



MOTORWAY DREAMER

4

SPECIAL RELIGION AND POLITICS ISSUE!!!



Motorway Dreamer is is " edited" and published by
John Nielsen Hall

Please direct all contributions,letter of comment, and pictures of your wife or girlfriend doing things that you promised her were solely for you and that you promised would never ever be shown to anyone else to:

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Motorway Dreamer is an Electronic Printed Fanzine. The Electronic version is available at eFanzines.com by the grace of Bodhisattva Bill Burns. That is also where all the previous issues live. If you are holding in your hands a printed copy this is because:

	You have Locced
	You have contributed to this or past issues
	You are a fellow faned. Salutations from the great beyond of ish future!
	You have asked for a copy (Its up to you now)
	Johnny thinks you are a lovely person and should have one anyway (He's fickle, though)
	Roy Kettle insists you should have an opportunity to admire his finely crafted prose.

EDITORIAL

Brothers and Sisters, my text today comes from BANANA WINGS #28 Page 2 and lo, Mark Plummer sayeth "BANANA WINGS is a science fiction fanzine....".

MOTORWAY DREAMER is emphatically not a science fiction fanzine. It is a fanzine which contains writing by and for science fiction and any other type of interested fans, and wherein any subject possible in the Universe including science fiction might be written about, but probably wont be.

No matter what Graham " Cartiledge" Charnock might say, it is not the case that I will print absolutely anything anyone sends me. After three issues, I feel I ought to state what MOTORWAY DREAMER is about, though I might have hoped it was obvious. Its about (1) Me and (2) You, the reader. You have the biggest part to play- you have to both read and contribute. I only get to be the genial host, getting a soapbox for my own nonsense and introducing the acts you really want to hear, the price of which privilege is that I do the leg work in actually producing it.

In short, this is what used to be called in my former life, a " fannish" fanzine. I know that term might conjure the ghosts of SCOTTISHE or WADEZINE, but then what was MAYA or any fanzine by Greg Pickersgill, if not a fannish zine? MOTORWAY DREAMER aspires to that tradition. If you are thinking of writing something (and I really hope you are) please bear that in mind.

Here endeth the lesson.



MY

LEGACY

*Tony Blair's visions of the future
and revisions of the past*

By

Roy Kettle

Celebrity prime minister, Tony Blair, jet setting furiously towards his retirement, is having to think about the rest of his life. His first three priorities will, of course, be

“money, money, money” though he hopes to continue telling people what they are doing wrong (i.e. doing differently from him) and being generally indispensable to God.

Central to his ambitions will be a four part autobiography (working titles currently with publishers are “How I Saved the Labour Party”, “How I Saved Britain”, “How Me and God Won Wars”, and “Gordon is a Moron”.) Sorting out his papers has proved time-consuming. Obviously, he couldn’t keep everything and, about a year ago, he threw a lot of stuff away. It happened to find its way into the pockets of a rubbish operative with a low bribe threshold.

In line with the Government’s long-standing and deeply held environmental policies, the papers were to have been transferred from the very real dustbin of history outside No 10 to one of Britain’s traditional and well-loved landfill sites which are always situated so inconveniently far from MPs’ houses. But, bearing in mind the Government’s equally long-standing and deeply held approach to transparent policy development and freedom of information, we felt that these documents would be better shared with the nation. So, here, untouched by human hand, are some of the documents that the Prime Minister seems to have felt didn’t quite represent the legacy he intended.

All proceeds from the sale of this fanzine will go to an account in the same bank that many of our leading charities use.

Characters

(some are more actively involved than others)

A guide for those not utterly attuned to the British political theatre - a salutary reminder for the rest of us.

Jennifer Aniston Rachel in "Friends", a popular sitcom.

Paddy Ashdown (Jeremy John Durham Ashdown, Baron Ashdown of Norton-sub-Hamdon, GCMG, KBE, PC) Leader of Liberal Democrats 1988 - 1999. His secret meetings with TB about possible coalition Government in the event of a hung Parliament were rather blown out of the water by New Labour winning landslide victory in 1997.

Cherie Blair (alias Cherie Booth). Celebrity Prime Ministerial spouse alias highly paid human rights lawyer. Devout Roman Catholic and supposedly more left wing than husband. Passion for freebies (including holidays with fairly extreme right wingers), expensive hair stylists, bonkers new age mud and crystal rituals, expensive after dinner speaking and accumulating property sometimes using a convicted Australian conman (I know conman is tautology here but let's go with it for now).

Tony Blair (Anthony Charles Lynton Blair MP, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom 1997 to date, First Lord of the Treasury, Minister for the Civil Service and Leader of the Labour Party). Scottish toff privately educated at Fettes College. Non-practising barrister. Keener to be PM than member of any particular party but happened to choose Labour and then espoused Third Way politics. Believer in teachings of Christ as and when they are useful to him. Practising protestant but aspiring to Catholicism as more glamorous with a better chance of last minute forgiveness for wide range of sins. Famous for "man of the people" speech patterns who counts right wing press barons and right wing foreign dictators as closest friends - fully reciprocated when his help is needed. Architect of New Labour's war-warmongering policies (started more wars than any British PM since WWII) as means of keeping in with his international chums and assisting British arms companies. (And what's wrong with helping your mates?). Initially extraordinarily popular PM but now slightly less so. "Second-rate mind with a first-rate temperament" Lord Jenkins. Famous quotes include "Mine is the first generation able to contemplate the possibility that we may live our entire lives without going to war or sending our children to war" and "Now is not the time for sound-bites. I can feel the hand of history on my shoulder."

