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At Miffland Party Crowd hears, cheers Karl

By A STONED MEMBER
of the Cardinal Staff

"It's a beautiful day for a party," Karl Armstrong's tape recorded voice told the crowd of about 2,000 gathered in the 500 block of W. Mifflin Street Sunday.

Bursting forth in all its color and joy beneath banner pictures of Ho Chi Minh, Che Guevara, Salvador Allende, Madame Binh, and Karl Armstrong, another Miffland Block Party has come to pass thrilling thousands of Mifflanders and guests in its typically beautiful and exotic way.

THE KARL ARMSTRONG Freedom Party drew thronging crowds of friends to celebrate by dancing, getting high, and listening to some well-played music and to show solidarity for the imprisoned Armstrong.

At one point in the afternoon Armstrong Defense attorneys William Kunstler and Mel Greenberg addressed the gathering. After Henry Schipper introduced Kunstler by saying, "This is the man who has defended you and in courtrooms across the nation," Kunstler explained Karl's trial position.

He explained Karl's major interest in the trial was to expose both the illegality of the war and AMRC.

"He's not defending himself to

save his skin," Kunstler told the crowd.

The party featured appearances by five local bands and folksinger Holly Near with her accompanist. "Some of the best bands in the area showed up," Harry Wasserman, Cardinal Fine Arts Editor, commented after the party.

"I THOUGHT Harmony Grits was dynamite," Harry concluded as he unhappily settled down to his task of laying out this issue.

As Mayor Paul Soglin dodged some of his more aggressive admirers behind the stage, he paused long enough to smile for the photographers before again being besieged by an ardent admirer. When asked about the party his only comment was, "Love it."

After Kunstler spoke, Greenberg auctioned Karl's jail issued cheese sandwich to the highest bidder. The bid that took the moldy morsel came from the Miffland Co-op which offered \$100 for Karl's lunch.

A man tied to a cross was carried to the stage in what was termed, "a crucifixion of US imperialism."

"CIVILIZATION crucified me," the man explained. "As Benjamin Disraeli once said," he continued,



photo by Geoff Manasse

"we've come to mistake comfort for civilization."

Poet Peter Newton offered the crowd a choral reading titled "Street Litany". The crowd responded to its part well yelling, "We must be Nertz."

About Karl, Newton said, "The only time I ever met Karl was when I used to deliver pizzas for Gino's and he washed dishes."

"But I can truthfully say," he continued, "Karl was fine person and a good vegetarian even

though he did wear a leather belt."

FOLKSINGER Holly Near, who is traveling with the Hayden-Fonda troupe, joyfully mused with the crowd during her performance. "You don't know how wonderful you all look from up here," the red-haired performer said during her performance.

The Karl Armstrong Freedom Party t-shirts sold during the party bore a most important message at the bottom according

to defense attorney Kunstler, "Solidarity forever."

All things considered it was a fine day in Miffland as friends met long lost friends, the Midwest dealers assoc, contributed a half a pound of marijuana, everyone got high and the performances were tremendous. The street overflowed with happiness and as Kunstler said, "...the undercurrent of this whole thing is to show people that we are in support for Karl."

Jean Debris on Thieu

"Big murderers go free"

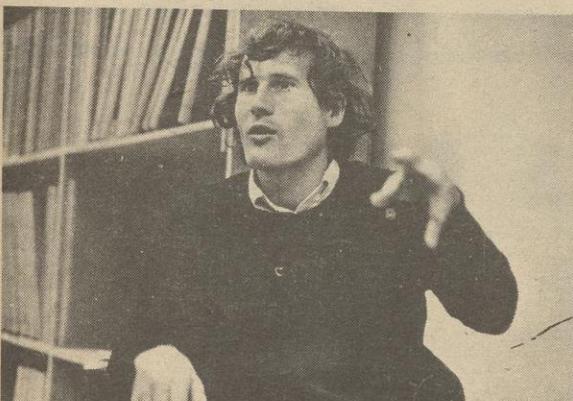


photo by Harry Diamant

JEAN-PIERRE DEBRIS

While teaching in South Vietnam, Jean-Pierre Debris learned a lot. When he started to demonstrate against the South Vietnamese government, he was imprisoned there as a political prisoner for two and one-half years until immediately before the ceasefire.

He has come to Madison, along with Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden, to speak about the Indochina Peace Campaign. He will also speak about the 200,000 political prisoners in South Vietnam who have not been released. The following is an interview with Debris:

By MARIAN MCCUE
of the Cardinal Staff

Jean Pierre Debris says that he had no political opinions before his experiences in a South-Vietnamese prison "shocked" him into an angry, first-hand understanding of the corruption of the Thieu regime. But Debris has changed a great deal since then, and he now is working full-time to bring the story of the South-Vietnamese prisons to people in the United States. It is on this mission that Debris arrived in Madison Sunday, with Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden and the Indochina Peace Campaign.

Debris is animated and intense, as he explains why he had undertaken this mission of information to the American people:

"YOU KNOW, I travel around your country talking about the repression in South Vietnam, because I am convinced that the keys to Vietnam still remain in his country. If there were no American dollars, there would be no handcuffs on the prisoners in those jails. The tiger cages (infamous South Vietnamese prisons) are even made by an American corporation. They are made with money given by Americans to the Food for Peace Program."

It was through Debris' personal experiences that he began to understand the magnitude of evil perpetrated by General Thieu and his American helper, President Nixon. "I first saw the corruption when I was teaching Vietnamese children in Saigon and their parents, many of whom were officials in the Thieu government, tried to buy for their children the

Baccalaureate degree. I would be offered sums up to \$3000 to use my influence to get their children a degree."

