

Lune Fiction

Issue 16

Rage Against The Dying Light

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LF: Being tales of wonder & merriment from the banks of the Loyne

Rage Against The Dying Light

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Ante bonum, post malum

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Editorial

Hi there and welcome to the sixteenth edition of Lune Fiction. I'm afraid Humble Sam can't be with us as he is currently on holiday in Bangkok, (or in prison in Bangkok, although rumour has it that he is on a secret mission somewhere in Mongolia looking for Gobi worms. Believe whichever one will let you sleep at night.) So you have me, Chuck Edwards, instead and I will try to fill his shoes. I mean, I might as well 'cos his kitchen is quite nice and his jacket doesn't fit me and his bed is lumpy. Oh dear, I feel a foreboding sense of Goldilocks coming on here.

She's gone; she's no more. She was my warrior princess, my sensual serpent, the only field I used to plough. Now she's gone.

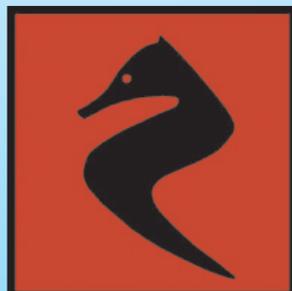
So, in this issue we will explore themes of deep angst and existential hope; positive familial despair and random doom. We will be fingering your inner soul, right down to spooning out your marrow and examining it. At least tasting it, anyway. Maybe lightly fried with a spot of soya sauce. You will feel as if your brain has been dragged through a lemon popsicle. Who needs to go on a pilgrimage to find the Buddha when you can log on to the internet and download and read the latest issue of Lune Fiction? We offer the latest in modern Enlightenment. You will cry, you will laugh and you will be terrified, but you will love us and you will come back for more.

She's no more; she's gone. She was my ace of spades, my full house and now she's my dead man's hand. Now she's no more.

If, however, after you have read this issue you find you didn't like it, please don't send us any complaints as these will be filed in triplicate and we all know what that's like. Well, that's about it, so I will now leave you to get on with it and read in whatever way or fashion sense you prefer. Maybe Humble Sam will be back with us next time, maybe not; we'll just have to wait and see.

Lucy's gone; Lucy's no more. Lucy's was my tiramisu, my black forest gateau, the only sweet I ate with contentment. Now Lucy's gone. Gently, she went away.

Yours in Trust,



Chuck Edwards



Rage Against The Dying Light



Part I

Trapped

Trapped in the safety of my mother's clutch, I am saturated in tough compassion. The stench of too much wine, the unreleased tears, the cuts and bruises. I am safe in my own mind. Vulnerable to the outside world, I'm exposed to God's laughter. Cruel, so cruel.

The light is fading and the darkness is swelling. Pregnant with guilt, bereft of desire, trapped in the concrete bunker of my mother's love, I see a vision arise, ascending from somewhere in the recesses my mind.

An alien being requests a need to be heard; something demands to be recognised. Exposed to all and sundry, I try to acknowledge *the thing*.

The Green-Eyed Girl

I remember running around with the green-eyed girl - she was wild, young and beautiful - and I recall lying down with the green-eyed girl - she curled like ivy round a wood beam. I recollect her ginger hair, the freckles on her face, her musky smell, her perfect breasts, her giggles and girl-ish pranks and I recollect the vows we made.

I remember making love in the Lakes and I remember love tearing us apart. I'm ever so sorry that I have to remind you of this but you broke my heart. You crushed it, swallowed it and spat it out.

You hung me out to dry.

Sally, Babe, is it too late to say how much I wish things should have been different? Sally, will we ever talk to each other again? Honey Pie, will we ever get it back together again? I'm damned if I admit our love came to its natural end! Sally, I didn't know how much I needed you, I didn't know how much you meant to me. I thought you and I were meant for each other... so why did it come to such an intensely vicious end?

I miss you and you don't miss me.

I remember running around Camden Town with the green-eyed girl - so sweet, so lush, so vicious - and I recall waking up next to the green-eyed girl. I recollect her make-up kit, indulging her in role-playing games, making a fool of myself on stage and whispering the words to *Die Zauberflöte* late at night.