David Blunkett New Labour MP and twice sacked/resigned Minister. Overcame significant challenges as blind student during less enlightened times to become education and employment Secretary (with responsibility for equal opportunities policies) and hard line Home Secretary. Was paid £400,000 for his memoirs by Harry Potter publishers but has sold fewer than 5,000 copies.

Betty Boothroyd (Baroness Boothroyd of Sandwell, OM, PC). Ex-Labour MP and first female speaker of House of Commons. One-time Tiller girl, now paraglides.

Gordon Brown (Gordon Brown MP, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1997 to date). Best of friends with TB until his unsuccessful rivalry for position of Prime Minister completely soured their relationship briefly for the first 10 years of the 10 year New Labour Government. Nevertheless, the two men are next door neighbours which must call their judgement into question. Scottish Presbyterian from Kirkcaldy. Architect of Labour's economic success by use of chief economic tools: luck, selling public sector to big business and getting someone else to take decisions on interest rates. Architect of Labour's key and reasonably successful social policies. Dour micro-manager about whom an ex-girlfriend (Princess Margarita, the eldest daughter of exiled King Michael of Romania) said: "It was politics, politics, politics, and I needed nurturing". Has "psychological flaws" according to Alistair Campbell TB's ex-spin doctor, but then he would say that wouldn't he?

Desmond Browne (Desmond Henry Browne MP Secretary of State for Defence 2006 to date) Scottish New Labour Minister with a high-profile job, otherwise obscure.

George Bush (George Walker Bush, President of the US 2001 to date). Rare example of ex-alcoholic drug-taking criminal to win this office though becoming a born-again Christian obviously helped. Believes in sanctity of life for foetuses but not the 131 slightly more adult prisoners executed when he was Governor of Texas nor the thousands of soldiers and civilians killed in Iraq. Missed out on opportunity to personally kill people in Vietnam by getting Texas-based duties while father was Texas Congressman. Policies include several Taking from the Poor and Giving to the Rich Acts, a vastly expensive war to maintain cheap road and air travel and frightening curbs on freedom aimed at keeping America free. Uncommonly divisive, inarticulate and unpopular President. Looks after his friends - or people he hopes will be his friends. (And what's wrong with looking after your mates?) Best chum of TBs (when he remembers who he is). Famous quotes include: "Oh, no, we're not going to have any casualties [in Iraq]"; on being asked

what the White House is like, "It is white"; and the choice pairing "The most important thing is for us to find Osama bin Laden. It is our number one priority and we will not rest until we find him" with "I don't know where bin Laden is. I have no idea and really don't care. It's not that important. It's not our priority."

David Cameron (David William Donald Cameron, MP and Leader of Tory party 2005 to date). English toff privately educated at Eton. Denies being a Thatcherite but nevertheless has described himself as "heir to Blair". Best other joke "I'm a modern compassionate conservative". Famous for espousing green policies including riding to Parliament on his bike while an official car travelled behind him with his papers. Likes to be known as Dave with friends but probably "Prime Minister" in more intimate moments.

Alastair Campbell (Alastair John Campbell). TB's ex-director of communications and strategy. Unelected architect of New Labour with great preference for spin over openness. Instrumental in creating "dodgy dossier" which helped mislead MPs and public over existence of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. Wrote "people's princess" description for TB after death of Diana. Not actually Scottish but plays bagpipes. Briefly wrote for sex-mag Forum as "Riviera Gigolo".

Carole Caplin Ex "life coach" to Cherie Blair and ex-partner to convicted Australian conman.

Jacques Chirac (Jacques René Chirac ex- President of France 2005-2007 and co-Prince of Andorra). Famous quote after London beat Paris for 2012 Olympics "The only thing [the English] have ever done for European agriculture is mad cow." Perhaps it works better in French.

Charles Clarke (Charles Rodway Clarke MP) Ex-Home Secretary sacked by TB because of Department's blunders in foreign prisoner policies to make way for John Reid who has developed even better blunders. Currently one of the failed front-runners in the Stop Gordon Brown From Becoming PM Although We Can't Actually Think of Anyone Better campaign. Needs good razor for Christmas.

Ken Clarke (Kenneth Harry Clarke, QC, MP). Ambitious Tory MP and Minister who helped bring about Thatcher's resignation and then failed to succeed her. Likes smoking, drinking and jazz.

Edwina Curry (Edwina Currie Jones) Former Tory MP. See John Major

Alistair Darling (Alistair Maclean Darling MP). Long-serving Scottish New Labour

Minister with incongruous black eyebrows and grey hair. Voted Britain's most boring politician two years running. Nuff said.

Clement Freud (Sir Clement Raphael Freud). Writer, broadcaster and ex-Liberal MP. Does TV adverts.

Lord Goldsmith (Peter Henry Goldsmith, Baron Goldsmith, Attorney General). Gave definitive legal OK to TB for war with Iraq after secretly giving him somewhat more equivocal advice which was later leaked. Currently responsible for deciding if a criminal prosecution might be brought against TB, who appointed him, or colleagues for allegations of selling honours. (And what's wrong with looking after your mates?)

