



LENNONS SHAVE PUBES FOR PEACE

LONDON (UPS-LNS-PIS) - John Lennon and his wife, Yoko Ono have announced they will shave off their pubic hair for peace.

They will shave in a special ceremony that will be televised by the BBC next week.

"It's the least we can do to bring peace to the world," Lennon said.

"If peace is to be brought to the world it requires sacrifice and we urge all our fans and all the young people of the world, for whom I have declared myself a spokesman, to follow our lead."

The new special "John and Yoko" crotch razors will go on sale next week at stores throughout the western world.

Lennon said the world will have peace if people want it. Yoko added that peace will never be achieved by "fooling around with politics".

"Politics is such a drag," she said. "After all, it's really all in your head."

Lennon told reporters that he is the only way to peace.

"I urge all the youth of the world to heed my words and they shall know the way to peace."

"War will be over if people follow my urging and sing all their letters with the word "peace".

"If the poor of the world want peace, I urge them to watch for me. I will drive up to their homes in my Rolls and tell them the way."

Yoko said the secret is to have peace within oneself and radiate it to others.

"I have peace, I am peace," said John.

"Whenever I go in this beautiful world, whatever I do in this wonderful trip we call life, I radiate the peace I have.

"Upon coming into contact with me everyone receives the spirit of peace. Why even the president of Dow Chemical greeted me with the peace sign and Pierre Trudeau came up and kissed me."

Despite the fact they had received Lennon's holy word, observers here remained sceptical.

Said one: "If you've seen Yoko, you'll know that Lennon really doesn't have much of a piece at all."

Prick flick big trick

A recent sex survey carried out by the noted sexologist team of Masters and Bates has revealed that men can only achieve the ultimate orgasm if there is some activity other than the simple genital act.

In speaking to several male beautiful people, The Graight found out several startling facts about satisfying the male sexual appetite.

Manipulation with foreign objects was one of the biggies that came out in the interviews.

"I can only be fully satisfied if someone flagellates my willnuts with a blowtorch," said head Phil Latio.

Conny Lingus, a flower child, told the Graight, "My man will only come if I tiddle his uvula with a bicycle pump."

Others told of frustration releases they had sought after failing to be satisfied by their women.

"I find that when my old lady doesn't do it for me I have to take cold showers, chop cords of wood, and run around the block eight times," said Bruce Coitus.

Coitus also mentioned that another way of relieving his frustrations was sucking worms out of dead pigs.

"I wash that down with a heaping plateful of Apple Brown Betty," he continued.

Others mentioned that creative foreplay was the only way that they could achieve the ultimate.

"I love my babe to cover my bod with whipped cream and then scrape it off with a cake sharpener," said one cat.

Another cat told the Graight, "I find that it really is where it's at only if it is a groovy kind of love."

"In other word, I must ball my chick with a corduroy safe," he continued.

Other hipsters told how they could only ball if there were records playing. There were, however, several differences of opinion as to which records were the most desirable. Those with the greatest popularity included: Stardust by Hoagy Carmichael, Sugar, Sugar by the Archies, Sweet Pea, by Tommie Roe, Moonlight over Vermont by the Ralph Bemquist Orchestra, and Take Me Out to The Ball Game by The Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