Many of the 200,000 political prisoners in South Vietnam have been arrested for such crimes as expressing a wish for the restoration of civil liberties, or having a relative associated with the other side. Jean-Pierre (and a comrade, Andre) were arrested during a demonstration when they climbed to the top of a monument and displayed the NLF flag and distributed "Peace" leaflets which asked for the withdrawal of all foreign visitors from South Vietnam.

"I WAS RELEASED because there was a big campaign on my behalf, the French public opinion was pressing for my release. Of course, the Ceasefire agreement called for the release of all political prisoners, but this has not been done. We were only released because people outside knew about us, and we could not be made to disappear."

Most of the people Jean-Pierre knew in the prison are still there, and his face becomes grim as he tells the horror stories of those who were not as fortunate as he was. He tells of the seven year old boy who was arrested with fifty other children and burned with cigarettes because he would not tell the officials who his father's friends were. He tells of the pregnant woman who was tortured with electricity until she had epileptic fits, and was not able to nurse her baby when he was born.

"There was a room in our prison which was called the movie room," continues Jean-Pierre, "but actually it was the torture room. When officials came to visit the prison, the prison guards would set up the projector and screen and make believe that it actually was a movie room. It was here that I and other 'criminals of peace' would spend as much as three months at a time shackled with our hands and feet to an iron bar on the ground for the crime of refusing to pledge allegiance to the Saigon flag." Regular criminals in the prison were used to beat up the political prisoners.

This young Frenchman, who started as a math teacher in Saigon and is now a full-time activist, wants to tell Americans just how their tax money is being used to finance continuing repression and terror in South Vietnam. "Next week on the Senate floor there will be a debate on a proposal to cut money for the South Vietnamese prisons out of the foreign aid bill."

"All we want to do," says Debris, "is to see that the terms of the Paris Peace Agreements are really implemented. I strongly believe that the Nixon administration is supporting Thieu to violate the Paris Agreements, and at the same time the Americans are claiming Communist violations of the treaty as an excuse for the resumption of bombing against the North."

Jean-Pierre sums up all that he has learned politically since he arrived in Vietnam to teach math under a France-Vietnam exchange program. "If you are a little murderer, you will be arrested, but if you are a big murderer, you will go free."

Film: *O Lucky Man!*

A hymn to plucky men and passionate revolt

By MIKE WILMINGTON
of the Fine Arts Staff

As an actor, Malcolm McDowell has one great asset: cheek. He fairly bristles with it; his blue-eyed glare is like rasping ice. McDowell was the cheeky and finally murderous schoolboy in *If...* and the even cheekier and more murderous malchik in *A Clockwork Orange*.

McDowell is certainly at his best when he is against society, when he is the antagonist, when—like that other master of insolence, Humphrey Bogart—he is at the center of a constricting nightmare world that closes in on him even as he mocks it. A prison, a Public School, a dreary Super Technological State: these are his proper surroundings. They are the best backdrops for those bright, contemptuous smiles of his, and those deferential replies which barely conceal a withering disdain.

O Lucky Man!, the third feature by Lindsay Anderson (McDowell's discoverer) is loosely based on the actor's early life: his travels as a coffee salesman and his scrapes with the law. Called "Mick Travis" (his name in *If...*), he is plucked from the ranks at the Imperial Coffee Factory on the strength of his dazzlingly sincere smile, and hustled off to Northeast England and Scotland (Anderson's homeland) to peddle coffee. Vice and luxury beckon, but before long he is captured by the security-crazed officers of a local defense base.

In rapid succession he passes from Alan Price's rock band and a rich groupie, to Ralph Richardson and high finance, then to jail. After his release, he is nearly killed by a pack of derelicts who resent his attempt to feed them hot soup and rouse their lost dignity. Distracted and aimless, he wanders into a casting studio to audition for his part in *If...* Up on a stage is a stocky man in a black leather jacket with a face like a Welsh labor organizer: Lindsay

Anderson. Anderson picks him out, poses him and tells him to smile. "What's there to smile about?" Mick asks morosely. Anderson belts him. Mick's lips quiver into the beginnings of a smile, and the film ends with what seems to be a cast party for the actors and crew of *O Lucky Man!*

O LUCKY MAN! is as picaresque as its synopsis sounds; but the very lucidity and detachment of Anderson's style turns it into something different, something cold, fierce, and sorrowing—a comic portrait of a Young Man on the Make that is as much elegy as satire. Because he directs so rarely (more for the theatre than movies), most audiences will have a memory of Anderson that stops with *If...*

Its mixture of directness and allusion disturbed audiences, and its climactic burst of violence—Mick back to the wall, mowing down the Public School hierarchy—may have struck them as suicidal romanticism. It would be easy, in that context, to dismiss *O Lucky Man!* as a strange, overlong coda to *If...*, but such an impression wrongs Anderson.

Anderson loves the idea of heroes, of exceptional men who stand apart from the crowd, of great symbolic actions, and of passionate revolt. So attractive are these notions to him that his sympathy can extend even to "false" heroes—athletes, hustlers, and actors. Mick's actions in *O Lucky Man!* are certainly not "heroic," or even particularly rebellious; he is, by turns, opportunistic, callous, and treacherous.

It is his survival that constitutes his heroism; that, and the fact that he changes.

O Lucky Man! begins with a little monochrome prologue, shot as a pastiche of Eisenstein, which sows Mick, as a plantation worker, having his hands cut off for theft. This little prologue ("Once upon a time")

(continued on page 2)

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Lucky Man

(continued from page 1) becomes the controlling metaphor for all Mick's adventures. Society will pinion him, hound him mercilessly, castrate him emotionally and physically...but he will survive, and that simple survival will be his victory.

