



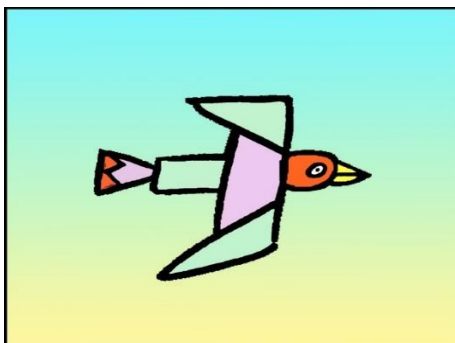
"Legs" Larry Smith's

'Jollity Farm'

(And the Misery Farm Riot)

THE DOWNLOAD VERSION

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‘JOLLITY FARM’

Written By
"Legs" Larry Smith

Cast of Characters

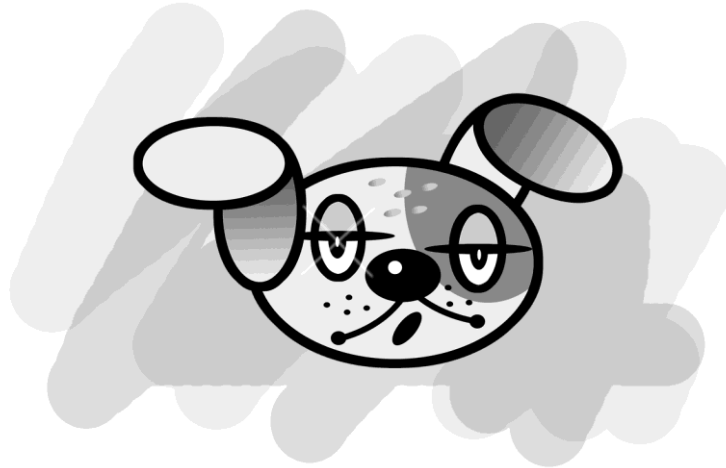
Bonzo the Dog . . . Hero
Daphne the Dachshund . . . Bonzo's Girlfriend
Mrs. Mabel Jolly . . . Jollity Farm
Mr. Jack Jolly . . . Jollity Farm
Mrs. Brooks . . . Librarian
Betty Batchelor . . . Mrs Brook's Girlfriend
Charlie . . . the Crane Driver
Wendy Windypop . . . Charlie's Friend
Piggy . . . the Village Pig
Max the Mouse . . . an ear experiment
Maxine . . . Max's Girlfriend
Owlbert . . . a wise old Owl
Malcolm Misery . . . the manager of 'Misery Farm'
Maud Misery . . . the manager's wife
Bert Rag . . . Window cleaner
Babs Witherspoon . . . KTV News reporter
Lord and Lady Table . . . members of the Aristocracy
The PERMINATOR® . . . Roger's hateful machine

The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band
The Villagers of Keynsham

PROLOGUE

There once was a dog called **Bonzo** – and a band of some *distinction*, known as the **Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band**. And one fair day, they met. It was a meeting that would (*eventually*) set the world alight – along with some red velvet curtains. This, Dear Reader, is how it happened:

Bonzo the Dog had always wanted to see London, and so he saved up and bought a railway ticket. A day-return from Keynsham (the country village where he lived), to Paddington station. He jumped on the train and off he went.



Bonzo had been tramping about London all day long, (he'd seen Buckingham Palace, tried to find a portrait of his father, *George**, at the National gallery and sent two postcards home), and now he was tired, hungry, and thirsty. Bonzo enjoyed the occasional glass of beer and so he popped into a pub. A real live London pub. It was all very exciting for Bonzo. He padded up to the bar and ordered a pint and a cheese sandwich. Golly gumdrops, thought Bonzo, this is the life.

**George Study – the artist who first created Bonzo the Dog – Ed.*

Like most London pubs, this one was large; it even had a *stage* – with red velvet curtains hanging (somewhat limply) at either side. Gas lamps hung from a dark nicotine ceiling, and Bonzo *swore* there was a sprinkling of sawdust across the floor. The place was raw, basic, with the kind of '*indifference*' that pubs in London seemed to share. Nevertheless, Bonzo was made welcome.

Some young musicians were rehearsing. Some were standing, a couple were sitting, one was sitting at a piano, and one was lying on the floor (sleeping). Or so it appeared. They had dozens of instruments and some weird ones that Bonzo had never seen. Most had met at various London *art-schools* and were a rare sight to be seen.

The young man playing the piano stopped tinkering with a couple of easy melodies and said: *"Right – let's give it a run through, and somebody wake Viv' – he's supposed to be singing on this one . . ."*

Bonzo had scoffed his sandwich and had wandered up to the stage. As close as he dare. For he was enthralled. A couple of the guys had said 'Hello' – which made Bonzo happy. Bonzo crept closer and closer to the edge of the stage and the big red-haired sleeping man. Their faces were almost touching. He could feel the man's shallow breath. Someone prodded the sleeping giant and an eye slowly opened. It blinked. Bonzo took a breath. His heart raced. The other eye opened, and the man's pale and freckled face widened into a huge smile . . .

"Hello, young pup – and who might you be?"

The man, when fully tall, poised and standing, grabbed the microphone and sang. His voice was clear, sharp, and vastly *penetrating* the one minute – then dark, dense, soft, and mysterious the next. The room was hooked. Bonzo was hooked. *Mesmerized*. He wanted more.

**FOR LEISURE IS PLEASURE
AND NORMAL IS NICE**

The song ended and a couple of regulars clapped their hands. It was only a rehearsal, but the regulars seemed to appreciate what was going on – (*whatever that might be*). One of the guys bought Bonzo another beer and invited him to hang-out onstage. They talked and talked, endlessly. Bonzo spoke well of his adventures at home in his village, his slightly mad circle of friends – and of the odd folks that lived there. The guys in the band laughed and laughed, for the adventures were naughty, anarchic and really quite bizarre:

Like the time Bonzo . . .

Neil, the pianist, suggested that they try rehearsing another song. One or two of them moaned faintly but grabbed their instruments and started to play.

'When the Shot and Shell were Flying' – an old patriotic song from the First World War, was paraded before their new chum. An honour. The song required their drummer (*an extremely beautiful boy with long flowing hair*) to slowly walk across stage dressed as a **ghost**. He was wearing a wig, a long white nightgown and carried a lighted candle. Bonzo had to laugh. He had to laugh out loud. The song was oddly *funny*, yet also sad – poignant. *'What an extremely odd bunch of coconuts'* – thought, Bonzo.

As the song ended, and the drummer replaced the candle, he carelessly tripped over Mr Slater's pint of bitter and fell to earth with a splendid **'slapstick'** fall. He crashed to the stage-floor. Mr Slater (Maestro of the saxophone) was alarmed to say the least. For the naked flame caught the edge of the red velvet curtain and the whole thing **whooshed** into an instant ball of *fire*.

Bonzo, being **Bonzo** – raced over (in 0.05. seconds), cocked his hind leg, and with the force of Muriel Davenport's new **Pifco™** hairdryer – fair **doused** the flames.

Everyone applauded.

"What's the name of your band?" asked Bonzo.

"Er, we don't really have one, as yet –" said Neil.

"Oh," said Bonzo.

An old Victorian clock tick-tocked loudly upon the wall, melting the hours, away. It was time for Bonzo to catch his train. Darn it. He scribbled his address and gave it to the tall man that sang.

"Do keep in touch," said Bonzo, "I've had **such** a jolly time . . ."
and leapt out of the door.

Vivian read the note.

"What a splendid fellow. However, I can't quite read the *name* of his village –"

Neil grabbed the note.

"Ken – Kennysham? Keeyn . . .?"

Then and *only* then – the entire pub stood to its feet, and as one – **shouted . . .**

'Keynsham. Spelt – K-E-Y-N-S-H-A-M – Keynsham . . .'



Rodney, "Legs" Larry, Neil, Vivian, and Roger

INTRODUCTION

In the mid-sixties, when The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band originally recorded Leslie Sarony's masterpiece: '*Jollity Farm*' for their legendary first album: '**GORILLA**' – life seemed sweeter, gentler, and certainly more '*au naturel*'. Everything 'down on the farm' appeared to be laid back, low-key, organic, and deliciously free range . . . *heavenly*.



"Legs" Larry and Vivian Stanshall – Art: artist unknown (American).

One could almost be forgiven for thinking that the dear little pigs, the ducks, the tiny lambs, the Milky-Bar Moo-Cows, and the brown chuckling hens (*contained within the song's lyrics*) following a fair old stint of gobbling up the lush green (*pesticide free*) pastures, would willingly troop off to meet the slaughterman or the butcher's knife – wearing nothing but a satisfied **smile** upon their upturned faces . . .

However, with that assumption as mad and as endearing as it is, gently laid to rest, we must face the facts as they are today. For the horrors of factory farming, intensive farming, pesticides, steroids, pollution, over-fishing, spoonsful of toxic junk and chemicals, in practically everything we eat; laboratory experiments, genetic engineering, and good old mindless *corporate* greed, have finally arrived amongst us and seem here to stay.

Against this grim backdrop and with these things in mind, we proudly present: '*Jollity Farm*' – still hopefully blessed with 'all the fun of the farm'. We have dared to offend the purists and '*The Management*' and reworked the original song – jumping into the political arena – shouting and waving the flag of common sense and compassion.

Surely, it's the dung thing to do?

Therefore, the new arrangement of: '**JOLLITY FARM – (The Laboratory Mix)**'[®] is our noble inspiration and the musical setting for our story. **George Harrison** (a dear friend and a huge fan of the Bonzos), is already playing: '*blistering ukulele*' on the

new version of the song. The track was produced by the legendary **Gus Dudgeon**, and we have a fabulous lead vocal from **Roy Apps** (Heron) with "**Legs**" Larry Smith singing a little 'opera' as Max the Mouse.

NOTE: THE NEW RECORDING IS PREMIERED ON "LEGS" LARRY'S SOLO ALBUM: 'MR WONDERFUL'.



'Mr Wonderful'

"Legs" Larry Smith

(Right Recordings/ RIGHT 419)

THE SETTING

Nestling snugly in the English countryside were two farms: complete opposites in every way. The dark, monstrous, rain soaked: **'Misery Farm'** (that dealt in greed, theft, animal suffering along with massive chemical and environmental pollution) – and dear old: **'Jollity Farm'** – (an organic, acoustic delight. Where the sun always shone above a pinky-blue sky, and the birds sang sweet melodies, all day long).



'Jollity Farm' was a place where all the animals roamed free (*were excellent musicians*) and music, merriment and a caring lifestyle was shared by all. The setting is, we feel – an excellent landscape in which to weave a jolly adventure or two.

Following the release of the movie, a television series?

But it's not all Kid's stuff. Dropping in to lend a hand, perform the odd rescue and wag a tale or two will be **Bonzo the Dog**, a madly cool pooch if ever there was one; the lovely, yet faintly disturbing, **Daphne** (*Bonzo's German Dachshund of a girlfriend*) and members of the legendary **Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band**.

THE STORY

Quite simply, the story is Boy-dog meets Girl-dog. Boy-dog loses Girl-dog (*Daphne is kidnapped and whisked off to 'Misery Farm'*) and Bonzo attempts a daring rescue (*with a little help from his friends*).

Naturally, *'sub-plots'** abound, and we will also attempt to shed some light upon the dark corporate world of factory farming and genetic engineering.

