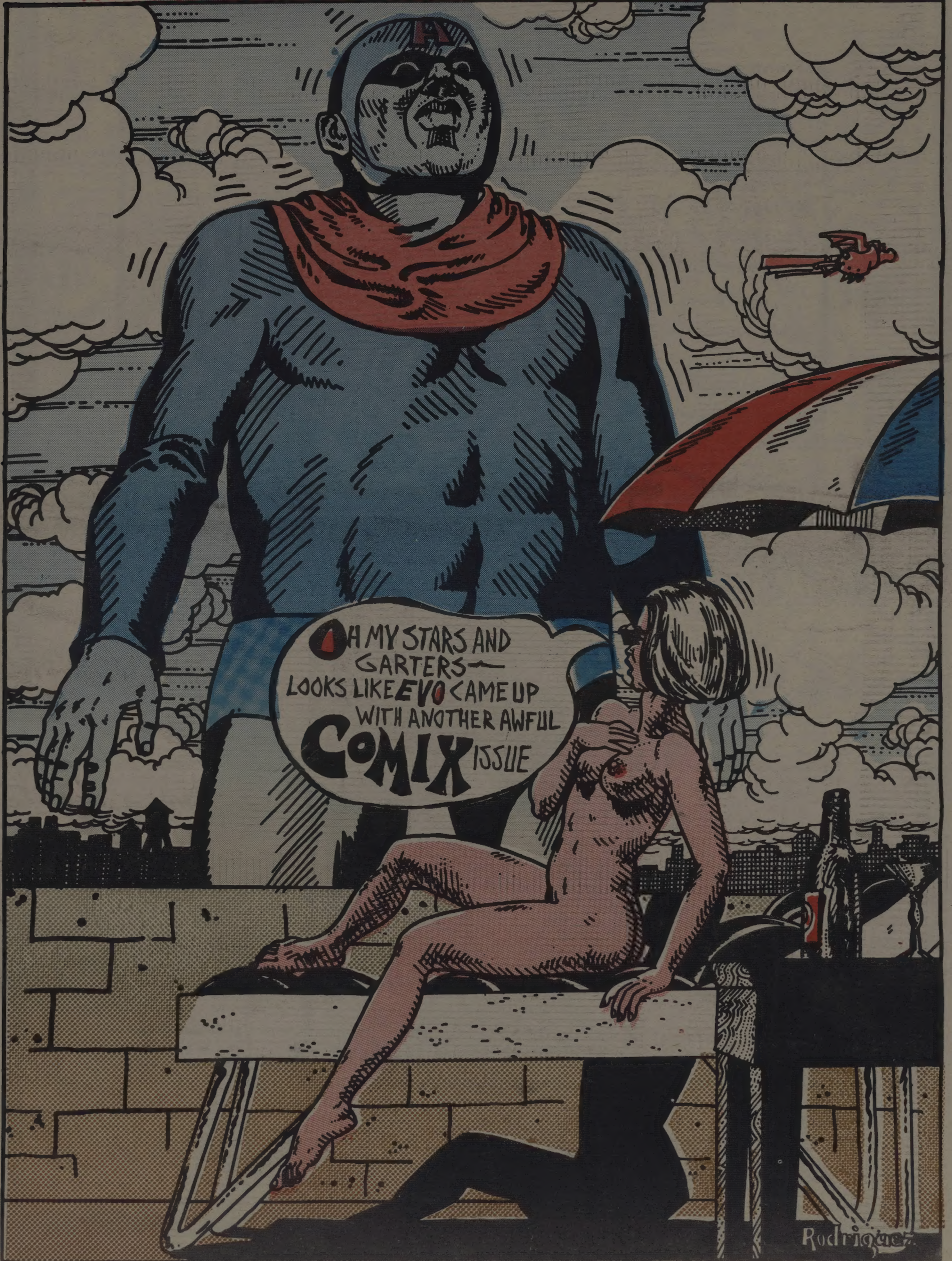


THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 27 25¢ IN TOWN 35¢ OUTSIDE JUNE 1, 1971



OH MY STARS AND
GARTERS -
LOOKS LIKE EVO CAME UP
WITH ANOTHER AWFUL
COMIX ISSUE

Rodriguez

HiRap.

One comic issue that comes to mind is the recent barring of Viet pharmacies to G.I.s (as part of the militaries "drug fight") at a time when grade A scag can be scored from any baby-san on the street. Just fathom the infinite stupidity of the brass hat cretins who believe that his **latest** stradegy relates in any way to the forty thousand confirmed GI junkies in the Nam.

The whole nation will have to face the enevitable bum trip cold turkey when the boys come marching home.

HEAVY COMICS !!!

Looked at it

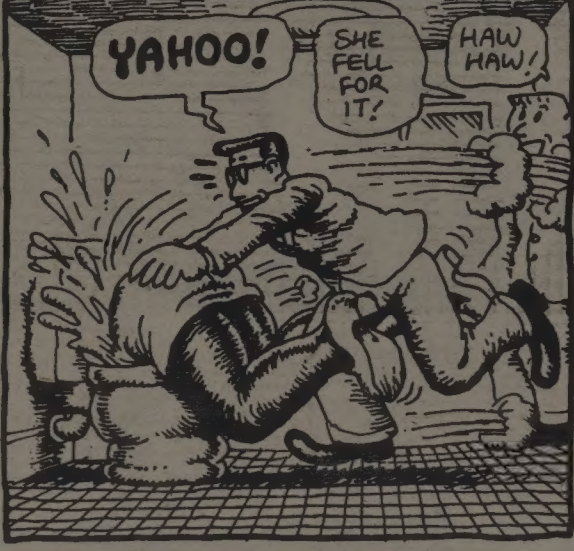
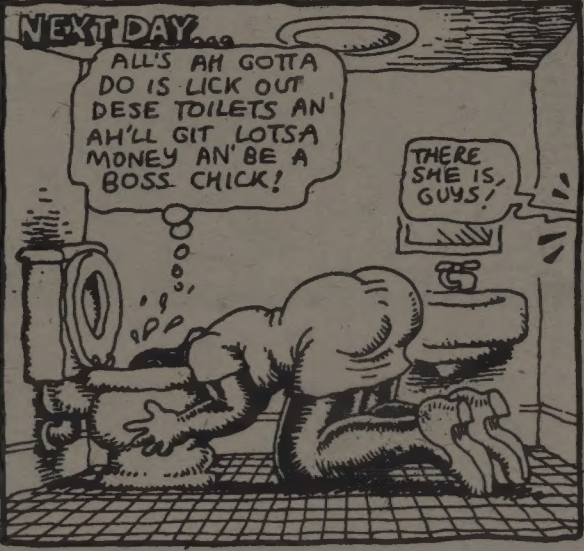


JAAKOV KOHN
STEPHEN KOHN
JACKIE FRIEDRICH
CHARLIE FRICK
YOSSARIAN
STEVE KRAUS
HONEST BOB SINGER
REX WEINER
DORA KEARNEY
RUDI STERN
HETTY
VINCENT TITUS
NELLIE FENAULD
NINO BARKA
ARTHUR
LINDA CRAWFORD
ALEX GROSS
JAYM E

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ALLEN KATZMAN
RAY SCHULTZ
COCA CRYSTAL
D.A. LATIMER
TULI KUPFERBERG
A.J. WEBERMAN
PAULINEA KOUWENHOVN
LARRY S' TODD
HEIDI
JOHN REILLY
THE BLADE
LIL PICARD
HARVEY MATUSOW
PERFECTO LA GOGO
KIM DEITCH
SPAIN
THE D.C. TWELVE THOUSAND
KANDI

Angel Food in Spade

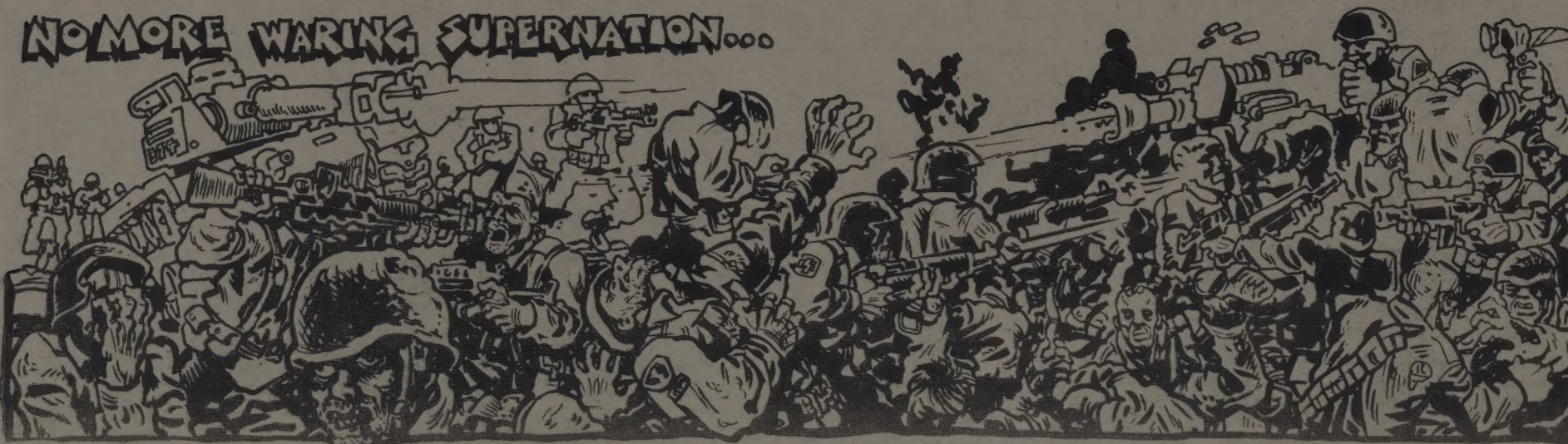
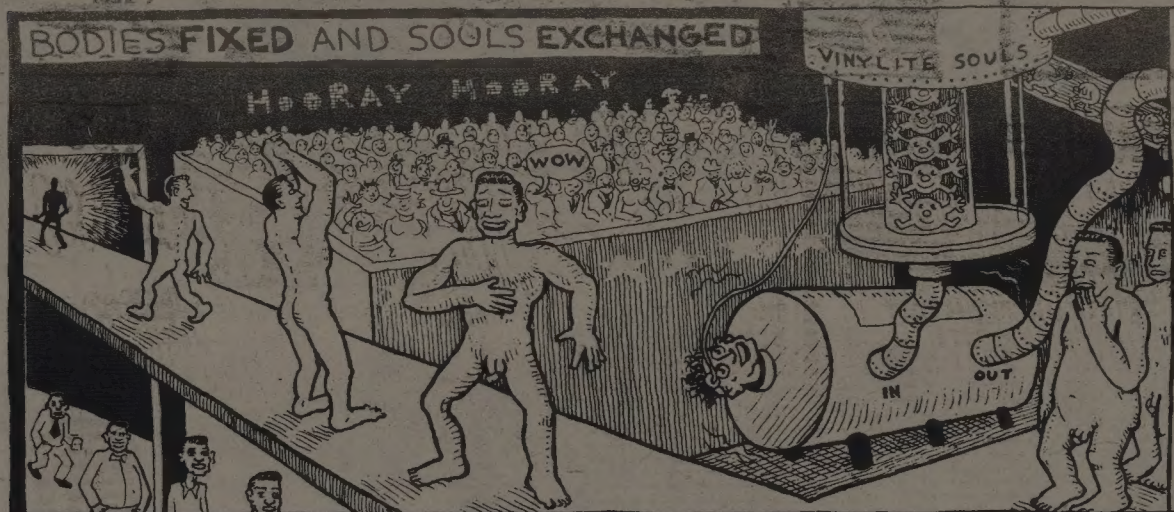
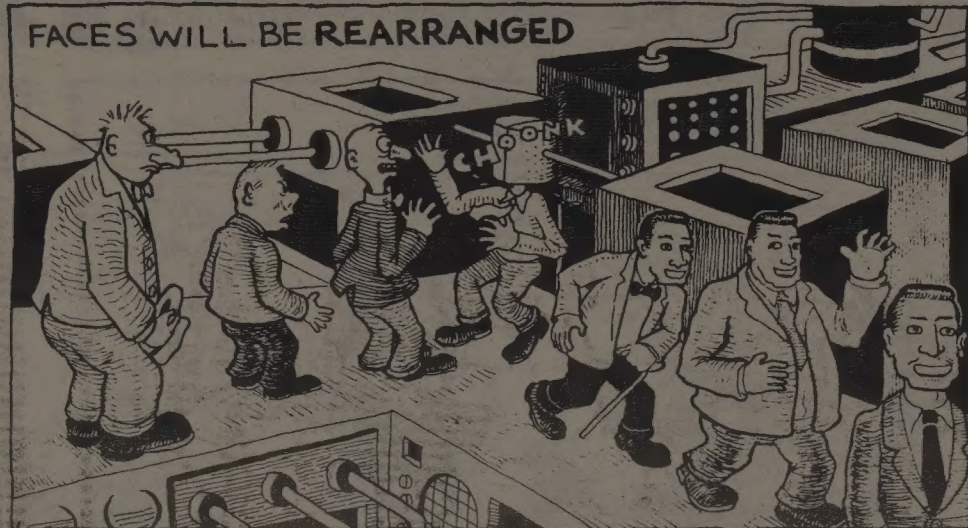
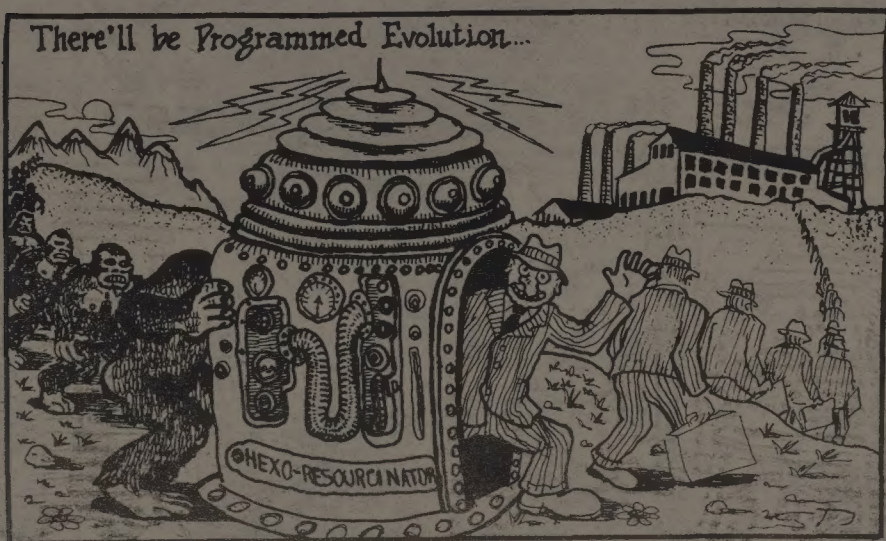