Michael Heseltine (Michael Ray Dibdin Heseltine, Baron Heseltine, CH, PC). Ambitious ex- Tory MP and Minister with a significant role in ending Margaret Thatcher's premiership but failed to cash in and get the job himself. Successful entrepreneur who grows trees for a hobby.

Patricia Hewitt (Patricia Hope Hewitt, Secretary of State for Health 2005 to date). Australian New Labour Minister currently struggling to correct previous Health Ministers' disastrously cost-ineffective decisions while following their example. Ex -general secretary of National Council for Civil Liberties who supports Government's approach on restricting civil liberties.

Dave Hill Lead guitarist and backing vocalist of Slade. No sorry, wrong one. TB's director of communications after Alastair Campbell.

Saddam Hussein (Saddam Hussein Abd al-Majid al-Tikriti) Dead ex-President of Iraq 1979 - 2003 and mass murderer. One time business partner of Dick Cheney, Vice President of the USA, he pretended to have weapons of mass destruction to help justify USA attacking Iraq. (And what's wrong with looking after your mates?) Somewhat misjudged mutuality of this relationship, however, and was executed after being captured by US troops.

Derry Irvine (Alexander Andrew Mackay Irvine, Baron Irvine of Lairg, PC, QC). Scottish head of legal chambers in which TB and Cherie Blair worked and who TB then appointed Lord Chancellor complete with wig and stockings. (And what's wrong with looking after your mates?) Liked trappings of office. Redecorated apartment at £500,000 cost to taxpayer. Nice wallpaper.

Neil Kinnock (Neil Gordon Kinnock, Baron Kinnock of Bedwellty, PC). Welsh ex-MP

and leader of Old Labour whose party policies paved the way for New Labour. Led triumphalist political rally in 1992 just before narrowly failing to win winnable election. Picked by TB to be European Union Transport Commissioner. (And what's wrong with looking after your mates?)

Ken Livingstone (Kenneth Robert Livingstone, Mayor of London 2000 to date) Outspoken ex-left wing Labour MP. Known as "Red Ken" and hated by TB but now wooed by New Labour due to some significant policy successes in London. Possibly only MP to perform on Blur album. Signifies "with-it" credentials by publicising himself as "Mayor of Lond*On*".

John Major (Sir John Major, KG, CH, PCF ex Prime Minister 1990 - 1997 and ex Leader of the Tory party). Typical Labour Party background - left school at 16 with weedy qualifications, failed to get a job as a bus conductor and worked for a garden gnome business. In as perverse a reversal of social background as TB he became a Tory local councillor. Had experience of all three major Government jobs, though for little more than a few weeks each. Surprisingly took over from Margaret Thatcher following coup by other leading Tories. Surprisingly won subsequent general election (following Labour party snatching defeat from jaws of victory) and ruled excitingly with occasional majority of 1 after many sex and sleaze scandals during his unfortunately timed moral crusade, "back to basics", which led to resignation or death by erotic asphyxiation of many Tory MPs. His own amusing sex scandal with pantomime Tory MP Edwina Curry went undiscovered until she wrote about it. Unsurprisingly Tony Blair won enormous majority at next general election. A "decent and honourable man" said Paddy Ashdown, Leader of the Liberal Democrats, after his own five month affair with his own secretary.

Norma Major (Dame Norma Major or Norma, Lady Major) Loyal wife of John Major despite his sexual escapades and failure to get a job on the buses. Not keen on life at 10 Downing Street but wrote book about Prime Minister's vast country residence, Chequers, called "Chequers".

Peter Mandelson (Peter Benjamin Mandelson). Twice sacked/resigned New Labour Minister. Ex-MP for Hartlepool which also famously elected someone posing as a monkey to be mayor. Grandson of Herbert Morrison, old time socialist Labour Minister, who has asserted his own strong working class credentials by pointing to mushy peas in a chip shop and asking for some of that "guacomole dip". Strong ally and ex-spin doctor of TB and key architect of New Labour and Blairism (or Old Thatcherism as some call it). Genuinely creepy. Responsible for failure of Millenium Dome and non-existent sport "surfball". Picked by TB to be highly paid European Union Trade Commissioner. (And what's wrong with looking

after your mates?)

George Melly (Alan George Heywood Melly). British jazz and blues singer and writer.

Rupert Murdoch (Keith Rupert Murdoch AC, KCSG). Right-wing Australian press baron, now citizen of USA and possibly Turkey for business reasons, with huge influence over British politics.

John Prescott (John Prescott MP, Deputy Prime Minister 1997 to date and First Secretary of State). Popular left wing activist with exemplary working class credentials until he became a pantomime senior New Labour Minister with various grace and favour homes. MP for Kingston on Hull. Deeply immersed in popular culture (well, Chumbawumba vocalist Danbert Nobacon poured a jug of iced water over him for the Government's treatment of Liverpool dockworkers). Reticent to the point of violence (well, he hit someone who might have thrown an egg at him) and lampooned for the gap he likes to maintain between himself and the English language. Following many gaffes (well, many, many, many gaffes), having an affair with his diary secretary - using the unusual protection of having an open door between him and his other staff - was the last straw and he was pushed onto his sword, or will be when they find out what highly paid job he is actually doing that he can officially resign from.