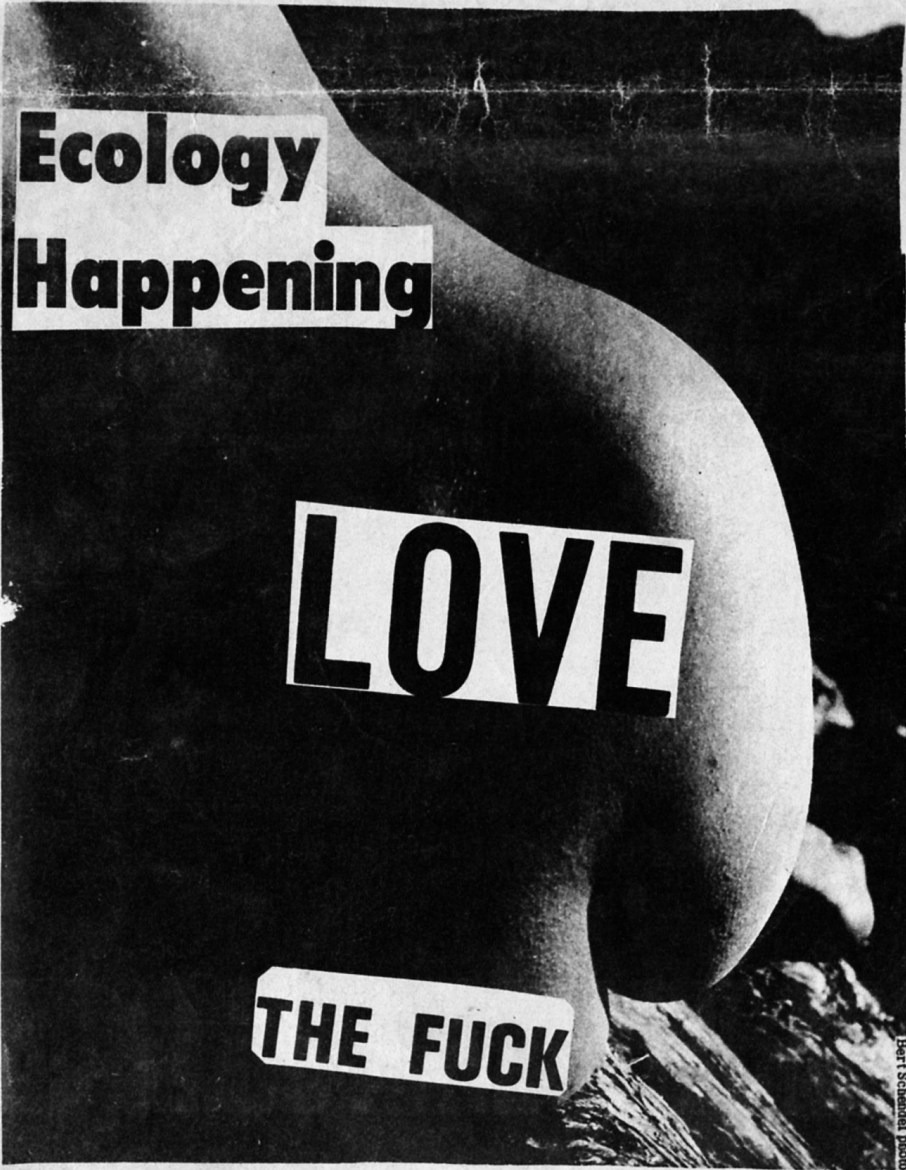
Others told of little ways they used to achieve orgasm while alone.

"I pretend I an a grasshopper, and rub my legs together," said Warren Peace.

"I plug into a milking machine," said Leonard Box. "It really turns me on."

Others told of their relationships with bagels, handbags, knotholes, and pencil sharpeners.

What does this all mean. It is a message to all you hip chicks out there to get it all together with your man and do it, do it, do it!!



GORGEOUS GRAIGHT

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LETTERS

Dear Sir:

What with the increasing amount of filth being shown on TV and in the movies, and the dissemination of vicious garbage in many magazines, I was distressed to read yet another addition to this mountain of trash in your last paper. I refer to your article entitled "PERVERTS! STAND UP AND BE COUNTED!"

My 15-year-old son brought the paper home and I was shocked to see this kind of content in a newspaper sold to my child on the streets of this city.

Now, I'm no prude and I like to think I'm a liberal person, and I'm all in favour of gradual change. But when you publish description and pictures of what abnormal people do, I must protest as a citizen and a mother.

In fact, I read the article through twice and still could hardly believe my eyes!

I wonder what your poor mothers think of what you're doing. You people are hippie pigs and I don't mind telling you so.

MRS. ELVIRA FINCH

Ed. note: Its great to see that you read the article twice. Dig it?

