

## Z-COUNTRY PARADISE

Something foul is afoot. We're Tot sure what it is, but we know
Z-Country Paradise doesn't like
it. And we expect they plan to do
something about it. Or maybe
they're behind it. it's too soon
to tell. Either way, something
on future, the future is pin to tell. Either way, something sinister surrounds the four men sinister surrounds the four men and one woman who comprise the populace of Z-Country. They observe us. but they are not us. We don't think. We don't think.

They are, at least, from some other place. Z-Country is a place where things are the way they where things are the way they could be here. Z-country is us. our poets, our phisosophies. Brimbaud and self-heple papes. B

plent, a notable instrumentalist and seasons straining musical size in this ration-state combon has be also convend the session, and the session of the sess

the first color belongs to the injectionity sharing vocalist, as me where size go done that cannot will be shared size go done that cannot will be shared size go done that cannot die live on exchinery, and the size of the opportunities of the government of the size of the results of the the preparation of the size of

a bit of highlife jive, but none of a DIX of nightlife live, but that matters, any groove they get into is incidental. This is message with a music, some new horror I haven't heard of yet with a hint of

Z-Country has come to wash your feet, to disavow you of your sentiments, to disinter the government, to dismember a rodent if they have to. We are not in Z-Country Paradise, not yet, but if we shut up and listen, they might just tell us how to get

- Kurt Gottschalk, NYC, 2017









