

JUICY GOSSIP DEPT.

Looks like things were pretty quiet on IRTRAD for a while while we all digested the ever-fruitful exchanges of knowledge and trenchant commentary (I printed them out and pasted them into the large Hello Kitty scrapbook where I keep all my important stuff).

So says I to meself "How about some old fashioned IRTRAD Elliptical Chitchat to while away the time?" (An ellipsis is those three dots you'll see all over the place in this piece. It is not something that happens to your bowels if you suddenly increase your bran intake)

And who better to handle the job than the Zouki Cultural Lab's very own King of Ellipses Dick Gossip? Over to you, Dick . . .

. . . What bodhrán player and what Hollywood starlet were seen cuddling in Denver's Hard Rock Cafe recently? Naughty naughty! Mr Goatskin's fiancée won't be too happy when she finds out (and she WILL find out) . . .

. . . Tinseltown is raving about Tom Cruise's fine acting in the role of Pythagoras in Ecuadorean producer Pelvin Vargas' steamy new flick about musical modes . . . your reporter understands several hyper-sexy scenes involving Tom, Jennifer Lopez as Lydia, Drew Barrymore as Doria, and Tom's ex Nicole Kidman as Aeolia fogged the camera lenses so badly that shooting had to be postponed . . .

. . . Insiders are saying that this oeuvre promises to be even hotter than Vargas' last opus "Give Me a Tonic and I'll Let You Be Dominant" that utterly titillated the ethnomusicological world for an entire summer . . .

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. . . Has anybody heard anything more about the Beyoncé's sean-nós "Connemara Bellybuttons" record? It was one hot project for a while but nobody - and we mean NOBODY - is talking about it now . . .

. . . Joanie Madden's pet ocelot Clementine just gave birth to kittens (or whatever baby ocelots are called) . . .

. . . Speaking of wildlife, we hear the recent Sunday night session at the Smiling Shamrock Pub and Pizzeria in Ottumwa was raided by the local vice squad . . . details are sketchy but seems Grandma McNerney got all carried away by the way the gang was belting out "Tam Lin" and decided to do a little table dancing, only to discover she was wearing Cousin Helen's panty-hose which was three sizes too big and apparently couldn't deal with Grandma's hip gyrations . . . Grandma was released on bail in the custody of her parish priest and swears she won't do it again . . .

. . . Seattle Tragedy: Ed Blustremmel's piano accordion disappeared from the trunk of his car somewhere between the entrance and the exit of Danny's Car Wash on the SeaTac highway . . . "It was right next to that huge open sack of gold bars I was carrying to the Federal Reserve office for my bank," said a despondent Ed, who is known as "Knuckles" to his friends and detractors alike. "The gold wasn't touched, but the thief or thieves must have been fooled by all the rhinestones . . ." A reward has been offered but local police - many of whom know Ed - aren't optimistic the accordion will ever be recovered . . .

. . . Jack and Betty Kerfunten have decided to call it quits after fifteen years of arguing over West Clare versus East Galway fiddling styles . . . "I guess we still love one another," Betty confessed to your reporter, "but I just can't take his dimwitted opinionated inaccurate tasteless crap anymore" . . . the six adorable

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children will be parcelled out among various unwilling relatives until a final settlement can be worked out . . .

. . . "Reunited and it feels so good" dept. - A well-known Baltimore accordion player's pet dwarf octopus got loose in J.Patrick's Pub two nights ago . . . pub was cleared out pretty quickly while animal welfare folks did a search . . . the critter was eventually found in the kitchen nibbling on a piece of romaine lettuce while amusing three or four mice with his uilleann pipe imitations . . . the relieved owner reports he's happy to have his beloved pet home safe and sound . . .

"Sizzle Sizzle" dept. - What banjo player had what part of his body very close to what part of the body of what beautiful but very married C#/D accordion player in what grungy pub in what exotic foreign city? . . . and furthermore what business is it of yours or mine or anybody's?

Well, that's about all the nonsense I can make up or today. Ta-ta till next time!

Your ZCL Tell-it-like-it-Is Reporter . . .

Dick Gossip

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