I call to mind asking her to marry me.

Sally, Salskie, I just wanted to say I wish I could have dealt with things differently. Sally, I'm too scared to text you, send you an e-mail or just simply pick up the phone. I'm afraid of what you will say; I'm afraid to confront your new lover.

Sally, I'm trying to write our story; Sally, I'm still trying to sort out our narrative. Sally, this means more to me than when we were together. It might prove that I could have been true but more than likely it will prove that we were right.

Soulmates in the ideal world; passing strangers in the real one.



Roses

The other day, quite casually, in a non-threatening way, I went walking through Lancaster's Royal Park (so demean, so blissful). I was dreaming of this and that and I could hear the dogs barking. They were lounging about in autumn's cold and warm embrace. Then came children squealing with glee. I remembered the story I had to write: the one about you and me; the one about us and the children, our children. The children in the park were singing a song about us.

Ring a ring a roses, a pocket full of posies; a-tissue, a-tissue, we all fall down. Ring a ring a roses, a pocket full of posies; a-tissue, a-tissue, we all fall down.

I want to fall down and wither away. Death comes to love when you least expect it.

Ring a ring a roses, a pocket full of posies; a-tissue, a-tissue, we all fall down. Ring a ring a roses, a pocket full of posies; a-tissue, a-tissue, we all fall down.

Ring a ring of roses; please can we get back together back again.

Reflections I

A moth flutters around the light of a candle. It's not the noble creature of Kerouac fame but the dæmon of some confused, rootless, obscure Dutch bal-ladeer. Phantoms clamber outside along the quayside, as I rock in my chair, waiting for something - anything. I'm hiding from the outside.



The moth embraces the flame: it burns and learns what it is to be alight.

Reflections II

A yacht's tied up to the quay, drifting lazily in the stream. Its master downs another shot of Drambuie. It's to drown out the voices of yesteryear, a lifetime ago, trapped in a marriage in East Anglia.

She knew what she wanted at twenty-one, she'll know what she wants at sixty-four. Her brother and father call her wonderful; her mother thinks she's a whore.

Reflections III

Shooting stars crossed the horizon, planets orbited the sun and the sky was a deep black blue when I met my Eva in Vienna. She was trapped with her friends, *les enfants du nuit*, outside neon-lights; they were giggling hysterically, desperate for some joy, hanging outside the pub 'Zwillicht Und Duster'.

She didn't give me her name as I didn't ask for it and I ignored the puncture marks in her fore-arms. Fifty euros for shelter, fifty euros for love. She took me by the hand and led me to a room of *Jugendstill* artefacts and bobbing candles. She undressed me and said "*Wollen wir ficken oder wollen wir bum-sen?*" I just wanted love, I wanted Sally to say "Baisse-moi!".

Reflections IV

It's late, way gone midnight, time for bed, I suppose. But I've got to keep on scrawling, scribbling, writing in my diary, my

only true friend. Got to keep up appearances and meet my editor tomorrow.

My mind is about to give way, I'm about to freak out. Long time no woman, long time no love: It's been a very long time since Dad last hit me. Mother watches over me.

The career girl (power woman, self-asserting female, political lesbian) never made it onto the lear-jet, so she took the hovercraft instead. Just like me, just like old times. She will never do that again. Never. But how would I know?

And now, according to my intuition, it appears this may be yet another awkward date. Yes, this time, it's going to be another awkward date with you, the shadow of me, the parallel me.

So, why the roses?

Reflections V

On the frayed ends of sanity, on the ring roads to anywhere but here, on the edge of hesitancy, I walk around in circles, knowing that the only thing I know is nothing. Leaving the candles behind, leaving the moth to burn, I now realise that God is dead. I have always been waiting for the sign, the sign from the Divine One. But Yahweh has only ever existed in the mind of men.

No chance, no fate, no divine intervention, no truth in the over-natural. May the rain of wisdom cleanse me.

Heart Of Friesland

Big fellah, big fellah; I'm a big fellah born with the heart Of Friesia. A big fellah with the heart of Friesia, I am. Oh, this beautiful heart of Friesia. I was born with the heart of Friesland.

