

INS AND OUTS

FILMING THE FOOL

**IRA COHEN ON GERMANY
MEL CLAY'S FAME
SIMON VINKENOOG ON MAGIC**





INS AND OUTS

A Magazine Of Awareness

THE EDITOR'S PHRENUM

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This magazine happened when a bunch of the good guys got together. Starborn earthlings whose vision of the present moment often extends beyond the confines of commonplace terrestrial awareness, the good guys must not be confused with those virgin cowboys who sip unspiked lemonade throughout every last remake of a Tom Mix film. Neither are they pubescent Gotteskinder masturbating Christian images in Dam Square on Sunday afternoons or evangelical outcasts from the Sally Army. Though occasionally celibate, especially when levitating from straw mats in a backjungle Bihari village or sharing cheese omelettes with Noah and his motley crew atop Mount Ararat, they are by and large a rather horny lot, the women as well as the men. Some of us even give pretty good head... or so I've been told after coming up for a breath of unmuffled air.

In another sense, however, we do somewhat resemble (if only at a distance) a kind of inter-galactic cavalry trumpeting its arrival with poems in place of bugle notes, slinging cameras and pens where others might wear scabbards and generally creating a public disturbance amid the hostile disorder of philistine tranquillity. Accused, as always, of preaching but to the converted, we in fact do not preach at all — and will happily accept a cream pie from any Groucho Marxist who catches one of us doing so.

'Life is not an enigma to be unravelled but a beautiful mystery meant to be constantly celebrated.' Thus spake a currently popular but admittedly brilliant guru who many among us see as a big daddy pimp snatching up every good thing that comes his harpooned way. Still, we agree with him utterly.

Going even farther along this route, Picasso (according to Cocteau) reckoned it was a mystery that we didn't melt in the bathtub like great lumps of butter. What most distinguishes the contributors to this magazine from the everyday herd, and even more from the handful of honest to goodness bad guys who are forever trying to lead us up the garden path, is that we have absolutely no fear of melting. We actually welcome the process, for therein lies true liberation, freedom from the known and unknown alike, maybe even the essence of Mom's apple pie.

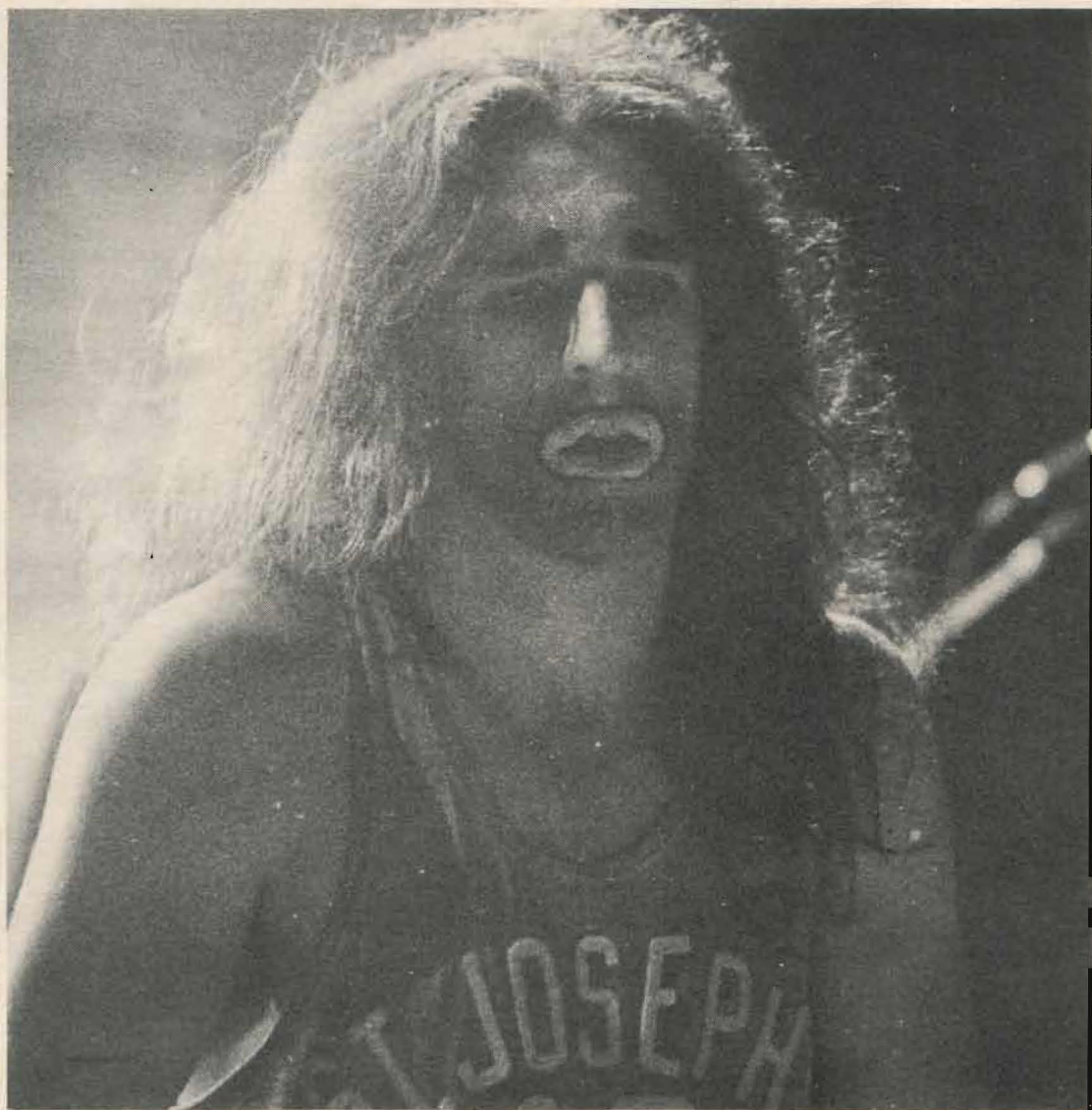
Yet one word of advice before you begin. Do not spread us too thinly or be in too much of a hurry to digest your meal. Take healthy bites and chew thoroughly. You have nothing to lose but your will power. And that, more than ever before in the history of manunkind, you can most assuredly do without.