ANDERSON'S CONCEPTION

of society is fascinating. He is an odd mixture of the sophisticate and the old-fashioned idealist. "There is no such thing as uncommitted criticism," he wrote in his most famous essay, *Stand Up!* "Stand Up!" It is merely a question of the openness with which our commitments are stated. I do not

believe that we should keep quiet about them."

Anderson is perhaps most strongly committed to the idea of a community based on love, human fellowship, and moral values, the vision he was in the middle films of Ford. It is this underlying, passionate idealism which makes *If...* and *O Lucky Man!* so disturbing.

WE CAN DIMLY perceive the harmonious community the Public School should have been and pretended to be and it is because of this betrayal that Anderson applauds its destruction. And in *O Lucky Man!* the terrifying image of the boy's head transplanted onto the body of a sheep, shivering and convulsively gasping in an immaculate hospital room, is terrifying precisely because Anderson has already used sheep in their traditional imagery of Christian peace and sustenance. The betrayal of that image, that ideal, generates the horror like bloody carrion on a clean white sheet.

"If you have a friend on whom you think you can rely, you are a lucky man...If you've found a reason to live on and not to die, you are a lucky man." These are the words of Alan Price's accompanying rock score; and they are not intended sardonically. Price (the ex-Animal and pianist whom Bob Dylan shows down so viciously in *Don't Look Back*) is repeatedly filmed in little interludes with his group, and the long takes and setups emphasize their harmony and cohesion. Here, apparently, is the true community, the gesellschaft, which exists only rarely in the outside world, here in the loyalty and forbearance of artists creating together. And this, too, is the meaning of the final cast party sequence. It is not a celebration of Malcolm McDowell's emergence into stardom, but a celebration of the fellowship of the unit which made the film. Fellowship, Anderson seems to be saying with the bitter vestiges of his idealism, can exist here if nowhere else.

