



Page 7 (left)

I dress up for my first attempt in a karaoke contest in the late 80s. As I chose to sing an Al Jolson medley I dressed in a sort of Charleston style.

For my second appearance (*right—picture not shown in book*) realising I had a talent for comedy I went to an Oxfam shop and chose the most ridiculous outfit I could find. A striped number with canary yellow shoes and a bright green patent leather handbag. This had its uses as notes could be concealed inside as cribs for my performance. Needless to say I brought the house down.



Page 8 (left)

For the finals I decided to concentrate on the style of Marlene Dietrich as I felt I could do a fair impression of her. After the first heat a special category had been invented just for me—as well as First, Second and Third Best Singer in Nelson they decided to have a Best Loser category which I was destined to win.

Page 18 (right)

Our gardening friend and allotment neighbour Fasal Din, a wonderfully wise and funny man. We had great times on our plot with him and his wife Sayeed. When we planned our first long distance cycle ride Sayeed announced: "Fasal like go with you."



With typical English reticence I replied, "But there's no room in the tent."

"No bother for tent," she said, "Pakistani peoples sleep on floor." And that had been the full extent of the conversation. Until this moment of truth, standing under the blossoming apple trees, Fasal telling us,

"Big tree like this, plenty mangoes, Pakistan. When you go?"

"Er, in about six weeks."

"I go with you." We looked at him, imagining his battered old bike, no doubt found in a skip like everything else he owned, chugging along at our side. No chance of him wearing anything like appropriate cycling clothes, we knew Fasal well enough to know that he would come in whatever he happened to be wearing at the time - hopefully not his Mr Gandhi outfit, in which he appeared in the allotment from time to time.



Pedlar of Swaffham and his dog



Page 20 (above)

1995. The start of the first cycling adventure. We set off for Germany from Leeds as we think it best to start from there, heading out into East Yorkshire then turning south into Lincolnshire, east across the fens, a detour to Walsingham then down through Norfolk and Suffolk ending at Felixstowe for the ferry to Brugge. That was the plan, at least!

Page 29 (right) We reach Swaffham in Norfolk from where we should have turned North to Walsingham but our ferry was booked and time was running out. We had to forgo that part of the trip and press on to Ipswich and the coast. The pictures show us in the church at Swaffham, built with the Pedlar's money—the whereabouts of which was disclosed to him in a dream. I am with the Pedlar and Wolfram is with his dog.



(Above)

Wolf does some roadside maintenance along the way *(picture not shown in book)*

(Right) On the boat from Felixstowe to Brugge. Full Moon that night. *(picture not shown in book)*





Page 38 (left) Wolf had been looking forward to meeting his half-sister Melanie who was now 19. She had been a toddler when he last saw her.

Page 39 (right) The cactus in Wolf's Mum's garden that only bloomed once in 25 years and which chose to burst into flower on the night we arrived, an event whose significance was entirely lost on her.



Page 41 (left) Wolfram with Flocki, the family dog.

Page 43 (right) a tandem that caught our eye in the bike shop at Ettenheim.



road

cycle path

Page 43 (left) German cycle lanes are wonderful

Page 45 (right) The chapel at the top of the mountain (Kahlenberg) behind Wolf's village



(Right)

A day out at Titisee with the 'rellies'. Maria (Wolf's Mama), Josef (her husband) and Wolf. *(Below)* Me, same day, same place. *Pictures not shown in book*





Page 48 (above) Louise (Channel 4 TV researcher) arrives. She books in at the Hirschen, an establishment run by “a cross-eyed young man who gave every impression of being the kind of landlord who stabs you to death in the shower, and his Dad - a hearty old peasant with a blood pressure pad strapped to his arm, tubes waving in the air. No explanation forthcoming, we assumed we had disturbed some German daily health check ritual.”



Page 55 (left) Wolf in our blue tent after we escape from his mother. We left Ringsheim at 7 am and made it over the Vosges mountains the first day, reaching the summit at 8.30pm then speeding down to the small campsite at Gemaingoutte, to heavenly peace and quiet for the first time in three weeks.



Page 71 (right). Wolf with Banana Pink Squash. Back home in the allotments, everything had flourished without our attention (or interference)



Page 79 (left) The chimneypot cooker presents a problem in that the chimney often cracks under the heat. Fasal came up with the idea of sitting it inside an old Lancashire washtub, filling the space between the two with concrete. A fire is lit in the bottom and pots of curry cooked on the top. When only embers are left, chapatis are slapped onto the inside to cook.

