery of the *Black Poem* worn discreetly by such notables as A.A. Bronson, Willoughby Sharp and Count Fanzini was adeptly matched by the casual hard and tactile leather Fetish of Brooklyn's two top art stars John and Zeke. The Canadian Dancers entranced by the lure of Hollywood cosmetics were always caught by every ample mirror, adjusting their lines and shadows. *Hollywood* where tomorrow's fashions became today's news, where progress was their only project. The dancers, ever on the prowl, won an instant and immediately popular notoriety for their lovable antics. Armed and extremely dangerous, their presence brought the world of '84 here today! Inside the *Hollywood Grand Luxe* the first tremours of the *Decca-Dance* begin. The scene: now subtly lit by the indirect glow of Deco lamps set against columns in a classically simple relief. People began to arrive, File in and Fan. As the lights dimmed the narrators came forward and addressed the audience before blazing spotlights. There was A.A. Bronson and Vancouver's own Flakey Rose Hip, complemented by the incisive talents of Marcel Idea, President of Image Bank. The M.C.'s whispered Art's History and then introduced File covergirl and designer of tomorrow's novelty fashions today, Granada Gazelle, who was to announce the first awards assisted by the gracious Count Fanzini and as fast as you could say "there's no business like Business as Unusual" the ceremonies commenced and the show began the great plodding trek toward its momentous conclusion, a typical and representative evening of Awards and Awarders.





"CULTURE EXPIRING AT THE BIRTH OF EGOZONE"

# THE WILD BOYS

THE WILD BOYS:  
a TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE  
PERFORMED NIGHTLY  
ON THE STREETS  
OF SOUTH MILWAUKEE

CONCEPT BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS,  
REALIZATION BY YESTERDAY'S  
BOBONS and W.A.R. PRODUCTIONS,  
SPECIAL EFFECTS BY ACE STUD, INC.

HAPPY BLOOMSDAY!  
-J.D.

"OUR AIM IS TOTAL CHAOS."

## SUMMER 1975



**Isn't this  
the day**

**Lawyer's Gun  
Kills His Client**

Detroit, Mich. -UPI- A client elated at his lawyer's performance in court slapped him on the shoulder in a parking lot. The lawyer's revolver slipped from its shoulder holster, hit the ground, discharge and fatally wounded the client.

Atty. Robert Greenstein, 32, suburban Plymouth, gave police that account of the fatal shooting of Martin B. Hezham, 38, of suburban Livonia.

Greenstein would not discuss with police the nature of the case in which he represented Hezham. Hezham was a fleet account executive for the RCA commercial Electronics firm.

Greenstein said he had a permit to carry a concealed weapon because he frequently represented persons accused of serious crimes.

**Four Dead  
After Attempt  
To Kill Skunks**

Little Current, Ontario -AP- Police Tuesday attributed four deaths to an attempt to kill skunks.

They said a car was backed up to Daniel Migwan's house at an Indian reservation, and the exhaust was piped through a hole in an apparent effort to kill animals under the house.

Migwan and a brother, Joseph, were found dead along with two children.

**Man Baptizing Self  
in a River Drowns**

Philadelphia, Pa. -UPI- Alfonso David, 41, an unemployed laborer, drowned in the Schuylkill river Wednesday while baptizing himself.

Police said David baptized his sons, Eric, 7, and Samuel, 11 months, and returned to the water after leaving the boys on the bank with their mother. He disappeared in eight feet of water.

**Too Many Egos  
Spoil a Quartet**



MISS G.I. GOWN, V. B. BY GENERAL IDEA, TORONTO, ONT.



**Les Petits Bon Bons**  
« Il tempo di aggiornare le vostre conoscenze su Bonbon con le ultime pagine or ora esplose dal subconscio... La pagina tratta da Art-Rite ha coinciso con la nostra apparizione a New York in occasione del Grand Tore del 1974, Art Gangster stava agitando le acque, il Conceptual Queensmen movement se ne andava allegramente in giro mentre la realtà del Rockenroll esplodeva in piacevoli pablum... ringraziamo tutti i nostri collaboratori, conosciuti e sconosciuti ». Questa è la presentazione di un divertente opuscolo inviatoci da Les Petits Bonbons, una filiazione, a quanto abbiamo capito, del più famoso Art-Gangster, un gruppo di giovani radicali spinti dal sacro fuoco di Savonarola. I Bonbons da parte loro amano irrompere nelle assemblee con lo scopo di impedire che qualcuno faccia qualcosa di sensato, hanno inoltre deciso di spedire i loro rifiuti (solo quelli ispirati) in una capsula attraverso il tempo onde documentare la decadenza della cultura del XX secolo