May the gods be with you, the force was never not.

...INSIDES

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The pursuit of the fool and clown as an art form or life style is as old as the smile. Every one of us has taken more than a few moments to stand on our head, do a silly dance, or pull a funny face to squeeze laughs from fellow human beings. I even have a friend who tells jokes to plants, his theory being that they often die laughing at the human race. But the professional status of fool is no laughing matter. *Jango Edwards*

FOOLS RUSH IN

by Woodstock Jones



ONCE AGAIN the Eternal Fool has come to Amsterdam to digest his soul. With Holland thankfully one step behind the rest of Europe's headlong rush toward bureaucratic fascism - but, by a twist of burghered fate, systematically better prepared for the eventual takeover than most countries - the freak capital of the West, *Kathmandu occidentale*, has also become the Continent's last foxhole of freedom. And, what is more, there is magic in the air...or so I am told.

Garbed in a shock of wild, greying hair, my socks in tatters but my faded jeans mercifully still intact, I have come to discover this magic for myself. A stoned hippie shouts at me from inside a vintage Volkswagen to get my locks cut, so I know I am in the right place. Amsterdam is not without an absurd sense of caustic humour. Grave danger, the mouth of the abyss, seductive and treacherous at the same time.

I am also, so it transpires, the ideal Joker to review Jacques Katmor's delightful feature film, *The Fool*. True, though the filming was guided every step of the way by Tarot readings, it took the I Ching to reveal my destined role.

"Your perception is faulty," I am warned as the eleventh hour presses upon us. Yes, this happens often, this "tendency to miss the point, to lose sight of the dynamics of the situation." And yet it is some few years since I first tossed the square-holed coins, only to receive: Meng/Youthful Folly, a hexagram with which all ardent Hesse readers should be familiar. Now, lifetimes of psychic experiences behind me, I am still very much the perennial Young Fool in search of his folly, the ever-deepening roots of his unearned conceit. Good luck, lad.

"If the situation seems hopeless, it is because you have become accustomed to the wrong way

of doing things. The more you try, the more lost you become. Do not take action until the solution makes itself clear." Then the belly punch: "Be honest, sincere and direct." *Voila!*

So I put the typer away, smoke a quiet number - alone - and go to bed. Fuck the eleventh hour, I know maya when I see her. With which, in a cosmic flash, everything turns to crystal. Very predictable really.