Page 83 (right) ‘Parrot’, my beloved kakariki, who travelled to the allotment with me on the back of my bike and loved to eat the flowers of *Achocha*, the ‘lost crop of the Incas’



Page 94 the little hut and its interior. Wolf built a sleeping platform across the back and put shelves on the wall to hold crockery and other bits and pieces. It was like a little Gypsy caravan inside. We could take a nap there on hot summer afternoons.





Page 99 (left)
The author with Phil Smith, BBC writer and broadcaster at one of our pagan celebrations.

(right) Comet Hale-Bopp which hung in the trees over Janet McLardy's garden when we did our Beltane celebrations there in 1997



page 101 (left)
Wolf waiting to board the Bolero bus which will take us to Como.

Page 105 (right)
The camp site at Menaggio with its shade awnings for tents.



Page 106 (left)
Lady of the Roses. My 56th birthday at Menaggio on Lake Como.

Page 107 (right)
Wolf at the side of the road, Menaggio. Sheer rock face one side, lake the other.



Page 114 (left)
After the disastrous foray into the interior we returned to the Lake and found this idyllic campsite at Lenno where we parked the bikes and went walking for the rest of the week.

Page 115 (right)
Wolf set the timer for this shot of us both in the twilight at Lenno Camp.





Page 116 (above) After a week of cold and mist, the day we were leaving the sun came out to show us what we had been missing. The views were breathtaking.

p116 (right) The city beachcomber—"Suddenly we spied this fellow coming towards us. I have to admit that my heart sank at the sight of him - waiting for a bus with nowhere to go, all our stuff spread out - we were prime targets for whatever species of boredom he wished to inflict on us. Then a strange thing happened. Leaning down in a conspiratorial manner towards his small dog and pointing his finger directly at Wolf, he cried "*Deutsch!*" It happened at the precise moment I raised my camera to photograph him.



Page 118 Two enormous English lorry drivers came strolling along the pavement and joined us for a while, provoking a jealous outburst from Wolf.



Page 118 (left) Waiting for the Bolero bus which was several hours late having run into the Tour de France and been held up by road closures.

The lorry drivers who later joined us on the pavement



This one was a poppet but the Greek (below) was definitely shift. (these pictures not in book)





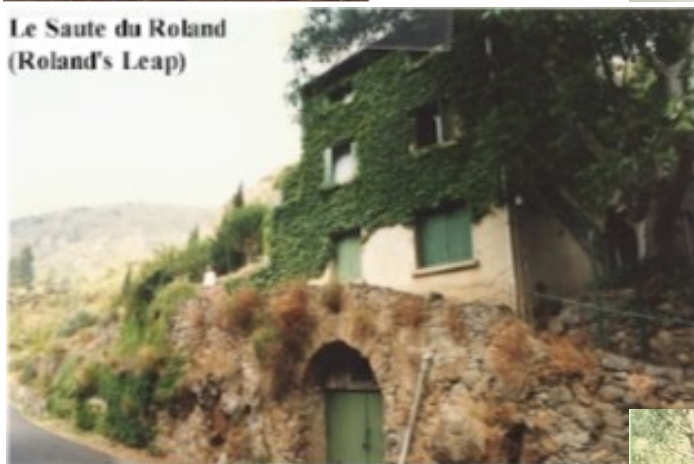
Page 119 (left). Two other cyclists, Mark (left) and Peter, joined us in the wait for Bolero. Peter took this picture of me and Wolf, before we fell out over the lorry drivers



Page 123 (left) Sayeed's daughter Nigat in her wedding finery
Page 135 (right) The hotel at Capendu where we were forced to break our journey on the way to Lastours because of the fierce head wind we had been fighting all day.



Le Saute du Roland
(Roland's Leap)



Page 136 (left) Roland's Leap, our destination at Lastours—the haunted gite.
(right) view from the window.
Page 138 (below) Our camp at Lezignan-Corbieres



where we recuperated after the haunting.

(left) my camp office and my little Psion—handy writing gadget.