.....Strips by Little Bobby Scumbag

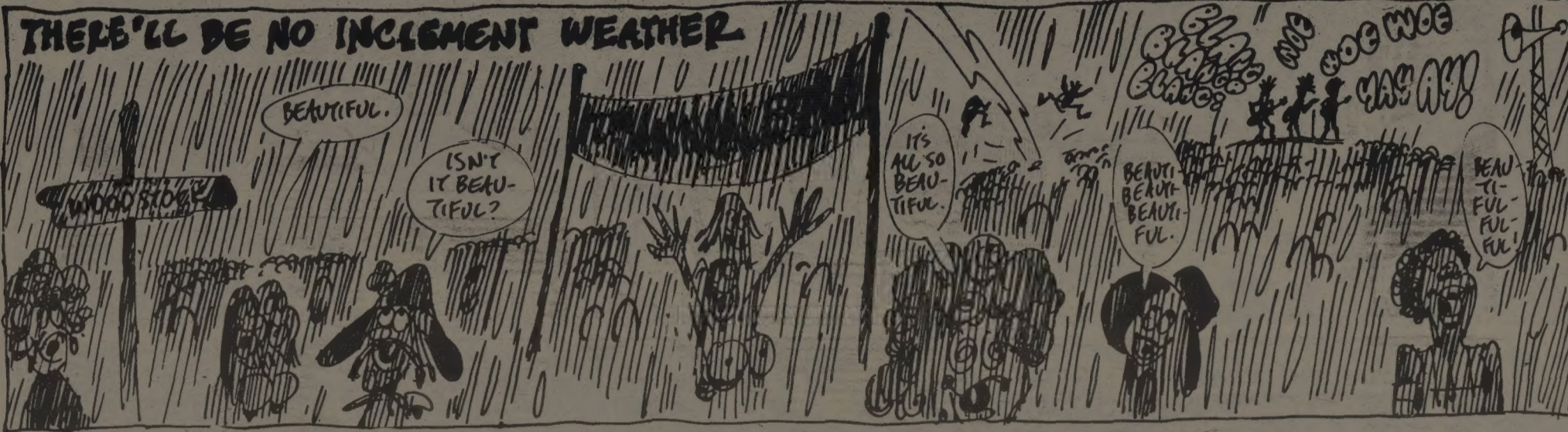
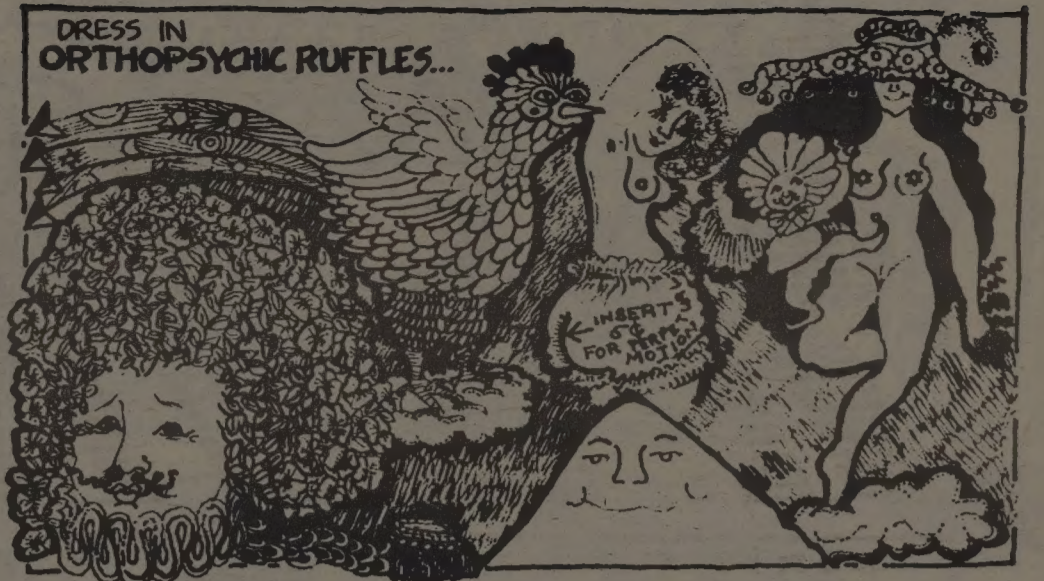
Cum Comics
featuring
SPIEGAL & SCHLEGAL



COME *the* REVOLUTION

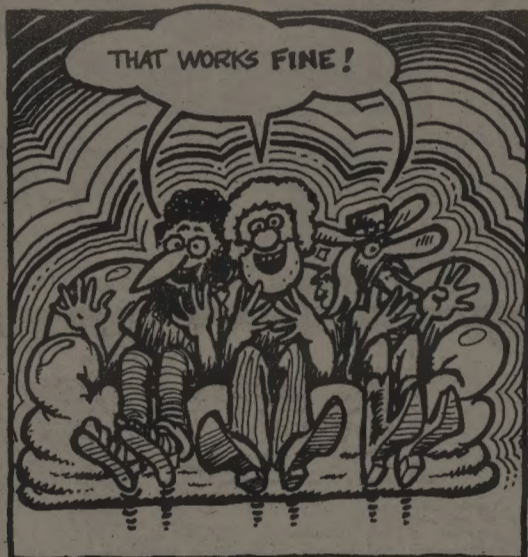
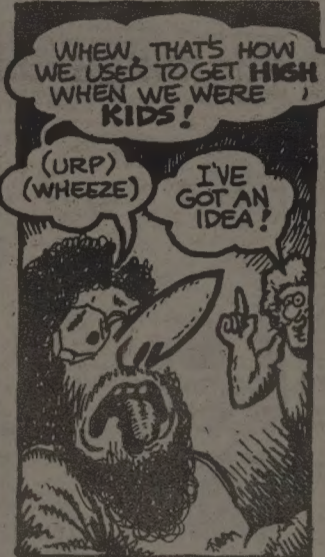


WE WILL PINE ON WINE AND TRUFFLES



THOSE FABULOUS, FURRY, LEGENDARY & LOVEABLE

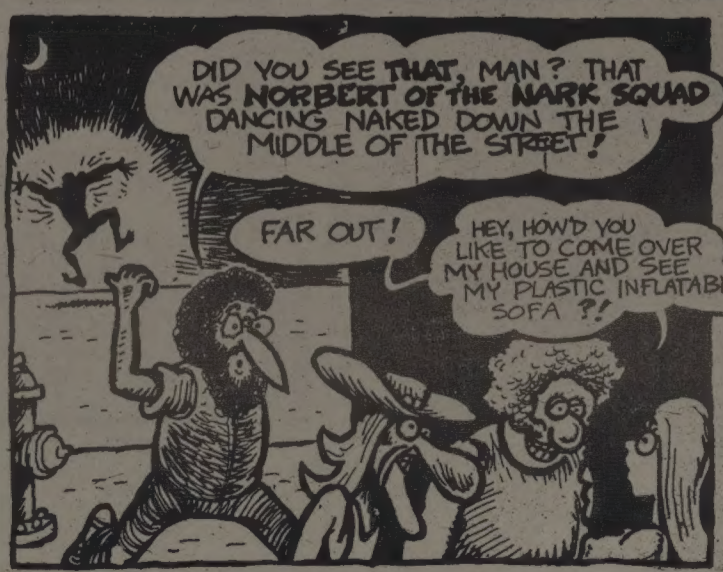
FREAK BROTHERS



IT'S NOTORIOUS NORBERT THE NARK, OUT SEARCHING FOR THE 'KILLER WEED'!

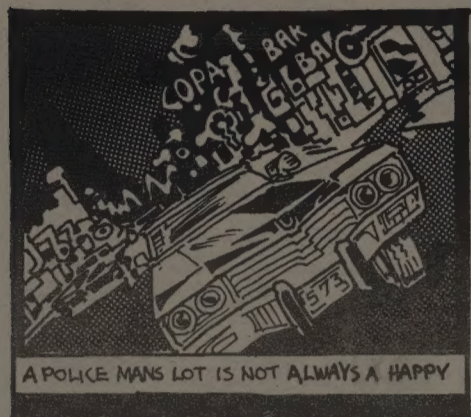
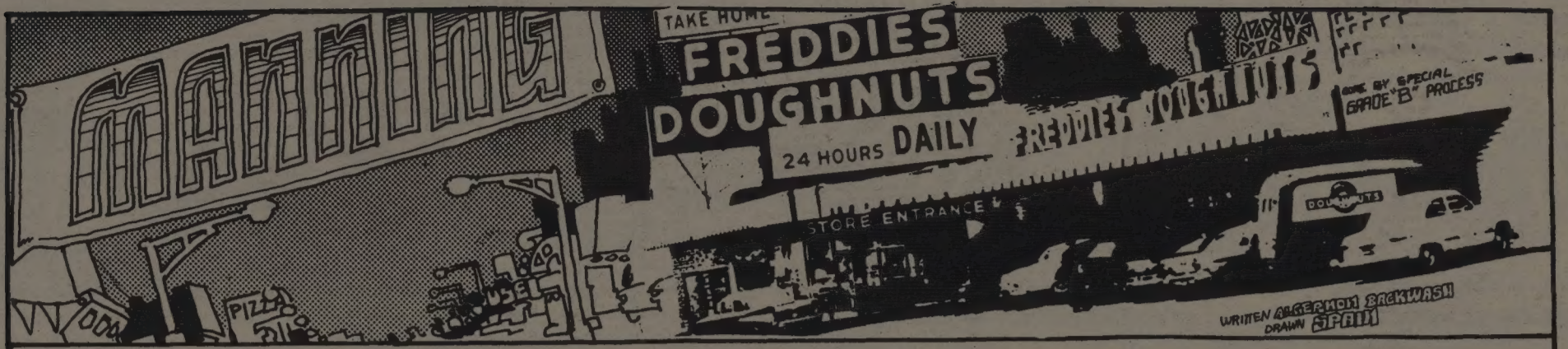


THE NO₂ IMMEDIATELY TAKES EFFECT ON THE NARK...

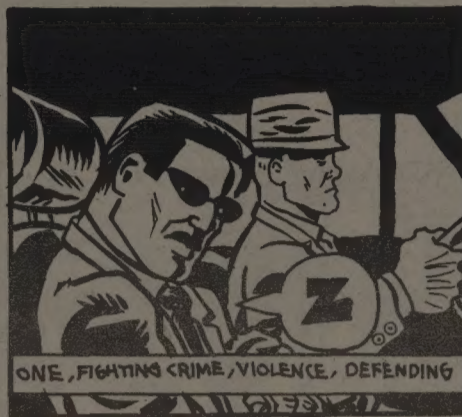


AND WHEN THE FURRY FREAKS RETURN HOME

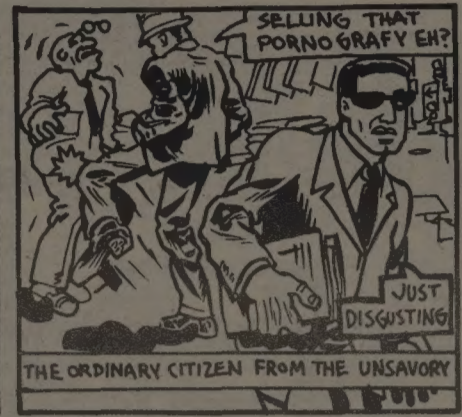




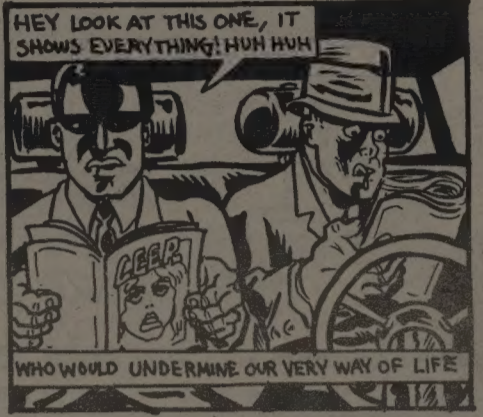
A POLICE MANS LOT IS NOT ALWAYS A HAPPY



ONE, FIGHTING CRIME, VIOLENCE, DEFENDING



THE ORDINARY CITIZEN FROM THE UNSAVORY

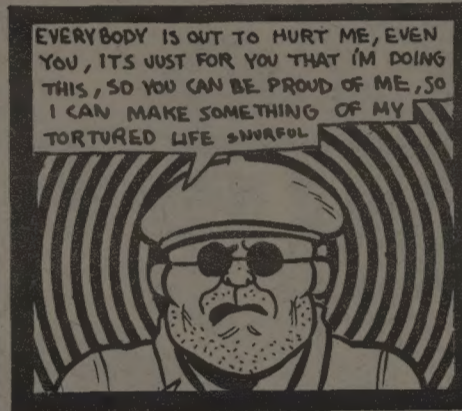


WHO WOULD UNDERMINE OUR VERY WAY OF LIFE



SUCH AS THIS IS GONNA BE THE BIG ONE JUST AS WE PLANNED

OW! LOOK CUT IT OUT IVE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT



EVERYBODY IS OUT TO HURT ME, EVEN YOU, ITS JUST FOR YOU THAT IM DOING THIS, SO YOU CAN BE PROUD OF ME, SO I CAN MAKE SOMETHING OF MY TORTURED LIFE