Like wow high there, headitor:

Like I'm just digging to tell you how groovy life is up here, away from all that up-tight city hassle, high up in our fir tree here in Stanley Park.

Like we're so close to nature. The tree is all around us, and we're so much closer down there in the Fourth Ave. scene.

And like we just have to climb down to the Safeway on Robson to get our food. Nothing but natural vegetables and fruit, of course. (My old lady's a real grape freak.)

Like it's so simple and natural the way we chew bark for breakfast sometimes when we can't make it to MacDonald's.

It's so up-loose up here, I wanted to turn you on to our vibes.

Like far-out love and peace.

MARTHA BEMQUIST

MOUSY HOUSE KEEPING

by Ugghie

Greetings, all you macrobiotic mice and food freaks! Today we have a spaced-out stew, a freaky fruit punch, a good karma casserole and a very together turnip salad. But first a recipe sent in by a good little communal cook who really knows her stuff, C. J.:

WILLNOT WAFERS

6 willnots, assorted lengths 15 cups whole wheat flour
14 sesame seed snaps 13 lbs. brewer's yeast
Soybeans to taste

Roll willnots between fingers to obtain desired shape. Throw flour and sesame seed snaps into the biggest pot you can find—use your toilet bowl if you have to for that communal feeling. Boil until boiling, than combine with yeast. Divide into six equal portions flatten and place a willnot on each portion. Sprinkle on soybeans. Bake for five minutes. Serves six.

TOE-JAM STEW

Get your commune to save up all the body lint it can produce for a few weeks (plan this delectable dish well in advance). Throw it all in the biggest pot you can find—use your toilet bowl if you have to for that communal karms feeling. Combine with brewer's yeast and let it ferment. Sprinkle with ground hamburger meat, brewer's yeast and tabasco sauce to taste. Serves eight.



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Love, peace and ecology

Hi there heads. Today we're going to rap about pollution with a cat called Pseudo Erasmus. Like we all have to do our piece to stop the seceration of the planet, and if we all get our heads together on this, it will really be a groovy place.

Graight — Pseudo, where's it at with the environment, man?

Pseudo — Wow that's heavy. Like it's a really bad space, you know. Like unless we do something we'll all be dead from environmental collapse in ten years.

Graight — That's really mind blowing, I mean that's a bad scene. Like wow. What can all us cats do to stop this, man?

Pseudo — Play your flute man. That's where it's at.

Graight — What's that you're playing? It sounds familiar.

Pseudo — That's called the friendly giant theme song. Me and my side-kick Jerome play it wherever we go — it puts people in a good space. Everyone should have a flute.

Graight — Far out.

Pseudo — A big hang-up is that everytime you take a shit, the sewers pump it out into the sea. Soon it will be a sea of shit. So don't flush your toilets, or better still don't take a shit. If you do you'll be dead from pollution man.

Graight — Wow that's out of sight.

Pseudo — Another thing cats get uptight about is all

the phosphates in detergents. It's a bad scene when you wash your clothes. Personally, I think it would be really beautiful if everyone went naked and just grooved on nature.

Graight — I notice you're not going naked.

Pseudo — No, it's still too cold. This is my special bio-degradable sailor suit which I wear all the time. I'm hoping other cats will see where it's at and get their own bio-degradable suits. You can get bio-degradable army jackets too.

Graight — What's another bad trip in the pollution scene?

Pseudo — All these cats who smoke cigarettes man. Like when they exhale they dirty the air. If they all did dope they'd cut down on their own contribution to air pollution by at least a third.

Graight — Sounds groovy, but will it catch on?

Pseudo — It has to man, our lives depend on it. Another thing that would be really cool would be if we all lived in communal type pads. Me and my friends live in a place called FRECO House. We'd like to set up FRECO houses all over the place. Think of all the automobile pollution we could avoid if several families used just one car.

Graight — Does your house have a car?

Pseudo — No man, we have bicycles. We'll get rid of all the cars eventually, but it'll take time.