This is the fourth year of the Festival of Fools . . . and my first. Until now I have never even heard of the gathering let alone witnessed it, and this despite its international reknown, its overflowing into as many countries as its participants hail from; despite, too, its synchronistic relevancy to the coming Armageddon. But three out of four festival writers have disappeared into black holes, possibly conscripted by the Wiesbaden Computer for musical espionage service in the thirteenth century. First stop, the Ford plant in Den Haag. An "in joke" for sure, but Terrorism nonetheless.

This is also the last year of the Festival. "Until 1980," according to Jango Edwards of Friends Roadshow fame, satirical clown extraordinaire and - along with Melkweg - chief organiser of the three-week series of events, events which go down at Melkweg, Paradiso, Shaffy Theatre, Vondel Park and on the burlesque streets of this staid and sticky, whacky and woolly city of acid dreams and amphetamine nightmares, Lucy in the sky with diamonds galore.

Until forever, according to hearsay. Indeed, there are those who feel it is high time to put the Festival to bed, relegate it to historical memory along with May '68 and move on to something new, something as fresh and spontaneous as was the Fools Fest during its first year when, unsubsidised and minus those tawdry seals of

official approval, it rang totally true to its own anarchistic heritage. Inspired situationism.

Today, with 70,000 guilders of state money behind it, fringe criticism mounts. "Too structured, too well organised, too...established." Even some of the star performers are unhappy with the increasing regimentation, or so rumour has it. Bright lights such as Carlos Trafic and Katie Duck, without whose presence any such happening would be infinitely poorer. Or is that also a publicity myth? No one is indispensable, not even God. And Katmor's film - as one pre-viewer observed - may be better than the Festival itself.

"I want to share some thoughts with you about work," says River the lovely-faced clown in *The Fool's* opening monologue, a colloquial (and perhaps over-long) rap which unavoidably approximates Christ's exhortation on the lilies of the field. River doesn't dig work in the least, unless the nature of the work is so absorbing, so enjoyable as to no longer resemble its own generic description. Shades of Schumacher on Buddhist economics. Christ was also a Fool, a Divine Comedian delivering Zen blows to over-serious minds that interpret everything and understand nothing. Near the film's end, just before Mike

Madness leaps into the water - just as I did, many moons ago, midway through a boot camp obstacle course - The Man makes another appearance, in a Dave Curtis routine that originated with the generous Jango: a loinclothed Jesus wearing a leather cross down his back and along his outstretched arms, crooning 'You made me love you ...I didn't want to do it/And all the time you knew it...'"

In blasphemous England he would probably get busted for this, just as Jango has often been busted in God Bless Debauched America for his nude yet cockless (it's tucked between his thighs) Hare Christmas skit, or as Julian Beck was recently busted in Munich for (hah, hah) defaming the German state with the Living Theatre's performance of *Seven Meditations on Political Sado-Masochism*. Idiots do not like it when Fools expose their idiocy.

The Fool, eighty minutes of 16mm sounded colour, is a realistically surreal collage of the Festival's headiest moments. Carlos Trafic reveals the secrets of his private life, painstakingly dramatising the obsessiveness of sexual frustration while eating pussy between two of his upturned and prettily skirted fingers. The ubiquitous Jango portrays a leather-jacketed



'Loeki' L C Molnar

punk rocker, Butchie Boy, in one of the strongest of his many sexual parodies. Richard Mosner of Powder Theatre gives an all-too-pertinent ape's class on evolution and Benito Gutmacher cuts the Christian work ethic to shreds with side-splitting effectiveness. Of such stuff is the Festival of Fools made. In most cases different material than that used by medieval performers, but the message where there is one and the tomfoolery where there is not remains basically the same. If human folly alters at all it is the direction of complexity and not essential complexion.

Among the street theatre groups there is Dog Troep (Dog Shit, if you catch the Dutch and English variations on the second word), still the most spontaneous of the seventy-odd companies who will participate in this year's happening - unless we are pleasantly surprised by some others. Unlike most of their contemporaries, Dog Troep conscientiously dare to stage unscheduled performances without the benefit of police permits and in the film are shown enjoying a mild confrontation with the local gendarmes.