**Not entirely sure what they are, but we'll try and find some for you – Dear Reader . . .*

Larcyboy presents

'JOLLITY FARM'

"Legs" Larry Smith ©

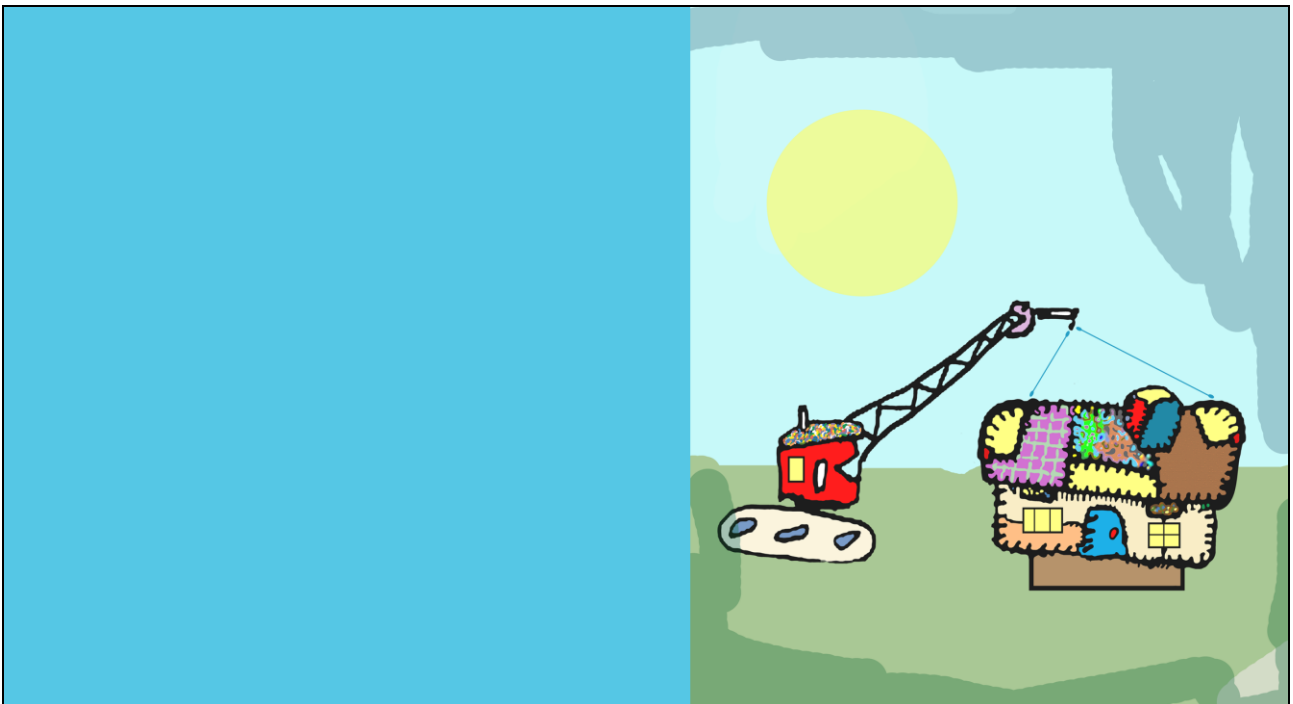
NEVER KNOWINGLY UNDERSTOOD®

'JOLLITY FARM'

Once upon a time, nestling deep in the English countryside was a dear little village called **Keynsham** – (Spelt K-E-Y-N-S-H-A-M). And just outside the village, was a dinky little farm called: '**Jollity Farm**'. The sun always shone above a **PINKY** blue sky, with the occasional fluffy cloud drifting by to say, 'Howdy'. The animals and the grass and the flowers and the trees (and the birds and the bees) were all as one. At home and at peace, with Mother Nature.

During wintertime, when the sun had gone on holiday (ATOL protected), Charlie Windypop, the local Crane driver, helped everyone stay **WARM** and cosy inside their dinky little houses, by delivering and then installing Mrs. Davenport's: 'Thermal Cottage Tea-cosies' . . .

The Cottage 'Cosies' were quilted, soft and pretty. They were multi-coloured and came in three sizes – small, medium and 'don't bother'.



MRS DAVENPORT'S THERMAL COTTAGE COSIES

All were cheerfully fitted with standard or **De-Luxe** trim. All the villagers ordered them, and all the villagers loved them. They were generally incredibly **HAPPY** with their purchases, for they were **village** folk and not yet responsive or beholdng to senseless corporate '*bother*'. Mrs Davenport kept it local. Proper. In the spring, Charlie **the** Crane driver drove by, and took the 'cosies' away again. Simple.



"Jolly Farm"
(the egg mix)

Mrs Jolly collecting eggs

Smith ©

'**Jollity Farm**' however, although quaint and crumbly (like one of Madge Wilson's Rhubarb Crumbles), was fitted with solar panels – (or so they thought), so it was always wonderfully **WARM** and toasty. The kettle was always simmering on the stove, and piping hot pies of every shape and size, were always **poppping** out of the oven. Especially so at Christmastime. Mr. Jack Jolly and his wife Mabel, who lived at '**Jollity Farm**', were great **SUPPORTERS** of a natural, healthy, organic and an environmentally friendly way of life.

So much so that Mrs. Jolly (somewhat bizarrely), kept her Solar Panels stacked up in the kitchen – next to the Aga. She said that she: '**Liked to keep an eye on them and make sure that they didn't get into any 'mischief' or become: 'lonelified'**'.

Nevertheless, the village of Keynsham was a fairly odd place. Farmers diddled with their cows (on a daily basis), whilst pretty young farmer girls trained their sheep to jump, *backwards*.

NOTE: The villagers, whilst tucked up in bed, still counted sheep jumping 'forward', when sleep was required. But at daybreak – images of them jumping 'backwards' seemed to induce the gentle (and largely pleasant) process of waking.

People wrote poetry (and then regretted it). Nearly everyone stared at the **moon**. It generally happened in the month of **June**, but only because it scanned easily and rhymed with **moon**.

Once a year, the villagers elders would gather beneath the '**Cyclop Tree**' – and pray for a good harvest and that skirts might get shorter, still. Naughty old men.

'MISERY FARM'

However, Dear Reader – it wasn't all fun, fun, **FUN**, and frivolity in the village of Keynsham – a horrid, dark, smelly place had appeared on the horizon of life, and the good, honest, simple folk of **Keynsham** were downright worried.

For '**Misery Farm**' was a mysterious, scary place that had somehow arrived in the community some months ago. Without warning. Without an invitation. Even though no one from the village had ever seen **inside** the place – it was somewhere that was most definitely: '*best to be avoided*'. Everyone said so. Even **BONZO** the Dog – and nothing much ever seemed to frighten, Bonzo.

'Misery Farm' lay to the far side of 'Wendy Woods' – (where the air was thick with nature and vitamins – and low-fat yogurt could still be found at reasonable prices). It was about half a mile east of Crimson Lake, where artists went to paint nude people.



'MISERY FARM' – (Exterior)

To the casual eye, the place looked a mess, an uninhabited collection of run-down farm buildings in desperate need of repair. But that was just a sneaky camouflage. For inside, it was all very Hi-tech and very modern. Brightly full of **CONTROL ROOMS** and **COMPUTERS** and **LABORATORIES** and lots of **LED** switches, and men in white Lab coats and clip-boards, thinking of insane experiments AND things to do with themselves.

Viz: If eight pigs in a pen can produce 69.09. kilos of bacon in five weeks, imagine what 98 will do. And if we can encourage them to start 'smoking' – we can have 'smoked' bacon at no extra cost – apart from an occasional packet of fags and a box or two of Swan Vestas. "But sir, we'll need ash-trays for them, won't we?" Good point, Johnson. (Thinking) I'm sure we can absorb the cost of the ash-trays. What was your name, again?

At the entrance to 'Misery Farm' was a large, polluted pond – which the locals had wisely named: 'Stinky Pond'. Full of garbage: supermarket trolleys, old TVs, a Golden harp (minus strings), the bodies of dead animals and dead fish; five back-issues of 'Golfing Monthly' and a paperback by Barbara Cartland. All this stuff floated forlornly about, amongst the dark green slime. *El 'gloop'.*

Note: It was rumoured that Robin Hood (Robin Loxley of Sherwood Forest), had lost a pair of his green tights somewhere on the site, though, according to Parish records, he never came back to look for them. Which made one think, whatever. Silly rumours, false nudes and misinformation were something that everyone had gotten used to, of late. It served as a WARNING and added up to 429.

'Stinky Pond' bubbled with deadly, noxious chemicals that rose like mist, hovering above the vile 'gloop' – and forming the shapes of deathly: 'Skulls and Crossbones'.

'**Stinky Pond**' had an awful smell that made you dizzy and made your body shake, rattle, and roll – if ever you got too close.

*It was Misery Farm's way of saying: **'KEEP OUT'***

Once in the morning and again at night, a horrible wailing *siren* would start up. It frightened the wildlife, the cows, and the sheep for miles around. It was enough to wake the dead.

It was a creepy, disturbing noise, of some decibels. It would sound for **ABOUT** four and a half minutes (with timing too unreliable to even boil an *egg*, which was irritating), and **then** gradually, stop. Then once more, the countryside would embrace a peaceful, tranquillity. Folks could sleep – (if they wanted to). Or **enjoy** a copy of the 'Radio Times'.

Note: Everybody was so healthy in the village of Keynsham. They seemed to go on living forever. In fact, the committee were thinking of shooting someone so that they might start a graveyard . . .

ROBIN HOOD

*"Well met young fellow -
I left a pair of tights there
some time past - but the
village tis' so strange,
I shall not return..."*

"Aye -"



Every single day, a huge lorry drove through the peaceful village of **Keynsham** (*spelt K-E-Y-N-S-H-A-M*), down through 'Wendy Woods' and out through the other side. It dropped off loads of stuff at '**Misery Farm**' – live animals, dead animals, boxes of **CHEMICALS** and bits of metal machinery. Every other day, nasty men with bluish heads, long **WHITE COATS** and clip-boards clambered out. Nobody knew what these '*clip-board-clots*' actually did – but everyone guessed that something awfully wicked was going on inside the place.

Everyone just – 'felt it' . . .

'WHAT TO DO ABOUT 'MISERY FARM'?

So, they put it to the Village Committee. But the Committee said that they needed more time to sort things out and **deliberate** on matters at hand. They wanted a full report for one thing (with photographs, charts, maps and if anyone had one – a decent recipe for stewed plums). Someone said that they should order the new Green Shield Catalogue – and what with Gordon's '**GOLF TOURNAMENT**' coming up next month – well, they thought that they ought to 'tread with caution'. Clearly, they needed to commission a **FULL** and more detailed report when the weather improved, and Gordon had found his golf clubs.

Councillor Mrs. Brooks the Librarian (who had recently announced that she thought she might be 'gay'), stood and said: "We should send the local policeman over to '**Misery Farm**'. Send him on his bicycle – to investigate, take some photographs and gather such evidence that deemed necessary."

She said, "*That was his job . . .*"

However, when PC Whurld® was approached, he bluntly said: "No thank you, I respectfully decline. My bicycle wouldn't make it through that horrible swamp, and I think I'm coming down with a cold."

QUESTION # 1 – What kind of medication was the Constable using?

No matter how they worded **it** or phrased it or talked about it – it was painfully obvious that nobody wanted to go anywhere near '**Misery Farm**' – or have anything to do with the place. The committee was stumped. The villagers were stumped. And the last time Ron Lodge (Keynsham's all-rounder) played a game of cricket – he was stumped.

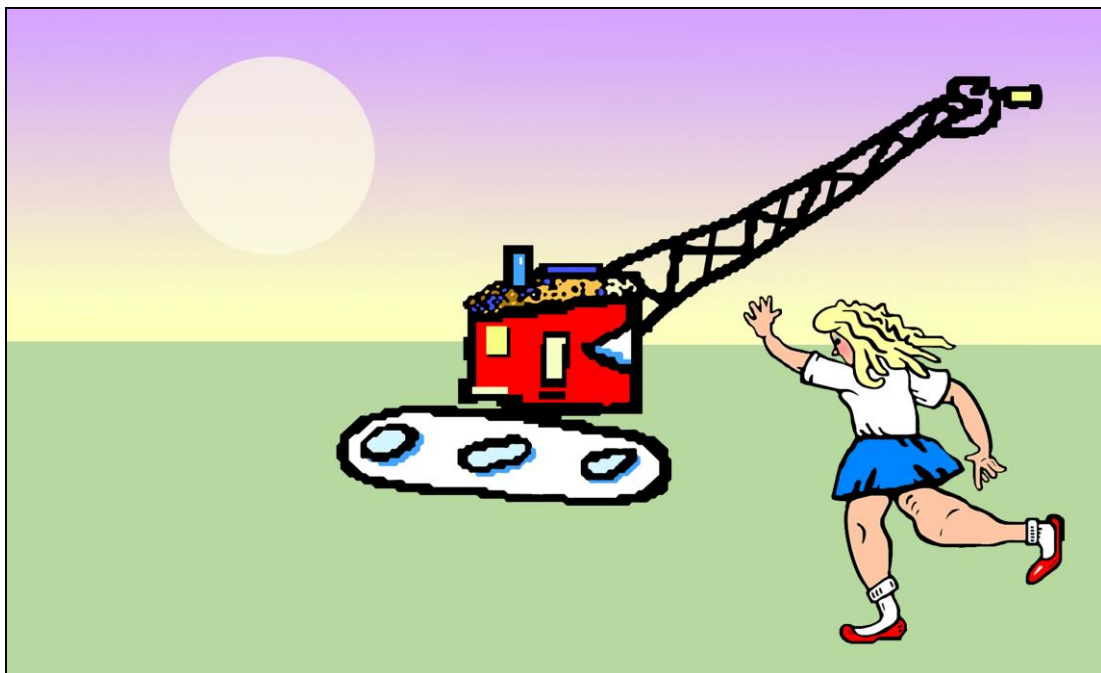
'PIGGY GETS STUCK'.

Then one day (after a silly argument with Lord and Lady Table over 'portion control' at their residence: 'Chez Monyou'), **PIGGY**, the village pig ran away and headed off towards 'Wendy Woods'. Which as we all know, lies just north of the forest. It was a very **SILLY** thing to do, but Piggy felt sad, hopeless, **and** rejected. He thought it was a good idea to simply vanish, for a while. Everyone looked for him for hours and hours, but they couldn't **find** him – 'Piggy, Piggy – where are you?'



Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

Alas, Piggy had fallen into '**Stinky Pond**' and was well and truly, stuck. He squealed and snorted, and started to cry, but his poor little trotters were trapped – held fast by the slimy gloop. And, to add spice to an already spicy vindaloo – Piggy had started to slowly, sink!