OH WELL JUST FORGET IT, ITS NOT REALLY IMPORTANT

AWRITE COME ON

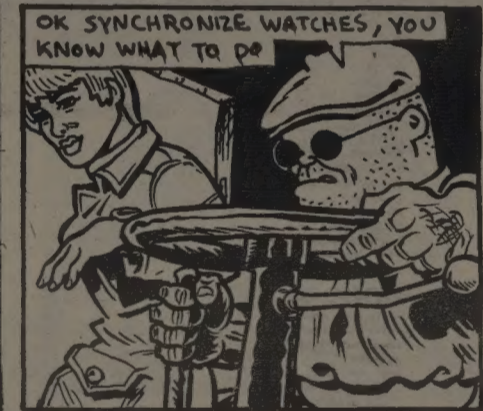


KEE LIZ YER SWELL

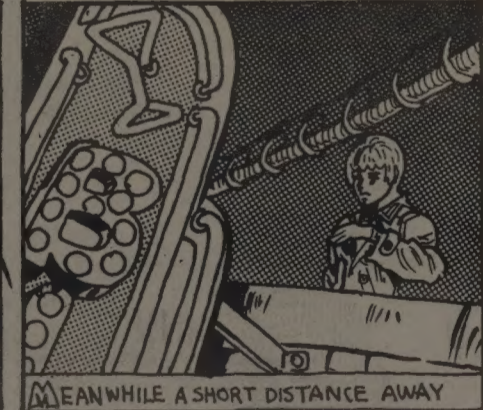
KITCHEN TABLE



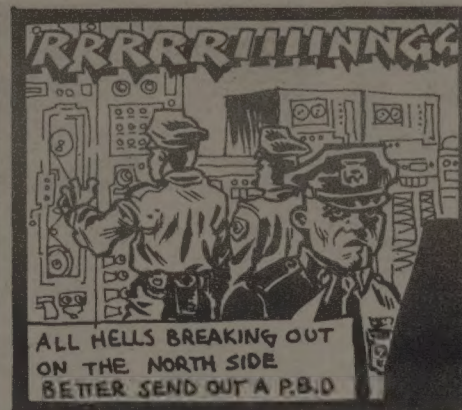
LATER ON



OK SYNCHRONIZE WATCHES, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO



MEANWHILE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY



ALL HELLS BREAKING OUT ON THE NORTH SIDE BETTER SEND OUT A P.B.D



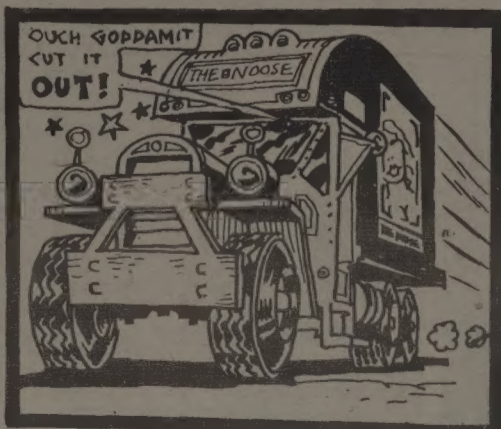
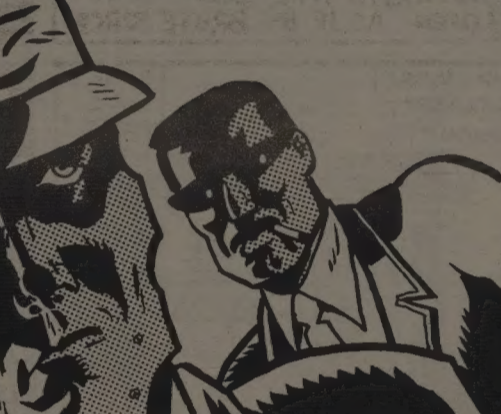
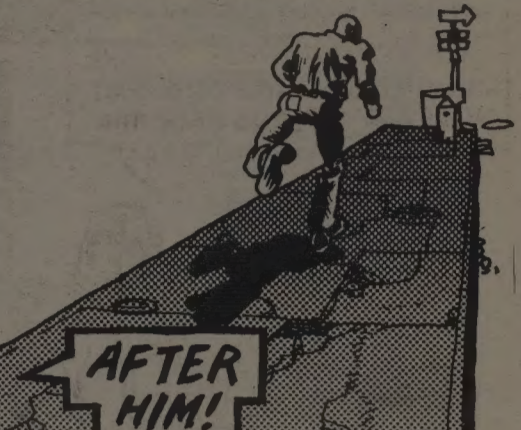
HOLY CHRIST SOUNDS IMPORTANT

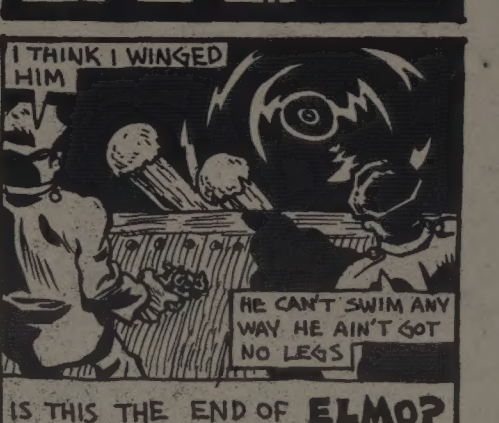
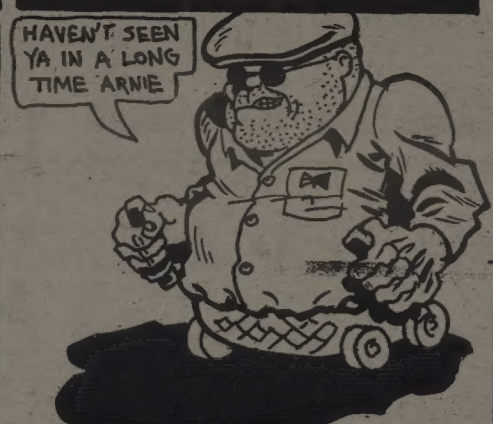
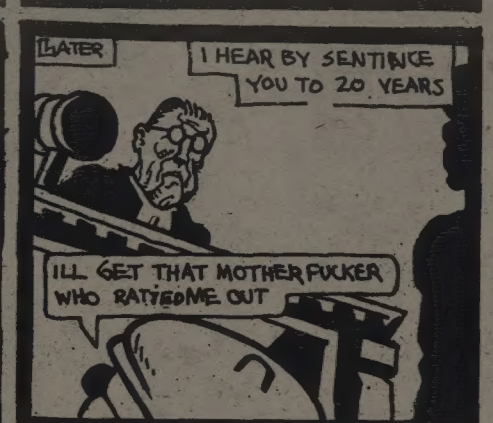
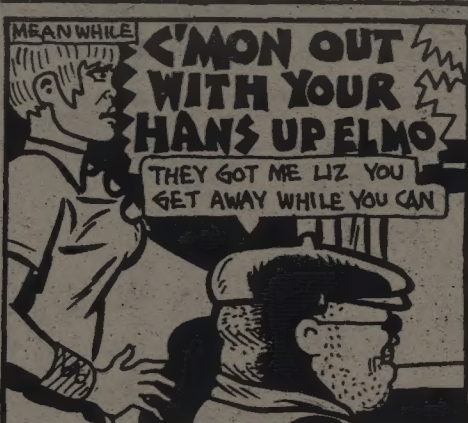
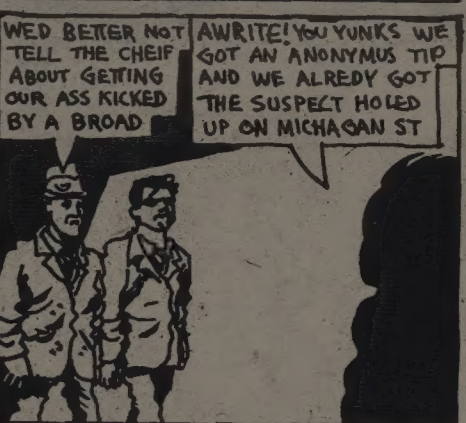
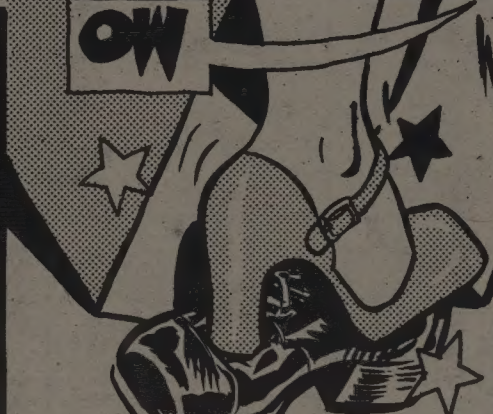
ATTENTION ALL UNITS REPORT TO 31ST AND WALNUT REPEAT ALL...

IN THE LAST THRILLING EPISODE:
 ELMO THE LEGLESS BANDIT AND HIS GIRL LIZ
 EXECUTE A GEM THEFT BY SHORTING OUT THE
 POLICE ALARM SYSTEM. WHILE MANNING AND
 HIS PARTNER ARE BUSY LIZ AND ELMO PULL
 OFF THE CAPER

MANNING

HEY GERSHAM WILL YA SUCK M'DICK



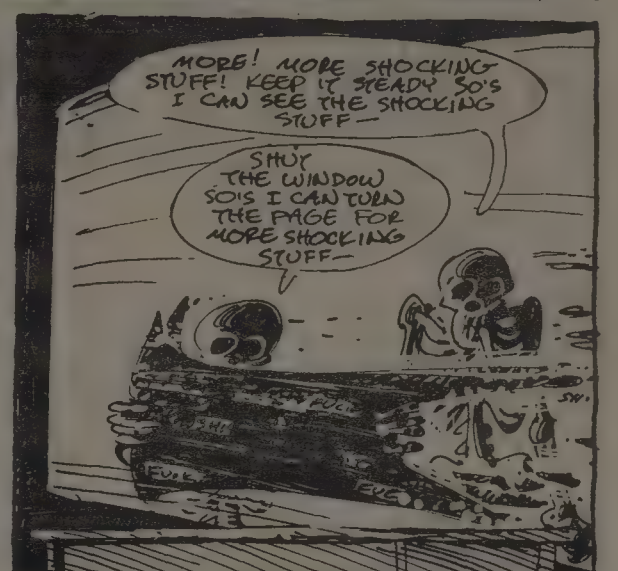
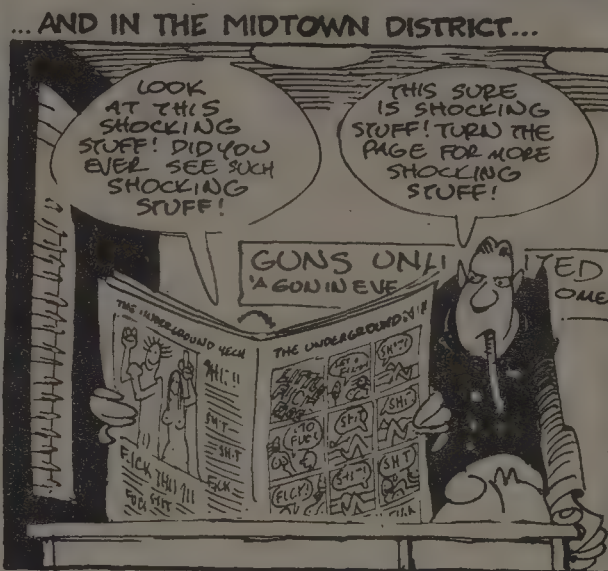
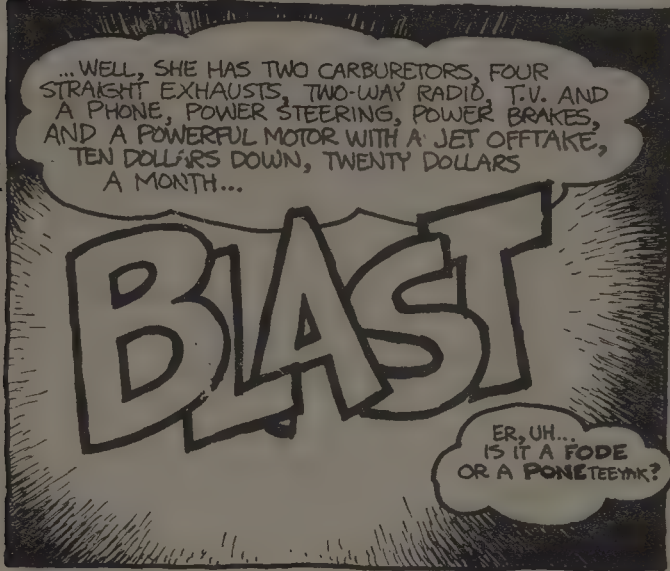
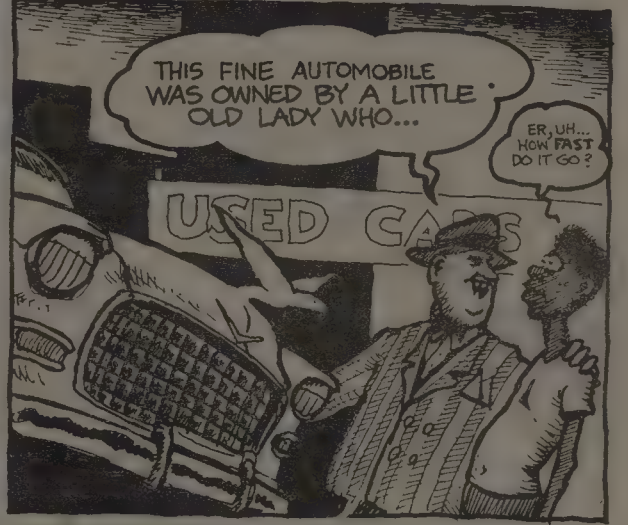