**BEYOND CULTURE**

**JAMES C. DUNCAN  
MEMORIAL SOCIETY**

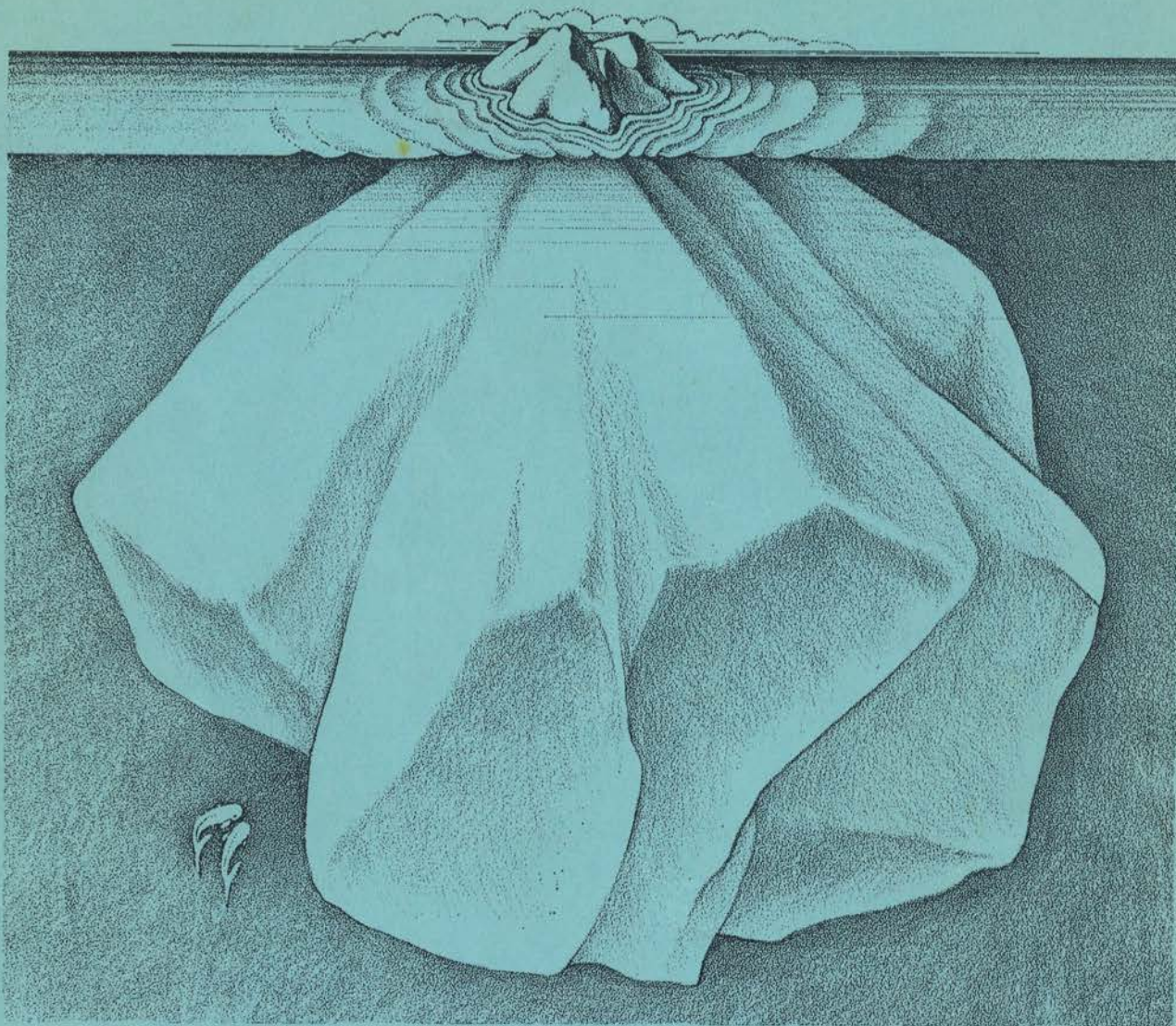
**OF THE MARTYRDOM  
OF THE SECOND COMING**

of private operators. FLY IN.  
who part-s. San Fr  
s. The Root of All Evil  
TRENTON, N.J. (AP)—A man brandishing a bottle with a protruding wick walked into a bank Tuesday and said he wanted to burn a pile of money because he considered it was the root of all evil. The man, identified as James C. Duncan, 33, of Trenton, Mont.  
-The voice house n rent to April nteer  
DRIV



#153 / 1000 R. J. Lambert





**SURFACING ON  
THE SUBLIMINAL**