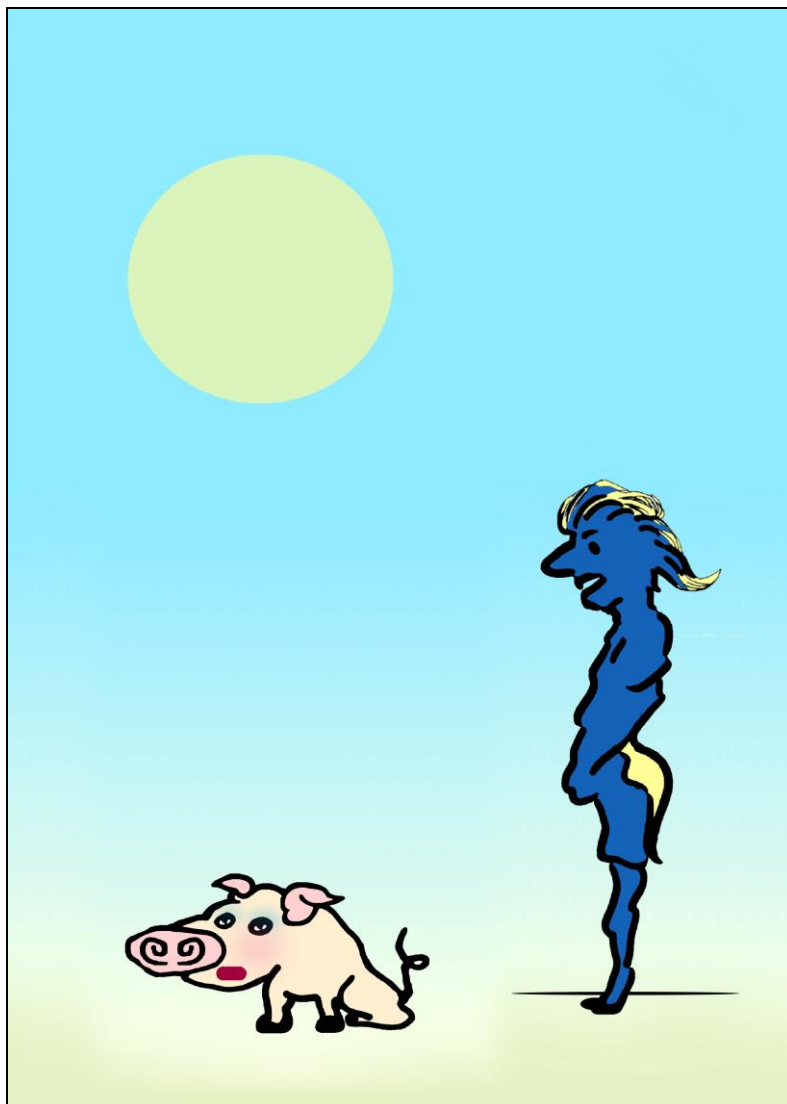


WENDY RAN TO CHARLIE – "QUICK, PIGGY IS STUCK IN 'STINKY POND'" Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

It was **Wendy** Windypop who eventually found Piggy, and had the good sense to go and ask her friend, Charlie the Crane Driver for help. Charlie, who **HAPPENED** to be sitting in the cab of his bright red tractor, reading a book on the '*Relevance of Colour co-ordination and Theory in Heavy Plant Vehicles*' – grabbed some rope and an old harness, rushed to 'Wendy Woods' and pulled Piggy out.

When they arrived back at the village, Piggy saw **Mrs. Brooks** the Librarian. She was standing on the steps of the library. Mrs. Brooks looked angry. She was stamping her **foot** and pointing in **the** westerly direction of Piggy. For some reason she seemed extremely annoyed with poor Piggy. She spoke:

*"When are you going to return my Library book on:
'LESBIANISM AND RELATED SOCIO-PSYCHOTIC INTER-FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS,
IN DOWNTOWN SAMOA'?"*



Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

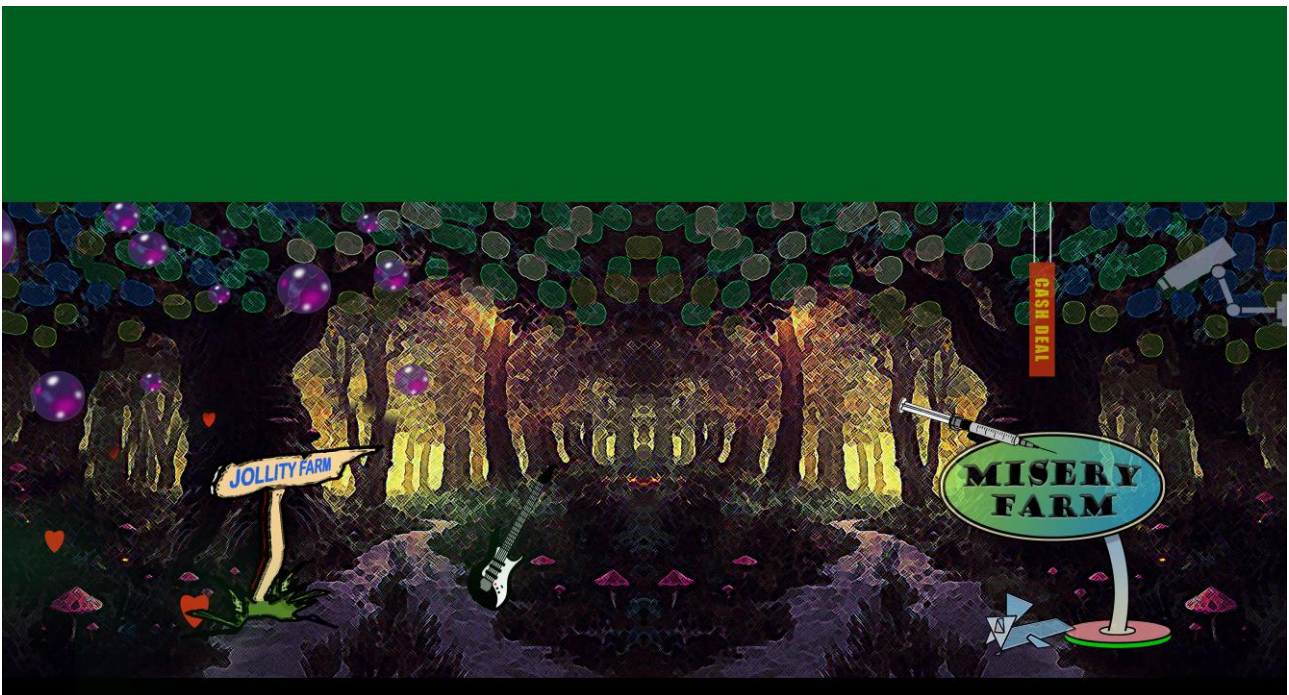
"You're a very naughty boy – " said Mrs Brooks the Librarian.

Piggy could only grunt a look of acute embarrassment. He smiled and wiggled his wiggly tail as a gesture to say, 'Hello it's me . . .' for he was extremely puzzled by the woman's **(FRANKLY)** unkind remarks (considering Piggy's current situation and appearance). All he really wanted to do was go home, have a nice hot bath, and be rid of the stinky mud. Anyway – he wasn't even sure he had the silly book in the first place. Pigs apparently, don't read that much.

Although he recalled an article in **'PORK MONTHLY'** regarding 'library books' and the terrible trouble that **Joe Orton** the playwright found himself in, with his local Hampstead library. That had ended with poor Joe being jailed. Piggy enjoyed reading the occasional book, but – *hang on a minute . . .*

'TRUE LOVE: A PICNIC IN WENDY WOODS'.

Every day, Bonzo the Dog and his girlfriend, Daphne the Dachshund, went picnicking in **'Wendy Woods'**. Cutting through the woods was a long leafy road that led straight to a fork in the road. One road turned left to **'Jollity Farm'** and one road turned right and led towards: **'Misery Farm'**.



Art: © "Legs" Larry Smith

Lurking beside these two roads, was a huge mound of freshly ground 'Black nutmeg' from **Bavaria**. A great big pile of it. Nobody knew why it was there, or **who** had brought the stuff in the first place, but it was there and that was an end to it.

Note: *It made some people, sneeze. It was also said to be an aphrodisiac.*

However, more importantly, on either side of the nutmeg, were the two roads. An old sign, lovingly fashioned from wood, held the chiselled words: '**Jollity Farm**' – whereas the vulgar neon sign for '**Misery Farm**' was horribly modern and intrusive and sometimes '*glowed and flashed*' 24 hours a day, seven days **a** week.

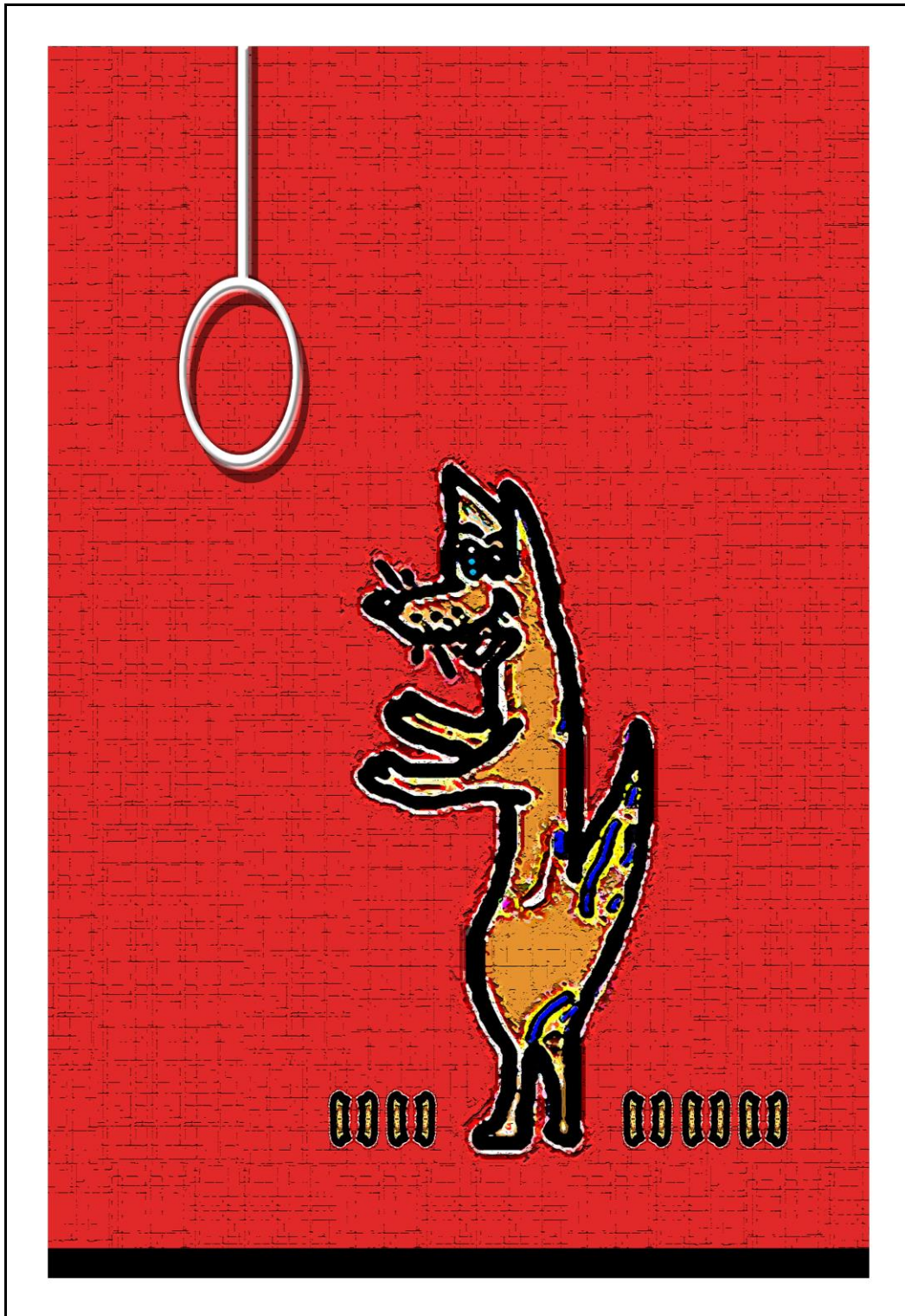


'Wendy Woods' – Where the air was thick with nature and vitamins . . .

Beneath the '**Jollity Farm**' sign lay an old cane basket filled with hard-boiled organic eggs, a Jug of **sweet** cider and a couple of rounds of homemade, freshly made cheese and pickle sandwiches on chunky-brown farmhouse bread. A handwritten note read:

'Food for the parched and weary traveller – please help yourself.'

The sign opposite held no such treats. For scattered all around were condoms, Pot-Noodle™ containers, cellophane packaging, some old socks, half-a-dozen tin-cans and a pile of damp (offensive) petrol calendars. Plus, hard evidence of last night's reasonably mild drug-taking. A dead **FOX** hung by its neck from a tree. Young Freddie Fox had been a friend to the villagers of Keynsham . . .



FREDDIE FOX – AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR TO KEYNSHAM

All this was:

TERRIBLY RICH IN SYMBOLISM

P.S. Which Road would you choose, Dear Reader?

Answers on a postcard, please and the Judge's decision is final.

'THE PICNIC IN WENDY WOODS'.

