

Mixed Mead Ear

anon.

1968

It is now 10:00 pm and here is the national news for today, August 15th.

Mr. A. Brown and his own Crazy World caused a local riot here upon the imported release of his first evil production. Trying to set the night on fire with his triple-cut production of "Fire", he apparently seems to think he succeeded, for he blasphemously announces, "I am the God of Hellfire and I bring you Fire." And so he does!

Later in the day he "Put a Spell On You" and in the midst of the "Confusion," performed the first "Spontaneous Apple Creation." The next day became a "Rest Cure" for all concerned. Really it was a good day—well produced and performed. The weather was sometimes heavy, slow and overcast, but Mr. Brown's private army, which acted well on their own initiative, were led by the much mourned Vincent Crane (who directed the tactics of the day, arranged the support and amused himself by playing the organ). One might say Mr. Crane organised while the world burned.

Mr. Brown's campaign photograph was good, but somewhat disappointing. Nonetheless, many supporters were gained for the cause.

Executive A&R man for Columbia records Al Kooper, famous cabaret artist (along with half of Winston Churchill's best known speech), has just announced a business association with one T. Rose, of no fixed address or hair style.

Apparently the pair have produced a "Long Haired Boy," a singular feat for two grown men when one considers that the boy concerned is very honest, very strong and combines the hardness shared by his two parents with a streak of beauty (just a small streak—not enough to make the boy laughable or effeminate).

All concerned find the birth a great success, and we look forward to more productions from this strong pair.

Also, Miss Anna Black, who informed us that "Miss Otis" could not join us, lately told of a strange friend of hers called "Eleanor Rigby" who lives in the "Township of Everywhere," and is strongly connected with the church. An odd tale well told and brilliantly arranged. We were pleased to hear from Miss Black.

And that was the news for today. Stay tuned to this channel for up to date news, reviews and opinions on vital topics of today's turgid society.

And now, let us pray!

Our Father,

Which art in the archives of music Eutopia, give us
this day our daily bread.

Give us this day a Ray Charles
recording of "Whiter Shade of Pale."

Give us this day the Beatles new album.

Purge this world free from Blue Cheer the Doors, and the
necessity to pay hard-earned money for music.

Yea, though I stand in the valley of the shadow of Eddy
Arnold and the Cowsills, I will fear no ill,

For thou art with me, also my rod and my staff,

Dylan and Lennon, Bruce and Beck, Mayall and
Ochs and the rest of the
people who care about me—the person who wants music
and not volume, lyrics and not mumbled incantations, talent
and not idle boasts.

Amen.

The weather for the next two weeks looks a lot brighter. Coming in from the other side of the Atlantic is a fresh wind, bringing with it large deposits of Small Faces, Jimi Hendrix, John Mayall, the Stones and the Beatles.

Our own shores will also produce deposits, along with a warm breeze of Big Brother with Janis Joplin. A plague of Mike Bloomfield is very imminent on the Columbia horizon, as is a steady drizzle of teeny-bopper groups, broken occasionally by a brief burst of Aretha Franklin's new single.

That was the weather forecast, Improving weather (obviously) but still with a long way to go before a satisfactory state is reached.

Goodnight all. The time is now 10:15 p.m.

fifth Estate

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