Graight — Thank you Pseudo, that's really heavy.

Pseudo — Yeah man, love and peace.

RECORD REVIEWS

Can you dig it?

Bugger's Banquet—Gold Dirigible—Capitolism \$5.98

This album, from one of the world's heaviest groups, is really the tops. Lead singer Priscilla Tree really gets it on in the lead cut, Eat Me Daddy, Ate to the Bar. Backing her are the solid sounds of Johnny Flyleaf and Billy Foolscap, with the solid sax of Tits Larue.

In spite of the fact that my copy was warped almost to the point of unbelievability and sounded like it was pressed on the crap at the bottom of a bird cage, it was just so far fuckin' out, man, that I balled my old lady, my male cat and the garbage man while psyching myself out to its trippy sounds.

Come—The Cream (Sticky Records 1001)

Sure enough, I came when I heard this record. Man, like when that lead singer hit that high B flat, wow, like

I just blew my wad all over the turntable.

And then, the sounds that made . . . Out of sight!!! Too much man. Try this hot piece of wax for yourself and see if you can reach the same ultimate trip that I did.

Electric Orgasm—The Fuck—Kama Shitra 69

This album is just too much!! Like the grooves on the album and the grooves I got from the album just combine together in such an electroplasmic revolutionary heavy trip, man, that, wow, I had to drop acid and smoke half a dozen joints and shoot up some smack before I got into it, but once I was there, man . . . WOW!!!!!! Recommended listening for all you heavies on Chemical Alley.

Occasional blatherings occasional blatherings occasional blatherings occasion
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HIPPOPOTAMUS
 Eugene Schmeidler
 M.P.

Dear Dr. Showandtell:
 I have a rather peculiar problem. You see, I don't have any problems attracting the fellows, however, I am very self conscious of my appearance. My breasts are a trifle too large and whenever I have "the curse" they swell even larger, making the boys come out with such comments as, "wow, chech those knocker!" "Man, look at those boobs!" and "Talk about top-heavy!" What can I do?
 —Ralph
Dear Ralph

I can line you up with an agent for Bamum and Bailey and I can get you a royalty in the next issue of Ripley's Believe It Or Not.

Dear Dr. Showandtell:
 I have been balling ever since I was eight years old. I am now ninety-three. I have had syphilis, gonorrhoea, the clap, crabs, and galloping peedink. I have not seen a doctor about these things. Instead I rub arbutus leaves on my member. How do you explain this phenomenon without showing the uselessness of the medical profession?
 —Pops

Dear Pops:
 I have checked with a physician who examined you several years ago. Apparently your penis rotted off and disappeared years ago and what you think is your "member" is actually an arbutus twig wedged between your thighs.

Dear Dr. Showandtell:
 I am blonde, twenty years old, 36-24-36, but I have a problem. Although I am beautiful, I must have sex with any man who expresses any interest in me. I do not do it for money because I am very rich. What shall I do?
Dear Brigitte:
 I love you.

Dear Dr. Hippopotamus is a collection of oddballs, chuckles and porno published by Grope Press, 95 cents, paperback.

Unclassified ads

Groovy, well-hung hippie wishes to meet horny flower child. Will also consider three-foot tall, bald, toothless bull dyke leather freak. Triflers need not apply. Box 654—GG.

Virginia Waif please call home. The waffles are alright and little Warren is smoking salmon.

Clean fair-haired young boy seeks slobbering old wino for broomstick pervasions. Must be short, ugly and discreet. Contact Tony, Box 202—GG.

Sports car nut getting his thing together with love wishes saucy little baggage to whom he can show his gear shift collection. Contact Doug, Box 765, GG.

Male Nudes! Yes, we have the finest collection of male nude photos ever assembled by one company at one time. We have close-ups, choice rear views, coy group shots, and action poses. We guarantee our catalogue will blow your mind. For free sample write: Nuderama, 2222 Porno Drive, Room 106, Moosenee. Please include \$43.85 for postage and handling.