Every day at 1pm, just as Bonzo and Daphne began their picnic lunch, Charlie's bright red tractor chugged by. It was heading off to 'Jollity Farm' to collect a healthy load of organic vegetables to sell at Morchester market. Bonzo and Daphne waved and smiled. Charlie waved. And in the far-off land of **Babalu, Africa** – the sea waved.

Half an hour later, and bang on time, a huge noisy smoke-belching **TRUCK** roared past the picnickers – heading straight for 'Misery Farm'. Every day Bonzo leapt up from **his** lunch and chased after the truck. Barking and growling and showing his displeasure at its monstrous, intrusion.

The truck and its driver were bad news, for they nearly always ruined Bonzo and Daphne's lunch. It was difficult to enjoy a cheerful plate of crunchy-crispy dog biscuits, when tiny black particles of **TOXIC** grime continually landed upon the happy couple.

But this one day, the truck driver had a horrible surprise for the picnickers – as Bonzo began to bark, the truck driver suddenly screeched to a halt, jumped down from his cab and chased after the: '**Bloody little pooch**'.

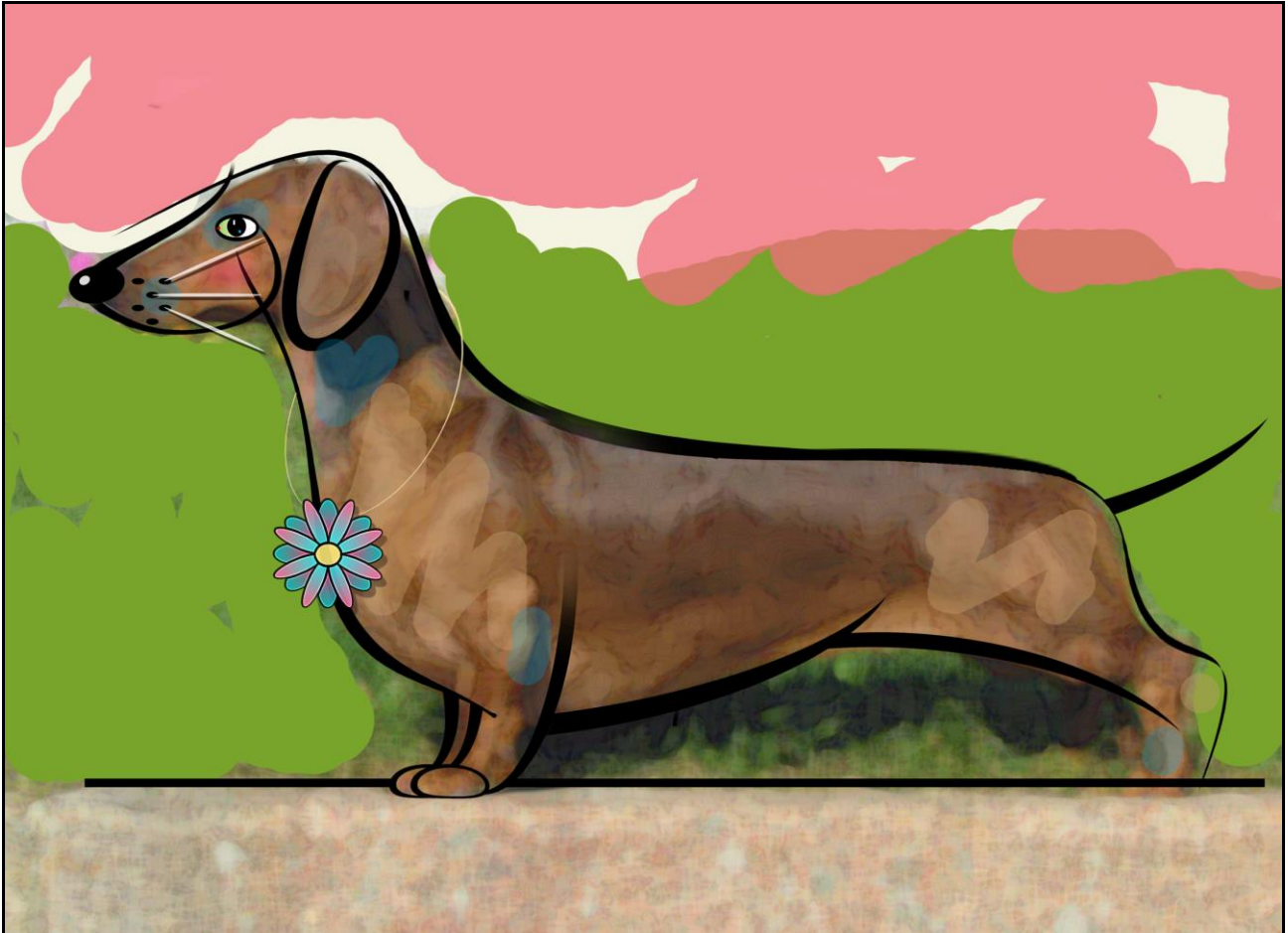
They chased **ROUND** and around, jumping up trees, leaping across ditches, crashing through the undergrowth, and ruining the **picnic** things. Poor Daphne was terribly frightened and tried to hide inside the picnic hamper. Bonzo was way too fast for the hateful man. He growled and barked a wild defiance.

The bloated red-faced **TRUCK DRIVER** stopped to catch his breath, tucked his belly back into his pants and muttered to himself: "**Well, if I can't have Bonzo, then I'll damn well have his girlfriend!**" He grabbed the terrified Daphne, wrapped her in a red checkered tablecloth and tossed her into his cab!

Silly thoughts raced through Daphne's smothered head, mostly formed in her native German tongue:

'Oh, verdammt – ich glaube, ich habe einen Milchreis im Ofengelassen . . .'

'Oh, darn it – I think I've left a rice pudding in the oven . . .'



Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

The truck roared off towards '**Misery Farm**', belching dark clouds of smoke and even more hateful **EXHAUST FUMES**. Poor Daphne was scared purple, and whimpering and wailing, and trying to peer out of the window (she had forgotten all about the rice pudding), for her **head** was still wrapped in the red chequered tablecloth and a dollop of Mabel Jolly's mayonnaise was now resting upon her nose. Bonzo went scampering after the truck. But it was no use.

Daphne the Dachshund had gone. Disappeared . . .

As the truck approached '**Misery Farm**' one couldn't help noticing that all the trees had turned from a bright and healthy summery *green* – to burnt black and **dead**. It was as if the **truck's** very presence, its passing, was making them **die**.

All this was:

TERRIBLY RICH IN SYMBOLISM

At '**Misery Farm**' – Jim Steinberger the truck driver, greeted Malcolm Misery (Manager), who quickly grabbed poor Daphne and rudely dumped her into a Laboratory cell – destined, no-doubt, for **horrible** experiments.

"Well done, Jim – that'll teach those dumb villagers not to mess with us . . ."

Bonzo gathered up the **PICNIC** things then raced home to '**Jollity Farm**'. He jumped up on the kitchen table, banged a couple of saucepan lids together (for effect), then told the family about Daphne's kidnapping. Everyone was horrified and word soon spread throughout the village. But really, folks were much too **scared** to do anything about it. '**Misery Farm**' had a bad reputation.

Later that night, **BONZO** summoned up all his courage, and sloped off through '**Wendy Woods**' (*where the air was thick with nature and vitamins – and low-fat yogurt could still be found at reasonable prices*) and arrived at '**Stinky Pond**'.

He could see the tips of '**Misery Farm**' and felt beyond all doubt, all reasoning that '**Misery Farm**' was where they'd taken his girl.

All was dark, all was still . . .



Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

TEXT TO ACCOMPANY A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION (NARRATION/ANIMATION)

Part-human creatures made from Terrys™ chocolate were a favourite of Maude Misery (Co-founder of 'Misery Farm'). Her husband suggested marketing them, but before she could box them up with ribbon and a pretty label, she had invariably eaten them all.

Donkeys too, came under the knife at the 'Misery Farm' laboratories. Their voice-boxes were removed and fitted with micro-chip stereo announcements. So, instead of the 'all-time', always-friendly greeting of 'HEEE-HAW' – they were now programmed to read and then announce the Shipping Forecast. Many Merchant ships were unable to respond to these frankly bizarre 'HEEE-HAW accented' messages and floundered upon the rugged rocks of Cornwall.

Stray cats were homologised in pairs of six and turned into dog-biscuits. Goldfish were taken from the rivers and the scientists (the men with blue heads and white lab-coats) were told to 'Do something interesting' with them.

NOTE: *To find out what they actually came up with, write to Nurse Williams 'BEECHCROFT' 49, Letsby Avenue, Safron-Waldren, Hampshire RW6 J99 (Enclosing a stamped envelope and a photograph of one of your neighbours, preferably nude).*

Now, back to the *story* . . . Placed neatly at the edge of this deep toxic pond, Bonzo **was** mystified to find two pairs of sandals, a wristwatch, a telephone directory, and a length of frayed rope. Nevertheless, he took a deep breath, and then slowly waded across the pond towards the entrance to '**Misery Farm**'.

As he stared into the murky waters, hundreds of eyes, filled with *Optrex™* and sadness, seemed to be staring back at him. Pleading for **help**.



Art: © "Legs" Larry Smith

When Bonzo reached dry land, he **STOPPED** to catch his breath. He had to, for he was covered in **horrible** slimy gloop – it clung to him like a Frank Ifield track. His heart was racing, he felt dizzy, and his eyes were watering.

He got an idea and flipped on his *Sony Walkman** – up came: '**Jazz, Delicious Hot – Disgusting Cold**' by the Bonzos and he was blissfully happy again. Still covered in gloop, but happy.

**Still good value at only £99.99.*

Then he heard another sound. Somebody was whistling. Whistling a cheerful, happy song – in '**Misery Farm**'? This was strange. Then a voice that Bonzo seemed to recognize, shouted 'Hello'. It was **Bert Rag**, the window cleaner **from** the village.

BERT RAG

Hullo, Bonzo. What are you doin' here, then?

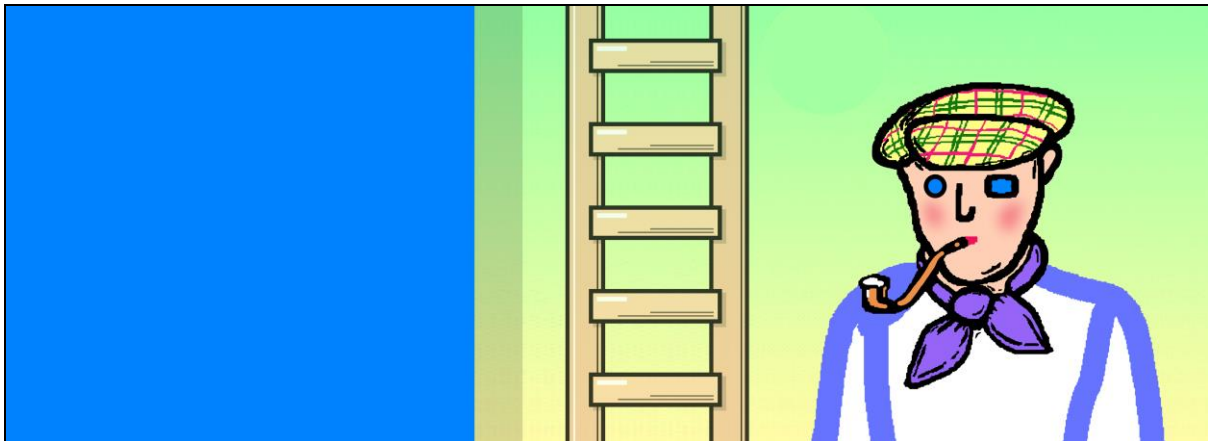
BONZO THE DOG

Bert – what are **you** doing here?

BERT RAG

I'm cleaning windows. It's my bloomin' job, innit!

Bonzo was horrified that poor old Bert didn't seem to realise where he was. Surely, he'd heard the rumours about, 'Misery Farm'.



Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

BONZO THE DOG

But, Bert –

BERT RAG

Bert Rag – window Cleaner, that's me.

What's the problem, then?

What's wrong with that?

BONZO THE DOG

But Bert – this is the dreaded MISERY FARM –

You're cleaning windows at Misery Farm!

Bert Rag started to **WOBBLE**, and his **LADDER** started to shake.

BERT RAG

What!? Oh, my giddy Aunt.

I've gawn all giddy!

Someone please fetch me a nice cup of tea,
and a ginger biscuit.

Bonzo raced over to Bert and helped to steady the ladder.

BONZO THE DOG

Bert, Bert – calm down. You'll fall off your ladder.

BERT RAG

Misery Farm? Blimey, I never knew that.

I thought this was old man 'Manners Farm' –

I was beginning to wonder why I ain't been paid no money,
for months. Misery Farm? Well, I never . . .

Bert regained control of himself and slowly climbed down his ladder – still clutching a bucket of soapy water and his famous bit of *quality* rag. He dragged his ladder and bucket over to his rusty old bicycle, tied them on with some rope, mopped his furrowed brow with a hanky, popped his sandals back on, his twin bicycle-clips and made to leave.

