

pg 17: Zappa's ad for The Original Freak Out for oct-29

pg 8 ad: KRLA presents FREAK-OFF for oct-29

pg 11 ad: Zeidler & Zeidler's THE MUTHUHS CAN FLUSH IT

pg 17: FREAK OUT THE official news OF The M.O.I.

# FREAK OUT THE official news OF The M.O.I.

(Paid Advertisement - Page 17)

SUPERMANAGER! BACK AGAIN Story Below

## DO The MOTHERS PLAY DIRTY? YES!

### READ THIS FIRST

Many people have been under the Impression that THE MOTHERS are engaged In the field of ENTERTAINMENT. This Is NOT TRUE. THE MOTHERS ARE STRIVING TO COMMUNICATE WITH (not specifically to entertain) THEIR AUDIENCE no matter how small that audience might be.

WE HAVE DISCOVERED a small, but active AUDIENCE OF DETRACTORS here In L. A. (consisting mainly of IMPOSTERS who would USURP & CORRUPT a number of CONCEPTS & TECHNIQUES which WE DEVELOPED ... specifically: the "FREAK OUT" & the "LIGHT SHOW NIRVANA"). These CHARLATANS

and their STOOGES IN ATTENDANCE hve attempted to besmirch OUR STERLING REPUTATION WE WOULD LIKE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THIS (brak!) AUDIENCE on a higher plane, BUT ...unfortunately, that Is NOT WHERE THEY'RE AT (to use an expression common to this area), THEREFORE: we reluctantly DESCEND (In the Interest of higher education), momentarily sacrificing our most treasured principles. WE DESCEND TO THEIR SUBTERRANEAN MILIEU (such a Machiavellian compromise!) TO RETURN LOGIC & PATIENT EXPLANATION FOR THEIR LOATHESOME BEHAVIOR. Next week they will say we play dirty.

### M.O. I. ART REVIEW, ZEIDLER STILL EATS IT!

A Critical Analysis of Baron Von Lockway's Latest Calendar (see page 11)

FOREWORD: As an ARTIST (or is he a DRAWER?), Zeidler & Zeidler's Calendar Boy would do well to change his name to JIMINY CRETIN, trundle his crayons, sandals, beatnik bongos & toilet paper off to BURBANK, there to seek gainful employment as a doodling robot in the DISNEY FACTORY ... (cop out for DISNEY? cop out for ZEIDLER? What's the difference? It's the bread that counts, right little fella ?) ... hopefully using this review as a letter of recommendation. YOU'LL BE HAPPY IN BURBANK ... THEY SEE THINGS YOUR WAY THERE.

ANALYSIS: Outside of a certain BLANDNESS which pervades all of Calendar Boy's ingenuous attempts to serve the muse, the Trained Observer might note, in this (his most recent) TURD, myriad & vibrant examples of Lockway/Zeidler's adolescent (if not totally subliminal) CORPORATE HUMOR GESTALT.

For instance: Some might perceive the TOILET SYMBOLISM here as an arcane reference to the early LENNY BRUCE Zeidler FM Commercials on KBCA (remember: 'Don't pee on those suits! You're wetting on those suits! Get out of here!'), except for the fact that LENNY was, shall we say, on a slightly different level. Lockway/Zeidler's apparent COPROPHILIA (look that one up, little fella!) tends to lose a little in the translation (quote: "A more accurate description of said feeling is BOWEL MOVEMENT."). Calendar Boy's infantile concern for things between his legs appears once more in this fluid stanza (quote: "I can do nothing but become LIMP over a poor attempt to bad mouth ...), wherein he secretly attempts to advise the reader not to offer to give him head BECAUSE:

#1. It is nasty ("BAD MOUTH")

#2. It is hard for him to maintain an erection.

If, in reality, it is true that Calendar Boy's IMPOTENCE extends beyond his "ART to his "THING", the M.O.I. respectfully advise REIKIAN THERAPY and total abstension from Beach Blanket Bingo. YES! THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION CAN FLUSH IT ...

better hold Your breath, fella's ... and watch out for those blind brown fish.

