

LOOKOUT

A GUIDE TO THE UP AND COMING

Anton Perich, 29, has almost as many spools of video tape cluttering his enormous duplex on New York City's Gramercy Park as there are ringlets of hair coiling their way out of his Medusa's scalp. Some of his tapes record free-wheeling interviews with the likes of Hugh Hefner, Muhammad Ali, or the X-rated Marilyn Chambers. Others document the stripper's art or record soap-opera satires in a frankly blue vein. Incredibly, they are all—except when occasionally blacked out for obscenity—aired on the public access channels of New York's cable TV. "You couldn't put them on anywhere except here," says Perich in his thick Yugoslavian accent. He was born in Dubrovnik, the Dalmatian coast resort, where his parents run a winery. After a spell in Rome and study at the Sorbonne, he came to New York in 1969, infatuated with film and soon to encounter the faster and more candid video tape medium. Enthusiasm for Perich's talent has outstripped his notoriety, and there is talk of an autumn series of tapes on a commercial channel, if anyone would dare sponsor it. In addition, he is under contract for a book of his stills, tentatively titled *New York Satyricon*, and he contributes a regular column, "Invasion of Privacy," to *Interview* magazine. But TV remains his first love. "I think television is a very personal thing," explains the *poète maudit* of video. "You watch it in your bedroom."



ANTON PERICH

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