Page 139/40 (above & right) Wolf at Peyriac-de-Mer, an idyllic spot on the coast south of Narbonne.



p140 (above) The camp at Sigeon; p141 (below) the music-filled streets of Narbonne (pics not in book)



Page 150 (above) Wolf's 43rd birthday picnic in the Black Forest (of Gisburn)

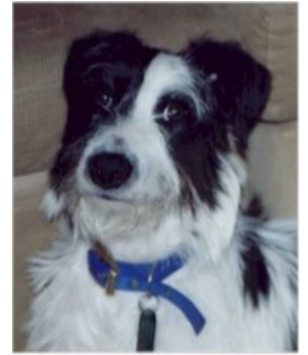


Page 151
(right)
The Cuban penfriend from Miami enters our lives.



(left) the Jag she bought and in which we toured Scotland.

Page 159 (right) My wonderful dog Benji as a young pup.



P163 (above left) Sugar and Nita at the Crossgaits pub. P164 (above right) The start of the Normandy trip. Waiting in the cold outside Tesco at Prestwich for the 1986 Mercedes bus to turn up.
P164 (below left) Colin's bus with its complement of tiny, grey-haired passengers
P169 (below right) The Normandy experience—the seaside town of Granville

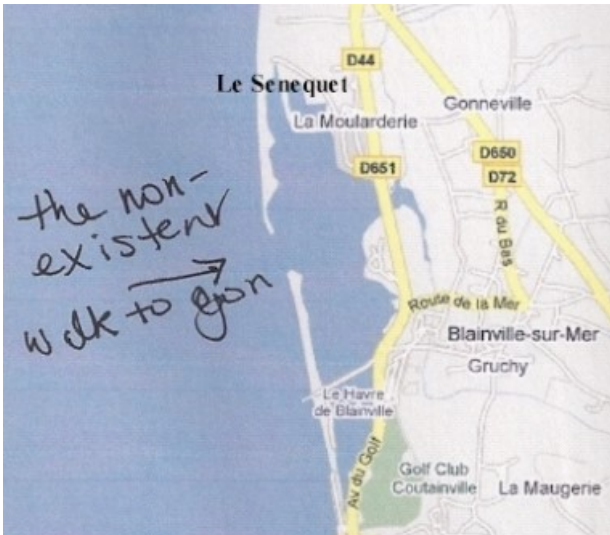




Colin's bus and trailer & cartoons I drew to illustrate the story



Page 174—the walk recommended by Colin



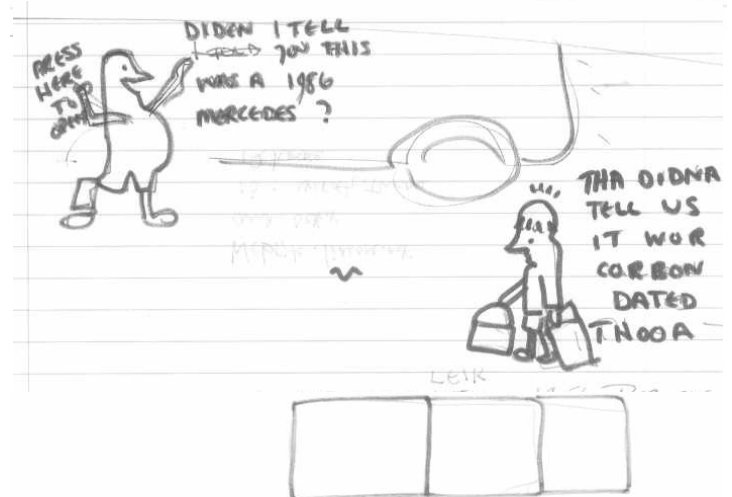
Page 174—Mont St Michel at second attempt



P 175—"one thing about Fat Colin's bus"



Chateau Pirou (right)





Page 175—lunch in the apple orchard



Page 176—coffee at the Cantilupe



*The lanes
of
Normandy
full of
cow pars-
ley and
comfrey*

*P184
Opa,
Wolf's
grandfa-
ther*



*Page 190 (above) the 28ft dia
Circle in the Allotment*



*Page 195 (right) The Author as
Reverend Mother Razzmatazz and
(left) Nita as the Reverend Bishop of the Church of Holy Laughter.*





P197—Seahenge, discovered off the Norfolk coast in 1998 and destroyed by English Heritage against the will of the people; p198 Wolfram with the upside down tree we planted in the centre of our circle in 2001