It's nineteen hundred hours on a cold April day. The cctv cameras follow you everywhere (even this big fellah with the heart of Frisia), as the gargoyles of counter-culture (what culture?) and clippers (hewers!) of the light fantastic saw away at the roots of man's enlightenment. Spray on the after-shave, put on that



fancy shirt, wear inconsequential airs; we are still in the Stone Age!

Pandemonium rules in the Queen's city, Britain's First Town. It's Thursday, Friday, Saturday night! The ladies are waiting for the wide boys, cool dudes, big fellahs in the city centre. Lovely little ladies at the local inn. Ever so lovely chickies, they'll make my day anytime.

I was born with the heart Of Frisia; I was born with the heart Of Friesland.

Now enter the girl from Bella Italia, a young lady from the on-line magazine. She wants a shot for the crowd, a shot of me looking moody, "coz you look so austere when you try... and even when you don't!"

But I feel like a junkie picked out of central Zurich, the one that I could have been. I was one of those chosen for a better life while others walked on past, through death and mayhem in Bosnia, Rwanda and Afghanistan. What happened? Forget the good life; I was ripped out of the heart of Zurich. I am the clown we are still allowed to laugh at. Is a playback of my life really that necessary?

The big fellahs, yes; the big fellahs, are aching to go off to the last chance saloon. And I need to go, for I was born with the heart of Frisia.

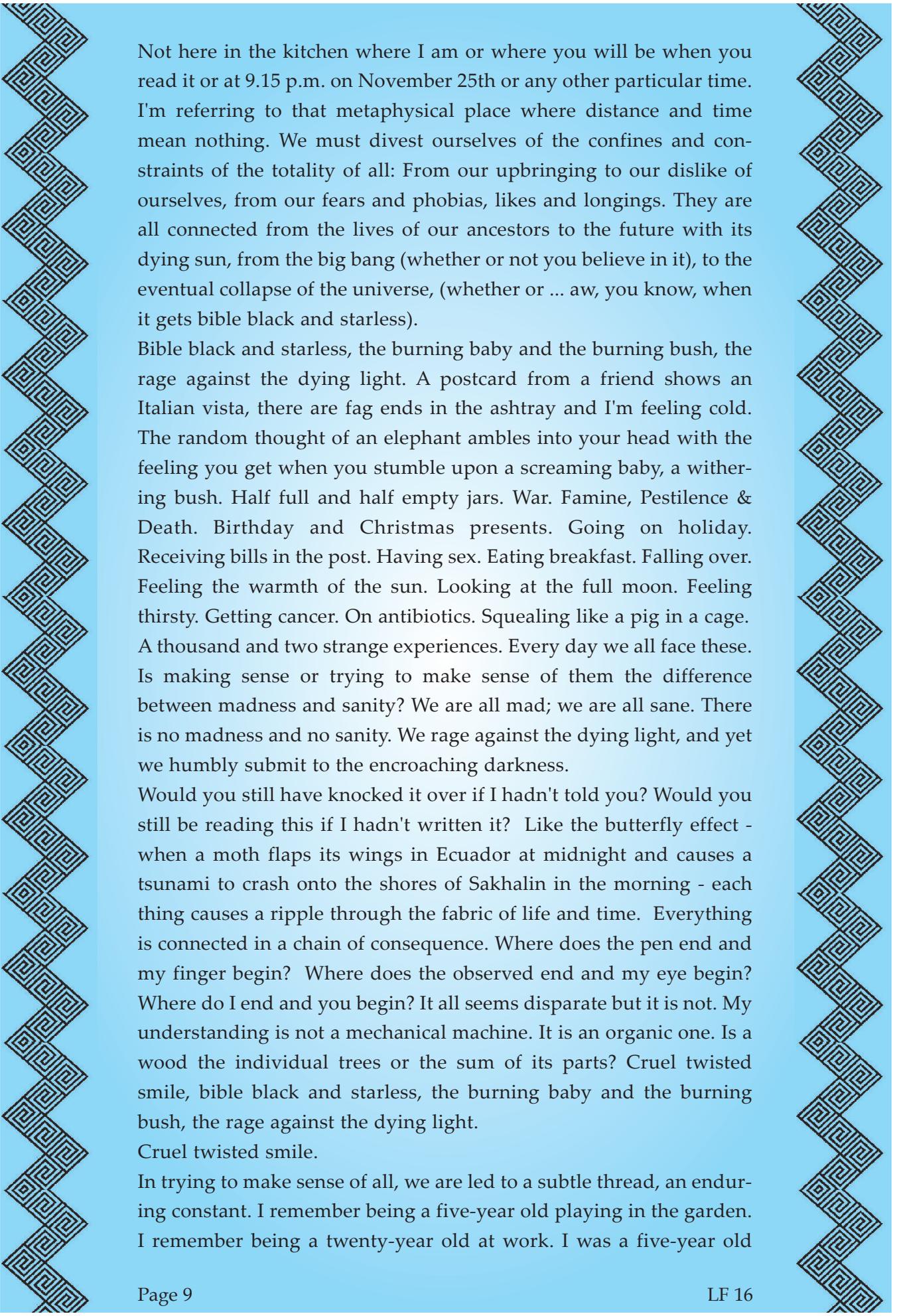
The small boy in the mirror has sad eyes.