M.O.I. LITERARY REVIEW MOTHERS MOURN MACGREGOR'S COP OUT

SEAN MACGREGOR, as we learn from his recent writing attempt in the L A.F.P. (TINSEL CITY; column Oct. 21/66), has a great deal of trouble getting his point across. It is not merely his technical incompetence that offends (" oh well ... he gets away with it in his scripts for BONANZA & PERRY MASON) so much as the element of PROSTITUTION IMPLIED by facts we have recently uncovered.

It is widely rumored (and readily evident from his TINSEL CITY effort) that SEAN MACGREGOR famed & esteemed SEAN MACGREGOR) HATES HERB COHEN'S GUTS! Big deal.

SEAN MACGREGOR, as some of you might already know, is in the employ of ... none other than . . . MR. SHOW BIZ HIMSELF: PAT MORGAN, widely famed promoter of such ersatz blockbusters as the "FREAK IN and the "FREAK OFF" (who also hates Herb Cohen's guts, it seems). EVIDENTLY, on behalf of his employer, SEAN MACGREGOR took it upon himself to SUBVERT a QUASI-LEGITIMATE VEHICLE (his little column) in order to hurl a few cardboard thunderbolts at a quiet & peace-loving group of local lads whose only offense was having HERB COHEN for a MANAGER . . . (and HERBIE'S ONLY OFFENSE WAS BLASTING MR. MORGAN IN THE MOUTH WITH THE TOP OF HIS HEAD WHEN HE WAS ATTACKED BY MORGAN ON SUNSET BOULEVARD IN FRONT OF THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER OFFICE AND INNUMERABLE WITNESSES).

The adventure continues with Herbie filing charges of assault & battery against the aggressive Texas Faker (why doesn't he call his shows FAKE-OFF's?), WHO, IN A MOVE OF MASSIVE RETALIATION, SUMMONS TO HIS SIDE THE FEARSOME & STUPEFYING INTELLECT OF HIS TOP MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA (stooge) SEAN MACGREGOR (let's hear it for him, kids), TO INSTRUCT HIM (am I imagining any of this?) TO GET TO COHEN, BOY!

YOU KNOW I CAN'T WRITE OR I'D DO

IT MYSELF ... MAYBE SOME DAY YOU'LL NEED A GOOD DEAL ON A USED CAR "" THEN I CAN HELP YOU - BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED YOU TO TYPE THIS STUFF UP FOR ME ... "

Almost immediately SEAN MACGREGOR went to work ... copping out was nothing new to him - nor prostitution (THESE TWO TERMS ARE NOT NECESSARILY SYNONYMOUS).

Remembering his boss's instructions about GREASING LITTLE GARY FERGUSON (Morgan's PRIDE & JOY act - YES! HE'S A MANAGER TOO! a vaudeville anachronism, "Geek lookit how little he is ... an' he's up there fixing the microphone by himself & SINGING into it! OH NO! Make him 'HIGH HEEL SNEAKERS again!'"), SEAN MACGREGOR set about his business of "doing in" SUPERMANAGER! (If Little Gary Ferguson's Mother ever found out how MORGAN REALLY TALKS about her son, she'd hit him in the mouth with her head too!)

For what seemed an eternity, SEAN MACGREGOR stooged his way through the TINSEL CITY column ... finally finishing in a pool of rank perspiration (from which he derived his opening lines about "VICTORIOUSLY STREAMING ARM PITS" quote) he rushed to the side of his master for approval (as he had done so many times before with TV producers), only to find the sinister Texas FREAK MERCHANT on the telephone ... craftily SUCKING VITO (" ... we'll call you KING KARL - maybe get a little crown or something or a robe ...) INTO HIS GRANDIOSE SCHEME TO FAKE OFF THE WORLD.

SEAN MACGREGOR stood by, his soiled little paper in one hand, listening intently as THE BIG MAN continued his telephonic hype ... "We'll put a bunch of ads in the Free Press where your whole entire entourage of dancers & freakers can see it and get turned on by it an then we'll go to a BIG radio station that all the kids really dig - like KRLA - and we'll get 'them in on it AND WE'LL ALL MAKE SOME BREAD ... I know you could use a little extra with Halloween coming up and all and later Xmas has a lot of expenses and you'll be wantin' to get a little something for the Mrs. & your baby ... HOWSABOUT IT?'",

Somehow it worked ...