Meanwhile, back at the soundtrack farm, strains of on-scene Sail-Joia, Slumberland Band, David Allen and the odd-ball instruments of Frankie & Goa blend smoothly with these and

several other acts, each chosen by a combination of destiny and design, much like the images of this story

The Fool, however, is far more than a simple - or even a complex - documentary. Conceived in late 1975, shot without a script during the two subsequent seasons, then edited down from nearly thirty hours of footage, it evolved steadily along the magnetic ley lines of a compelling vision. To the mellow minds of Jacques and Ann Katmor, assistant director Victor Ken and the twelve other Israeli cinematogues who pulled this thing together, the character of the Fool is the single consistent factor in the Tarot's world-mirroring spectrum. Even as you and I, he is the wandering pilgrim reappearing over the course of Time in many guises, from Magus to Hanged Man and again from Papes to Hermit; transformed by countless Deaths, reborn into World upon World, yet ever remaining the Cain-marked Fool, sometimes wise, frequently erring but more often both of these.

Ideally, any major gathering of inspired Fools should create, from within its own bosom, just such a kaleidoscope of human and artistic emotion. I should like to think that in this respect the Festival of Fools succeeds more often than



'Loeki' L C Molnar

it fails. In any event, the Jacques Katmor film that aimed to distil dedicated Foolery's spiritual essence more than succeeded. I know this, if only because of something wordless that moved with ghostly ease between me and the screen on which *The Fool's* working copy was shown. Something which helped me to recall from the depths of my cosmic memory that I, too, am certainly the Eternal Fool, wise when I smile with caring compassion on all that passes before my dust-covered eyes, truly foolish only when I take my ephemeral self too seriously.

As for Katmor & Co., painters, filmmakers and "shoestring artistes" - founders (many of them) of Tel Aviv's first and only multi-media centre until the Third Eye was hounded out of existence by the heavy hand of the state - it is their "great good fortune" that years of living on the raw edge of material existence has not dimmed their sense of humour. Their film, still in need of additional backing, proves it.

The eleventh hour is past. Though more than merely weary, I will soon be able to look Ams-

terdam's summer magic right between the eyes. As I wade into a growing throng of clowns, mimes and performing verbalists, my anarchist soul - the one that would gleefully welcome Fools springing up the whole year round and at totally unpredictable times and places instead of during a season of pre-planned events - that soul cannot help but muse on certain presently unanswerable questions. Such as: Will success inevitably spoil the talented, loveable and (alas) very hard working Jango Edwards? Or: Can Fools stay wise when subsidised?

Like everyone else, including the Fools themselves, I will have to wait and see. But while waiting I toss out these two telling thoughts, plagiarised at random but without regret.

Perfect Disorder Is Harmony
and

Fame Is The First Disgrace

That second line, by the way, is from an English playwright who often prefers anonymity to the limelight. Thankfully he is not alone.

CARLOS TRAFIC



'Loeki' L C Molnar

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLOS TRAFIC

WHAT BETTER OCCASION than the Festival of Fools to form an action group intending to liberate the streets of Amsterdam? **THE STREET SHOULD BE FREE FOR EVERYONE** is the motto of Amsterdam Vrij, and in order to publicise this message and exert pressure on the Amsterdam Council, a special action day is being organised for June 10.

The idea is for a variety of processions from different parts of town to converge, in the evening, on the Amstelveld - where the two large stages of the Summer Street Theatre and the Amsterdam Electric Circus will provide focal points for a host of agitprop programmes, including

singing the Amsterdam Vrij song specially written for the Festival by Louis Andriessen and Jaap van de Merwe. A newspaper containing news, views and information on various street problems will also be published and handed out free of charge.

Except for one day a year, the Queen's birthday, all street activities must be pre-planned and officially licensed. Every year the police confiscate hundreds of musical instruments from street musicians, or buskers, whose only aim is to liven up the streets and earn a bit of spare change. Now there is a possibility that, in the near future, the Council will restrict the playing of even amplified music to certain specially designated areas of the city.

Hell, you can't even have a street party without applying for a permit. Small chance then for modern-day clowns and minstrels whose impromptu heads are still in the Middle Ages. The government, friends, is out to kill spontaneity. Don't let them do it. Grab a guitar, a jew's harp or even just a washboard; put on your best and tatiest Fools rags - and hit the streets.