BERT RAG

Well young Bonzo, I'll be a going, then.
Not that I wants to hang around here,
you understand. (Muttering under his breath)
I thought them windows were funny,
bit big for their size . . .

Bonzo waved goodbye to Bert and walked over to an old wooden door, which turned out to be made of metal extraction and decided to simply **'PRESS A LARGE RED BUTTON'**, which was flashing at him, invitingly. The door swung open and Bonzo found himself inside the deadly serious, mightily mysterious: **'Misery Farm'**.



THE LADYBIRD MUSIC-BOX®

All was still and quiet, apart **FROM** a soft bass (10.09.db) humming noise. The place was also quite dark, apart from a low burning Halcyon strip light, which crawled across the tall ceiling with a 'catch me if you can' attitude. Bonzo was padding along a long straight corridor when he bumped into **'Max the Mouse'**, taking his usual **midnight** stroll. Max was an imprisoned: 'Mouse experiment' (with certain privileges), upon which scientists had decided to graft a large **HUMAN EAR** onto his back (for no particular reason, it seemed). He smiled, then offered his tiny hand to Bonzo, they shook hands.

"I don't wish to be rude, offensive, uncaring, ungrateful, miserable, last in the queue or impertinent – but, why on earth is that **ear** growing out of your back?" asked Bonzo.

"Ah, the ear . . ." said Max, softly. "They put me to **sleep**, and I woke up with it. I have to sleep on my tummy, but I've sort of got used to it. But the really awful thing was that I lost my girlfriend, **Maxine**. She hated the 'ear' – she couldn't stand it, so she left . . ."



Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

A tiny tear formed in the corner of Bonzo's eye. He grabbed Max and gave him a great big hug. Of course, Max and Bonzo instantly became friends. Max took Bonzo into a hide-away cupboard and made some tea for them both. They sat upon a couple of chairs, then Max told Bonzo all about the goings on at '**Misery Farm**'. Bonzo told Max about the lorry driver who'd **TAKEN** his girl.

He then told his new friend all about the outside world – the real world. A reasonable world, where freedom was said to roam hand in hand with Mother Nature and bars of Cadbury's Milk chocolate.

He mentioned his treasured friendship with the Bonzos and their **MUSIC** and stuff, and how they kept in touch. Max had to pour another cup of tea for that one, and thought it best to nibble on a piece of Cheddar cheese, a rare treat for him.

MAX THE MOUSE



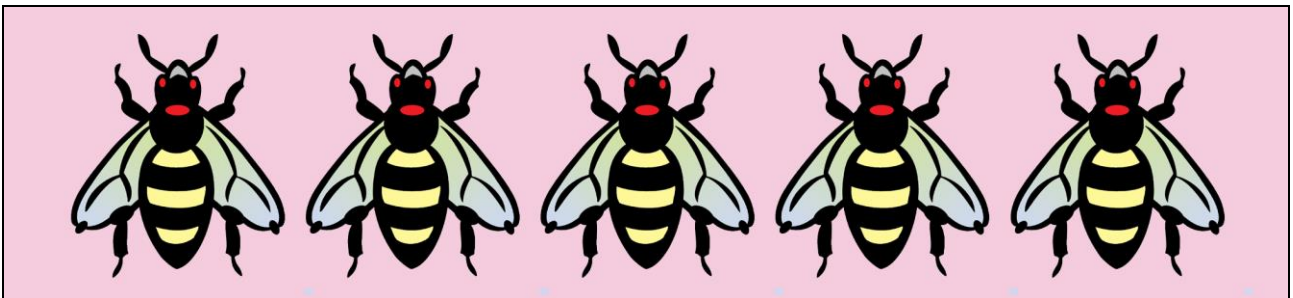
Max said that **'music'** sounded like fun and he couldn't wait to **hear** some. All he'd ever heard were 'voices', 'words' (announcements), and the buzzing noises that all the terrible machines made. Hardly **MOZART**.

Max the Mouse then took Bonzo on a guided tour of the establishment, so that he could see all the suffering and all the atrocities of: **'Misery Farm'** at first hand. They peered through thick tinted windows into cold, silent chambers that were filled with animals. Animals that were dead, or maybe asleep (it was hard to tell). And Bonzo witnessed dreadful sights that made his **fur** stand on end. The place seemed oddly deserted, for everything appeared to be automated. Done by remote **CONTROL**. Nobody was wandering about, thankfully.

But they couldn't find Daphne the Dachshund, anywhere.

Bonzo and Max suddenly stopped. There was a **'BING-BONG'** from one of the corridor **SPEAKERS** and an announcement was made:

'WOULD FIVE OF THE SEVEN SCIENTISTS WORKING IN LABORATORY SIX – PLEASE COLLECT TWO LAB TECHNICIANS FROM LABORATORY NINE, COLLECT A FURTHER TWO FROM THE STOREROOM, AND THEN PROCEED TO LABORATORY ELEVEN. ONCE THERE, DROP TWO OF THEM OFF AT SECURITY AND TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO LEVEL (B). YOU WILL THEN RECEIVE FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS. THANK YOU. THAT IS ALL.'



Fearing for their safety, and more than ever determined to save Daphne and all the other animals from a fate 'almost' worse than death, Bonzo and his new chum Max, broke out of **'Misery Farm'**, crossed Stinky Pond, and hoofed it back to **'Jollity Farm'** to organise some proper **HELP**.

There, they met the Jollies and explained the situation. Max the Mouse was made most welcome and given a fresh lump of Cheddar cheese. They rested **and** gathered themselves, then Bonzo motioned Max to follow him outside. They walked to the top of Blackberry Hill and Bonzo took a small silver dog whistle from around his neck. This was a 'moment' – a serious moment – for it was the first time Bonzo had ever used the whistle. He winked at Max and gave it a **TOOT**.

The sound raced far and wide. It was a global call for help. **MAGIC.**

- **Roger Ruskin Spear** (Saxophone/Trouser-press/Vocals) was in his London Laboratory, putting the finishing touches to his latest invention: **The PERMINATOR®** (a terrifying device that instantly permed outrageous permanent hair styles onto its victims; styles that are at once so embarrassing, so awful, that once *'Perminated'* all one could do was flee the country).
- **"Legs" Larry Smith** (Tuba/Drums/Tap-dancing/Vocals/Being Wonderful) was surrounded by adoring fans. He was blowing kisses and wowing them on stage (his 17th fabulous week in Las Vegas) sincerely yours . . .
- **Neil Innes** (Guitar/Piano/Lead vocals) was in Paris, forging an impressive 314 scale copy of Van Gogh's: 'Mona Lisa' . . .
- **Vivian Stanshall** (Ukulele/Terrible-trumpet/Lead vocals) was lying (as usual) in a hammock, filing his nails, sipping on a tropical drink, and thumbing through the latest issue of: "Be Fabulous" magazine. 'Regardless' (his chauffeur) was in close attendance.
- **Dennis Cowan** (Bass guitar) was half-way up a mountain in Tucson, Arizona, sitting cross-legged on an Indian blanket (minus the Indian), staring at a totem pole, and humming an off-key rendition of Scott McKenzie's – "(If you're going) To San Francisco." * All very spiritual, natural, 'far-out' and healthy.
- **Rodney Desborough Slater** – (Saxophones/Shouting/Abuse) geezer of geezers, was at Number 10 Downing Street, busily engrossed with his second job, as honorary confidential advisor to the British Prime Minister (on matters of: 'COOL BRITANNIA').

* *Why not purchase a day-return?*

One-by-one the Bonzos heard their dear friend's whistle for help. Naturally, they stopped what they were doing (some with difficulty) – and zoomed their way to **'Jollity Farm'**. Apart from Bonzo's awful news re: Daphne, and the tragic revelations from **'Misery Farm'**, theirs was a reasonably **happy** reunion. Over a healthy meal of Mrs. Jolly's delicious omelettes, made with her organic free-range eggs, freshly baked bread, and washed down with mugs of sweet Cider, everyone started to 'think'. To think of a **rescue** plan.

A plan was made. They would use Roger's new 'secret weapon' – **The PERMINATOR®**. Mrs Jolly was to be given the honour of actually *unveiling* it. They left the kitchen and assembled in the garden. The thing was draped in a giant **pink sheet** and was standing (peacefully) next to an **apple** tree. It was huge. It covered most of the orchard. Several naughty **rabbits** were sniffing it, nibbling at the pink cover. They bounded away when everyone appeared.

A long cable ran from its base and was attached to a '**clunky remote device**'. Roger placed the '**ON-OFF**' device into Mrs Jolly's hands and smiled. She giggled and curtsied.

She pressed a bright red **button**, the sheet slipped to the floor and the machine revealed itself. Everyone cheered. Everyone gasped. Something between a giant **Hoovermatic™** washing machine and half of a single-decker **London Bus**, would best describe it. When programmed, it could wash, trim and then '**perm**' hairstyles in a matter of seconds. Eight large chromium (**32"**) pipes radiated out from the actual '**tub**' – four of the actual pipes were equipped with a '**boil-wash**' facility. Helpful indeed, for those bothersome stains.

Two of the pipes were 'pre-soak' and the remainders were 'wet-dizzy-spin'. A garden strimmer (for shaping and styling) and a 500-watt **hair-dryer** was optional. Mrs Jolly seemed to like the idea, for she washed her hair, her clothes, and mended everything. But couldn't quite *grasp* the concept or the enormity of the machine.

Note: Roger had installed a pre-recorded SFX of scissors being snipped. 'Snip-snip', 'Snip-snip'. This (frankly) irritating sound was programmed to repeat, endlessly.

Roger then stepped forward, to modest applause, and filled and then sealed the remaining seats (on the London Bus) with **extra-strength** detergent – imported from southern Turkey. A passenger still stoically remained onboard the bus (Mrs Doreen Taylor from West Hampstead) and was heard to enquire: "**What time do we get to Marble Arch?**"

Apparently, the designer **Mary Quant** had been the **inspiration** behind it all. Roger had fashioned a huge likeable 'papier mache' portrait of her from back issues of the Spectator™ and a type of **glue** that he bluntly refused to talk about. Perched upon Mary's shoulder was a miniature of famed hairdresser, **Vidal Sassoon**.

The head and shoulders of Mary Quant, when fully attached, made **The PERMINATOR®** some 22ft high. Formidable, indeed.

Everyone then accompanied **The PERMINATOR®** as it was slowly wheeled (like some ancient battering-ram), toward 'Misery Farm'.

Mrs Jolly failed to accompany everyone (possibly still phased from the unveiling ceremony) and was last seen standing on the stone steps of her cottage. Half-a-dozen chickens pecked aimlessly at her feet. She was waving a bunch of tea-towels that obviously needed a thorough '**boil-wash**' and was now sobbing.

Neil Innes happened to notice her and ran back – comforting her and attempting to explain things with a nice cup of tea. Neil was always good at that sort of thing. Kind and compassionate. As he turned to leave, she **GRABBED** Neil's sleeve.

"I saw it in the tea-leaves – I knew somethin' evil was a commin' . . ."

"What? What did you see?" said Neil, concerned for the dear woman.

"I saw it in the tea-leaves – I knew somethin' evil was a commin' – some months back."

Neil smiled weakly, poured more tea for Mrs Jolly, then left to join the others.

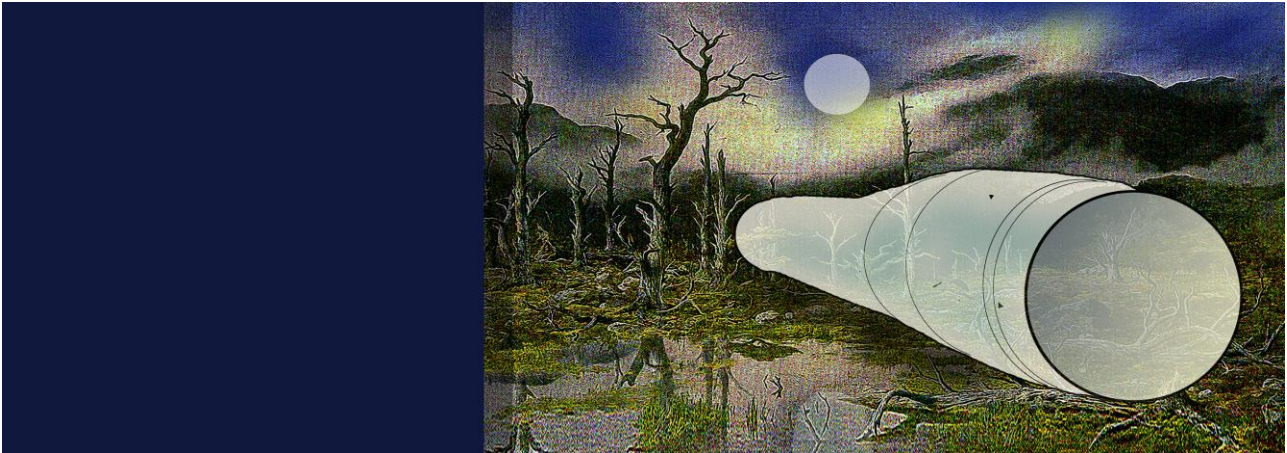
Everyone was now gathered at the edge of '**Stinky Pond**'. Dark clouds were forming, and a raw thunder filled the air. Mr Slater, dressed in his 'studs n' leathers' – pushed his way to the front – shouting and waving a stick. The mood was one of anger, yet a united **solidarity** held the key. Several villagers had brought stale Waitrose buns; whilst others had reserved their worst 'bad language' (Bert Rag the window cleaner brought his **dirty** washing, thinking that Roger's machine might wash it for him). Bit naughty, one feels.