THE END

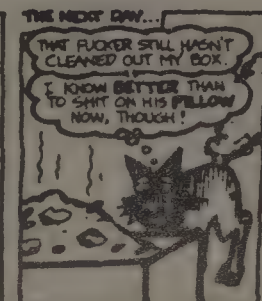
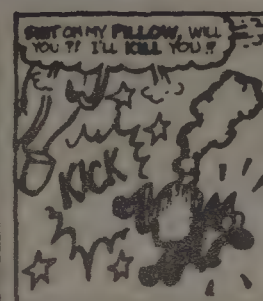
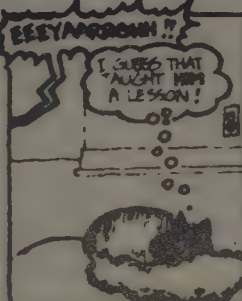
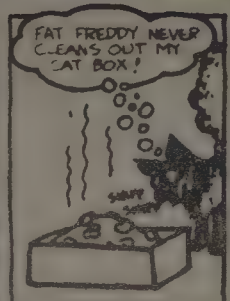
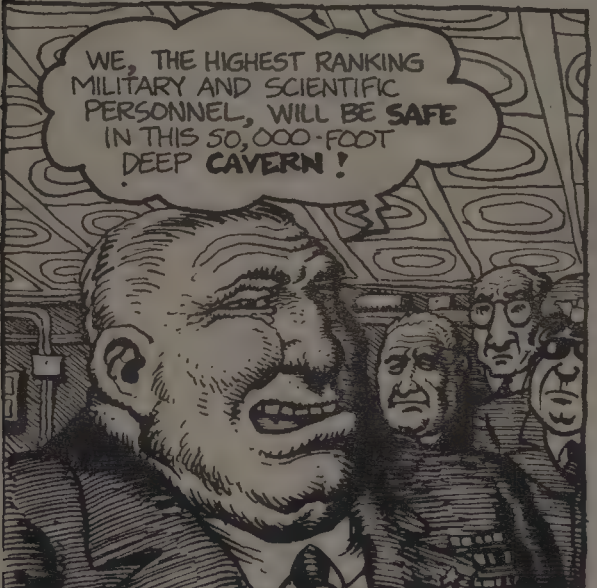
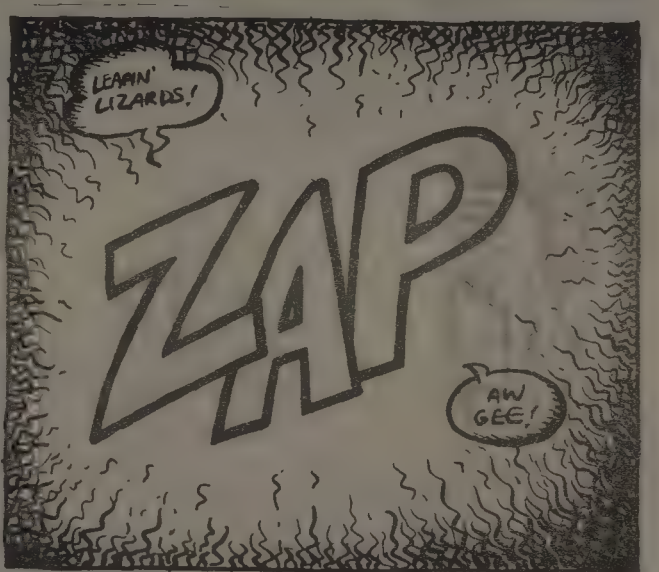
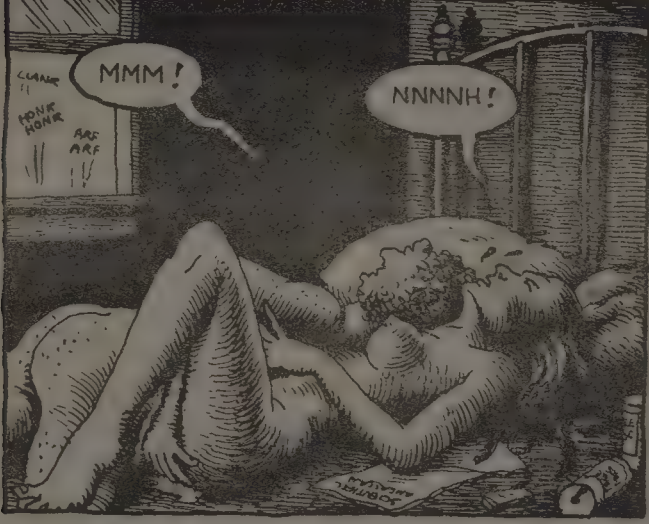
FUNNIES

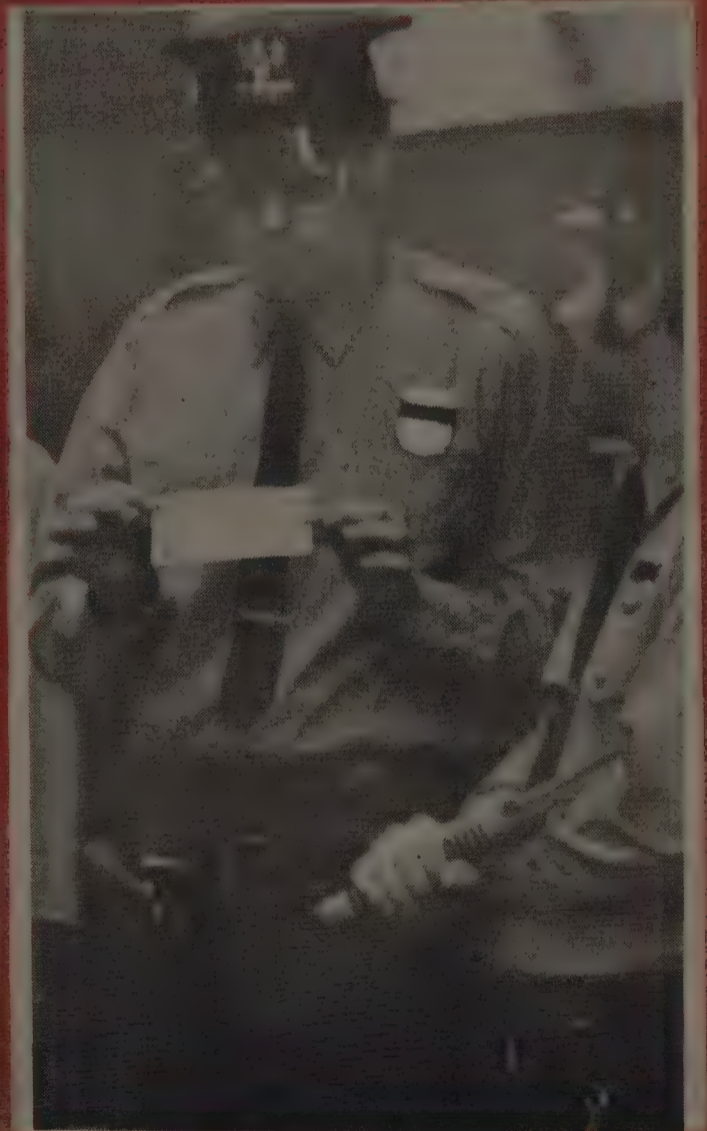
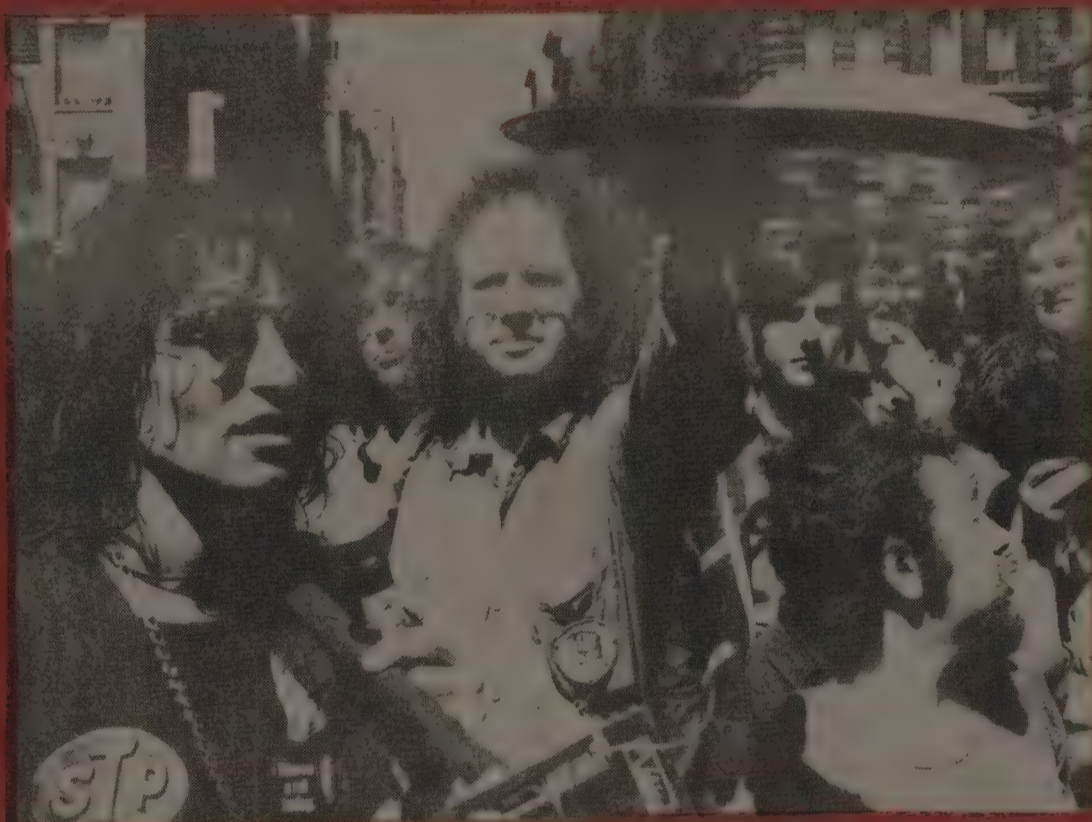


MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...



...AND SOMEWHERE IN A SLUM APARTMENT...





IT'S ALL RIGHT. MA-I'M ONLY 30

by D.A. LATIMER

Coca Crystal's Pad
23 May

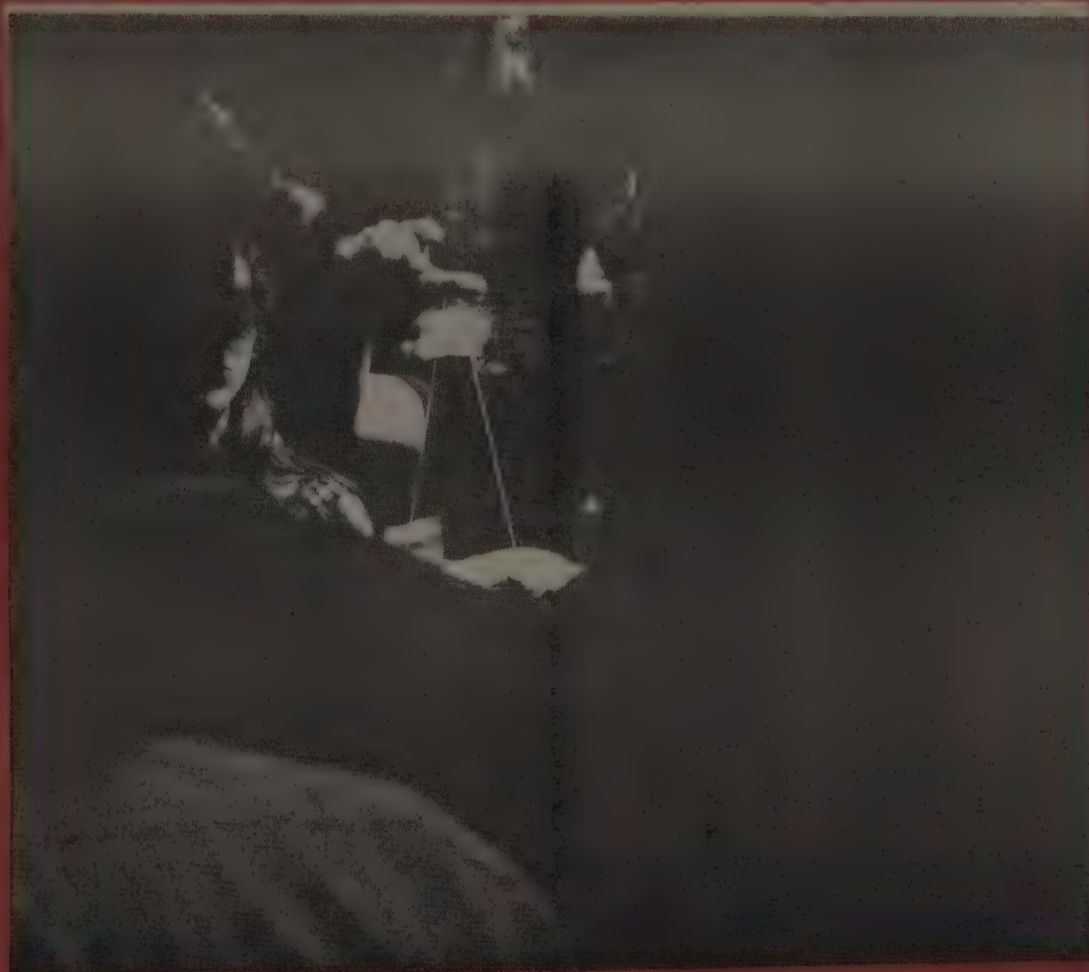
Dear Mom--

According to the notarised opinion of the chief of the New York City Air Resources Bureau, this day Sunday last was the prettiest day this City has had in this century; and I for one could not gainsay him. It was so bright and clear and high and windy and clean that it frightened Francesca, who said, 'I think I'm having an overdose of Weather.' This she said as we were walking past St Anthony's Cathedral on Houston Street, just after I had called her attention to the sky above us, which looked higher and bluer than I can easily remember having seen it. Usually the sky down here, even on a clear day, seems to kinda hang over the street suspended from the rooftops like a saggy awning. But today it was right up there halfway surely to God, and the sun what's more was laying down the Vitamin C on us like a tidal wave of Wonder Bread; and this put Francesca, who is exclusively and by metabolism a

Night Person, ill at ease. 'I've seen enough daytime today,' she declared 'to last me for at least six weeks.' And she was not comforted until finally she got back to her apartment, where it is always cool and very dark.