Meanwhile, the Amsterdam Vrij action group - which is also being supported by Oktopus and the Festival of Fools - will be more than pleased to see you join them on June 10. **THE STREET SHOULD BE FREE FOR EVERYONE.**

FOOLS EVERYWHERE

Edited by Raymondo Huygelen
Grünen Kraft (Germany)
Large Format, 71pp.
f 5,00

THE INITIAL REACTION to this tri-lingual book, especially among visuals freaks, has been overwhelmingly negative. Graphically speaking, *Fools Everywhere* is certainly a minor disaster. Although it contains some truly fine photographs of Fools and others, most of the prints have been badly marred by poor quality reproduction while a haphazard and obviously hasty layout job will hardly entice lazy readers into its fact-filled and somewhat fanciful pages.

A pity, really, since for anyone willing to make the effort - in either Dutch, English or German - there is enough good reading here to satisfy

even the most hardened critic. Between an imaginative opening chapter that interweaves a general description of the 1977 Festival with a blow-by-blow account of the coinciding Moluccan trainjacking in Glimmen ('Fools, Moluccans and Others Cut Up') and some excellent reportage on the Living Theatre in Munich, there lies an acceptably literate potpourri of Foolery - from various accounts of the Fools School to an excerpt from pseudonymous Frestonian Alan Beam's *Rehearsal for the Year 2000* entitled 'The Meat Roxy 1974.'

Granted, the editor's insistence that 'professionalism is shit' (scrawled on the back of an atrocious cardboard centrefold intended as a series of cut-out postcards) does nothing to excuse the book's potluck presentation - although the fact that their original layout man quit at the last minute may. It also fails to condone editorial fuck ups like

crediting one person for another's poem, then failing to acknowledge the first guy's actual contribution. On the other hand, who can say that such ultimately trivial occurrences (see J. Krishnamurti on the cosmic absurdity of ever attributing one's artistic work) do not contain a Fool's message of their own?

Like most everything else in Amsterdam and the Great White West, *Fools Everywhere* is too expensive, especially since it is occasionally being marked up to f 6,50. Still, the book was slapped together with a sense of sincerity by some of those infamous good guys, so...

If nothing else maybe this first effort will inspire someone else to produce a Festival of Fools book that will do proper justice to both the event and its many groovy performers.

WJ

A GRUB HOUSE FOR FOOLS

MUSHROOM 22 Lange Leidsedwardsstraat 91 (Tel. 267979), an Israeli vegetarian eatery which has designated itself as *the* Restaurant for Fools throughout the festive period, takes its name from the psychedelic minds of its owners and their particular house speciality: 22 different salads, from cauliflower to (of course) mushroom, each costing but f 1,70. The most expensive item on the menu is stuffed pepper at f 4,70, while humus, aubergine and corn-on-the-cob are among the less costly but equally delectable complements. Then for afters you might want to

home in on a strawberry cream. Or some halva.

MUSHROOM 22 is run by Chic and Izik Vardy, along with Chic's wife, Maya, a visionary artist whose dreamy paintings and drawings usually adorn the restaurant's walls. During the Festival, however, the wall space will be used to exhibit the



photographic Foolery of Melkweg lensman Louis-Charles (Loeki) Molnar. And, in order to ensure that no true Fool goes either hungry or thirsty - Mushroom 22 being a licensed bar, as well - the restaurant is extending its normal opening times (5:00-11:00 p.m.), throughout the Festival, until the wee-est of hours; which is to say, until the last reveller has whetted his or her appetite. No fooling.

MUSHROOM 22 is less than five minutes walk from both Paradiso and Melkweg, while those coming from Vondel Park or the Shaffy should have no difficulty in hailing a flying carpet. *Bon appetit.*

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PAGES
10
11

FROM THE
ALBUM: "I
SHOW THE
WORLD THE
MILK WEG"

JANGO'S SONG!

leather
weather

Look! L.L. Molnar



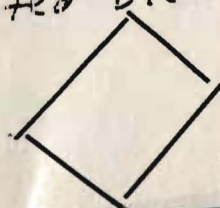
Commentaire

Nettement moins lent $\text{♩} = 58-60$

Libre
ri - tar - de

1

tu, I'M futchie boy
 and I just want to say
 to all the fellas, lets
 play: **HIDE THE WEENIE**
 AND THAT OVER THERE - she
 IS FREE BUFFET - she
 has cheese sandwiches -
 tomato sandwiches -
 All kinds.
 we'd like to do some sex.
 PUN = ROCK for you -
 a time I wrote just 3 days
 ago when I was in the mens
 room AND MY Dick
 started bleeding.