Needless to say – that didn't go down well. Poor Bert. Mrs Brooks the librarian, sent a note saying that 'she was already in a relationship, and couldn't possibly attend . . .' (**And that didn't go down well . . .**).

Then Roger, realizing that everyone would have to actually *cross* the dreadful pond, unpacked, and inflated one of his giant **PLASTIC TUBES**, which (when inflated with compliments), would stretch the entire length of the pond. That seemed to be the best idea, the best plan. People could then walk through it, like a tunnel.

As a further consideration from Roger (in order to ensure that everyone made a 'stress-free' crossing), he had fitted **tiny** speakers inside the **Tube**. A selection of

'*nothing-can-go-wrong-music*' was being played by Laurence Laxative and his **ALPINE** Orchestra. Everyone scooted across, safely inside the tunnel. Possibly engaged in nervous conversation. Bert Rag, upon listening to the orchestra, commented that there should be more **accordion** music played down at the pub.



ROGER RUSKIN-SPEAR'S – 'TUBE EVENT'

NOTE: *The PERMINATOR®* was programmed to stride through 'Stinky Pond', and did so, to loud cheers and shouting. Everything and everyone were now ready. Programmed for battle. Programmed for victory.

Bonzo the Dog found an old packing case and jumped up on it. He beckoned everyone to gather round.

BONZO THE DOG

Thank you all for coming.

I'm sorry about the dreadful smell, but this – this is Stinky Pond, and we're all practically standing on top of it. (He shivers and pinched his nose). I know you're all worried.

Frightened.

As am I.

Somebody shouted: '**HEAR-HEAR**' – which drew faint applause.

You all know that my girl Daphne has been brutally kidnapped and is locked-away inside. (He pointed towards Misery Farm) Of course I'm here to **rescue** her – with your help. But more than that – we've *finally* got the chance to be rid of this monstrous place. We can sort it. We have help from the Bonzos and Roger's amazing machines (he points to the Perminator) and my new chum **Max the Mouse** – who was locked away inside the place **and** rudely experimented upon.



Max jumped up next to Bonzo – waved and showed everyone his ear. Turning tiny circles. A little girl in the crowd, laughs.

And if we try, really try as one – as a village – as a community, we can permanently remove Misery Farm from our landscape. Oblitterelate it! Tell all those dreadful people working inside – to be gone.

Bonzo and Max jumped down. Then, everyone heard a badly played **trumpet** call (probably attempted once more by Mr Stanshall), followed by the sound of a very large hairdryer starting up – **The PERMINATOR®**. The massive machine had been activated for battle and was already striding towards 'Misery Farm' – firing off gallons of **ANTI-DANDRUFF SHAMPOO**. All eight tubes were now aimed dead ahead. In seconds, the entire front section of 'Misery Farm' was washed away, revealing a 25-meterlength of the main **LABORATORY WALL**.

The wall was instantly **DEMOLISHED** to screams of absolute joy from the villagers.

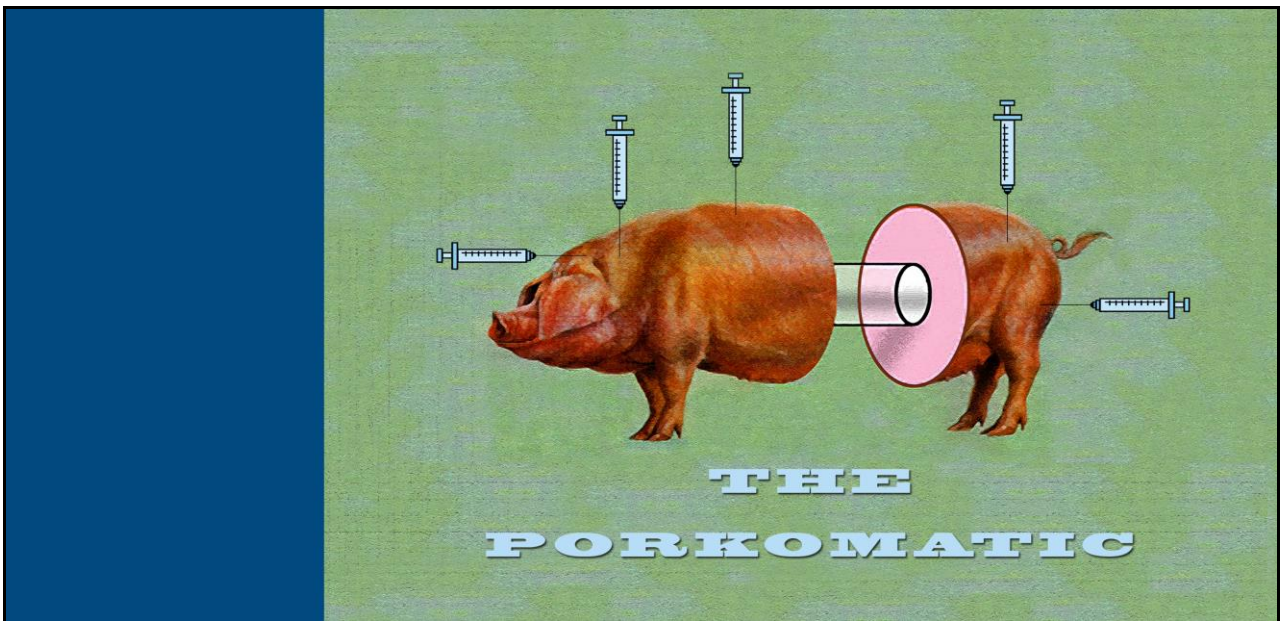
Doors burst open and a dozen Laboratory cages flew open. The thick soapy water was working wonders. The animals, at last, ran free. Hordes **of** horrible Test-tube experiments were washed clean away.

Now re-programmed, **The PERMINATOR®** would attend to the **baddies** – the **humans** that ran the place. **Professor M.D. Fotherington KFC. DHL. Phil. Hons.** who was unfortunately still at his desk (trying to decide whether to graft a set of John Lewis kitchen saucepans onto the rump of a young camel), was entirely zapped by **The PERMINATOR®**.

His surprisingly full head of **HAIR** quickly grew 'wings' and became a perfect replica of a **motorway** service station (Heston services/J4/M4). He eventually returned home, in complete embarrassment. His family were horrified and refused to recognise him. As he entered the street where he lived, neighbours gathered and laughed at him. One little boy ran up and **kicked** him. His wife later filed divorce papers. She hated anything to do with motorways or motorized vehicles and preferred riding a bicycle.

The case continues . . .

With the exterior walls washed away, the hateful **PORKOMATIC®** machine was the first monstrous thing to appear. To reveal itself. The machine was wheeled out (still functioning). The villagers gasped in horror as tiny, **SWEET** piglets were turned into full-size (RFU approved) **rugby balls**. Roger Ruskin-Spear leapt up and turned **the** damned thing **off**, alas, not before one of the rugby balls had escaped, bouncing across the straw-covered floor and into the arms of little **TOMMY** Cumbersome from Cumbersome Farm. Tommy and his mate, Danny Hilton grabbed the thing and ran off with it. PC Whurld® decided wisely, not to pursue. For there was much to attend to (right where he was a standin').



Art: © "Legs" Larry Smith

Roger then activated his Acme Trouser Press® and opened the piglet cage. At least forty tiny Piglets were **SAVED** to everyone's absolute delight. The game of Rugby was banned for at least six months (unless there was an **'R'** in the month).

NOTE: The PORKOMATIC® was then blown sky-high.

It was later revealed that, before the battle actually commenced, Denis Cowan, the Bonzo's glorious 'laid-back' bass-player, had thought it best to try and **negotiate**. To communicate with the management, over a cup of Green tea . . . (before everything got too 'physical' and out of control). He had reached into his hold-all and pulled out a stick of incense.

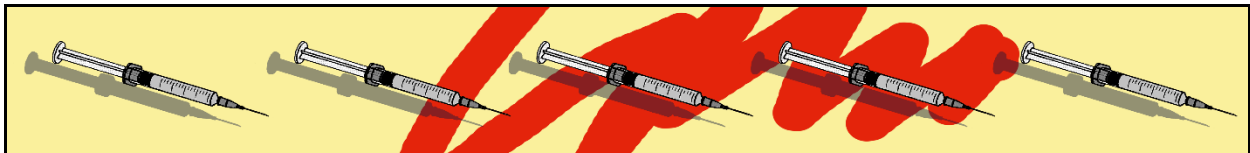
"Can't we light some of this? It's **'Florannia'** – a winter herb from Babalu, Africa. It's far-out. It's mellow, and it'll chill everyone."

BONZO had barked his approval – but a sudden, horrific, '*shriek*' from across the pond (from the direction of Misery Farm), seemed to cancel out dear Denis's noble, if somewhat puerile idea. For it was to be war, that day – and no quarter given or spared.

As everyone prepared to enter Roger's giant 'Tube', "Legs" Larry was heard mumbling to himself. Questioning the '*light*' – the '*gloom*' – for the whole scene was becoming dark and dreadful. And where the hell was his dressing-room?

*"If I'm to be photographed in this wretched light –
no one will ever see me . . ."*

Vivian stopped filing his nails and told his chum to cool-it, remember where he was and to just get on with it . . . which naturally sent Larry into a bit of a sulk.

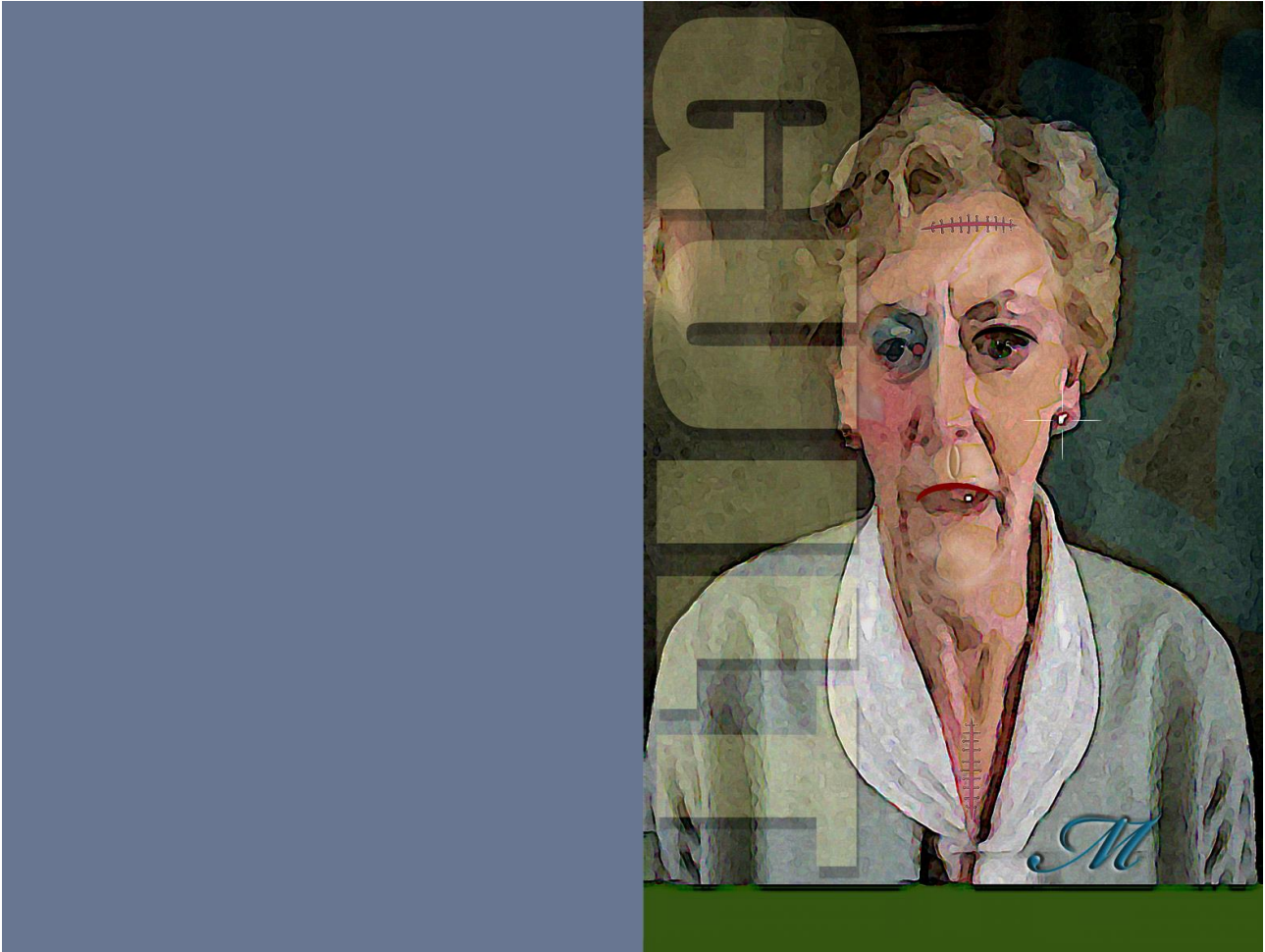


Back in Laboratory Number 7 (East wing), and still unaware of the 'gatherings' outside, Malcolm and Maude Misery left their office and headed towards Daphne's cell with a large **HYPODERMIC** needle. No doubt poised for business.