Vladimir Putin (Владимир Владимирович Пúтин , President of Russia 2000 to date). Practising member of Russian Orthodox Church and ex-member of KGB. Black belt at Judo. Famous quotes include " *Товарищ Волк знает кого кушать. Кушает и никого не слушает.*"

Ian Rankin Very successful Scottish crime writer.

John Reid (Home Secretary). Scottish MP and New Labour Minister including Secretary of State for Health. Member of Communist Party as a student. Burgeoning TV career defending indefensible "security" policies and Home Office cock-ups. Hard-line hard-looking ex-alcoholic and smoker.

Lord Sainsbury (David John Sainsbury, Baron Sainsbury of Turville) Billionaire supermarket businessman given peerage by TB in 1997 and ex-New Labour Minister. Questioned by police during "cash for honours" enquiry.

John Scarlett (Sir John McLeod Scarlett, KCMG, OBE, Head of MI6). Worked closely with Alastair Campbell on dodgy dossier promoting case for war with Iraq

following which he was knighted. Good name for a fictional spy.

Harold Wilson (James Harold Wilson, Baron Wilson of Rievaulx, KG, OBE, FRS). Dead Old Labour Prime Minister who won more General Elections than any other Prime Minister last (or this) century. One of the last socialist Labour PMs. Liked smoking a pipe and worrying about wide range of plots against him. Established ban on foreign Scientologists from entering the UK (hurrah) until Margaret Thatcher overturned it (boo).

While at university, Tony Blair sang in a band called Ugly Rumours. Several pages of what appear to be lyrics for their songs were found crumpled at the bottom of the bin. Some of them seem almost familiar, but what do I know? Here are a couple in young Blair's own handwriting.

Regeneration

Porters try to put us d-down (Talking about regeneration)
I find that I can't get around (Talking about regeneration)
Trains can leak they're all so old (Talking about regeneration)
I hope I dry before I catch c-c-cold (Talking about regeneration)

This is regeneration
This is regeneration (maybe)

Why don't unions f-fade away (Talking about regeneration)
And don't go slow cause it won't p-p-pay (Talking about regeneration)
I'm not trying to close my railway s-s-station (Talking about regeneration)
I'm just talking about reg-g-generation (Talking about regeneration)

This is regeneration
This is regeneration (maybe)

Fee charging man

Ev'rywhere I want the sound of people charging fees, boy
'Cause future's near and almost right for charging for your streets, boy
Well then what can a Fettes boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
'Cause in sleepy England town
There's just no place for a fee charging man
Yet!

Several letters date from the time when Tony Blair was elected on 1 May 1997. Here are two of them from people who younger readers might not recognise other than as puppets in Spitting Image repeats.

~~10 Downing Street~~
~~London,~~
~~SW1A 2AA~~

From: Rt Hon. John Major Esq MP
Dunguvnin
Huntingdon

2nd May 1997

Dear Mr Blair Esq

I fully appreciate that this is very much a busy time for you, what with picking new curtains and making up new ways of taxing ordinary people to pay for unworkable policies, but there is a *very* important issue that I must raise with you and your lady wife. I hope that the emphasis I have placed on the word “very” has demonstrated the seriousness of this matter and that it will receive your full attention.

Norma and I have been not inconsiderably inconvenienced during the last few days by the loss of a button from my favourite shirt. It is the shirt I had intended to wear at Lords cricket ground now that I have arranged matters so that I can spend more time with my cricket team. Norma, who is responsible for the upkeep of my clothing, says that it is likely to be very difficult to get an exact match and I entirely trust her judgement on this. Having had a privileged upbringing, you might well not appreciate the hardship that the purchase of a new shirt can bring but I can assure you that, as a grammar school boy from Briton with very little in the way of formal qualifications, I have experienced the distress that such catastrophes as a broken shoelace or a custard spot on the blazer can bring.

We would be extremely grateful if you and Cherie could spare the time to look for this button which I feel certain is somewhere within our old home. It is white, about 3/8ths of an inch across, with four holes symmetrically positioned in pairs around its centre to facilitate a balanced pattern of thread. I strongly suspect it was dislodged in the second largest bedroom but it could have happened in any room apart, that is, from the small lavatory on the ground floor which Norma insisted I never use again because of a misadventure therein of an unmentionable kind involving quite another person.

Yours in anticipation

Rt Hon. John Major Esq MP

PS Norma has asked me not to tell you that I have entered into a series of speaking engagements at £20,000.00 per event which, during the course of this month alone, will produce an income slightly

in excess of that of you and your lady wife together for the whole year. I certainly have no intention of mentioning this.

[Handwritten note]. Tony. Someone had to help this sad man so I sent him one of your spare sex-bomb buttons from the shirts you wear with a tie. Fortunately, the back of it is white if he has the wit to turn it round. And I put in a post-it note saying "Edwina xxx" as he obviously needs cheering up. I may have addressed it to Norma by mistake. Cherie

Heseltinesabastard House
Francis of Assisi Road
Dull Witch

3 May 1997

My Dear Tony

Well done! That certainly showed them, didn't it? And what a fine victory speech. You looked magnificent - all fired up and glowing.

