

Greenwich Village's

presents

CAFE BIZARRE

ASSORTED MADNESS

BEATEROTICA • UNBEAT BEAT POETRY

THE MAD MONK, RAFIO

The High Priest of the Beat Generation, known also as the most far out prophet going by those who know. The final word in beat circles on matters moral, spiritual, and erotic. According to the Gospel of Rafio, or as the initiated call it Bedroom Theology, all is one and love is all! Therefore, enjoy it!

STEVENSON PHILLIPS

Known to the cats who know as the "hippest of the hip" and otherwise as the bard of the beat generation. Made the button down set, complete with cradle brim hat. Former Madison Avenue type, shirt still has stripe. That was once upon a time. BB (before Bizarre) as the cats say. Actor and song man. And, also, otherwise, devilish divine concoctor of instant poetry to suit the moment as the moment is suited.

RINGO ANGEL

An anti-poet of purely negative emotions. Ringo sees beauty in nothing and nothingness in everything. Ringo lets nothing stand between himself and nothingness, most especially his work. Ringo's extra special hatred is the American woman. He is currently at the forefront of a vigorous movement to relegate the American woman to the bedroom in order to save her for later. The abysmal depravity of Ringo's scribblings achieve

new depths of impurity and bad taste. Ringo is truly the world's greatest anti-poet.

ELLIE GIRL

Just a chick who digs the scene. A typical college coed before she made it down to the Bizarre to find her inner "I" which is like man, the most and as far out as inner "I" can be and still be in and an inner "I".

SEVEN BEAT SULKS

A way out conga drummer whose rhythms explode like blood boiling over with alive. A drummer man delivery man of souls to and beyond escape-proof moments of forever. Beware your soul do watch, lest you lose it inside a conga drum.

JAMAICA JONNY CAYONNE

Came up from Jamaica Isle, and kissed the cold neck of North Village with the hot fire of Bahama Beaterotica. Brought West Indian heat to the Cool beat. Now back in the Isle making it cool style.

OWNER RICK ALLMEN & OWNER RICK'S BIZARRE

Restaurateur, poet, philosopher, double entry bookkeeper, con-

noisseur. Also, the same kooky playwright who founded the Bizarre originally as an experimental theatre and look what happened. The Bizarre has since become the central center of the beat, unbeat, and sundry other types found nowhere else. Bizarre is the watchword bound as a signpost upon the box-tops of those who snap, crackle, and pop in the way of Greenwich Village. Owner Rick's favorite saying is, "You haven't seen New York until you've seen the Cafe Bizarre, Empire State Building, Statue of Liberty, and Radio City."

FELIX LUPUS

The only born son of Sam and Pam Lupus who made the wedding bell scene because their names rhymed. Rebeling from the Postneodadaists' stultifying attempts to inject meaning into their work, young Lupus found himself at the forefront of the Anti-Postneodadaist movement. Lupus, advanced well beyond the connotative and denotative use of words, now composes entirely in rhyming nonsense syllables. Consequently, Lupus is able to write poetry at the astonishing rate of fifty words a minute (Lupus' touch typing speed). Lupus also writes jacket backs for Musitron Records and wrote the above. For what is Felix Lupus, but a figment of the imagination of Felix Lupus? Such is the sound of one hand clapping.

SIDE I

Garbage

Introduction to Ringo Angel's world of glorified dung heaps, sundry other thoughts on dung heaps, culminating in Ringo's fervent prayer for the quick destruction of both the world and dung heaps, so he can perch atop the ruins chewing bubble gum.

How To Put A Broad Down

Detailed instructions appended with explanatory notes re self-explanatory title from a past master of the ungentle art, Ringo himself.

All Broads Are Common

Ringo's unrestrained and unabashed tribute to the only virtuous women remaining in the world, prostitutes.

Copulation In The Cockpit

Advanced Mad Monk for those who can take it; comes fully equipped with the Mad Monk's cloud high mushroom survival kit for cats with anxious atoms.

Let's Make It

The conga drum of Seven Beat Sulks, the frantic

guitar of Ellie Girl, the uncontrollable sounds of Ellie Girl discovering her inner "I", all at once, and that's not all.

God's Been Dead Fifty Years

A lunchtime goodie from the Mad Monk about an America out to lunch in a dead God's mausoleum, while the squares rob her pantry.

All The Cat Ever Said Was Love

A hip sermon from the pulpit of the Mad Monk about the most wonderful Cat that ever made the scene and like all he ever told the squares was to love each other until they nailed him to a cross.

Self-Love Poetry by The Mad Monk

The mad monk pays sincere homage to himself, ruefully laments that there isn't enough of him to go around, sears dumb devil capacity for limiting the amount of chicks that can dig his supreme body and soul.

My True Love

Ringo Angel on himself or how to play Ring Around the Ringo. You can play too, if you're a good little girl.

SIDE II

Stretching Eastward

Basic Stevenson Phillips moving omni-aimlessly eastward from Frisco on 66, serving up yumless tidbits from back alley eaterias en route.

My Childhood

Stevenson Phillips recalls his beat childhood, where he first rebelled by feeding hamsters to goldfish.

Mary and her Mother

Stevenson Phillips' immortal story of sweet young thing Mary who was saving herself, until one day she turned on the television set and had a vision, but she had an abortion, and it was O. K.

On Work

Epistemologist Phillips candidly explores the evils of work which is for squares who haven't the skill to work successfully at not working.

Even This Irvana

Bahama Beaterotica a la Jamaica Jonny Cayanne. Odd girl Irvana with a square hair and a dyed

eye on a lark in dark Washington Square Park, when it comes.

I Rode An Angel

Bahama Beaterotica for panting people as Jamaica Jonny undergoes the goingest scene going until he comes (arrives).

Pithy Sayings Pithily Said

Owner Rick comments on the passing scene with his usual Confucius-like wisdom, in addition to being responsible for this record album.

The Night Was A Bitch In Heat

An Anti-Postneodadaist poem for people who like things to rhyme while they abandon themselves to the night delights, sights, fights and fly kites composed in rhyming antimeter by Felix Lupus.

More Stevenson Phillips

For those with extra-strong constitutions, an extra-added dose of Stevenson Phillips on Ice.

I Want To Go Home

An innocuous square folk song put on the record by mistake to bring everything back to normal.

THE RECORD PARTY PLAN

Find out about MUSITRON's exciting new "Record Party Plan". A novel and *cost free* way to quickly raise money for your club or organization - providing them with an unusual evening's entertainment to boot. Write: Record Party, MUSITRON INC., 82 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK 7, N.Y.

MUSITRON

AUDIOTRONIC FIDELITY

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