Young, urbane couple with exotic European ideas wishes to meet same for discreet, broadly based, friendship and assorted mob fucks. Contact Boris at Ralph's Auto Wrecking between 9 and 5.

Ralph Bemquist, please contact George Kershbaum at the GG office.

Big Broads Only! Are you one of those hippy hippies? Having trouble finding a chic, with it outfit? We have just what you need. Phone Nate's Tent & Awning, 542-0808.

Want to get turned on but tired of those tired old drugs? We have the answer for you. A primer on the mixing of belly-button lint and willnots in a special blood-piss curing compound. Write: Alfio's Nosegrooming Service, 1111 Creamo Lane, Tail, B.C.

Gay male wishes to meet other for the purpose of starting a massage club. Must have own saddles, sequined jockstraps, masks, bullwhips, and high heels. Those with chipped teeth need not apply. Box 489—GG.

Driving to Panama, Rome, London, and Paris. Seek young hippie chick to share experience. Contact Paul's Tandem Bicycle Shop, 202-9876.

Retired Gentleman seeks female camel. Contact John Dillinger, 908-9876.

Feeling horny? Feeling frustrated? Feeling your crotch ... continually? Phone Dial-An-Obscene-Message day or night at 730-2039.

I can cure those painful Hemorrhoids in a matter of seconds. Call Fraser's Double Bladed Axe Company, 453-0909.

Nude modelling done in my home. It is not necessary for you to have a camera as I will supply my brownie. Contact Peppermint Patty at Box 444, GG.

Want to be a well-heeled hippie? Get your Volkswagen wigs, flower decals, B.O. cologne, faded blue jeans, sandals, wigs, hippie dictionary, old mattresses, posters, and old copies of the GG. at Norbert's Hippie Emporium.

John Dillinger, please come home. My hemorrhoids are gone. Bewie!

Like what do you think of that Pacific Press strike. We get into the hands of all the unhips in the city scene and they are lapping it up. A reliable source told the Graight today that if the strike continues for at least two more weeks it is likely that the tennis shoe set will be so spaced out that John Lennon would be a shoe-in as a candidate for mayor on the Vancouver city council.

Speaking of city council, or Vancouver's answer to Pussy Galore and Her Flying Circus. I observed the Circus. I observed the following scene outside the council chambers last Tuesday: Mayor Terrific: We in the establishment hate all of you wierdo way-out councillors. Alderman Halloffame Willnot: Ya! Alderman Hairy Rankone: Yaaaahh, your mother wears army boots and you poop funny. Alderman Wilting Softwick: Ya!

Well, I guess that's politics for you.
 If you are a young person that digs all of the latest fads and don't want to be left behind when the in set is going to the pig or the latest love in, there is a new product out for you—chocolate covered dildoes. Get one and be in, in, in!

How about that mail strike in the States. I hear that Nixon is going to call in the army to deliver the mail. Man, I simply refuse to salute my postman! A good part of this move by Nixon is that it is a possible solution to the removal of troops and the end of the war in Vietnam.

A further thought on that troops-mail service issue is that it will no doubt be set up with sergeants delivering the first class mail, privates delivering second class mail, and officers writing letters to solve the employment problems.

It occurred to me the other day that Shakespeare was actually concerned with police, alias the pigs. Why else would he have written Hamlet, obviously a title referring to small pigs. Or could it be that it was written by Francis Bacon, also a pig.

A reliable source has informed thr Graight that the head narc, Ralph Bemquist, is actually hooked on artichokes. "He is hooked on artichokes," said the reliable source. The same informed source mentioned that he had it on good information that Spiro You-know-who blows goats. "I have it on good information that Spiro You-Know-Who blows goats," said the informed source.

Seventy-three RCM Porks recently raided the home of a friend of the Graight. They proceeded to Keelhaul him, shave his head, hit him in the tummy with their brickbats, and then forced him to watch their immitations of Ed Sullivan. Man, that's what I call police brutality.