Wanner weather
 STORMS TONIGHT
 rubber GARMENTS
 pulled on tight
 Golden SHOWERS!
 Studded GEAR
 come on, fellas
 2 Grease your rear.



I CAUSE I LOVE YOU
 when you
 hit me and kick me
 take the PINS AND
 stick me
 make me kiss the HEEL
 OF YOUR shoe
 cuff me and tough me
 you can't hurt enough
 of ME
 Cause that's what
 Butchie boys do.



3

LEATHER WEATHER
 ANUS ART
 electric dildo's
 cheeks spart
 is my kind of man!
 Don't melt in your mouth
 Just melts in your hand.

Tempo *poco gfz* **11- Accélééré** *molto gfz*

mp *p* *fff* *molto gfz* *mp*

$\frac{7}{8}$ Ped... * $\frac{7}{8}$ Ped... * $\frac{1}{2}$ Ped... * $\frac{1}{2}$ Ped... *

St.....

Libre **Tempo**

Vivo *ri - tar - dan*

pour 4 *f sub. 3* *ff* *ff* *Ped.**

Uc...



I CAUSE I love to go
 WACK on your GUM
 Make you SIT ON MY THUMB
 beat you till you're
 BLACK AND BLUE
 find you and GAG you
 TAKE the leather and flog you
 CAUSE THAT'S what
 Butchie Boys do.



5

CAUSE I love IT WHEN YOU
 SMACK me ~~and~~ and crack me
 TAKE the board AND WACK ME
 MAKE me hold it till I turn BLUE
 Cut me and fuck me
 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT butchie boys DO!

FESTIVAL OF FOOLS



MELKWEG Lijnbaansgracht 234a

- June 2** Great Salt Lake Mime Troup; Exile One; Justin Case; Friends Roadshow; Mime impro; Moving Picture Mime Show; *Cinema*: 'Lina Braake' & 'Zazie dans le metro'.
- June 3** L.O. Sloan's 3 black & 3 white refined jubilee minstrels; Abra-kadabra; Geoff Cavander Band; Living Poem Theatre; de Bamsisters; mime impro; *Cinema*: as yesterday.
- June 4** Jango Edwards solo; Fools Band; Carlos Trafic; 'Lady Juanita'; Living Poem Theatre; Carlos Trafic and Hector Malamud 'The Murder Brothers'; *Cinema*: as June 2.
- June 7** Kaboodle; Fools Jam; Carlos Trafic 'Lady Juanita'; Franz Josef Bogner's Clowns; Dog Troep; *Cinema*: 'How I Won The War'.
- June 8** Nola Rae 'Some great fools in history'; Incubus; Impuls Theatre; People Show; Onk, a block-head party; *Cinema*: as yesterday.
- June 9** Michael Gimpel; Tom Fools; G.T. Moore Band; Annie Stainer; Living Poem Theatre; mime impro with Jango; *Cinema*: Sex & Drugs and Rock & Roll incl. Sex Pistols Live (8 min).
- June 10** Tom Fools; Sharon Landau;

- Sardineta; Katie Duck; Impuls Theatre; mime impro with Friends Roadshow. *Cinema*: as yesterday.
- June 11** L.O. Sloan's 3 black & 3 white refined jubilee minstrels; Pete Wear & Sharon Landau; Sail Joya; Moving Picture Mime Show; mime impro with Katie Duck; *Cinema*: as June 9.
- June 14** San Angelico and The Busby Berkeleys; Fools Jam; de Bamsisters; Carlos Trafic & Katie Duck in 'Love Story'; *Cinema*: 'A flea in her ear' and 'Lily aime moi'.
- June 15** Loose Ends, Cunning Stunts; Spiderwoman & Justin Case; Phantom Captain; *Cinema*: as yesterday.
- June 16** Berry Nooy's Vuil Harmonies Orkest; Loose Ends; Jan Jacobs Band; Justin Case; John Melville; Phantom Captain; *Cinema*: Day of pies and tarts.
- June 17** Fooksbarn Theatre; Gwendal; Moniek & Michel; Philippe Duval; mime impro; *Cinema*: 'Yellow Submarine'.
- June 18** Fooksbarn Theatre; Forkbeard Fantasy & Johnny Rondo Trio; Jango Edwards & band; Spiderwoman; Philippe Duval; mime impro; Forkbeard Fantasy & Johnny Rondo Trio; *Cinema*: as yesterday.