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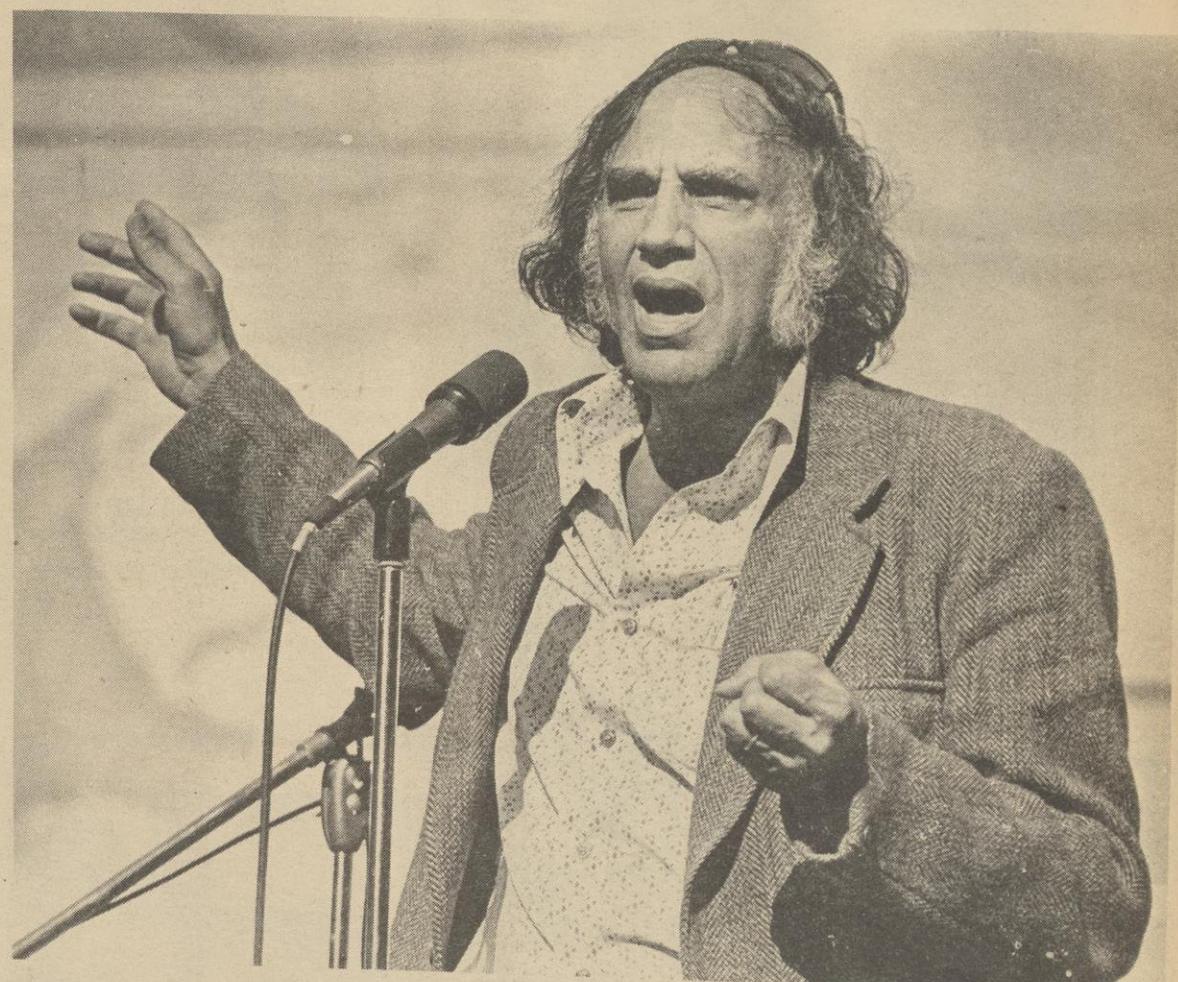
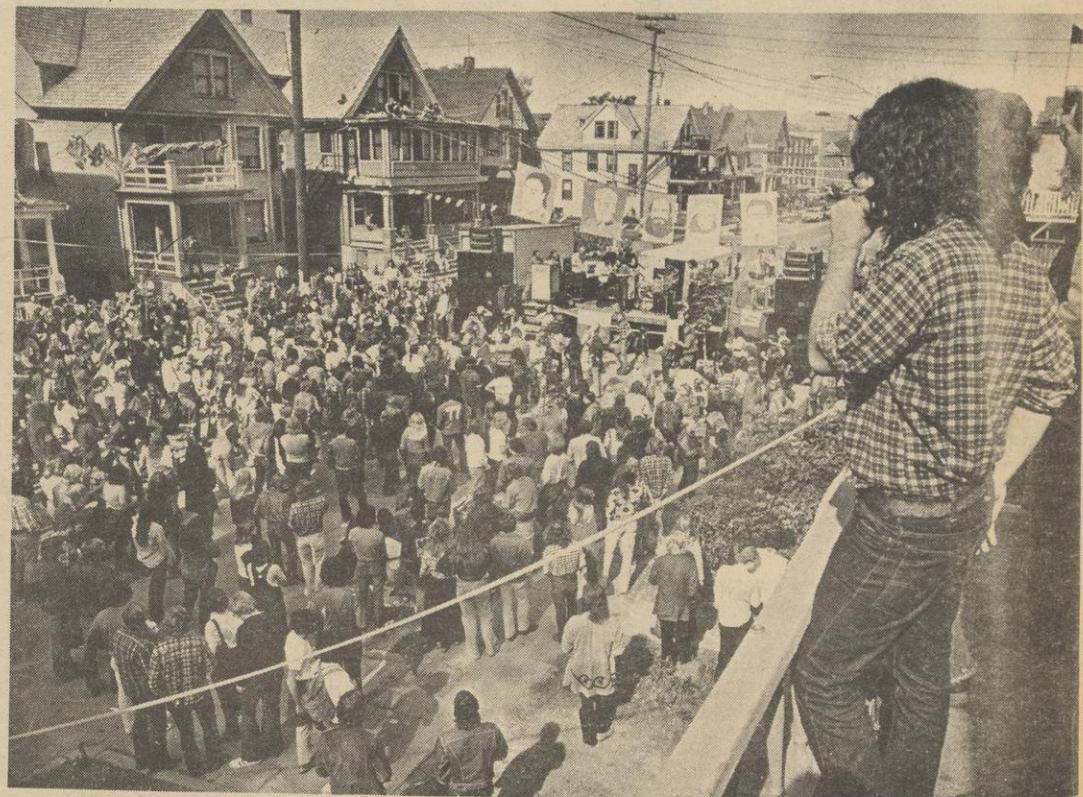
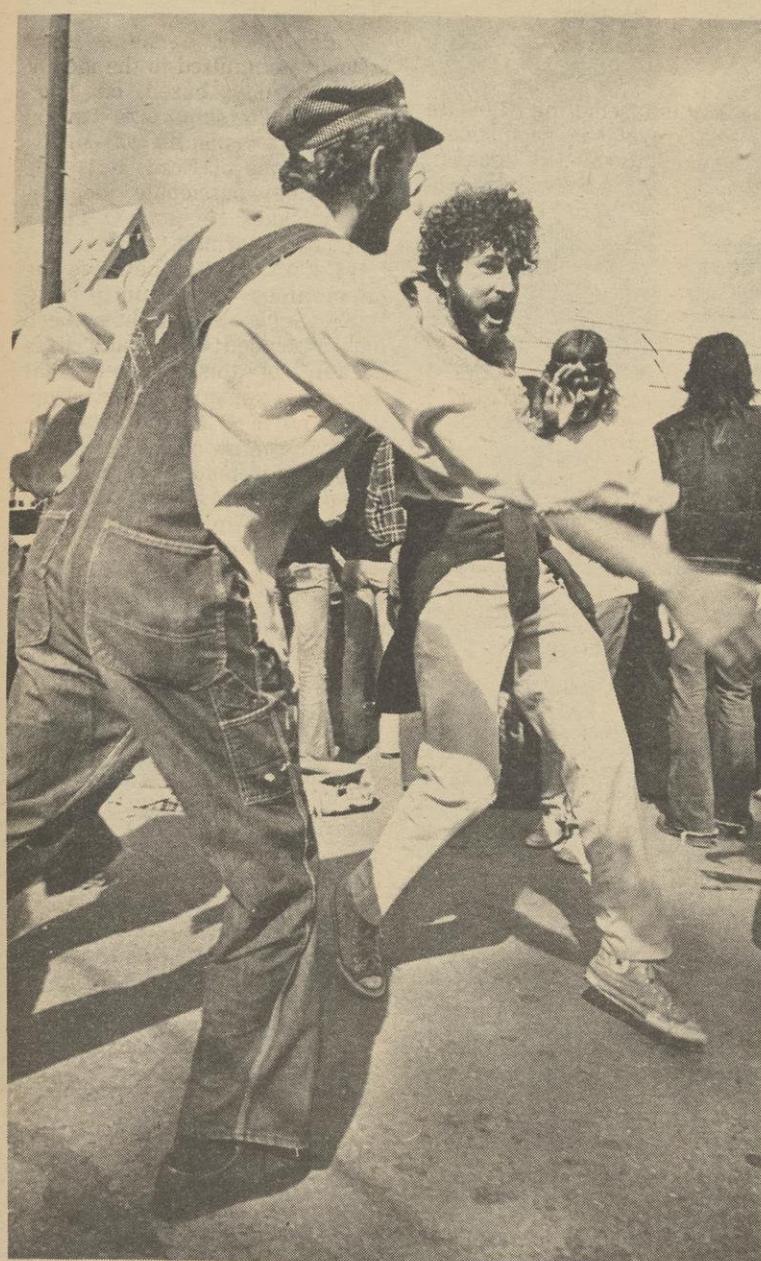
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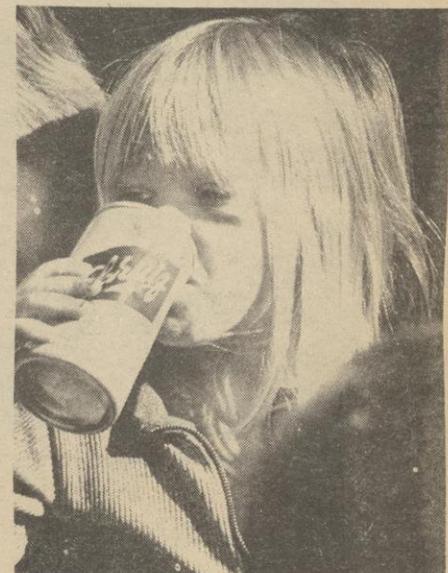
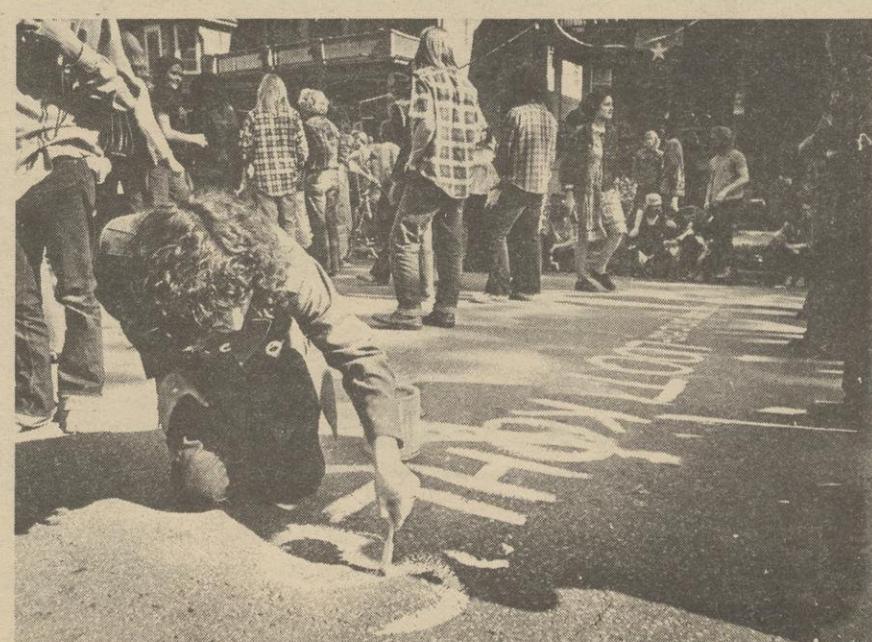
It's Where You Belong.