End of Part I



Flash Essay: The Spirit Of The Burning Baby

As I put pen to paper I am immediately confronted by why. "Why?" I could have said, "as I bash on the keys", but I'm being honest here. In my craft, my sullen art, I'm trying to reach you so you too can be here with me in this place right now. I mean it. Right here, right now.



Not here in the kitchen where I am or where you will be when you read it or at 9.15 p.m. on November 25th or any other particular time. I'm referring to that metaphysical place where distance and time mean nothing. We must divest ourselves of the confines and constraints of the totality of all: From our upbringing to our dislike of ourselves, from our fears and phobias, likes and longings. They are all connected from the lives of our ancestors to the future with its dying sun, from the big bang (whether or not you believe in it), to the eventual collapse of the universe, (whether or ... aw, you know, when it gets bible black and starless).

Bible black and starless, the burning baby and the burning bush, the rage against the dying light. A postcard from a friend shows an Italian vista, there are fag ends in the ashtray and I'm feeling cold. The random thought of an elephant ambles into your head with the feeling you get when you stumble upon a screaming baby, a withering bush. Half full and half empty jars. War. Famine, Pestilence & Death. Birthday and Christmas presents. Going on holiday. Receiving bills in the post. Having sex. Eating breakfast. Falling over. Feeling the warmth of the sun. Looking at the full moon. Feeling thirsty. Getting cancer. On antibiotics. Squealing like a pig in a cage. A thousand and two strange experiences. Every day we all face these. Is making sense or trying to make sense of them the difference between madness and sanity? We are all mad; we are all sane. There is no madness and no sanity. We rage against the dying light, and yet we humbly submit to the encroaching darkness.

Would you still have knocked it over if I hadn't told you? Would you still be reading this if I hadn't written it? Like the butterfly effect - when a moth flaps its wings in Ecuador at midnight and causes a tsunami to crash onto the shores of Sakhalin in the morning - each thing causes a ripple through the fabric of life and time. Everything is connected in a chain of consequence. Where does the pen end and my finger begin? Where does the observed end and my eye begin? Where do I end and you begin? It all seems disparate but it is not. My understanding is not a mechanical machine. It is an organic one. Is a wood the individual trees or the sum of its parts? Cruel twisted smile, bible black and starless, the burning baby and the burning bush, the rage against the dying light.

Cruel twisted smile.

In trying to make sense of all, we are led to a subtle thread, an enduring constant. I remember being a five-year old playing in the garden. I remember being a twenty-year old at work. I was a five-year old

child playing in the garden and I was a twenty-year old at work. Each moment and place was/is/will be the most lucid experience of life. Yet right here, right now, it is different. But am I? Where does the five-year old end and the forty-two year old begin? The thread of life's rich pageantry is always there and never present. Two blonde women are different because one has blue eyes; two creatures are different because one is human.

The thread of life's rich pageantry that allows all to exist is just that - a thread. It is when we see that thread that we can connect to it and start to unravel it. We will be home. Can you be with me here right now?