PARADISO Weteringschans 6-8

- June 1** Opening evening
- June 2** CONCRETE FOOLS: Friends Road Show, Dog Troep, The People Show. *Showmaster*: Madness.
- June 3** FOOLS ROOTS: Exile One, Loose Ends, Mati Africa. *Showmaster*: Rick Parets.
- June 4** TRAVELLING FOOLS: Friends: 'Foolies 78', The Great Salt Lake Mime Troup. *Showmaster*: Jango & Madness.
- June 7** COUNTRY FOOLS: Friends: 'Foolies 78', Tom Fools Theatre. *Showmaster*: Madness.
- June 8** FOOLS PARADES: Friends: 'Foolies 78', Loose Ends, San Angelico, The Busby Berkeleys, John Melville. *Showmaster*: Jango.
- June 9** PUNKY FOOLS: Friends: 'Billy Spears', Incubus Theatre, The People Show. *Showmaster*: Madness.

VONDELPARK

- June 3** Opening event for the Open Air Theatre; various acts.
- June 4** Incubus 2 pm; Jango Edwards 3 pm; Santic, reggae music 4 pm.
- June 7** Available Jelly 12 pm; Ab-rakadabra & Trumbunich Mimes 3 pm.
- June 8** Fools Band 7 pm.
- June 9** Great Salt Lake Mime Troupe 9 pm.
- June 10** Action Space 2 pm; Onk, a block-head party 3 pm; L O Slo-



June 10 SILENT FOOLS: The Moving Picture Mime Show, Jango, Justin Case, Trumbunich Mimes.

Showmaster: Jango.

June 11 WAVING FOOLS: Friends: 'Billy Spears', Talking Heads. *Showmaster:* Madness.

June 14 FAIR FOOLS: Footsbarn Theatre, Gwendal, Action Space.

Showmaster: Friends Road Show.

June 15 FOOLS PARADES:

Friends: 'Foolies 78', Katie Duck, Carlos Trafic, Three Black & Three White Minstrels. *Showmaster:* Jango.

June 16 LADY FOOLS: Spider Woman, Sharon Landau, Cunning Stunts, The Woman's Band. *Showbird:* Lala.

June 17 NEW FOOLS: Students Show, Joost Belinfante & Band.

Showmaster: Lenny.

June 18 FOOLS FINALE: Friends: 'Foolies 78', Loose Ends, Friends Big Band and others. *Showmaster:* Jango.

an's 3 black & 3 white refined jubilee minstrels 9 pm.

June 11 Footsbarn Theatre 2 pm; Sardineta 3 pm; Footsbarn Big Band 4 pm.

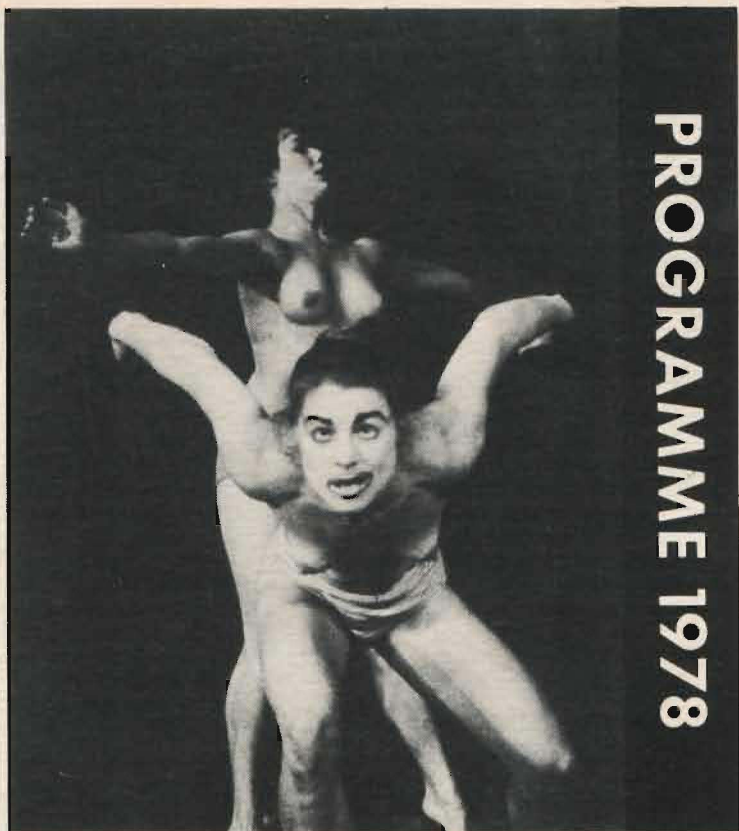
June 14 Resistentieorkest with Drs P, 12 midday; L O Sloan's 3 black & 3 white refined jubilee minstrels & mime machine 3 pm.