What if Karl gave a party and everybody came?



Photos by Geoffrey
Manasse, Geoff Simon,
Leo Theinert





John Sinclair: A tale

Blues for Ann Arbor: A festival lost in space

By DAVID W. CHANDLER
of the Fine Arts Staff

The 1972 Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival was a bitter disappointment because of high expectations. For the 1973 festival I had only the anticipation it would be as bad as last year, and it was not; I suppose that makes it a success.

But the success was a limited one at best. The music was generally better this year, but again the programming strangled it. Because 175 artists were scheduled to perform, the sets had

to be very short and the general organization very stiff.

UNDER SUCH circumstances it is nearly impossible for club-oriented musicians to give their best efforts. In a club, five sets are the rule and most of these groups are consequently slow-starting and stretched out. The one-set format hurries and distorts the music, especially jazz.

To make things worse, a bad set seems to go on forever, but the good ones always ended too soon. The finest set I heard was given by Yusef Lateef and his group, but

just as the audience was beginning to be reached, Yusef was hustled off the stage to make room for an interminable afternoon of "Detroit Blues."

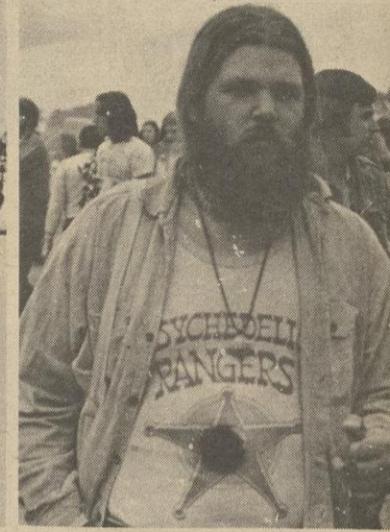
The sheer size of the festival also easily produces an effective frontal lobotomy to those trying to pay attention to the music. After a while, tuning out is necessary to protect sanity; insight becomes impossible.

Despite these handicaps, the music had more to offer this year, mostly because the Jazzmen—Lateef, Charles Mingus, Leon Thomas—were such positive additions. How much better it could have been is the shame of the matter.