*P199 the author in the circle with the Cup of Life. P204 Herr Franz' house at Salem-Beuringen in 2002
P205—the Pile Dwellings, Unteruhldingen*



The Pile Dwellings from a postcard



P206—
running naked
round the cir-
cle in the rain
after putting
up the poly-
tunnel
P207—Wolf
with Ray En-
nis of the
Swinging Blue
Jeans during
filming with
Steve Hum-
phries



P209 (left) the crystal skull Chuen; p211 (centre) Chuen being sung to by Jayson Stilwell; P213—Sir Robert Winston, the man in the skull. **Below:** P220—The house Herr Franz offered to rent to us



P223 (right) Goodbye Wolfram and your Dirty Knicker Collection Feb 14 2003



P225—Joshua Shapiro and Desy—Crystal Skull explorers; p227—Alan Godfrey, the Todmorden police-
man abducted into a spaceship in the 1980s; p228, my first crystal skull—Haakon, green malachite



P234 (left) the shrine to Mary at Walsingham Holy House;

P248 (above right) Merry Maidens stone circle, Penzance



P249—Peruvian Shaman; p255—The Gang of Four—Haakon, Jethro, Marguerite, Princess Xena



*P262—
Marguerite
Chapuis' grave at
Cour-
temaiche,
Switzerland;*

*P270 (right)
Franken-
stein joins
the Gang of
Four on
their table*



*(Left) Eleanor, who
was at Courtemaiche
with me.*

*(right) Frankenstein
is joined by two
friends—Sammy
(left) and Circe
(right)*





*P 272 (above left) the skulls' numbers increase and they demand a glass table to sit on;
P277 (above right) Eric and Michelle Hargreaves—my friends for many years—joined me at Stonehenge for Summer Solstice 2004;
P303 (left) Ed and Jean Ritchie, preachers at the Methodist Church, Killarney;
P304 (right) Margaret and Fergus Ring, Wolf's friends in Killarney*



P317 (left) First Communicants, looking like miniature brides, spend the day trolling about in their finery

P319 (above right) building the African Hut in the allotment 2006



P320 (right) constructing a roof support for the centre post of the Hut



*P320 (left)
view from the top of my
stepladder as Fasal
approaches, led by
Benji, to take a look at
work on the African
Hut;*

*P321 (right)
the finished hut*

*P322 (below left)
Janet McLardy visits
the allotment to inspect
the new cooking chim-
ney with Sayeed and
her daughter Nigat*



*P326—the binmen—l to r—Sam, Tim, Trevor; P327—Stephen Holbrook, spirit
medium; P329—work on the hut roof; Tim*





P334—planting Wolf's tree in the Methodist Church grounds, Killarney, 2007;

P337—the house I almost rented at Inch and view from the garden

P336—Sugaun hostel, looks cute but I wouldn't advise staying there

P337—The Fairview next door—much better place!

P338—The Stationmaster's house at Dooks Halt—the house I rented

P338—Christine, my friend who went with me to see the house at Dooks and meet the folks in Killarney



P141—the wig I wore for the move to Ireland and which terrified the staff in the MacDonald's we stopped at

P348—Friend Sara and boyfriend Seth

P352—Sara's welcome home 2009

P355—Wolf's plaque on his Opa's grave, Ringsheim, 2009



Sara and a bit of a dish called Seth



P356—Second solo trip to Germany. Camp Oase in Ettenheim and Mad Boy Chef, Nuryev lookalike



P357—the little chapel in the fields where I heard 'Lady in Red' as I cycled away





P360 (left) stork on its tower, Rheinhausen

P366 (right) ysterium Coniunctum—the Marriage of Gold and Silver, the King and Queen, the Hermetic Marriage when a man's Sun and a woman's Moon are in the same degree of the Zodiac



P373—the Christ in the Tree



P379 (below left) picnicplatz; (right) Hexenloch



P374 (right) Spaetzle

(left) Irma and Erika, my friends in Neukirch





P383—the Ladies of the English class in the coffee shop, Furtwangen

*Day out to a 1,000 Jahre festival and also watch the England-Germany football match of 2010
Round the table—Max Baermann, Irma Baermann, Max Rombach, Erika Rombach—all of Neukirch*