June 15 Gwendal 7 pm.

June 16 Sam Angelico & Busby Berkeleys 9 pm.

June 17 Philippe Duval & Phantom Captain 3 pm; Forkbeard Fantasy & Johnny Rondo Trio 9 pm.

June 18 Loose Ends 2 pm; Friends Roadshow 4 pm.



SHAFFY Keizersgracht 324

June 2 Penta Theater; Kaboodle; Hauser Orkater; Trumbunich Mimes; Carlos Trafic, 'Lady Juanita'; Panem & Circenses; Living Poem Theatre; Mick Flynn; *Cinema:* 'L'Invitation'.
June 3 Incubus; Fools band; Hauser Orkater; Moving Picture Mime Show; Carlos Trafic & Hector Malamud 'The Murder Brothers'; Justin Case; Hare Majesteit; Joost Belinfante; *Cinema:* 'Grey Gardens'.

June 4 Incubus; Exile One; Hauser Orkater; Moving Picture Mime Show; People Show; Justin Case; Dog Troep; *Cinema:* 'Jonas'.

June 8 Spiderwoman; L.O. Sloan's 3 black & 3 white refined jubilee minstrels; Carrousel '3 by 4'; Katie Duck; Wesper Theatre; Carlos Trafic & Hector Malamud 'The Murder Brothers'; *Cinema:* 'Le fou'.

June 9 L.O. Sloan's 3 black & 3 white refined jubilee minstrels; Sardineta; Penta Theater; Moving Picture Mime Show; Impuls Theater; Spiderwoman; Abrakadabra; *Cinema:* 'Satans braten'.

June 10 Living Poem Theatre; Riciotti Ensemble; Ploink; Zvika Fiszon; Michael Gimpel; Spider-

woman; Teatermiek; Falaffel; People Show; *Cinema:* 'I Clowns'.

June 11 Sam Angelico & Busby Berkeleys; G.T. Moore Band; Nola Rae 'Some great fools from history'; Michael Gimpel; Spiderwoman; Living Poem Theatre; Annie Stainer; *Cinema:* 'Lily, aime moi'.

June 15 Footsbarn Theatre; Jango & Stan; Footsbarn Band. Philippe Duval; Forkbeard Fantasy & Johnny Rondo Trio; Franz Josef Bogner's Clowns; Moniek & Michel; Hare Majesteit; *Cinema:* 'It's me' & 'De radiodroom'.

June 16 Footsbarn Theatre; Fools Band; Philippe Duval; Forkbeard Fantasy; Johnny Rondo Trio; Franz Josef Bogner's Clowns; Moniek & Michel; Hare Majesteit; *Cinema:* 'Lina Braake'.

June 17 Berry Nooy's Vuil Harmonies Orkest; Geoff Cavander Band; Onk, a block-head party; Cunning Stunts; Carrousel '3 by 4'; de Bamsisters; John Melville; Phantom Captain; *Cinema:* 'De Bruiloft'.

June 18 Sam Angelico & Busby Berkeleys; Sail Joya; Cunning Stunts; Carlos Trafic & Katie Duck 'Love Story'; Wesper theater; *Shaffyzaal:* 'Une collection Particulière' & 'La Bete' by Walerian Borowczyk.