Man, I must say that the local rock scene groupies are terribly disappointed about the failure of one of top groups to appear in town. I refer to Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, Bemquist, Kershbaum, Quigley, Davies, McWatters, Freakout, Spaghetti, Manhalich, and Agnew. Oh well, Perhaps they can keep their plaster fresh until the scheduled performances of The 1/2ineapple Crotch, The Peanut Butter Mathematics, and the Sloughfoot five featuring Hank Snow.

More on the rock scene and remember you heard it here first: KLG will go into t he symphony bag, while CHQM will trip out on acid rock. It figures . . . QM is higher on the dial.

Man, I was at the latest big "in" protest and it was a gas. We all lit a joint to protest the war in Vietnam. I expect the war to end now . . . or maybe tomorrow. It actually should have ended when CKLG had everyone beep their horns for peace. I just can't understand why things aren't working out.

Closing note: Please send in more great tidbits so I can rap with all you beautiful people out there.
 Bye for now . . . love, peace, brotherhood, ecology, and tight lines, straight shooting.

Interview WITH jim boreson
 fReaky TRIP



(Graight bob writers Alphonso, Mike, Laurie, Henry, Sheldon and Waning snuck backstage after the latest Floors concert for a seclusive interview with Jim Boreson, king of the king of all stone groups. Boreson, dripping with sweat and other bodily excretions from the show, was sitting in the dressing room panting in his black-leather fur-lined jock strap:

Graight: Gee, Jim.
Jim: Yeah, wow.
Graight: Tell us about the revolution, Jim.
Jim: We wanna seize our times and seize them now.
Graight: Yeah, how true, Jim. I didn't realize you knew so much about politics.
Jim: Do your thing, man, and do it now.
Graight: Wow, that's profound.
Jim: Right in, brother.
Graight: Tell us about how you wrote your hit single, "Light my Wire".
Jim: We were all sitting around stoned one night, really out of it, when it just came.
Graight: Do you sing when you're stoned too?
Jim: Naw, not too much anymore.
Graight: Why not, man?
Jim: Cuz after I come onto the climax of our new hit, "Beat Me," the rest of the show is cold jerky.
Graight: What about your movies, Jim?
Jim: They're just the greatest, man. Like they just say where the existential struggle of the hip scene is at, in true Jean Luc Rodhard tradition.
Graight: Tell us about your life, Jim.
Jim: I was born real poor for our neighborhood in

Beverly Hills, and I had to grope my way to the top. I guess you could say I had a little pulling too. But I'll tell you, man, it's hard when you're the greatest.

Graight: It sure looks like it. Is it true you first got laid when you were 12?

Jim: Nah, I've never been big with women—I usually stick to microphones and mirrors. It really helps my singing, you know.

Graight: What else helps your singing?
Jim: Groupie groupies are my greatest inspiration, because of the existential uncertainty; you never know where your next grope or poke is going to come from. I once wrote a song about that: "The Unknown Shoulder".

Graight: Tell us about your next far-out hit.
Jim: I wanna write one about when I was in Australia. I painted myself like a dehlia. At 10 cents a lick the crowds thronged in thick, but at a dollar a peek it was a failure.

Graight: Wow, what a natural poet you are, Jim. Can you use your brilliant musical imagination to come up with a title?

Jim: I can come off with anything. (loud laughter) Yeah, sure: how about "Suck Me"

Graight: Far out: how do you do it, man? You're so great.

Jim: Yeah, I know. It takes weeks of practice. It took two weeks of practice to think up the title to "Bathroom Man," not to mention working out the chords.

Graight: Wow, you've got to be dedicated, man.
Jim: Yeah. We spent four hours on "Crystal Tit".

Graight: Wow, that's real dedication.
Jim: Too much.

Graight: Too fucking much.
Jim: That's what I meant. Now if you don't mind, I'm gonna get this jock off and go over to the mirror and start composing.

Graight: Sure, man; keep up your groovy scene, eh?
Jim: Yeah, it's up as much as it can be.

Graight: Wow.
Jim: Fuck off, all of you.

Graight: Thans a lot, Jim.