She had been loath to leave her pad in the first place, and only the possibility of seeing Bob Dylan in the flesh could have pried her loose of it to begin with, at the unnatural hour of one-thirty in the afternoon. Generally Francesca is sleeping at this time of day--she works evenings--but to wish Bob Dylan a happy birthday I believe she would have gotten up at ten in the morning. She adores Dylan, and on Sunday from two to five there was scheduled a block party to commemorate his thirtieth springtide, the party to be held on MacDougal Street in front of the two apartment buildings that Dylan owns there. Word had it that Dylan himself had pledged to address the throng assembled, but I considered this unlikely, being that the assembly had been convened by A.J. Weberman, a notorious looney who spends all

PHOTOS BY ROGER TOMLINSON



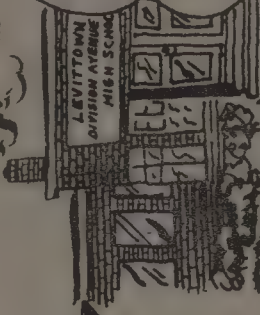
his time trying to prove Dylan's a junkie.

Dylan would have been inordinately foolhardy to have shown up at this gala, Francesca or no Francesca, that was clear from the beginning. He has an awful lot of fans, and not all of them are noted for their level-headedness. Weberman himself, who despite his vociferous putdowns of Dylan is probably Dylan's #1 fan, has fans of his own; some of them are pretty strange, and some of them hate Weberman as much as he hates Dylan. Weberman walked around all day with a bullhorn, excoriating Dylan ~~was~~ through it as a junkie and a warmonger, and there was a wierd Italian kid following A.J., picking arguments with him at every opportunity. At one point my friend Bruce was standing next to this kid when he flew into a rage and hauled a knife out of his hip pocket: 'He saw me looking at the blade,' remembers Bruce, 'out of the corner of my eye, and he asked me what I was looking at. And gee--I just didn't know what to say.' Bruce is still edgy about it.

So it was obviously wise for Dylan to keep out of sight, if Weberman's groupies were any indication of the reception Dylan was likely to get. 'I try my best,' Dylan once sang, 'to be just like I am, but everybody wants me to be just like them.' He wrote a lot of fine lines like that. So for a long time a lot of people tried to be just like Dylan: sincere and earnest and intense and bitter and wry and all kinds of romantic shit like that. I myself tried it, I admit it, a lot of people tried it, and some of us even succeeded in being just like Bob Dylan. As a matter of fact, it became the way to be. But now that Dylan's gotten a little older and richer and fatter and tireder and coked-out and married with kids and property and all, why, he's not like that any more. So an awful lot of people who tried to be like him, knocked themselves out doing it and acquired a vested interest in imitating Bob Dylan, they mightily resent him being different. So if he'd shown

NANCY KOTEX

HIGH SCHOOL NURSE
AND HYGIENE TEACHER



IN MY PROFESSION I COME ACROSS MANY CASES OF EMOTIONAL TURMOIL CAUSED BY UNSANITARY HYGIENE

©1970 YOSSARIAN - ASYLUM PRESS

OH ROY! DO YOU HAVE A DATE FOR THE GIRL ASKS BOY TAG HOP?

THANKS BUT NO THANKS KIDDO.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME... ANYHOW?

BLUSH

SHRINK

LATER

THAT GLORIA HAS ONE SWEET BODY.

YEAH; BUT HER CUNT SMELLS LIKE GORILLA FART!!

GLORIA!

NOT THAT!!

HONEY MY BOY-FRIEND ONCE SAID MY PUSSY SMELLED LIKE THE LINCOLN TUNNEL

NOT TO YOU MISS KOTEX! WHAT DID YOU DO?

I DISCOVERED TWINKLE TWAT!

ONE SPRAY AND I'M SAFE ALL DAY.

PHIST

AFTER

CHEE GLORIA YA WANNA GO TA THE DRIVE-IN?

EAT SHIT MOTHER FUCKER

BOY DO I SMELL SUMPIN GOOD!

FOR ANGLO-SAXON AND ARYAN TYPES

FOR YOUR TOILET, BEAUTY BASIN FOR YOUR SINK AND NAPALM FOR YOUR BABY

ALSO:

I'M GLAD SHE USES TWINKLE TWAT.

AND SO WILL YOU.

TWINKLE TWAT AND PUSSY PURE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE DOW CHEMICAL CO. WHO ALSO BRING YOU:

SLIME & SLUDGE FOR YOUR TOILET, BEAUTY BASIN FOR YOUR SINK AND NAPALM FOR YOUR BABY

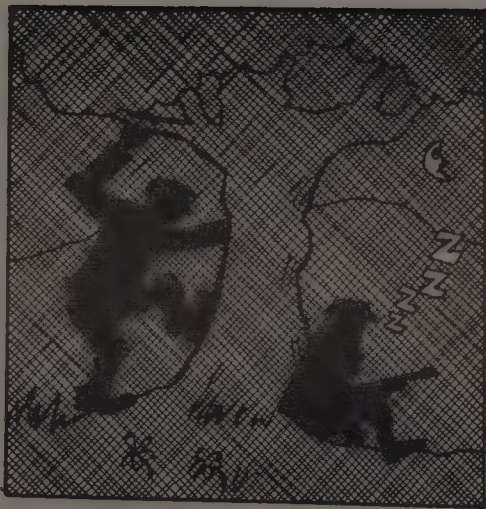
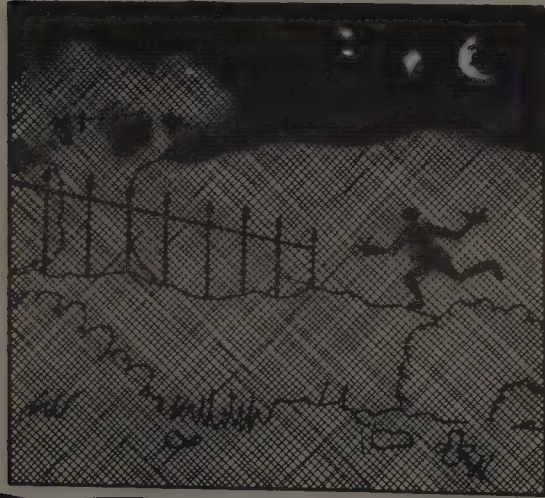
© Twinkle Twat

© PUSSY PURE

PURE

FOR SWARTHY, HAIRY, MEDITERRANEAN AND AFRICAN TYPES

WATCH FOR NANCY KOTEX ADVENTURES COMING IN: FRESH FRUIT & PRODUCE



SATURDAY NIGHT: THE LADY OF THE HOUSE DAIN'TILY ATTENDS TO HER TOILETTE BEFORE RETIRING...

YES, FOLKS! IT'S ANOTHER SESSION OF FUN AND FOOLERY...YET ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN SHEER BOREDOM AND COMMON-PLACENESS, AN UNFORGETTABLE EVENING WITH THOSE PARAGONS OF RANK DOMESTICITY....

RICHARD!

COME, PAT... AND SIP FROM THE CHALICE OF OPPORTUNITY! (SNICKER)

Y'KNOW? SOMETIMES I WONDER...

AT EASE BY DUNCH & EISENHOWER

DICK N' PAT

RICHARD DARLING... COME TO BED NOW-LAWRENCE WELK IS ON.....

TAFT MEMORIAL BIDET

I'M FED UP WITH POUNDING MY PUD AT THE LENNON SISTERS, PAT! I WANT THE REAL STUFF!

BUT DICK... WE HAVEN'T DONE THAT SINCE IKE'S THIRD HEART ATTACK!

IT'S HIGH TIME SOMEBODY SHOWED SOME BACKBONE AROUND HERE!

DICK! OOOOH?

NOW I WANT TO CLARIFY ONE THING HERE...

HOTCHA!

NOW TO PROCEED WITH THE DEMONSTRATION!

CHECKERS? IF YOU THOUGHT CHECKERS WAS GOOD, YOU HAVEN'T TRIED THE NEW NIXON!

HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING I LEARNED FROM SPIRO!

ERK!

LIKE ARI SAID TO ME LAST MONTH...WHO NEEDS THE PILL?

MOAN...

BUT DICK, THINK OF CHECKERS!

SOCK IT TO ME...AS WE SAY ON LAUGH-IN!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

GOOD LORD! IT'S UNCLE ED!

LATER

FACE IT, DICK... THERE ARE SOME THINGS EVEN GOD HAS PUT BEYOND OUR REACH...

OOOH BABY!! RING MY CHIMES!!

HUH? SO LONG, SAP!

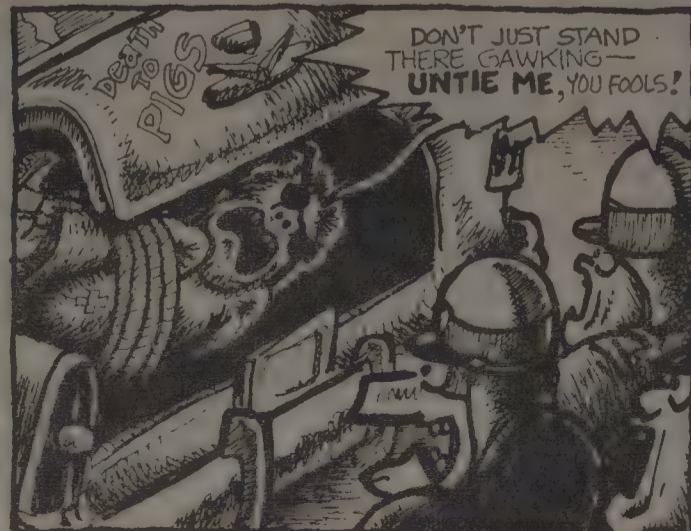
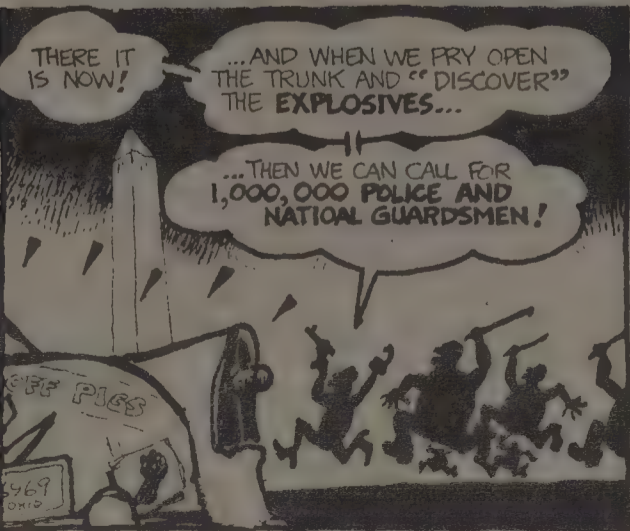
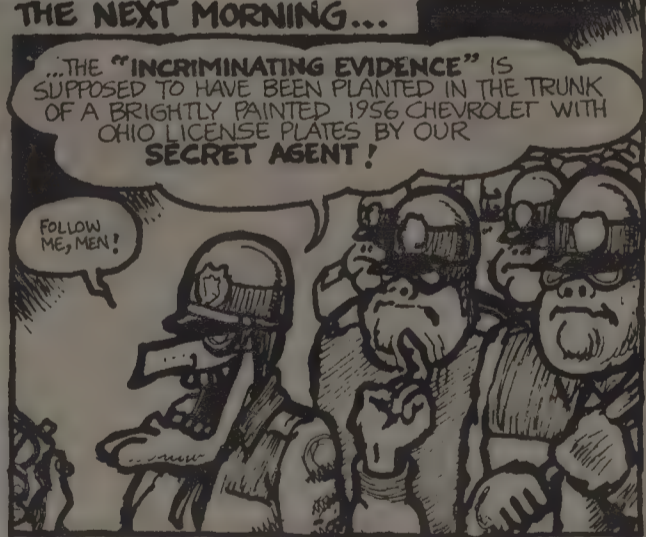
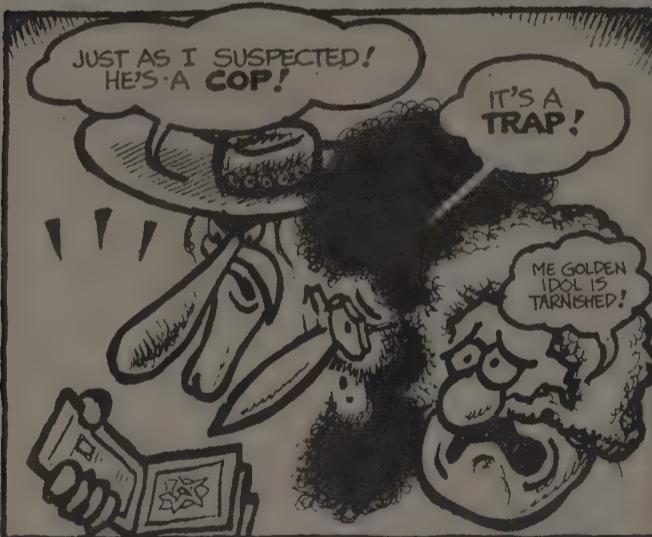
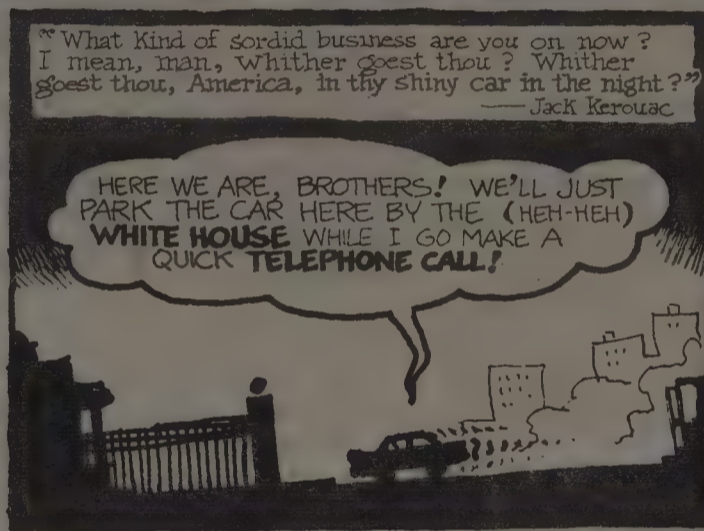
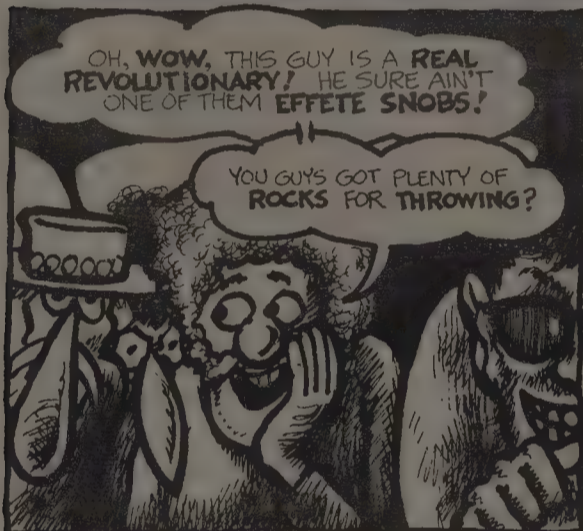
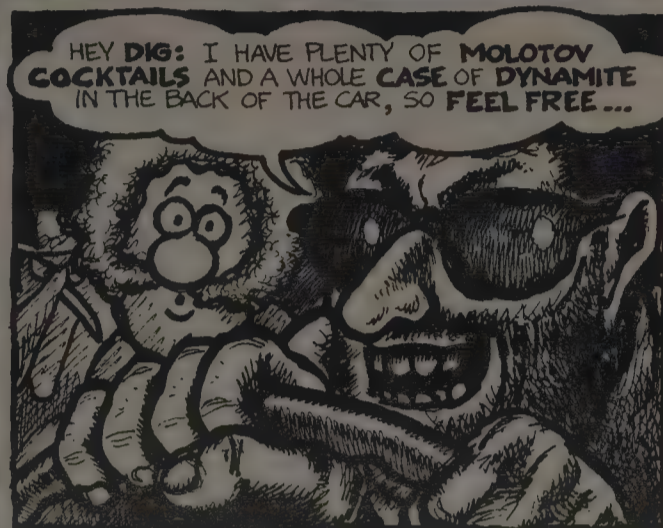
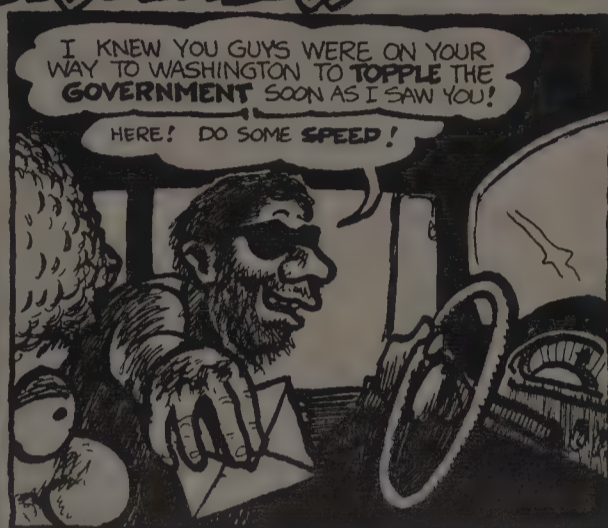
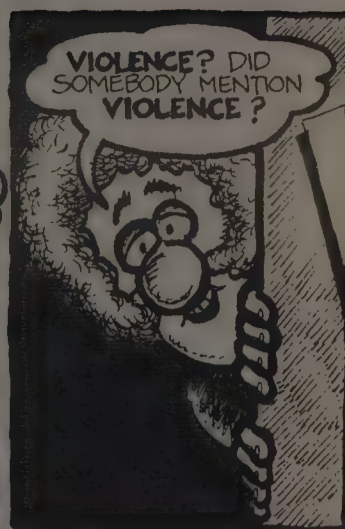
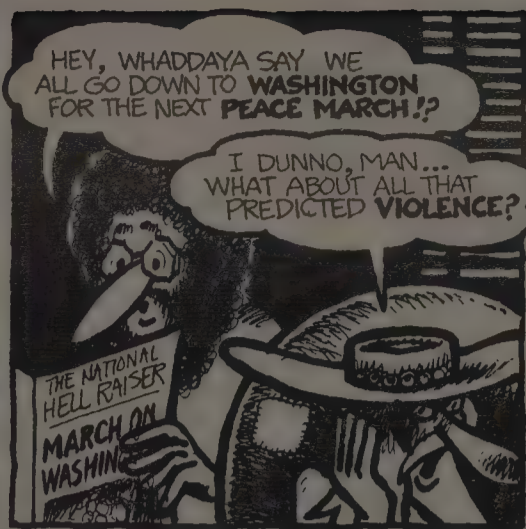
HA! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE!