I'm so glad it's you at No.10 and not that namby-pamby, wishy-washy, pseudo left-wing, backstabbing, flim-flam merchant Major. Between you and me, I've not trusted him since his appalling behaviour on top of the photocopier at No 10. Much better to have someone in place who subscribes to market economies, low personal taxation, bashing the unions, maintaining our special relationship with the USA and keeping a strong military presence in obscure countries which happen to have oil.

Keep up the good work. You can count on my support behind the scenes.

Yours ever

Margaret☺☺☺

PS I'm not sure about John Prescott. He resembles Ken Clarke too much for my liking and isn't really a good role model for an upwardly mobile party with a modernising agenda.

[Handwritten note] Tony, this had better be a hoax or there'll be no special relationship for you for a while. Cherie

No 10 Downing Street is central to the life of the Prime Minister and his family and the working of good Government so it's illuminating to come across documents relating to its use.

**From: Labour Intensive Cleaners Inc.
Marsham Street**

Invoice

Situation: 10 Downing Street

Work date: 3 May 1997

For miscellaneous clearances and stain removal as follows:

- empty bottles various sparkling wine – 437
- empty bottles scented vodka – 13
- empty bottles Diamond White cider – 71
- empty bottles Hooper's Hooch alcoholic lemonade – 54
- empty bottles Two Dogs alcoholic lemonade - 47
- bottles "Old Miners" bitter – 2 (unopened)
- bottles Sainsbury's Good Value water, in box marked *It would help to have the you-know-what by October. Best wishes, DS.* - 1 (unopened)
- empty brown envelope obviously torn open in a frenzy, bearing the words "for TB only" in same handwriting as above – 1
- empty packets reduced fat Sainsbury's Cheese Weasels - 439
- New Labour roses (plastic) - 95
- New Labour roses (real) – 2
- note bearing the words "Interview request: The Guardian" screwed up, found inside into Harold Wilson commemorative tea urn - 1
- pagers with flashing message *We fuckin fuckin did it* - 5
- pagers with dead batteries - 17
- song sheet: Things Can Only Get Better - 88
- song sheet: The Red Flag – 1 (slightly torn bearing traces of saliva-like fluid)
- vomit pools on oak floors and in Harold Wilson commemorative tea urn – 5
- vomit soaks in carpet and soft furnishing – 8
- projectile vomit on paintings of previous Prime Ministers - Conservative 5, Liberal 1,

Labour 1

- Prime Ministerial spouse, slightly worse for wear, apparently searching for copper and amethyst anti-hangover medallion in unfamiliar cupboard – 1
- mobile phone with recorded message “*Tony, let me know if the post-election pact and Foreign Secretary post is still open, won’t you? I’m can’t go on like this much longer. Paddy*” – 1
- unpleasantly sticky wrapping from night time hypnosis tape “The Third Way” – 1

Total cost: **£872.36** inc VAT. Payment in kind accepted.

Terms: 14 days or election honours list, whichever is sooner

At some point early in his premiership, Tony Blair seems to have distributed some pro-forma's to solicit presumably unwanted advice from backbenchers whose votes it soon turned out he didn't actually need because of the landslide victory. Apparently a number of these were actually completed and returned. Here are two samples from different periods.

Tips for Tony

Hi guys. You know I want to start off with an open door policy – well, an open suggestion box at least! And I'm keen that even back bencher's should have the chance to contribute to my plan for making Britain Great again under New Labour. I honestly want to hear what you say and see if any of it might possibly make sense. So fill in this form, put it in an envelope marked “Tony, make my day” and leave it with the policeman outside the gates in Downing Street.

Your idea *is* important to me.

Your Leader and Prime Minister.

Tony, my suggestion is:

Tony, this is just great. It's like I always imagined being in power would be. All of us working together to the greater good, getting a new kind of socialism across to the people, no more poverty, no more despair, no more war, no more greed, no more debt. And a leader who listens!

Anyway, this is my idea. The Government promises to try out every new policy on a Minister before making it law. The opposite of the old Tory NIMBYism. If we really have to have an incinerator for any waste that can't be recycled then one goes into, say, Alistair Darling's back yard first. If we want people to use public transport instead of cars then John Prescott swaps his Jags for a bus pass or even better a bike. If we want people to have a minimum wage then Derry Irvine is paid at that rate. If we want

to abolish selection in education and give every child the same great chance, then you'll send your kids to the local Islington school that's only failing until our policies bite.

This should apply to junior Ministers too and, should you ever make me one, I'll do my bit of course.

What an example we'll set. Things can only get better

*Unreadable signature.
June 1997.*

[Handwritten note]: Steve, get someone at Vodafone to stick a mobile mast in this guy's back garden, one of those that gives people incurable headaches. TB

Tips for Tony

Hi guys. You know I want to start off with an open door policy – well, an open suggestion box at least! And I'm keen that even back bencher's should have the chance to contribute to my plan for making Britain Great again under New Labour. I honestly want to hear what you say and see if any of it might possibly make sense. So fill in this form, put it in an envelope marked "Tony, make my day" and leave it with the policeman outside the gates in Downing Street.

Your idea *is* important to me.

Your Leader and Prime Minister.

