

back once again - a sorta flava of z26

just so the trash don't stack up
three guys of the rhine oughta tune-up
and get me a trav'ler
'fore grandmother colour flash and the furious five
make mats o.d. on vitamin e

it's my way or the highway, chile
so park yer fillmore in joe's garage
you dähn't need to wash it
chamois läther is kong's revenge for the children of Stonehenge
the forz awakens to the sound of beau's hammond organism

to montana via zappata'
unorthodox behaviour in a utopian paradise
with gahaes the great, a drone and a wing
wave goodbye to mary jayne, say hello to the train
with heavy duty heart and a shaky hand

Were you there? You were? You really were? To my 26, the others can't compare.

For those of you that didn't attend the twenty-sixth Zappanale, redeem yo'selfs by making it an annual pilgrimage. It's the most wonderful time of the year, it really is. You can camp there while bands vamp there. See drum shop John. Drink with God. Take a little walk to the weenie stand, and sneak a peek at the bald-headed one's shausage.

Cynthia says it all the time: *"The girls they are keener, the bigger the weiner."*

Come on and dance to the beat, shuffle your feet, wear a t-shirt and run with us peeps.

Pass it on...The Message, that is.

This nonsense, December 2015. These [photos](#), then.