But you are left with nothing when my essay is finished. Or are you? Just think, are you left with anything? Is it a case of anything or not anything to be left with? Is it all just opinion? What is opinion?

Who's to say what's right is right and what's wrong is wrong and never shall they meet somewhere in the middle, innit?

Bible black and starless, the burning baby and the burning bush.

Back to square one. But square one is square two and three and thirty eight and all the way to infinity and beyond. Numbers are not a straight line as mathematicians are keen to portray and scientists like to play and analyse. Numbers are organic and like fractals. There are moments in our lives when we have experienced the thread. They are only fleeting moments, but they last forever.

Death - futility - will have no dominion. Taoists say you can be without being, do without doing. Is it like eating without eating or working without working? Is it merely a reflection? Can any piece of writing do more than just be words? Can a kitchen utensil be useful? Why have clocks and maps? Why bother? Can I meet you here right now?



Rage Against The Dying Light



Part II

After The Taverns

You know, when the late night, early morning buses and coaches huddle together, trying to keep out the swarming masses of misery (the deprived and the depraved), I can never tell if it is funeral hearses gathering the dead or Satan assem-

bling his hordes.

What did we do tonight? Give away sympathy or forsake dynasty? Did I find enlightenment or did I find a bottomless pit of misery? The big fellahs, of course, never ask themselves these questions - especially the special ones.

And now it's time for beddie-boos time and Mother hasn't turned up to tell us a good-night tale!

The cockneys, jocks, geordies, taffies, paddies, country bumpkins and brummies all play the same game: the one of false impressions. Winking their eyes and leering their leer; all the girls and boys fall for it.

And now it's time for beddie-boos time, now it's time for beddie-booze time and Mother hasn't turned up to tell us a good-night story!

Meanwhile... Behind The Scenes

This is a story of love lost and love regained. How can I say that? We don't speak to each other; we desperately ignore each other.

I like to think you never meant anything to me. I'm comfortably numb; bored by the world around me. All there is for us is a gaunt length of on-coming cats' eyes, blocks of ice ensnared in graphic graphite darkness.

Fish flying with the wise men, owls swimming with the emotional female; I had hoped I wouldn't have to do it. I chose you to be the chosen one.

Yet I have a life of complexity and I don't need you to care for me (who does?). Talk? You never can listen, anyway! You keep your distance and I keep my isolation. Behind the scenes, not all is what it seems... behind the scenes, not all is what it seems.

More Reflections (A)

A few nights before we broke up, before you threw me out, you said this wasn't right; this wasn't on. I was just somebody passing through your life.

But I wanted to be alone, for I prefer my own company. Why couldn't you leave me alone? Why couldn't you just let me be? I'm saving myself for the life eternal. I'm happy to be on my own. I wanted to be me.

More Reflections (B)

Hanging out to dry under the Northern Lancashire Riveria's holiday lights, there's a heart-felt groan holding onto last night's revelries.

And now we are strangers in the same crowd: me in the singles corner and you at the couples' bar. We are just writing tales about the strangers around us. And my father's hand rises and my mother's voice slices.

The pretty lies, the pretty lies, all sleeping soundly on the computer's hard drive.

More Reflections (C)

I remember in Rotterdam, when I was staying at an uncle's, I heard the news that Diego had died in a burning hostel. I talked to my sis on the phone and I wept and you cried. He was the first of our scene, the chosen crowd, to go down. I had never felt so alone.

Some of us go down in a fire-storm of redemption but most of us disappear in a fog of mediocrity. That's the price of existence, the wage of being.

I'm in another bread & wake-fast, another momentary home. Sitting, lounging on the settee, the woman from the local paper terrorises me with her words and digi camera: "So, let's talk about your new project, let's talk about your latest endeavour."

I talk about conscience and pain, I talk about abstinence and regret and she looks at her watch and outside a storm is brewing.

I like to think that at last the world really has lost sense of itself. I reach for my stash of dope, as she reaches for the stop button. She says good-bye while I reach for my pills. I curse and drink and indulge in filthy gestures.

