

MY BITTER AGENDA

THE ART & LIFE OF SKIP WILLIAMSON, FROM THE ROWDY DAYS OF THE UNDERGROUND COMIX MOVEMENT, THROUGH HIS YEARS AT PLAYBOY MAGAZINE TO ART GALLERIES AND COMIX PAGES WORLDWIDE.

MONDAY, JUNE 18, 2007

HEF'S PAD



"Sometime's you just have to piss in the sink."
--Charles Bukowski

Before I was employed

by Playboy magazine I was hired as a designer (In 1970) by Playboy's Book Division where I laid out books, mainly paper-back collections of cartoons from the magazine.

During that time Robert Crumb made one of his regular trips to Chicago to help Jay Lynch and me put together an issue of Bijou Funnies.

Jay and Jane Lynch, Robert Crumb and I were invited to a reception for the psychedelic poster entrepreneur, Peter Max and his guru, Swami Satchidanada. This transcendental soiree was held in the lakeshore high-rise apartment of Paul Magit, a prosperous clothing retailer/meditator. The attendees were a variegated flock of well-heeled liberal functionaries, wealthy polo hippies, a retinue of hardboiled, whiskey-drinking Chicago newspaper reporters and a gaggle of scraggly young cartoonists.

In the bedroom the beatific Swami levitated in a lotus position inches off the bed and randomly deciphered the Meaning of Life for the assembled gentry.

In the living room macrobiotic snacks and a bar stocked with organic fruit juices fed our secular needs. The reporters became dark and surly due to lack of liquor. Meanwhile, the affluent white people continued to ferret out Godliness while Peter Max's faint handshake and dazzling garage-door grin serviced the entourage.