Tony, my suggestion is:

I've been sending these notes for nine years and you haven't acted on any of them. In fact, I get the impression that you read them then decide on the opposite policy. I'd have been better off sending you the Tory Manifesto. It's been very depressing, quite apart from all those accidents in my personal life.

I was doing a few calculations of some of what you owe the British people:

Iraq war - £6.2 billion

Unnecessary extra costs from the Public Finance Initiative - £753 million

Unnecessary health and education bureaucracy - £532 million
 Overpayment to doctors due to poorly negotiated contract - £300 million
 Your salary - £1.378 million over 9 years
 Unnecessary consultants - £4.2 billion
 Items gone missing from No 10 since 1997 - £93,000
 Millennium Dome - £603 million
 Unnecessary visits to other countries - £1.17 million
 Wasted life chances under a so-called Labour Government - £1.1 billion (I guessed at this one - so sue me)
 Effects of increased terrorism and loss of freedoms due to war - £2 billion (rounded)
 Sales of public assets at marked-down prices - £883 million
 Lost occupational pensions - £3.870 billion

At this point I began to lose the will to calculate.

So, if you include the cost of those offensively skimpy holiday briefs which presumably came out of your Government clothes allowance, that's £19,120,641,017.93

Anyway, unless I get a quick response I'm sending this note to the Audit Commission in case they know a way of getting the money back from you. Maybe you could take out an even bigger mortgage. Or maybe you can dedicate the doubtless obscene profits from your retirement lectures and autobiography and directorships to a trust fund for kids stuck in what your attack dog used to call "bog-standard comprehensives" which are still run down even after 9 years of hard Labour.

Unreadable signature. June 2006.

[Handwritten note]: Sarah, this guy sounds like a suicide bomber to me. Have a quick word with the Met will you? Accidents can happen, if you know what I mean. TB



"HAVE YOU GOT SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE CONSERVATIVE?"

Quite a few documents are letters from colleagues putting the picture straight on various issues. These are two taken at random.

**Peter Mandelson
Minister Without Portfolio**

To: The Prime Minister

9 December 1997

Dear Tony

THE MILLENNIUM EXPERIENCE

You asked me what on Earth I meant in the House yesterday when I mentioned “surfball, the 21st century sport” being a possibility for the Dome.

Let me remind you of a few facts:

- it was your idea to take over the Millennium Dome from the Tories despite my warning that it was bound to be a total fiasco.
- it was you who said (and I quote from the MI5 tapes) “Peter old mate, money is no object. My project will do for London what Eiffel did for Paris and Bull did for Birmingham. It will become an icon of New Labour’s ability to be modern, creative and successful. It will be remembered as a key part of my legacy.” And it was me who said “ Oh. Really?”
- it was you who wanted an event in the Dome where athletic young women in wet swim suits would leap around. It was me who pointed out that not everyone liked looking at young women. It was you who sniggered.
- it was you who said “Do what has to be done” and me who said “OK, but only if you promise you’ll always find me a well-paid and prestigious job whatever happens in future”.

So there I was on the floor of the House being harassed to defend your hollow promises. Being a bit desperate, and not exactly having seen anything productive from you, I remembered the swim suits, a moment of madness in Brazil came to mind and, to be honest, I simply made up a new sport.

I intend to spend the usual few million on making surfballing a reality but I suspect it will only mean that the consultants will once more be all at sea and produce bollocks. I wouldn’t plan your visit to the Dome around it.

Yours, even more despairingly than usual,

Peter

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
LORD GOLDSMITH

To: The Prime Minister

13 March 2005

Dear Tony

IRAQ

You spoke to me in the House yesterday saying that you were still under enormous pressure to publish the legal advice that I gave 12 days before the war on Iraq in March 2003. You said that, being a "straight kind of guy and all", it was incumbent on you to be open and honest unless you could avoid it.

Let me remind you of a few facts:

- it was you who rang me to say that the President of the United States was determined to revenge his father and attack "the Iraqeroonies". It was you who said "look what a bloody good war did for Maggie" and that "that American prat" (as you seemed to prefer calling him) had, after all, "given you quite a nice flying jacket" and that, anyway, "it was the right thing to do even if it was wrong". You also happened to mention oil. It was you who said you had to support him and who asked for legal cover;*
- it was me who said (and again I quote from the transcript of the recordings that my colleagues and I do tend to keep of all conversations with you): "Bloody hell, no. It would be totally illegal. There is no foundation in any UN resolution for an attack on a sovereign state like this. You'll be doomed. We'll all be doomed. It's immoral as well as illegal. You'll go to hell. You'll end up selling the Big Issue in Holloway Road. For God's sake, don't do it."*
- it was you who said "Oh, well, sort something out anyway, that's what we pay you for. There's lots of other lawyers who could do it. Make it go away."*
- it was me who said that I'd do what I could but only to keep the Government in power and that, while I could probably get you off the hook, it might not look great;*
- it was you who said "Whatever. But keep this schtummm".*

Well, OK, then, I'll have something available in case it all blows up during the election. But you owe me and my Swiss bank account big time.

Pete

Which Blair Project? You might well ask because there appear to be several which have escaped the public eye. Here are a few which seem not to have been acted upon. Perhaps Alastair Campbell had a worthwhile function after all.