PHONY RUBBER SUIT (EXHIBIT A)

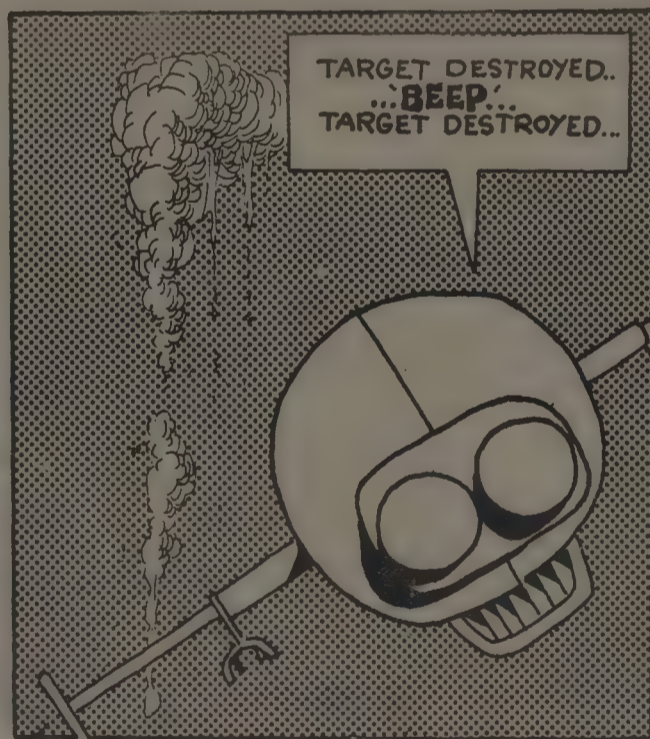
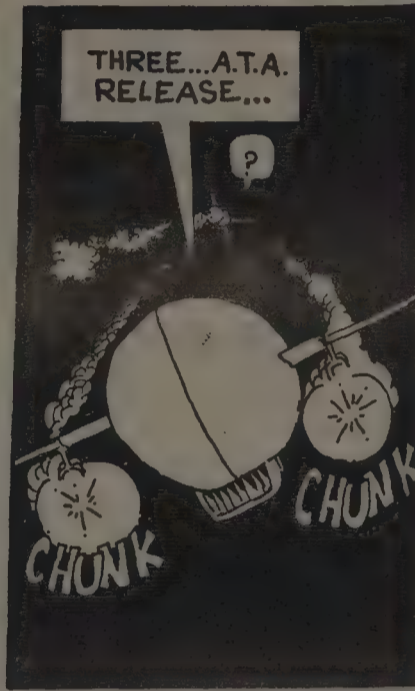
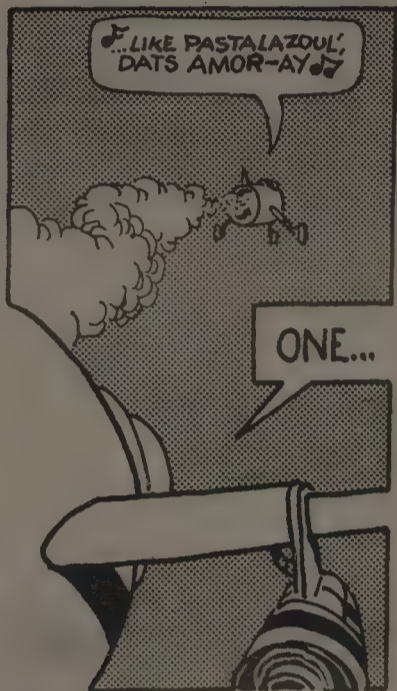
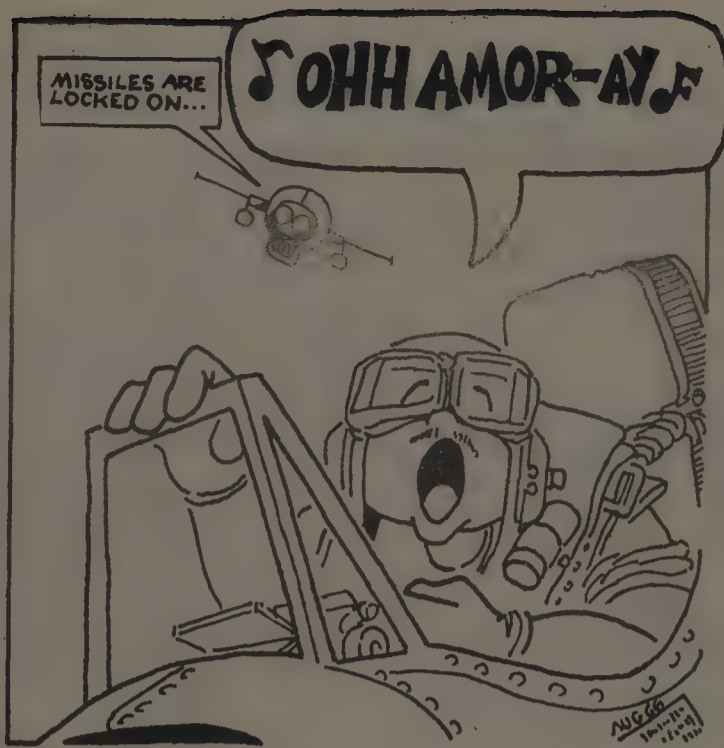
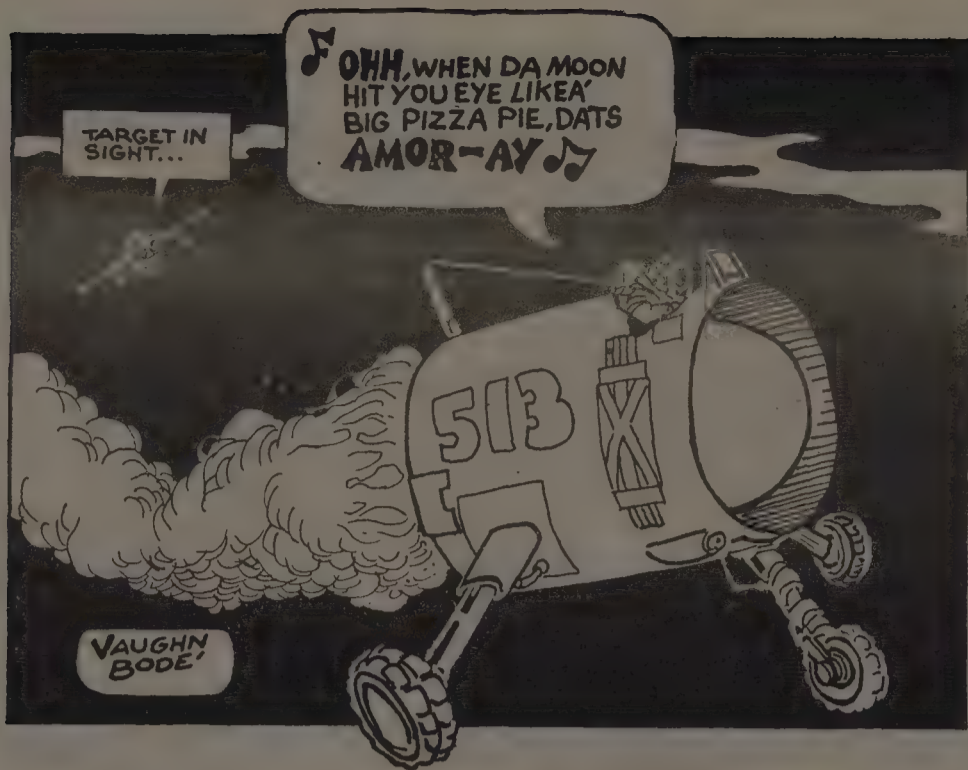
BAH! Deen, Kim n' bhob

THANK AND A TIP OF THE TUMESCENT TIT TO WILLY MURPHY....WHEREVER HE IS...

THOSE FABULOUS FURRY The Freak Brothers BROTHERS

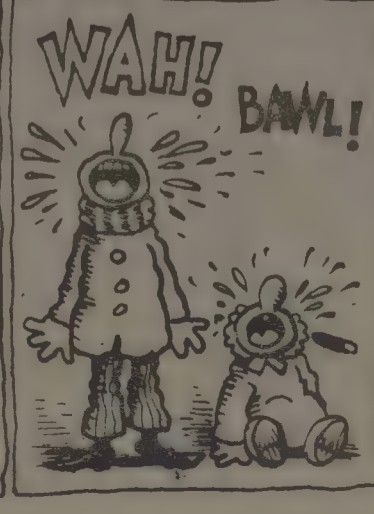
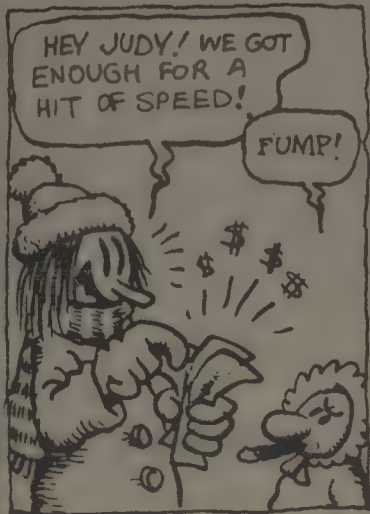


GILBERT SHULTON 11-69 THE END



JUNIOR HIGH & HIS SIDERICK JUDY HOLIDAY

R. CRUMB



Only 30

up on the street in the middle of that party, who knows, he might have got his head blown off. There's been an uncommon lot of shooting going on around town lately.