More Reflections (D)

Personally, between you and me, I think it would be amazing if we were able to retrace our lives as I think we thought we had led them: the dreams we like



to think we had experienced.

I've never felt so far gone. I've never felt this much abused. I walk down the road.

I can feel a presence. It's been said I am an ancient soul, an old spirit.

There's a presence.

My inner flame, my inner light; I feel the torch burning stronger and stronger.

I remember when Mum beat Dad and Dad beat Step-Mum and Step-Dad beat me up. And the ice cream, the treats, the arguments between the grown-ups and the presents offered for favours in return.

My flame, where is it? Is this it? Give it back to me!



More Reflections (E)

I watched the orphan of an asbestos' victim in church; she was lighting a candle in memory of her father. Make-up covering her aged face, she wore glamorous clothes, yesterday's fashion.

I've seen Dutch and German lorries sprawling along the Gotthard, blighting the Swiss Alps: they want to even the score. How much richer do you want to be? Take me back to reality.

I've seen the Gendarmerie storm the masses and I've seen wealthy people travel far to watch poor people die. I've watched angry children in my own backyard, going ape-shit, asking for what they are owed.

Take me back to reality; I need to say good-bye.

I watch teachers and taxi drivers lecturing other people while the heroes of the fight come back in little pieces. This isn't pre-WW I, this is the 21st Century.

Take me back to reality; this ain't civilization. *Flame on!*

The Glowing Light

I found myself in my rocking chair (on my desk a nearly empty bottle of Drambuie , next to it an ashtray overflowing



with fag ends) when I noticed the dawn creeping over the hills. From outside I could hear a lark and from inside I could feel an energy, the energy I hadn't felt in years.

Surprised? You bet I was. To think that all this time the light had been inside me and not outside. It's always been there. Now I realize I could have stayed with her but she would have killed off the light.

So unfair that I let it happen to me. She was only a child.

And now I see that it's all down to me. I am the bearer of my flame, the light eternal. And I will carry the torch forever.

The light lived on in the deepest recesses of my heart, somewhere no-one could get to. Now it's risen out of its own ashes. You think you can change the world? You think the world needs another single malt drinking rebel? Yeah, bring'em on. I've found the light.

The light I once cherished, the light that was strong before they broke my heart, a heart that's survived intact, for hearts can never be broken. Heart, lead me on; light, guide my way. Flame on!

Keep The Red Flag Flying

Well, I hopped onto my motorbike in Spring 2005 with a flaming heart and a poet's lance. I left the icy pangs of love and the barbed gestures of compassion behind me.

I smelt political conspiracies and media lies. I detected nepotism and favouritism everywhere I looked. I found decadence everywhere I chose to seek it out. Someone has to get rid of these plagues now.

I see the people losing out, I see renewed exploitation of the vulnerable. Someone has to cure these diseases.

I will wear the Red Star, I will keep the Red Flag flying and I swear to serve none but all - with the guidance of my flame.

Let them wear bling and baseball caps, let them wear casual but smart clothes; let them dress up in black. Let them tattoo themselves to kingdom come, let them pierce their bodies.

We don't need a uniform; we have nothing to hide. Together we stand and together we will rise.

We will wear the Red Star, we serve none but all and we will keep the Red Flag flying. Keep the Red Flag flying - with these, our lights, that inner glow.

The End



Get It Loud In Library Plays Bach

Stewart Parsons - head music librarian of Lancaster Library - in conjunction with God - head of the cosmos, the universe & everything - has done it again! Last Thursday, 25th October, the increasingly popular universal musical genius Johann Sebastian Bach performed on a packed out Earth for a one-off gig organised by Stewart Parsons with God, his deputy Lucifer and their acolytes Michael and Gabriel.

The doors of Lancaster Library opened to Mankind, Angels, the Space People and other alien beings at 7pm and the gig kicked off 40 minutes later with first support act Ludwig van Beethoven, the sort of composer

your parents would approve of. Dressed early 19th Century Viennese style with long shabby hair, Ludwig sat down in front of the first grand piano ever built and performed his wildly popular piano sonata *Pathétique* (Piano Sonata No 8 in C minor) - occasionally teasing the audience with suggestive hints of his 9th Symphony. Despite demands for *Für Elise*, Mijnherr van Beethoven's second piece was *The Moonlight Sonata* (Piano Sonata in C sharp minor) and several members of the audience swooned while they recalled the moonlight dancing on Lake Lucerne, fireworks exploding above the Danube in Vienna and

comets crashing into Venus' frozen oceans - much to Lucifer's elation.