PERSONAL

From the Prime Minister

Dated: Sept 1998

To: Alastair Campbell

Hi Big Al

Presentation – New Labour, New Vibes

Well, I think I'm getting used to this memo machine. It's really good of you to buy it for me, so that I put my personal ideas down as I think of them, and get them transcribed. I'm fed up with Gordon coming up with all the good ideas even though I sometimes get credit for them (which as Prime Minister I bloody well should). I really appreciate being able to rely on you to send my ideas out to be acted on without the bother of all those really boring civil service committees. I haven't heard anything further on any of my suggestions yet but, hey, I know these things can take time. I don't suppose we'll even have more grammar schools until next year. Anyway, now it's *your* turn.

I can't tell you enough how impressed I've been with your control of the news agenda for the New Labour Project. Look (and laugh) at the sex and sleaze-riddled Major years and what the press did to him, then look at the editors and owners we've got. We've got the newspapers absolutely in our pockets. Tell the Guardian we've got a left wing agenda and they believe it. Tell the Telegraph we're not going to raise taxes and *they* believe it. Tell the Daily Express *anything* and Dicky will be too busy with his porno to argue. And Rupe will print anything as long as I promise to rein in the BBC. What can possibly go wrong?

But I *am* concerned about some of these new MPs. I know they worship the water I walk on but, you know, who the fuck are they? I have no idea. I see a grinning buffoon nod at me in the corridors and it could be some demented Tory even more bonkers than when Maggie was in power or one of Betty Boothroyd's lackeys in civvies (incidentally, Cherie wants to know where they buy their hose and doublets for a party Derry is giving) or one of our own creepy new bugs. Peter says we didn't expect most of them to get elected so we hadn't done the usual checks and threats. They could be any sort of perverted three in a bed, four in a cottage, five run away together sex freaks.

What worries me, Al, is that they will have too much time on their hands because we have such a big majority. And you'll be well aware from your time as a porno writer what idle hands can get up to, particularly with a big majority. (Let no-one say I can't write my own jokes.) Anyway, what I was thinking was using the pagers that you've made them all buy. Between the "vote *this* way you twit" and "subscribe to Sky" messages we could include some subliminal stuff – quick flashes that would dampen their sex drives. "We'll send Peter round to chop your willy off if you wag it around too much" or "He's fat, he's stupid and he wants to get into your knickers and he could even be a Tory".

But - and I'll just wave from the carriage with this one to see how much you cheer - we might simply upgrade the pagers to make the vibrations a bit stronger. MPs who keep the pagers in their pockets would

get a nice thrill which would probably satisfy them for a few hours and take their minds off those horsey Tory women who all seem to want to lie back and think of Rutland. Not sure about how to handle any horny Blair's babes because they seem to keep their pagers in their bags. Maybe we could take their minds off things with a new frock allowance or something. You can work on that one.

Best etc.

Tone

PS If you still have any back issues of Forum lying around, Cherie's asked if we could borrow them.

VERY PERSONAL

10 Downing St

March 2004

To: The Secretary of State for Health, the Right Honourable John Reid MP

Dear John

Modernising the Health Service – Hip Operations

I am addressing this memo to you in traditional style because I know you don't appreciate the informal approach that has made Labour so New and fashionably electable. Being born in the 1940s must make it very difficult of course, as must having a background as a communist, working for Kinnock and looking like someone in urgent need of an Asbo, though I think we can largely blame your appearance on the 100 a day habit. (I hope you're managing to stick to the patches from Boots, incidentally, given the chances of getting NHS treatment if you don't.) I certainly wouldn't want to be the first to tell you these sort of unpalatable things which is why you had an email earlier from Dave Hill giving you the gist of them. My particular point, of course, is that your invaluable experience of living in the past is beginning to reflect in your policies.

What I want is for the Health Service to modernise. By this I mean not just copy American private health policy and pay big business to take over our hospitals, but to carry it through to what really matters to the public – presentation.

I'm always listening to what people tell me. (My "Get On Down with Tone" radio phone-ins were a massive success even though the title was accidentally shortened by the BBC.) And what people tell me is that they want more hip operations.

So I want hot jazz played as soon as a surgeon walks into an operating theatre perhaps with a dynamic syncopating rhythm from the heart-lung machine instead of that boring ping ping ping, cool paintings on the walls to create a relaxing yet stimulating ambience, laid back surgical tables, and perhaps new uniforms, maybe zoot-suits or the sort of thing George Melly wears (although better fitting and without the eye patch) - all according to the Paying Foreigners for It scheme that the press somehow seems to blame the Chancellor for of course.

Yours aye

Tony

PS I would have spoken to you about this on the phone but to be honest I sometimes have difficulty with your accent. Cherie says that Carole has some bio-organic thistle and briar palate-regenerating crystal mouth scrub that apparently works wonders on scousers' accents and could also be of some help to you. Only £57.31 (inc VAT) an application. I think you might be entitled to a 5% NHS alternative medicine discount for the aged.

PERSONAL

From the personal desktop of the Prime Minister

October 2005

To: David Blunkett
The Secretary of State for Work and Pensions

Blunkers old mate

Equality – don't judge people by the colour of their bespoke blinds

Just something I was kicking around like I do. We need to get "with it" in the way we present our equality policies. "Get down with my homos" is, I think, the "street" phrase. It might also prevent arguments about who wears the trousers at No 10 if Cherie and I are equal enough not to care.

