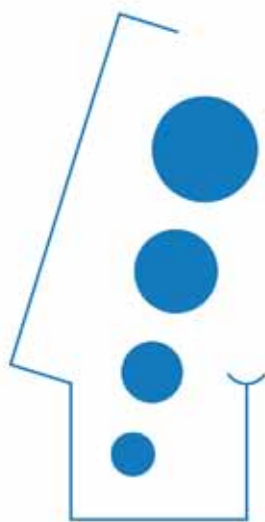


Content

Ergo Phizmiz

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Lately, he had managed to put this searing  
injustice to the back of his mind.

But next day, in the schoolyard, after yet  
another 'why are we getting up while it's  
still dark?' morning.....

~~Tim~~ Tim walks hand in hand with his daddy

Tim sees Ida across the schoolyard.  
Ida is holding hands with her mummy.

Tim likes Ida.  
Ida likes Tim.  
Tim and Ida like each other.

Then Tim notices, in Ida's other hand,  
the most beautiful balloon he has  
ever seen. It is bright red.

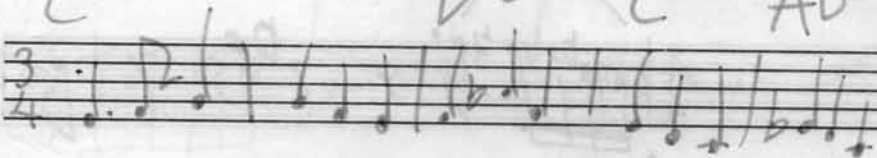
It has golden stars. It is  
the balloon of a Sultan or  
Sultana. The balloon of astronomers  
and astronauts. The balloon of a  
red night.

Tim likes it.

Clara Bow rolling ~~along~~ along  
with her jaguar

putting her along in front,  
what a publicity stunt,  
and she's dressed in a swimsuit  
and pearls, and her  
hair it is billowing out,  
oh she is one of the girls.

C D<sup>b</sup> C AD



Clara Bow smiles and her  
jaguar purrs, and the  
studio boss is a-fright  
how lovely the moon is tonight

Clara's whizzing around  
drinking cocktails, the  
jaguar has a ugar,  
Oh dear Clara you are what





**He's like the grandma-gobbling wolf in Little Red Riding Hood, swallowing down the entire world, all the better to heave it back up in your face. –The Wire Magazine**

Ergo Phizmiz is a composer, writer, collagist, theatre-maker, songwriter, radio-producer, film-maker, and fancy footworker. Over a fourteen year adventure he has produced one of the most unpredictable, singular, and prolific bodies of work of any artist working today.