Poor Daphne the Dachshund, sensing 'doom ahead', was frightened out of her wits – and where was Bonzo? All around, the animals were **HOWLING** and trying to lend a hand, but they, too, were drugged, caged and helpless.

Bonzo and Max entered '**Misery Farm**' to find that the place was flooded. Foaming, soapy water was everywhere, and at least six inches in depth. **The PERMINATOR®** had done well, but **DAPHNE** was nowhere to be found. "*Try the East wing,*" said Max. Bonzo raced away, barking loudly his fear.

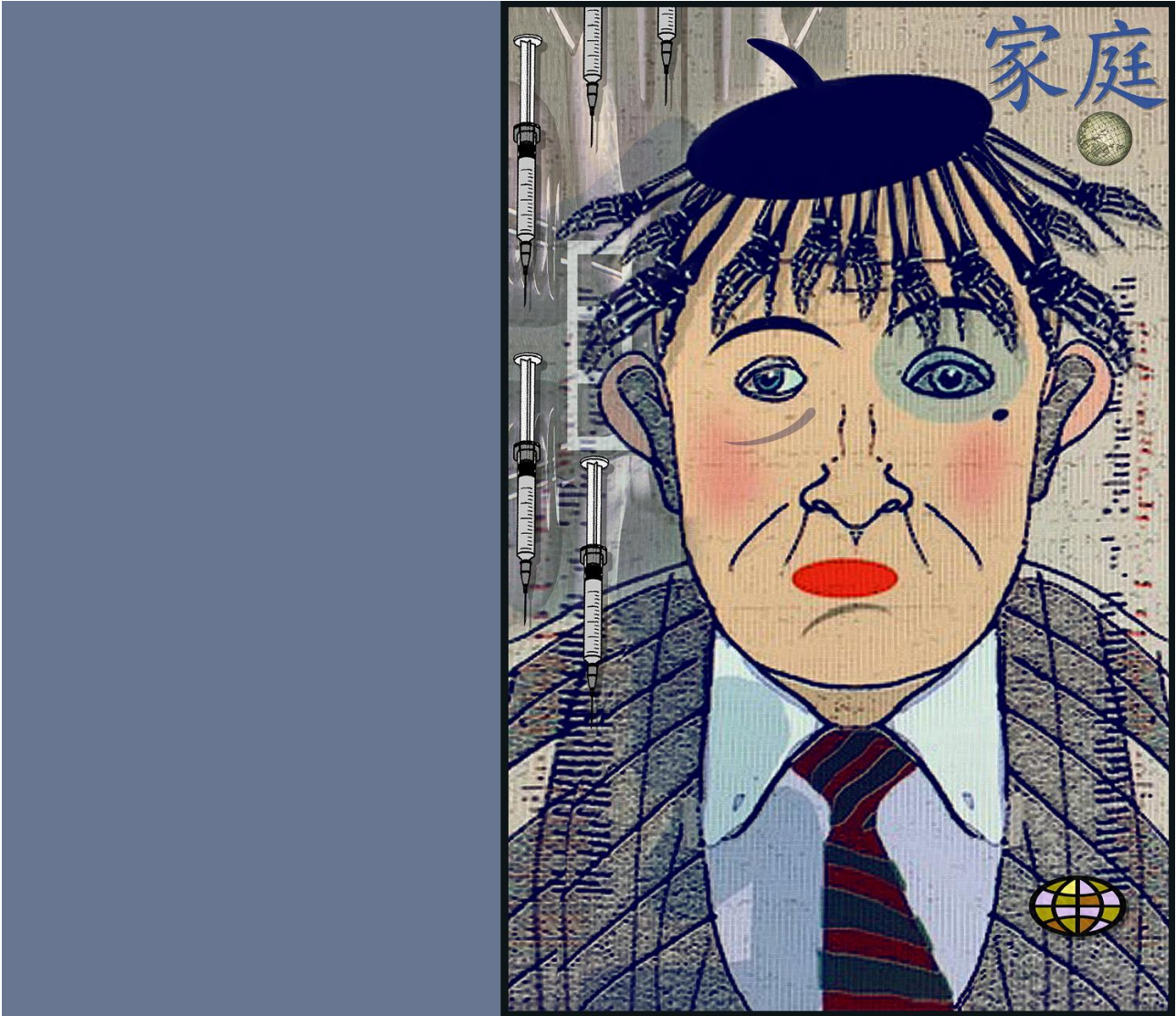
Malcolm and Maud Misery were now whimpering, shamelessly. **The PERMINATOR®** had been programmed to find the wretched couple, and find them it did. It had grabbed them with four of its 8" Perma-tubes and managed to hang them upon a **wall-bracket** in Daphne's cell. Daphne was growling at them . . . and that, dear listeners, is where Bonzo found his beloved. Needless to say, Mr and Mrs Misery were covered in **FOAM** and entirely drenched in slimy detergent. They were huddled together, shaking, and quite unable to speak.



Maud Misery – Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

As Maud Misery was *un-clipped* from the laboratory wall – she also un-clipped her 24 carat diamond earrings. The beefy *fireman* that had bravely 'rescued' her, not quite realising the absolute *bitch* that she was – smiled a comforting smile. Maud smiled back.

"Look" said Maud, holding out her wet, soapy hand – "*Diamonds.*" "Are they real?" asked the fireman. "Sure, they are" said Maud – "*And worth a fortune.*" "Lummy" said the fireman. "Take me to the *airport* and they're yours . . ." Maud is now living in Perth, Australia.



MALCOLM MISERY – a weak, ineffectual man

Bonzo grabbed Daphne and smothered her with wet, sloppy **kisses**. Then gave her a huge hug (she squeaked with soap and love). He then gave her to Wendy Windypop and told Wendy to take Daphne back to 'Jollity Farm' – out of harm's way. The villagers pressed forward, with **VIVIAN** leading the charge, still blowing a dreadful trumpet call.



Rodney was still waving his stick, Neil Innes had started to sing a little 'light-opera' and "Legs" Larry was throwing boxes of make-up tissues at **ANYTHING** that moved – and a glorious, yet boisterous, battle ensued.

Bonzo the Dog, Mr Jack Jolly, two milkmaids, Max the Mouse, Lord and Lady Table, and **The PERMINATOR®** (which, by now, had zapped several more of the scientists' hairstyles into outrageous full-scale replicas of the **M25 motorway** – complete with the proposed by-pass to Hurley via Redhill) – chased everyone from the laboratory buildings.

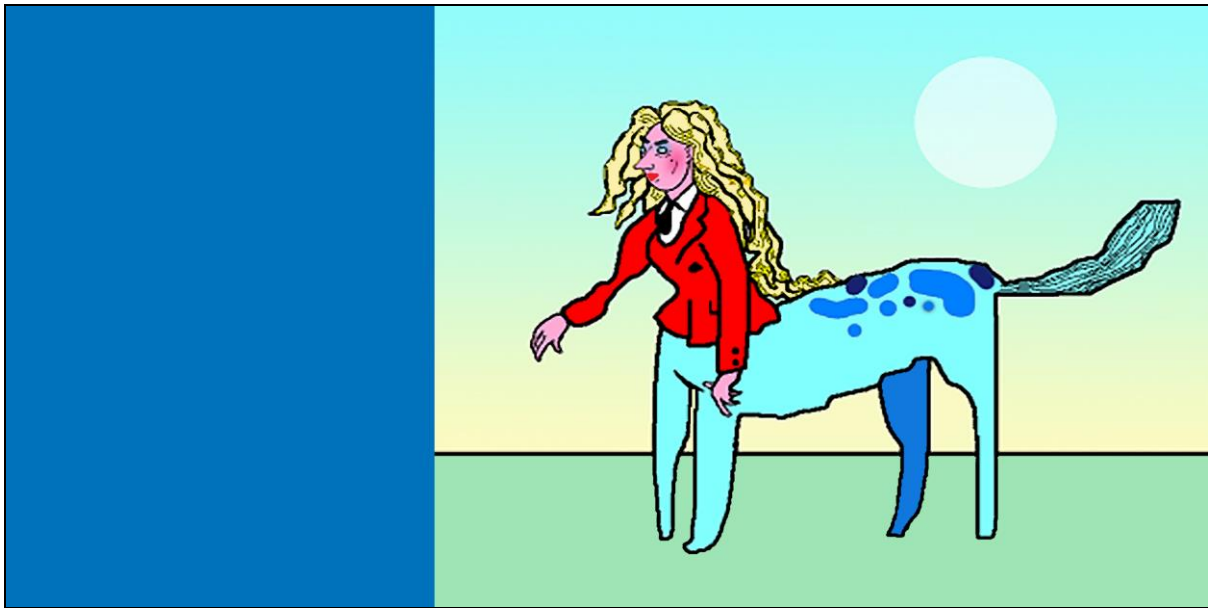
QUESTION # 2 - WHAT KIND OF SHAMPOO IS THE PERMINATOR USING?

The scientists, along with the 'clip-board-clots' ran – screaming and crying with guilt, shame and 'bad-hair-day' embarrassment! Piling themselves into a couple of white vans, they roared off, never to be seen again in the peaceful village of Keynsham.

NOTE: A couple of the scientists and the 'clip-board-clots' were later to be held in a holding pen – which gave Bonzo an idea.

Bonzo grabbed Mrs Jolly's **PHONE** and alerted the media to the terrible conditions down at 'Misery Farm'. They promised to appear (fuelled with the thought of a long lunch) and promised to **FILM** for posterity all the horrors (and the bad hairstyles).

Babs Witherspoon, chief Newscaster with **KTV News™**, flew in. She was so appalled by what **She** had witnessed at 'Misery Farm', she planed an immediate, Prime-Time, in-depth documentary on the **HORRORS** of genetic engineering and factory farming.



LADY TABLE – ARISTOCRACY - Art: ©"Legs" Larry Smith

Lord and Lady Table, although full-blown aristocracy, had earned their position of trust and friendship throughout the village of Keynsham and indeed the beautiful county of Ambleshire. The gentle folk adored them, whilst the rougher element – (i.e. some of the boys from Cumbersome village), despite wanting nothing to do with Lord and Lady Table's Fetes, their Jumble sales and their posh gatherings – at least held a respect for them.

These boys left the Lord and Lady alone, preferring to 'bother' folks as they arrived at Trottingham railway station, or the bus terminal over at Gloucester Green, by asking for sixpence or demanding a bottle of cider.

Lady Table was a striking woman. Tall, cantered with a full head of hair. She was 'Miss Norway 1964' – and first met Lord Table in the television studio that was broadcasting the event. He was one of the judges (no doubt casting his vote in her direction). His Lordship was one of the 'Formica Tables' – whose family had been making tables until they were told to stop making them.

With the animals finally liberated and settled, the 'pond' was cleaned-up and restocked with Bethlehem Goldfish, Monet's **WATER** lilies and four thousand Argentinean Green Frogs. Neil Innes was commissioned to paint the scene, but he refused.

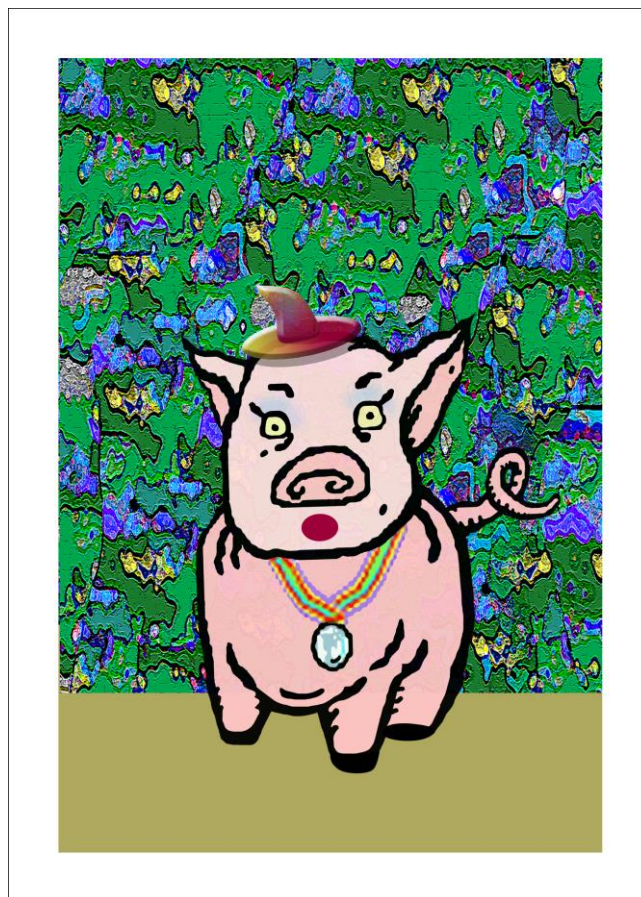
A Keynsham representative was dispatched to visit a cemetery near Rheims (where Monet is buried), but he also refused.