Both pieces took up the time van Beethoven was allocated but his keyboard techniques demonstrated his mastery of the piano and his music flowed in waves, like a fountain with its rhythmic sobs and sighs.

After a twenty minute break, the second support act, none other than Wolfgang Theophilus 'Amadeus' Mozart, dressed immaculately in red with a well powdered white wig and well polished black buckle shoes, took to the floor with his backing group, the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. 'Wolfie' performed his magnificent - timeless, faultless - 20th piano concerto in D minor and ignored all calls for *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*. His father, Leopold Mozart, was heard to mutter 'Splendid, splendid... truly incomparable' and the wife, Constanze Mozart, wept with pride and joy.

After soaking up the audience's applause, Mozart proceeded to conduct his majestic 41st Symphony (the so-called Jupiter Symphony - named after our Lord Zeus) to the sheer and utter delight of everyone present. The beauty of the various melodic lines of the symphony transcended all mental boundaries

between the various species present. A wonderfully exhilarating rush surged through the crowd and rumour has it that young female members of all races fainted, as if they had been thoroughly ploughed to produce fruit.

In short, Mozart truly captivated the audience. His performance was a pan-galactic experience.

Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart left the stage with massively loud accolades ringing in his ears. And unlike Beethoven, he heard them.

After nearly an hour's break, to the opening bars of the Aria to *Goldberg Variations*, the main act, Johann Sebastian Bach, finally walked on to the stage. Smiling benevolently in a regal grey wig and humble blue overcoat, Bach proceeded to conduct the Viennese Philharmonica and, appropriately, together they performed all six of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, the most divine of all music (as the Head Councillor of The Union Of Alpha Centauri remarked when he first encountered human culture).

The crowd listened in silent astonishment as bursts of heavenly sound moved in and out of each other, surges of beautiful music strode, strolled and straggled side by side and melodies, harmonies, chords and counter

points merged, submerged and re-emerged for the magnificence of all, the wonder of one, the love of life.

In the background, on a large white canvas stretching the full width of the chamber, was a divine concert of light - created by candles, shades, mirrors and smoke... smoky smoke... smoking smoke - reflecting the music in perfect synchronicity. The melodies, contrapuntal arrangements and orchestration composed, decomposed and recomposed, as the shadows and light swam together, flowed together and embraced each other, the audience and the performers (but not the conductor, JS Bach - a gog among the gods & supreme beings present - who conducted the orchestra gently but forcefully, the audience thoughtfully but instinctively and himself with imperceptible moderation). Streaming like galaxies into each other, water oozing along well-weathered rocks, the concertos effortlessly grew as delicate bundles of flowers made out of melodious titanium: Intertwining... flowing with each other, through each other, among each other and against each other.

Some moments were wisps of

sparkle frozen in time - flashes of spontaneous hot sombre ice - and some passages were bouts of energy drifting like mercury in water - freezing speeding lava flowing regally.

And finally the music stopped and time went out for a cigarette. After aeons of the crowd shouting 'Da Capo' and 'Encore', Johann Sebastian Bach re-emerged from the shadows to perform his grandiose 1st Piano Concerto, the sound of redemption over all moral scruples, and some extracts of the *Goldberg Variations*, the acceptable face of the devil's music, the place of rendezvous for beauty and the beast, Uncle Sam and Cousin Marianne.

When he finally finished, for fatigue forced him to give in, Mozart & Beethoven, the Archangels Michael & Gabriel, God & Lucifer rushed to Bach's side and worshipped him, while pretty boys and handsome girls strew flowers beneath him on the ground as he started to levitate.

The crowd collapsed in an orgasmic heap of purple exhaustion. All in all, it was another pleasant evening at the Cosmos' most funky music venue, Lancaster Library. *Well done Stewart Parsons (with a little help from God)!*



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