Of course, it was a great disappointment to Francesca not to have Bob Dylan come out on the street and say hello to him. She really adores him no matter what he's like at any particular moment. This is a rare and precious trait in a woman, don't you think, Ma? I mean, most chicks, they dig you when you're young and flashy and bright in the eye and straight in the limb, but once the old paunch proceeds to flop over your waistband and the old hair commences to creep abaft of the temples, suddenly they start asking themselves why they didn't finish school and go to Paris as they had originally intended. Not so my Francesca. Fidelity, it's a vanishing trait.

She did however obtain a fine memento of the occasion: on the ledge over the entrance to one of Dylan's buildings she found a cunning clay effigy of a singer, complete with guitar, hand-painted and about the size of a dashboard Jesus. This she pocketed, taking advantage of a noisy set-to just then between Weberman and Al Aronowitz which was distracting everyone's attention. This Aronowitz is a regular columnist for the New York POST: he writes about contemporary music, rock 'n roll and jazz mostly, and he is currently engaged in a species of feud with Weberman. Their specific point of contention eludes me--I could care less--but they've been exchanging some capital insults at gatherings like this for the last few weeks. Presently no doubt it will spill over into print, with Aronowitz excoriating Weberman from the POST, A.J. hurling his own anathemas from EVO, and the both of them going at it hot and heavy on late-night FM radio talk shows. Before very long the altercation should attain a wide celebrity, bringing doubtless into the pockets of the two disputants a colossal harvest of banknotes. They'll have to hire writers to come up with new insults, they'll be so busy counting their money. Maybe I can hire myself out to one of them. Or why not both? In any case, it's bound to increase EVO's circulation.

When Francesca purloined the little statue from Dylan's doorpost, Aronowitz was calling Weberman a chicken for not offering himself up for arrest. It seems a little while before this, Weberman and a friend had dumped a bushel or so of play money on Dylan's doorstep, to symbolise most likely that Dylan has a lot of money, and them as has gets; and the police, of whom there were five or six on the block, had moved in and busted Weberman's confederate for littering, and taken him away, handcuffed, in a squad car. For littering, Ma! Weberman himself had eluded capture--say what you will about him, A.J. is no fool--and Aronowitz was making a big deal out of it in front of Alex Bennett's videotape camera.

Alex Bennett. The block was teeming with people like this, Ma. There really weren't an awful lot of people there, but a considerable fraction of those present were people who make their livings off getting into the news. This Alex Bennett supposedly is the news--that is, he's a radio and TV commentator--but he spends a suspicious amount of time making the very stories he broadcasts about. I suppose there's nothing much wrong with this--I've been known to do it myself--but I tend to mistrust anybody who makes over twenty grand a year being an earnest and sincere spokesman for the Alternate Culture. I mean, when you start paying your taxes out of that bracket, then you qualify I think more as an entertainer than anything else, and hence you are obliged to be entertaining. And from what I've seen and heard of Alex Bennett on the air, I don't find him to be all that entertaining. Personally he's a simply splendid guy, sure, but over the air he comes across extremely earnest and sincere, or so it seems to me; but it's all a matter of taste, maybe there are people who groove on that sort of thing.

Anyway, Alex was running around with a hand-held videotape camera and a pretty girl with him and a tape recorder. Too bad I

haven't got a TV, I would have liked to have seen Abbie Hoffman do his yo-yo tricks again on the six o'clock News. You've heard of Abbie no doubt. Most of it is true, but nevertheless he's a choice yo-yo spinner. He can make it spin out in twenty different directions from his head without once missing a beat. He can tap the ash off your cigarette without so much as causing your nose to bleed more than a pint. He can spin it out along the ground and make it come bouncing back up to him like a little dog, and Alex Bennett got all this into his videotape camera. You know, I hear that the yo-yo is over a thousand years old; I wonder what sort of weapon it was originally designed as. And Duncan, the man who patented it in the U.S.--he died just last week--also invented the parking meter. I wonder if Abbie knows about all this.

We missed the littering bust, Francesca and I, for that we were just then over on the next block, Sullivan Street, which had been appropriated that day for a pre-Memorial Day rally of the Greater New York American Legion. Do you know, the Legion people down here look just like the Legion people in Canton? (Or hold it, are you in VFW or the Legion, I forget.) Anyway, these people could have come out of the St Lawrence County Legion Post, except that they all had names like Caligiari and Zimmerman. About fifty Sunday-dressed people sat in neatly arranged ranks of folding chairs in the street (I think Bob Dylan was in the third row right.), before a little sidewalk-podium panel of six or eight gaudily uniformed post commanders, each of whom gave a little speech. Every speaker introduced all the other speakers, time and again, and there was a brief flurry of applause each time a name was mentioned. This was a great blessing to the dozen or so little children who sat there in their finest Confirmation and Bar Mitzvah outfits, all itchy crinolines and tight wollens on a warm day. They just sat there and squirmed distractedly through the speeches--all this arid pious talk about our brave men and women 'overseas', and the unique American right and privilege and obligation to worship God--but when the occasion to clap their hands arose, and it arose frequently, they really went to town, believe you me.

And it was worth sitting through, too. For when the last speaker had finished glorifying our great land and flag and president, everyone was asked to rise. We rose. 'Tennn-hut!!' somebody bellowed sharply through the microphone, and we all saluted. Then, down the stoop from behind the speakers marched six fabulous Colour Guardsmen in faultless formation, dressed in bright plaid kilts with shaggy sporrans and pretty kneesocks and little black tams with tassels. They marched around the crowd and formed a line across the street. They essayed a few maladroit squawks on the bagpipes. Then, taking the rifles down off their shoulders--

'Guns!' exclaimed my pal Joe. 'They're gonna kill all those poor people! I can't look!' It looked bad.

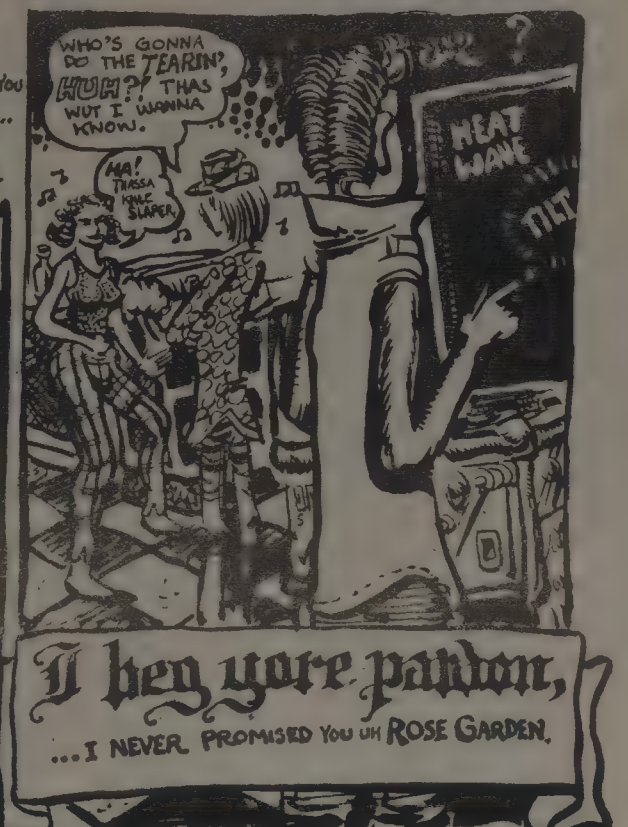
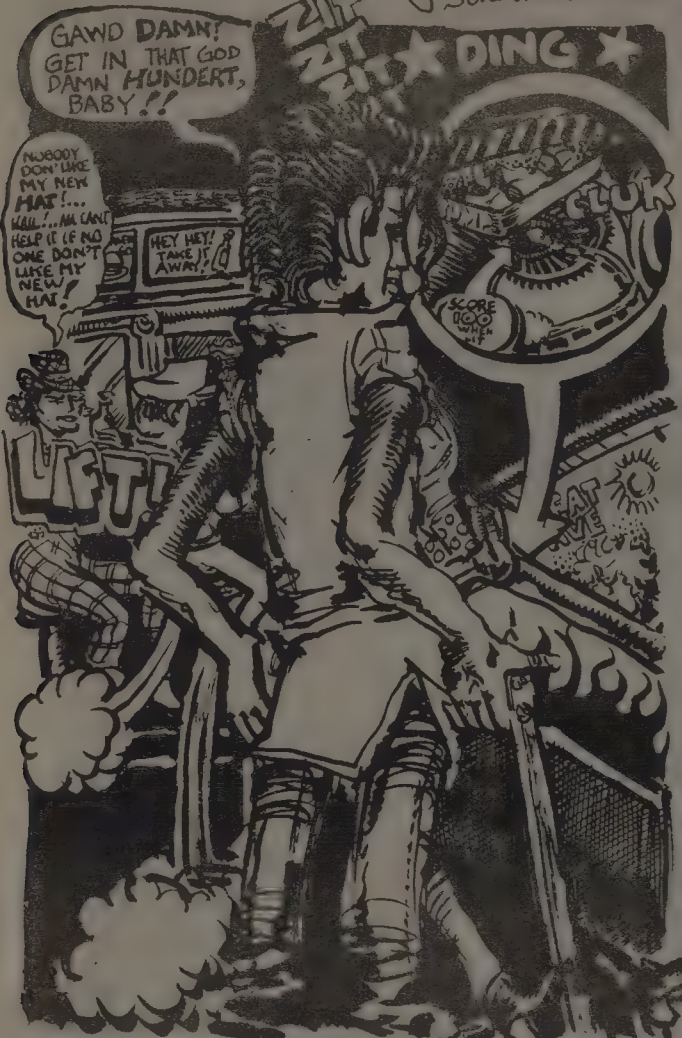
BOOM!! Everybody jumped, and I instinctively grabbed Francesca around the shoulders--whether to comfort her or to hold her up between me and the gunfire, I don't know. The Guardsmen primed their guns elaborately, and shot them off, straight up into the air, two more times. BOOM!! BOOM!! We expected to see ducks and pigeons come plummeting down out of the sky into the street--Joe licked his chops, saying, 'We eat tonight.'--but the Guardsmen evidently took care not to hit anything. After that a bugler with a terrible case of cold sores played Taps, and the Guardsmen right-faced solemnly around the crowd and up the stoop back into the house.

According to Francesca, this all was infinitely more satisfying than the Dylan party, which without Dylan maintained a tepid and desultory frenzy. David Peel and the Lower East Side Rock Liberation Front played sporadically over the sound system--the electricity for which was kindly provided by a little shop called Schizophrenia, located

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J Schunkmen © 1977



ONLY 30

across the street in a building which evidently Dylan does not yet own--and periodically they would yield up the microphone to Louis Abolafia, who explained that he was running for President in 1972 on the Nice Guy ticket. You know, it's too bad about Abolafia--you'd have hoped, to know him, that if anyone in this party had actually come gunning for Dylan, he might, in his disappointment at Dylan's absence, have shot Abolafia a few times just so as not to leave his bullets lie idle, and become stale. 'Let's make a martyr out of him,' I suggested to Lynda Crawford. 'Let's do a Bobby Kennedy number on the son of a bitch.' She nodded happily from out of the crook of Schultz' shoulder, entranced at the prospect of writing up a story like that for EVC.

That's the only thing that stayed my hand--to assassinate Abolafia, that would tend to provoke for him undue attention from the press, and he might come back to life just to gloat over the clippings.

Eventually Francesca and I drew away from the crowd down to the two little frankfurter carts at the south end of the street. We had heard that the hot dogs and soft drink were free, paid for by Al Aronowitz--and he can afford a few weeks on the Riviera, from what I've heard--and we wanted to check it out. It was true, everything was free, but evidently this Aronowitz has a macabre sense of humour, for the hot dog carts were just there being provisioned by a red-white-and-blue truck

with the insignia, 'G.I. JOE
"The Hot Dog King"
Veterans Frankfurter
Service'.

But the hot dogs were fine, and the mustard was properly sulphurous, and the orange soda was a cold hit on a warm day.

Yes, it certainly was a beautiful day! It seemed to get even more beautiful after we finished the hot dogs and orange soda; the air took on a definite shimmer to it, the city noises began to orchestrate into a kind of gentle music, and the people all became quite pretty indeed. Word got out that one of the kids at the Dylan party had dosed the sauerkraut with some manner of hallucinogen, but I didn't hear about it until very late that night.

On the way to her place, Francesca took me into St Anthony's Cathedral to provide me with my first glimpse of a Catholic church. It all looked very splendid to me, with the tall domed ceiling flanked by processions of stately fluted pillars, and more than a little savage too, with all those gaudily painted bigger-than-life-size statues of saints and saintesses up and down the walls. Shit, Ma, we didn't have but some pews and a cross in our old church! There were also tiers of little red candles between the statues there: these turned out to be electric, electric coin-operated votive candles. A little sign under each admonished, 'Please Use Dime Or Quarter', although Francesca assured me that pennies worked fine in them. Throwing a penny into one of them, I invoked a blessing on our boys

Listen.

Stevie Wonder sees more
than you and I.

He sees with his heart.

His soul.

His mind.

Listen.

Hear what Stevie Wonder sees.



"Where I'm Coming From"

TS-308



ONLY 30

in Vietnam, and watched it flash up into life. Then, invoking another blessing on their boys in North Vietnam, I conjured up another magic flame: 'There,' I grinned, 'that ought to fuck Him up.' Then one more candle for Dylan on his birthday--'But that Jew kike doesn't even believe in Jesus, much less Mary'--and I had given quite enough to the Vatican for that Sunday, thank you.

She then showed me how to work a confession booth. Apparently you go inside it with your girl friend, draw the heavy beige curtain, and kneel erect with her on a scratchy cushion in the darkness there. Then, while she whispers, 'Father forgive me for I have sinned it has been six months since my last Confession I have sinned forty-eight times against the Seventh Commandment'--but why alla time the Seventh Commandment? Why not sins against coveting thy neighbour's ass, why alla time the Seventh Commandment?--while she prattles on like this, you grope her furiously.