Life's like that . . .

The lawn was reseeded, forty trees were planted and what was left of 'Misery Farm' was eventually turned into an **ICE CREAM PARLOUR**, serving milkshakes and the finest Keynsham ice cream, made with full-cream organic dairy milk!

QUESTION # 3 - WHAT WAS QUESTION # 2

Bonzo and Daphne smooched about 'Jollity Farm' holding paws and looking terribly pleased with themselves. They were now 'terribly in love'. Mrs. Jolly was finally persuaded to put her (prototype) solar-panels where they belonged – up on the bleedin' roof. Anyway, for bathing purposes, she always dragged an old tin **BATH** into the kitchen and filled it with several 'kettles' of hot water. She'd done that since she was a child. She'd gotten used to it.



PIGGY COULD BE VERY NAUGHTY, AT TIMES – BUT THEN, CAN'T WE ALL?

Mrs. Brooks the Librarian apologised to dear Piggy and was reunited with her reference book – (it seems that Charlie the Crane driver had borrowed it all along and had simply forgotten to return it).

What with the ensuing Village scandal and Charlie's embarrassment over the book – (i.e., what was Charlie doing with a reference book on Lesbianism in Samoa?)*.

Charlie Windypop was reluctantly forced to reduce his 'next season's Cosy-Cottage charges' – and paint his beloved tractor **BLACK!**

** Not that there's anything wrong with Lesbians living in Samoa – Ed.*

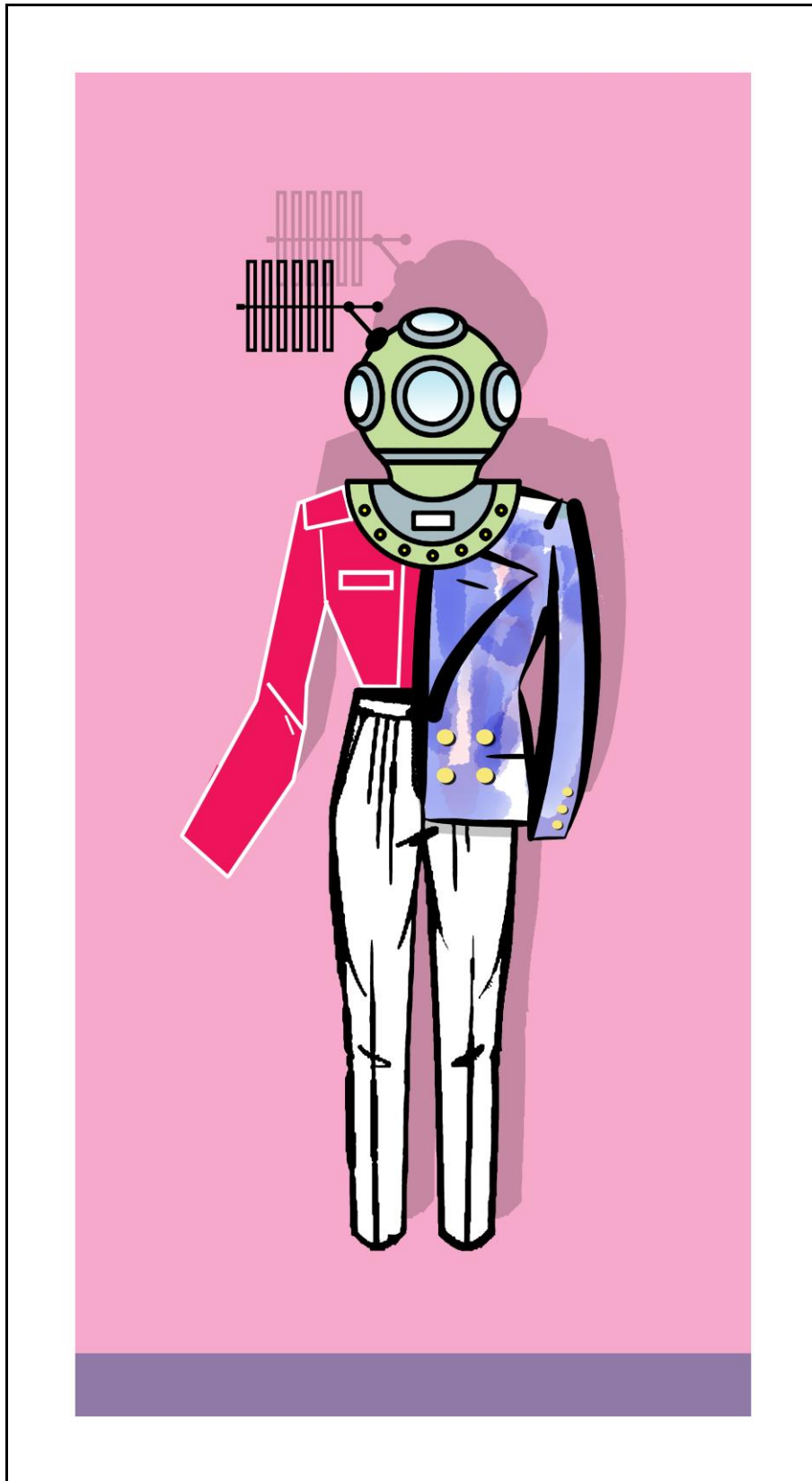
Charlie and Babs Witherspoon were seen wandering off (arm in arm) to the Village pub – for an 'in-depth' interview. Following a full report on the **'RIOT AT MISERY FARM'** (with detailed photographs of the proposed new third runway at Heathrow and various bizarre hairstyles), Mr Slater was proposing a government enquiry into recent events. He was also keen on creating a **'Ministry of Rock n' Roll'** at Westminster. It seemed like a good idea.

Gordon the **golfer** was now fully recovered and by way of a **generous** 'thank you' – the Village Committee decided to buy him a new set of Burlington Golf Clubs. On August 27th, 1966, Gordon finally left for his Golf Tournament in Cairo.

Note: Gordon caught the 15.06. train from Keynsham and changed at Swindon (15.20.). He then caught the 17.09. Express from Cornwall, ate a cheese and pickle sandwich in the Buffet car and arrived at Paddington station at 20.00. He was met at Paddington by Leonard Braithwaite (a science teacher and keen golfer from Bradford), who escorted him to Heathrow, where Gordon checked in his golf clubs, then boarded the BA559 flight to Cairo. Gordon was wearing his favourite 'I LOVE KEYNSHAM' T-shirt - and when passengers realised who he was and where he came from, Gordon was asked for lots of autographs. News of the 'KEYNSHAM RIOTS' had spread far and wide.

**QUESTION SIX – GORDON'S FINAL GOLFING SCORE IS:
(A) 6. (B) 54. (C) 787.**

Answers on an email, please. www.keynsham.com



Lord Table – in costume for the Hunt Ball (1965). Art: © "Legs" Larry Smith

'EPILOGUE'

Some weeks later, when things had calmed down, and the air had cleared, everyone assembled back at 'Jollity Farm' for a celebration. It was a hugely **JOLLY** affair (what else could it be?). Everyone drank large glasses of freshly squeezed organic lemonade, sweet Cider, and ate huge slices of Mrs. Jolly's **HOMEMADE CAKE**. Wendy Windypop and Max the Mouse were enjoying plates piled high with delicious cream cheese and **CUCUMBER** sandwiches. Lord and Lady Table were being interviewed and posing for **PHOTOGRAPHS** and setting up guided tours of their Manor house: '**Chez Monyou**'.

There was much talk of the '*Riot of Misery Farm*'. Memories that would last. Memories that would create the legend (Legend # 1,769). 'There was a logic in his discourse' as later Vivian observed, referring to Denis's pre-battle manifesto.

"But a battle is a battle – for all that . . ." said Mrs Jolly, surprisingly.

For in the beginning, as plans were made in the wee small hours, nobody had thought of calling the police. The regular police – the proper police. They just got on with it. They dealt with it. It was what one did in a countryside filled with rumour, superstition, and silly secrets.

But that was then . . .

Bonzo climbed onstage. Everyone applauded. He stood, tapped the microphone three times (Compulsory), and made an '**ANNOUNCEMENT**', with his girlfriend Daphne the Dachshund sizzling with pleasure, at his side.

"The whole village came together to rid our land of the horrible: '**Misery Farm**' and what it stood for – and I'm proud of **ALL** of you. I'm also immensely proud of the wonderful help that the Bonzos gave us, along with my new friend – Max the Mouse."

More cheering, waving and applause. Also onstage, towering over everything was **The PERMINATOR®**. It stood proudly like a giant, majestic Totem-pole. Bonzo turned and pointed at it – clapping his hands. "What – what would we have done without **The PERMINATOR® ?**" said a very proud **Bonzo the Dog**.

Roger Ruskin-Spear leapt onstage, pressed a button and huge clouds of bubbles began floating across the stage, and out into the audience. A cornucopia of 'Bubbledom'. Reds, pinks, blues, greens, and a Liberal Democrat. More applause. More cheering. Roger took a bow.



"Our very special guests – the Bonzos – (everyone applauded again, and the BAND stood and graciously waved), have come up with a fabulous idea:

★ **THE KEYNSHAM ROCK FESTIVAL** ★

The Keynsham Rock Festival was planned – and the Bonzos and their management set about organising it. All their new **FRIENDS** and celebrities from the hi-glam world of '**Show-Biz**' were to be invited and the monies raised would go to lots of good causes! The Bonzos also announced plans for a tribute album – and **WHY** not? Half the world of Rock n' Roll would soon *adore* the band.

"... and as we all know - the best thing to come out of the sixties was the Bonzos."
The Spectator

'IT WAS A GREAT PARTY UNTIL SOMEBODY FOUND A HAMMER'

Oh, what an album title . . .

Everyone cheered. Film crews filmed the announcement, and the show was to be broadcast all over the world – spreading the message – spreading the word.

The Bonzos and their guests played and sang a rousing version of: *'Jollity Farm' – (The Laboratory Mix)*[®] – whilst their dear friend, Mr Harrison, played a most pleasant ukulele in the warm summer sun.

NO MORE HORRIBLE FACTORY FARMS

Balloons floated across the pinky blue **sky** and the village kids were bouncing up and down upon inflatable sculptures of Malcolm and Maud Misery – **SQUASHING THEM FLAT!** All the animals from *'Misery Farm'* relished their newfound freedom, their new friends, and their **new** home – the very wonderful: *'Jollity Farm'*.

T H E E N D

NOTE: One might think, considering all the negativity that has befallen and surrounded the scientists and the 'clip-board-clots', in our story – that the author and the publisher are in some way opposed to them, or the work that they do.

This would not (repeat NOT), be a correct assumption to make. Scientists do a tremendous amount of good, valid, and important work. I mean, where would we be without the Atomic bomb? – Ed.

Also, if you'd like to see any of the illustrations that have adorned the book – upon your wall – Artprints[®] in glorious technicolour can be obtained through my printmaker:

Andrew Occleshaw at PRINTINCO – details on my website www.legslarry.com



'AFTERMATH'

(Not for the romantics or the squeamish)

*A look at what happened to the folks that lived in the village of Keynsham,
following the dreadful, life-changing riot of 'Misery Farm'.*

As often happens within a community, following a major incident or during a calamitous upheaval, roles and organisations get redefined. People too, get morally and spiritually adjusted. Couples, marriages, and families are pulled together or are taken apart. They attempt to come to terms with themselves and each other, having witnessed not only their *own* behaviour during the 'crises', but the behaviour, possible involvement, and reactions of others.

These could be close friends, or they might be figures (*familiar public figures*) that have been seen on television or social media. Establishment figures, faces or organisations that the community had previously held dear, or at least, respected – or with whom they at least *attempted* to understand their politics. Their point of view.

Naturally, a tragic loss or bereavement might also play its part in our scenario.

Yet, behaviour when under great stress, can often reveal the true *characteristics* of a person, or persons. Their actions, their behaviour, could then ***alienate*** the people they had previously represented.

And so, it was with the '***Great Riot of Keynsham***' – recorded during the year of 1968 AD. Much has been written, analysed, documented, or simply talked about – regarding these ferocious riots. But little, Dear Reader, is known of its ***aftermath***.

We begin our thesis with the simple folk, the charming folk of Keynsham – spelt: **(K-E-Y-N-S-H-A-M), Keynsham.**

As in our tale, the esteemed ***Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band*** had left the village, (*their members somewhat bruised and tattered*) – moving on to larger and greater things, yet *happy* in the knowledge that they had managed to support their dear friend,

Bonzo the Dog. And content that they had helped to secure the village and restore (once again) the peaceful tranquillity of the place.

Alas, the moss-covered gloom of an H P Lovecraft novel was soon to descend, casting a raw, dark shadow over the entire village and surrounding countryside.

"Legs" Larry Smith

NOTE: 'The Aftermath' can be ordered, read, and viewed by employing a restricted service code. Obtainable only through my website, in the fullness of time.





**SMUG
Music**

"Legs" Larry Smith

Is represented by Franky Cookson

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