THE PRODUCTION of the Festival was also tremendously improved over last year. Everything worked smoothly—the lights, the sound, the video, the drug rescue, the food; even the Porta-Johns were emptied. Bringing all these disparate elements together is a true marvel of the modern age.

Particularly fine was the efficient handling of the stage equipment changes between sets—the waits were always brief and that was a great joy.

But the essential fact is that the festival is as speciously conceived as ever, despite the improvements in execution. Rainbow Multi-



YUSEF LATEEF

Media is fueled by John Sinclair's thesis that "high-energy" music is the sinew of a revolutionary new society, so they produce this festival to make revolutionaries. Whether Sinclair is right or wrong is not the point—the point is that the gospel is not being spread by these extravaganzas.

ANYONE WITH one good eye could see that two-thirds of the audience at these festivals just does not care. The music is only background noise held essential to the important things like getting drunk, getting a nice suntan, and getting laid.

Noise is essential to these children of a society with as many TVs, stereos, radios, and tape-players as books, but the nature of that noise is unimportant. Critical perception has visibly fallen to an all-time low, and expecting media junkies to really appreciate good jazz and blues is just spitting into the wind.

The festival format mistakenly caters to these crowds. The producers commit themselves to a huge program, which means too many artists to absorb and too much money—which forces them to solicit large crowds.

THREE ANN ARBOR Festivals (counting the 1970 Blues Festival) have been trapped in this vicious circle. They get audiences unappreciative of the music and therefore not likely to be swayed by it; they also lose great amounts of money.

The 1970 show ended up \$30,000 in debt, the 1972 show \$4,000 in debt, and the 1973 show will probably lose a great deal of money also. Significantly, the only show that was financially successful, the 1969 Blues show, involved less than 10 per cent of this year's \$200,000 budget. And the music at that show was almost uniformly superb.

Surely it's plain that the commitment of the present crowds is shallow and transitory. The clear lesson seems to be that the talented and committed people at Rainbow quit trying to be the Guru Maharajis of the music world and stick to smaller shows that can really communicate with a receptive audience.

A SECURITY GUARD at the festival. These Psychedelic Rangers were organized by the Rainbow people to handle security, parking, and hassles with the police in lieu of direct police attendance.

Detroit

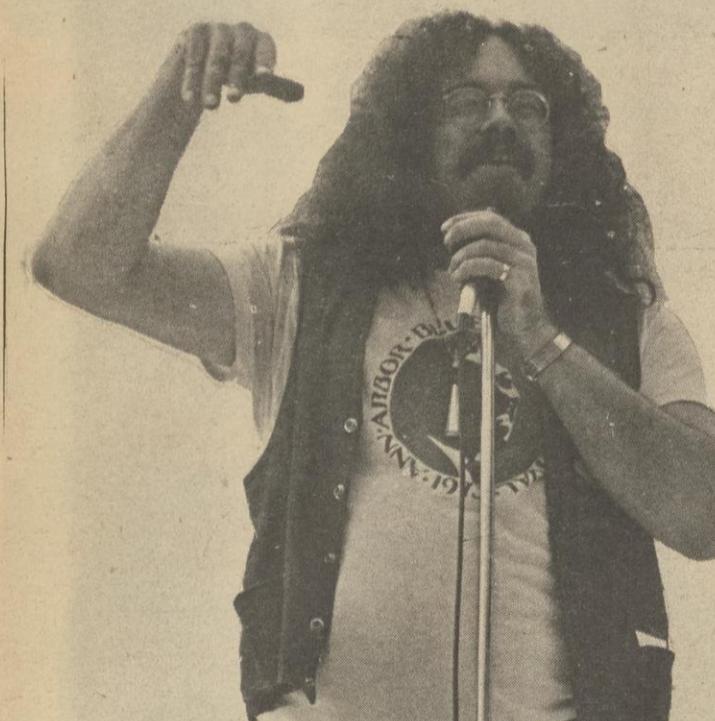
(continued from page 5)

and paper industry which still polluted the city's greatest natural wonder, beautiful Lake Winnebago, 12th largest lake in the U.S.A. Ironically, "Sawdust Days" was held in a lovely park overlooking that much abused lake. With the Junior Chamber of Commerce selling corn and the Rotary Club squatting on the beer concession, the scene was mellow in a way it can only be in small midwestern places. The scene was so pastoral, in fact, that it was difficult to believe that anything with so much energy as Detroit could even be in the vicinity. But John Sinclair, Rusty Day (Ryder's replacement and onetime lead singer for Cactus) and the rest were there alright, lolling around their panel truck with so much abandon that you kept expecting someone to produce the picnic lunch.

Rusty Day functioned as the group's chief spokesman, but we spoke at crosspurposes much of the time. He wanted to tell me about his past, Cactus, and his Detroit, while I wanted to find out what happened to Steve Hunter and the rest. Bit by bit it dribbled out. They were all gone. Hunter, for example, was doing session work with Bob Ezrin in New York (the best news I could imagine for Lou Reed fans).

THE STORY OF the original Detroit's demise was a sordid and familiar one: heavy handed management rigorously riding herd on a group ripped by dissension. According to Day the hostility primarily bubbled around Ryder. "They rode him about his voice. Told him he was a has been and was fucking them up," Rusty explained. The tensions became unbearable. The first time in a year the band came together to rehearse, the bass player, according to Day, tried to bash Ryder's face in with his

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JOHN SINCLAIR
AND THE MASSES

photos by Jay Grodner



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photos by Beverly Cusimano

DETROIT IN OSHKOSH

of two cities



State Street Gourmet

Detroit

Back in 1971 a mighty rock and roll group fronted by Mitch Ryder and named Detroit released what came to be recognized in certain circles as the best hardrock album ever recorded. Although after a period of touring fury, it appeared the group had passed on, members of those same "certain circles" nursed and banked their flickering hopes that somehow, even after months had passed since the word came out that Ryder had split, Detroit still lived. Well we diehards now have reason to celebrate because Detroit, in a fashion at least, has risen from its ashes; but more about that later.