Ahem. So I walked her home, where it was so dark our irises made noises like little birds as they dilated. Setting the little Dylan effigy on her mantelpiece, Francesca casually announced, 'I'll just leave it here until Bobby comes around to pick it up himself. It'll be safer here.' I promised to put a note in EVO this week asking Dylan to go and pick it up; and I really wish he would do so at his earliest convenience, because, considering the wierdness and ill temper of many of his fans, this statuette just might actually be a Voodoo doll of some sort. God forbid some night Francesca should be seized in her sleep and carried off by Le Grand Zombie, she's got enough troubles as it is. Better one Francesca than a million Dylans, anyway.

Anyway, that was how we spent the most beautiful day of the century.

Love,
Dean

PS--You know what I could use, Ma? A few pairs of fresh clean white tennis socks for my new cut-off jeans outfit.

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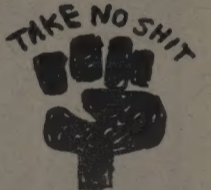


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Baldwin, GRAND AVENUE Bethpage, BETHPAGE Bethpage, MID ISLAND East Rockaway, CRITERION Hempstead, HEMPSTEAD Lynbrook, STUDIO 1	Massapequa, PEQUA Oceanside, OCEANSIDE Port Washington, SANDS POINT Roslyn, ROSLYN Valley Stream, BELAIR	Bernardsville, BERNARDSVILLE CINEMA Cranford, CRANFORD Emerson, TOWN New Brunswick, ART CINEMA Ridgefield Park, RIALTO Tenafly, NEW BERGEN Union City, CINEMA

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FOLEY SQUARE
1:30 P.M.



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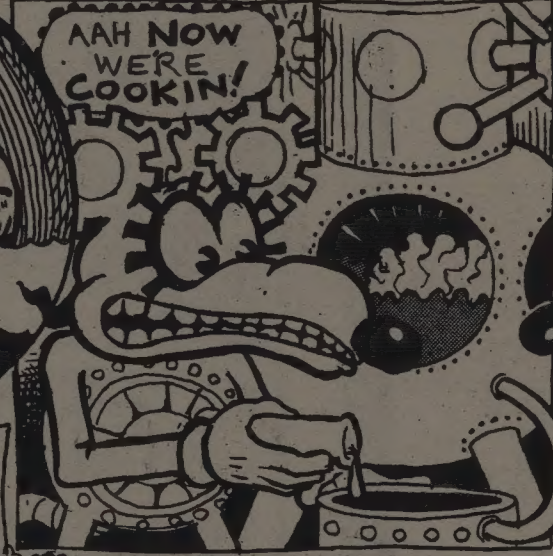
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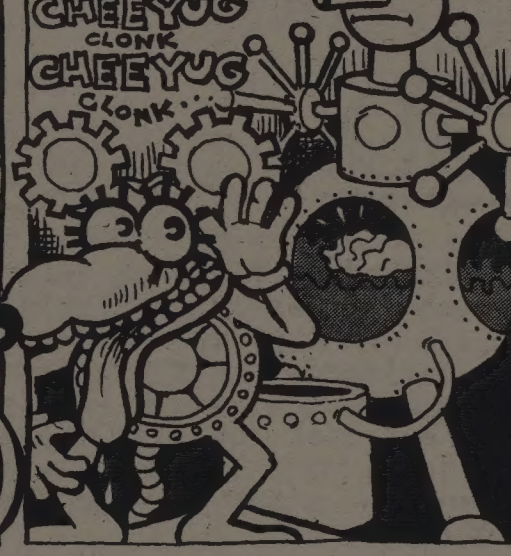
CRYIN (AINT LYIN) WEGI (FLYIN) FUNNIES



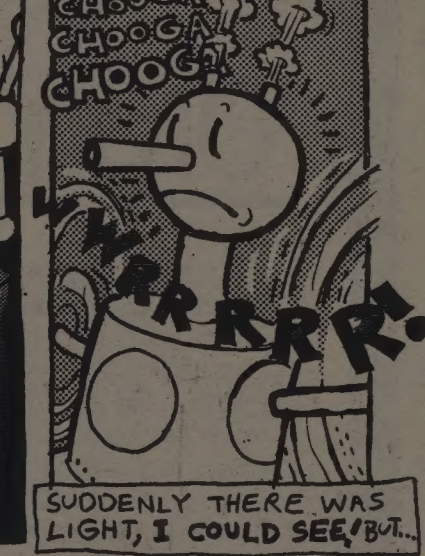
I AWOKE WITH A START, SENSING IMMEDIATELY, THE DANK CLAMMYNESS OF MY NEW ENVIRONMENT



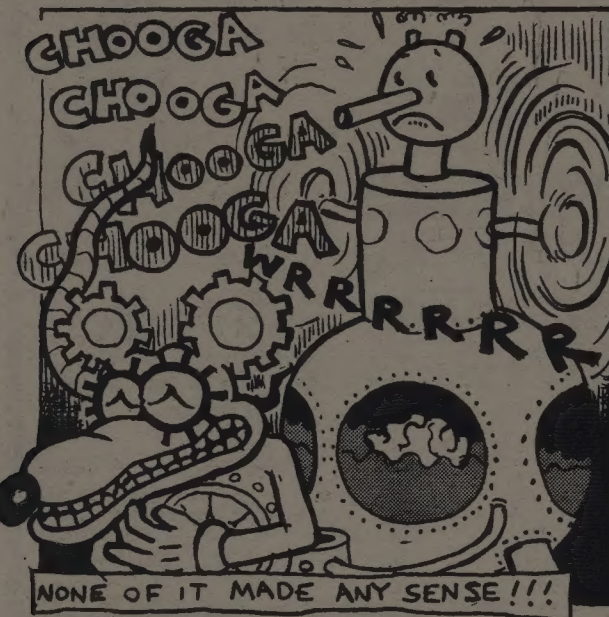
AAH NOW WE'RE COOKIN!



CHEEYUG
CLONK
CHEEYUG
CLONK



SUDDENLY THERE WAS LIGHT, I COULD SEE! BUT...



CHOOGA
CHOOGA
CHOOGA
CHOOGA
WRRRRRR

NONE OF IT MADE ANY SENSE!!!



EEEEEEEEE

OVERWHELMED WITH DESPAIR, I BEGAN TO SCREAM!!



ELSEWHERE

BEGORA IT'S HIS BLINKIN BRAIN THEYVE GOT!



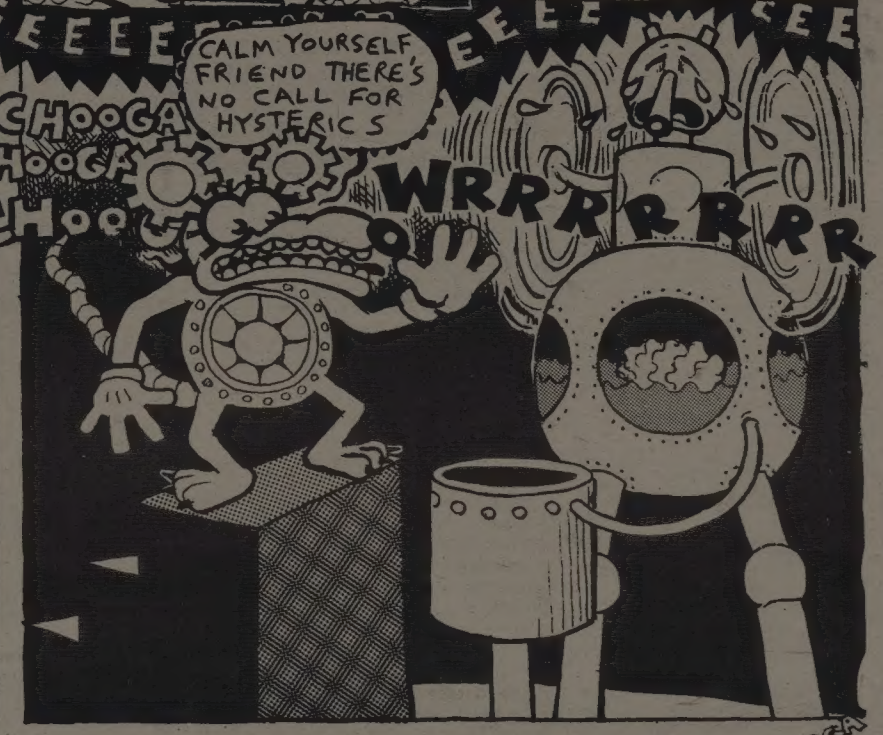
YAH, AN WHO EVER DONE IT, BUSTED IN THROUGH DIS HOLE!



THAT MAKES NINE SINCE MONDAY



CHEE DIS THING IS GETTING OUT OF HAND

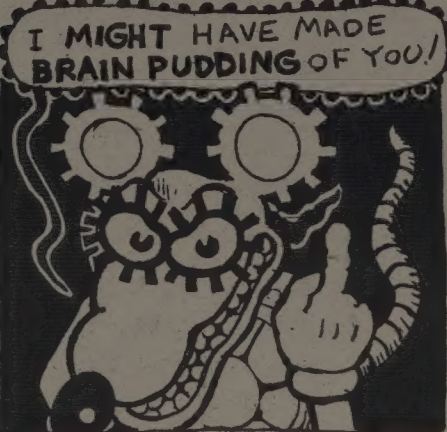


EEEEEEEEE

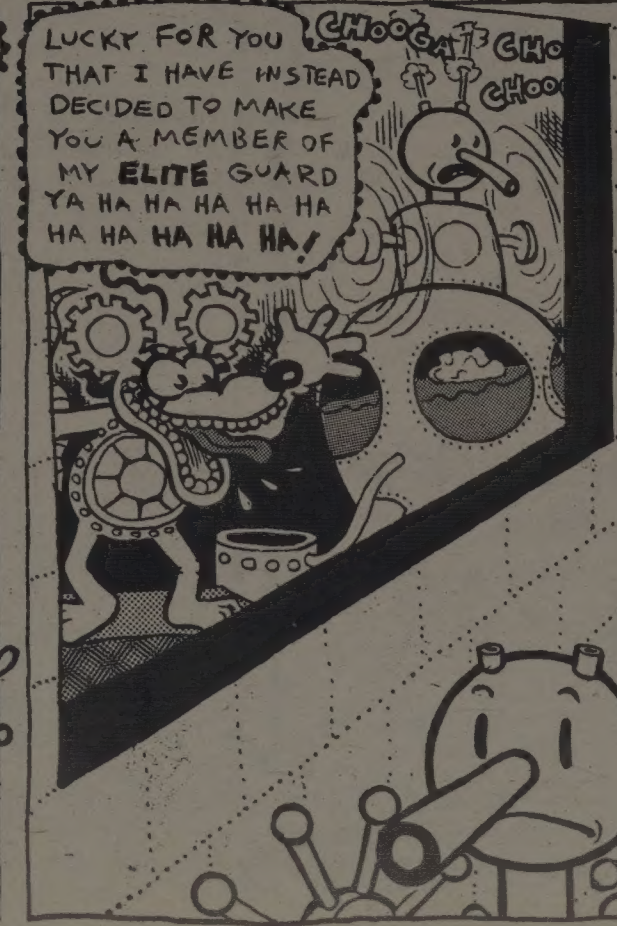
CALM YOURSELF FRIEND THERE'S NO CALL FOR HYSTERIC S

EEEEEEEEE

CHOOGA
CHOOGA
CHOOGA
WRRRRRR



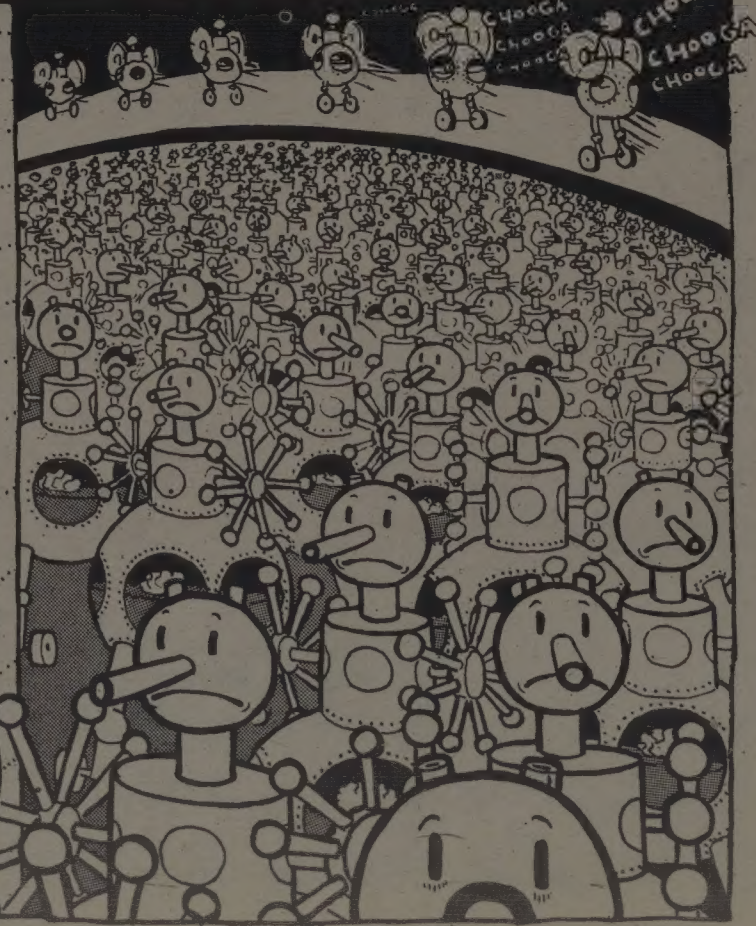
I MIGHT HAVE MADE BRAIN PUDDING OF YOU!



LUCKY FOR YOU THAT I HAVE INSTEAD DECIDED TO MAKE YOU A MEMBER OF MY ELITE GUARD YA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!



IT'S VERY TASTY YOU KNOW (SLURP!)



WHELDT and DELDT

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