

EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING #1 is a rider for HOT SHIT from the stronghold of Gary Deindorfer, old fan tho not yet tired, 447 Bellevue Ave., Trenton, N.J., 08618. This is being done sometime in early March.

Record review that was rejected by ROLLING STONE:

WIPE YOUR REAREND -- The Joe Eclectic All Electric Good Karma Band. POOP records, ASS8915 (stereo), HOLE5198 (quadrasonic).

Sitting on a lavender psychedelic cloud of solipsism my speakers booming in a puissant Germanic manner I listen to the amazing music of JEAEGBK and thank Thomas Edison for his ingenuity. Oh wow. Where do I start in conveying the power and originality of this wildly talented quartet of musicians: Joe Eclectic, finger harp; Picky Smith, pickhorn; Sarah Sane, lead vocals and electric kazoo; Mudhole Higgins, tom tom. There is such unbridled JOY here in these micro-grooves, such elan, such vigor, such soulfulness that it makes me wet my pants in sheer excitement! Far out, as John Sebastian can be heard to say 500 times a day.

Well, let's start with the first side of the record. Okay? You put the record on the turntable, settle back and after a couple minutes you begin to hear this very faint chanting from what seems to be 1000s of miles away. As the minutes wear on it gradually becomes louder and you can make out the words, "Left....right.... left....right...." over and over. This is chanted acapella (not a type of marijuana; it means unaccompanied by instruments or something like that). Then you notice suddenly that "left" is coming out of the left speaker and "right" is coming out of the right speaker. Oh wow! This goes on for all of side one. As the song, entitled "Left and Right," draws to a close the voices once again fade until nothing can be heard but the lonely scratching of the stylus in the groove. All in all this twenty-seven minute song is an uplifting thing, a truly cleansing experience. It leaves you purged, spent, wiped out, wasted. You are hesitant to move on to side two for what could top this innovative song, this song where the stereo effects are an integral part of the music, a functional, meaningful thing. You also wonder what would happen if you listened to this song on earphones with the phones reversed on your head so the "left" comes out of the right channel and the "right" comes out of the left channel. Would it destroy the meaning of this song? Or would it give it a new meaning altogether, as valid in its way as the meaning of the song as it stands? These things pass thru one's mind. Not to mention wondering what the quadrasonic version might be like.

On to side two. "Fuck Off" starts out the side, a song addressed to "All you palefaced leaders/ You dirty nasty sacrificial breeders." Sung by Sarah in the highest part of her 13 octave voice (your tweeters will have a field day!), it indicts every Oppressor who has ever lived, lives, or will live. "Whaddaya think, with all your horrid crimes you'll end up in Heaven?/ Why I haven't believed that since I was seven." Mudhole lays down a mordant beat on his tom tom, Picky plays a fantastic pickhorn solo (the pickhorn is a cross between an alto sax, a trombone, a harmonica and a refrigerator; it is made out of biodegradable plastic and it costs around \$15). And Joe himself (who writes all the songs on this album) plays Bartok quotes on finger harp. "God Is a Head" is a Mudhole excursion with all sorts of brilliant multi- and counter-rhythms emerging from his tom tom (which he says he bought for 56¢ from Woolworth's when he was 9 years old). Sarah blows some downhome kazoo, using her wahwah pedal to demonstrate the gulf separating the acoustic kazoo player from one who has attained

mastery of the very difficult electric instrument. There are thirty three other songs on side two, none of them lasting longer than a minute, most going around 30 seconds, but the musical density of these songs is incredibly high. There are all sorts of little goodies, such as Sarah's orgasmic squeal on "Let's Go Get the Rat", Joe's scream of agony on "Birdshit Blues", and Picky Smith's version of a Bach prelude played backwards, played as a background to Mudhole's moans of need on "Psychedelic Polka."

This is a fantastic recording. If you don't rush out right now and buy it you are an enemy of the people.

Some of you know that I am an aspiring writer; that is, I aspire but I never get published unless I publish the stuff myself, like here. But last week I got an idea for a novel that can't miss. It is in the Harold Robbins/ Arthur Hailey motif, an expose of the outrageous, sexy, torrid world of a Certified Public Accountant. In search of authenticity I plan to take a course in accounting and to interview every CPA I can find. Whenever fictional events start to lose their potency, all I have to do is throw in ten or fifteen pages of straight factual details connected with the dangerous, vertiginous job these unsung heroes (and villains) have. I expect to have it written in three weeks. The trouble is, I figure it will take me five years of interviews and study of accounting to get my research done.

I hear on the radio that the federal govt. is going to leave it up to state govts. whether or not to legalize grass. So imagine it gets legalized. Everybody figures you just go into a drugstore and buy a pack of joints. But I don't see it that way. I believe that there will be a mystique about the whole thing, so that you walk down the street and a guy steps out of an alley and says, "Psst. You want some fine weed?" You look around you, see no fuzz, then say, "Yeh. Gimme an ounce." So he takes you into the alley and you give him your \$15 and he gives you your ounce and you walk away furtively. All perfectly legal, of course, with dealers 10 to a block. The thing is, grass will be sold this way to give the squares a thrill so they can feel what it must have been like to make a score in the old days when grass was still contraband.

GARY DAWSON LIVES!

That's the pseudonym I use as a musician and the name by which I am known in The Movement, the Counterculture, the Underground or whatever you choose to call it. Due to various weird activities I have been involved in the past five years I am fairly well known by that name in "the Alternate Culture." I am an old acquaintance of Timothy Leary's, I have turned on with Allen Ginsberg, and I once met William Burroughs (a very scary fellow, but nice scary). Wow. Bet you're all impressed out of your asses, aren't you?

I'm planning to move out to Frisco in a week or so. This will be the first time in Calif. for me. I've never been further west than Chicago before. That's rather pitiful for a 28 year old person, considering that nowadays you have 15 year old kids who have hitchhiked all over Europe, Asia, Africa and the Antarctic. Well, that last was a joke. I guess it would be pretty hard to hitchhike all over Antarctica. With my luck, you readers will find that the funniest thing in this flyer. Oh well. Anyway I'm looking forward to meeting all you people out there on the Coast. I can't wait to get out there. And I think I shall end this now asking for you to vote for the Commie dupe of your choice this November. Right on!