To join with the diehards in our celebration you'd have to know the album (a difficult task since the Paramount disc is so very difficult to come by). No one who ever spent any time allowing his body to churn to rock and roll could be unaffected by its careening energy. I've had more than one occasion to play Detroit for friends who used to like rock and roll, and I watched them, the ones who hadn't danced in years, dance once more.

BUT IF YOU listen long enough you learn that the album's magic goes beyond boogie power. The music devises so many spine-shattering hooks that a long time passes before you can spare the attention to discover how it's done. It's so easy to miss the polyphony with its intricate detail, to miss, for example, the skittering run of the organ away from the rhythm and vocal lines off to the place where the guitar waits to join up and then abandon its partner to scream off to zones only electric guitars can inhabit while inexorably leading the way back to where the organ started.

Sometimes I think it's Bob Ezrin himself on keyboards, so well do the piano and organ set up Steve Hunter, probably one of the most

intelligent rock guitarists around. The musical line Hunter creates with his supple fills stretches polyphony to antiphony and then back again with his final lead run to create a unity in diversity that never fails to make you proud that you like Jeanie were saved by rock and roll.

The album's pivotal song (the one towards which everything on side one flows and away from which everything on side two moves) is Detroit's version of Lou Reed's "Rock and Roll." Although Jeanie is saved in both songs by rock and roll, it's by motor city music here rather than by the New York music of the original, for Jeanie nativity has become Detroit rather than Long Island.

The measured judiciousness and intensity of Detroit's cut leaves no room for the irony that drives Lou's tongue through his cheek in the Velvet Underground's version. Unlike Long Island Jeanie, motor city Jeanie is no pampered darling saved by the instant gratification rock and roll brings from surfeit and ennui. Rock and roll saves Detroit Jeanie

not from the Cadillac cars and colored TV of the American dream realized, but instead it rescues her from a life as assembly line slave futilely chasing the dream's lure.

FOR DETROIT, rock and roll is literally invested with a mystic, nearly religious, power. The same milieu that spawned the White Panther Party with its belief that rock and roll was indispensable for the creation of the new order also gave birth to Detroit. And it shouldn't surprise anyone that John Sinclair, who was so important in the history of the White Panthers, became Detroit's manager (albeit, after the album was released). This background, it seems to me, helps explain why Detroit is so exquisite as well as powerful. If there's not a sense on that album that in rock and roll is a spirit close to divinity, there is at least a sense that rock is very very serious business. And you've got an obligation to get it right, to make it as perfect as you can.

As excellent as the album is, however, it didn't point anywhere beyond itself, until we learned that Detroit was to play in Oshkosh, Wisc. Oshkosh! The months of futile following the hype in an obsessive search for substitutes that led only through cul de sacs filled with pale dogshit like Slade and Elephant's Memory seemed over.

The theme of the little city's municipal shindig ("Sawdust Days") celebrated the lumbering

(continued on page 4)

HIGH HOLIDAY SERVICES

ROSH HASHANAH Wednesday, September 26

7:00pm Traditional Service

(This service is intended to appeal to students from Orthodox and Conservative backgrounds. Most of the service will be chanted in Hebrew.)

9:00pm Liberal Service

(This service is intended to appeal to students from Reform and Conservative backgrounds. It will include the basic elements of a Rosh Hashanah service plus student-written prayers and relevant English readings.)

Thursday, September 27

9:00am Traditional Service

11:00am Creative/Liberal Service (at Kibbutz Langdon, 142 Langdon Street)

8:00pm Traditional Service

Friday, September 28

9:00am Traditional Service

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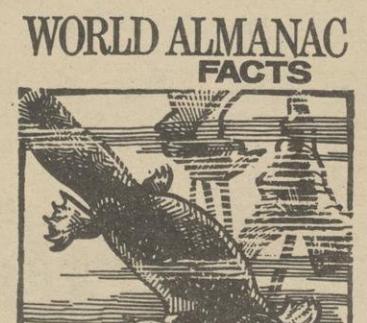
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CAMPUS

STUDENT RENTAL
INFORMATION CENTER

Music from Motor City

(continued from page 4)

Fender. Sinclair said that although the band played well, they couldn't talk together, and so he encouraged them to follow their natural bent and leave.

As the group was breaking up, Sinclair and Day were valiantly trying to regroup, to reform by mining the musical motherlode primarily located in the motor city's bars. It wasn't easy. "There's a lot of talent in Detroit," Rusty asserted, and then added earnestly, "but trying to start a band here is like running a revolving door. The (musicians) don't stick."

It's clear when talking with Day that the fate of the original Detroit haunts him. For Rusty, finding disciplined musicians devoted enough to their art to stick it out was crucial because this time Rusty desperately wants to make it. No more Cacti for him. The present Detroit is composed of those local luminaries (the strongest musicians from a variety of the most popular local bands) who were able to endure the grueling eight months of rehearsal that Sinclair and especially Day felt was necessary

to sahpe a group worthy to be the new Detroit. Except to natives of the motor city, the band's present membership reads like excerpts from "Who's that again": Nate Peterson, bass; Terry Emery, keyboards; Steve Gaines, lead guitar and vocals; Teddy 'T-Mel' Smith, drums; Big Bill Hodgson, lead guitar and vocals; and of course, Rusty Day, vocals and harmonica.

Before their set, which was to finish the day's program, I spoke with a local freak I'd seen before ("I go to all the concerts," he confided). He asked me if Detroit was going to be any good. I had to admit I didn't know but allowed that I had high hopes. "Aw man," he replied sincerely, "you should have been here last year. Foghat finished the bill and they were great."

WHILE SINCLAIR wittily introduced his band, I couldn't help wonder how widespread and strong memories of Foghat were in the rest of the audience of 1500 or so. Of course, the audience hadn't had the burden of allegiance to the old group I suffered with, and so Gaines tore them apart. By the end of "Give It" people had ceased bobbing

their heads and jerking rhythmically. Instead they were up on their feet hugging each other and dancing.

The soul sizzling energy of the Four Tops "Something About You" kept the screws tight. Then just when everyone was used to the idea of a band with three extremely talented front men, Nate Peterson (he plays bass, you'll remember) took over and led the group through a stunning version of Chuck Berry's "No Money Down." The audience began snakedancing.

But then it started to rain and Sinclair, who'd been boogying energetically at the back of the stage throughout the set came forward to say that they'd like to just play and play but that with the danger of electrocution and all, you understand, maybe next time. But the crowd wanted to do nothing at this point but join hands and fry with the band. They got five encores before the rain became heavy enough that even my freak friend knew the time had come to pack it up. "Well what do you think?" I asked. "Fuck Foghat," he cheered, as he ran to the corn tent.

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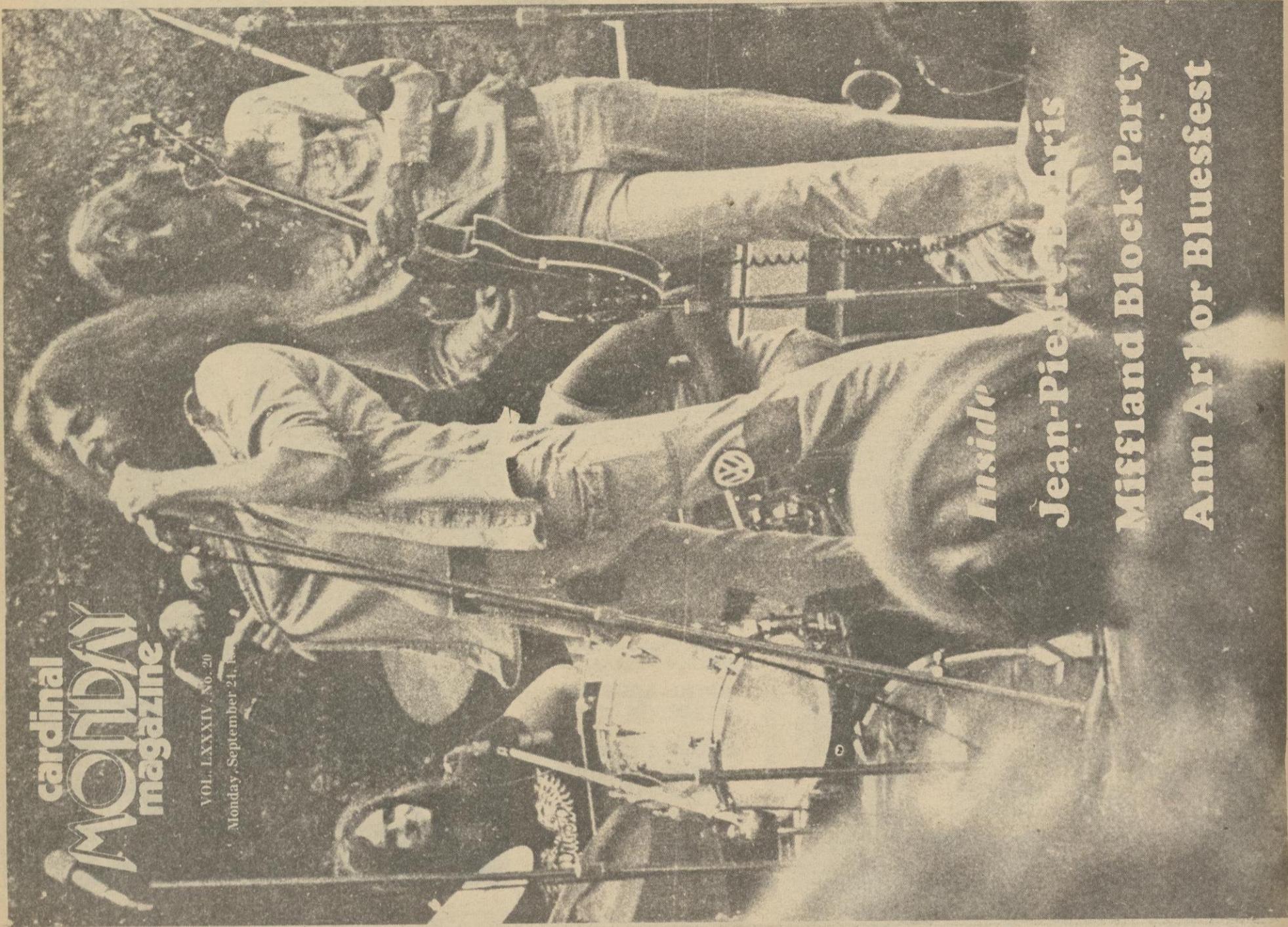
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