Look at that bastard Red Ken. Mayor of London. That's "way cool" presentation and I hate him for thinking of it. I was wondering about something like "Prime Minister" or "10 Downing Street" – "in" being much more "in" than "on" if you catch my drift. Then it hit me. If someone comes "out of the closet" then they must be "in" somewhere else. Black is the new "in", I gather. People of all faiths are "in" education - thanks to yours truly. And so on. So the equality agenda is well and truly "in".

I can't for the life of me understand the difference between equality of choice, equality of opportunity, equality of service, equality of quality, equality of mercy... (No need to write me a memo about it incidentally – I'll pick it up somehow.) But that's not the point. The point is that someone has to stand up for people in wheelchairs and that someone is us. We have to say "You might be an old disabled black lesbian, but you have as much right to be a young able-bodied white man as anyone else". We have to "walk the walk" and modernise equality and the causes of equality. So basically, I want you to be in charge of our *In*Equality agenda. We want *In*Equality and we want it now, shall be our slogan. And you're obviously the right man for the job for reasons that I'm sure you can see.

Let everyone know that we don't care who votes for us – however limbless, conservative or uneducated (well, as long as they can get into a polling station and put a cross in the right box). There is nothing wrong with being abnormal. We might even have an advert with Jennifer Aniston saying "No more Rachel discrimination". She's so "fab". Anyway, just a thought.

Let it be.

Tony

Prime Minister *and* First Lord of the Treasury (ha ha Gordo). First above equals!

EXCEPTIONALLY SECRET

From the Prime Ministerial bunker

July 2005

To: Desmond Browne
The Secretary of State for Defence

Dear Des

Stop the war – I want to get on

My motives in attacking Iraq continue to be questioned and are preventing me from building a decent legacy. People are saying I did it because George Bush (yes, the President of the United States of America) made me or that I did it to keep the precious supplies of oil flowing that contribute so much to our environmental and public transport policies or that I did it because God (yes, Him, just one down from George) told me to. Actually, none of these are true, well they're all true to some extent, some to a great extent in fact, some totally so now that you're pressing me, OK all of them are, all right? I hope you're satisfied! Anyway, for some reason no-one seems to believe any of this.

So it's about time we developed a new reason that will convince people that my motives were pure and above reproach and is consistent with the rest of my life and will go down well with the Daily Mail and The Sun. Try pushing this one up your nose and see if anyone calls a doctor.

Who have I sacked? Peter, who had a moustache though he's sensibly shaved it off now because it made him look gay. David, who has a moustache and a beard though he hasn't shaved them off for obvious reasons. Charles, who has such a significant and unsightly stubble that it was either getting rid of him or calling in a crop rotation expert. Can you see a pattern beginning to emerge?

And who did I marry? Yes, Cherie, someone without a moustache or beard. And who is Health Secretary? Patricia Hewitt – surprisingly whiskerless for an Australian woman. And who did I appoint as Defence Secretary? Yes, you, someone clean-shaven on every chin.

Now, let's look at world villains. Joseph Stalin – huge moustache. Adolph Hitler – silly, small, but nevertheless evil moustache. Fu Manchu – really weird and laughable moustache but one responsible for many millions of deaths. Karl Marx – communist leader and mass murderer with a beard so huge and wicked it needed a separate grave.

So, who is the most loathsome person in the world today? Saddam Hussein. And who has a huge moustache? Saddam Hussein. And, indeed, who had to hide in a hole because his beard had grown so unsightly and malevolent? Saddam Hussein, though I appreciate that he didn't have the beard when the war started. Or did he?

Now that I've developed the bare bones of the new case for war, can you put some flesh on it and make it retrospective please? It has to be something everyone will be able to understand – even foul bearded Guardian readers.

Peace and love etc.

Tony

PS Is Desmond really your name? Always nice to know that someone's parents had a sense of humour. But Desmond though...

PERSONAL

10 Downing St

November 2005

To: Alistair Darling
Secretary of State for Trade and Industry

The choice agenda – pushing the envelope

Just a quick note.

Cherie told me to get a cheap phone company for when we move out. Well, after Leo had “booted up” the computer and “logged” me onto the internet, I found out there are masses of phone companies not just good old BT. I don't quite know when that happened but it's giving people choice isn't it? Most of the companies sound a bit dodgy to me though as they seem to be named after Terry in Minder. And there's a company that only covers Kingston on Hull - obviously set up to deal with the language problems up there that we're all too familiar with! Anyhow, that's not really why I'm writing to you (though you might want to consider giving them slightly more modern names like Ring-U-Like or Telephones-R-Us).

It occurred to me that people haven't really got the same choice for the post. One red pillar box every few streets. The same asthmatic old man on the same rusty bike coming round at the same time every day. And square stamps – enough said!

Well, how about this. (Just give it chance to get to the top of the flagpole before saluting.) Any company can have its own pillar box in its own colour and shape wherever it wants. Maybe 10 or 15 in a road – nice “street furniture”, maybe a Turner prize (no, just joking on that one). Or even one or two in people's front

gardens. How convenient is that? Choice or what?

Anyway, that would be the cheapo service for your working class people. I can see a premium system for anyone with a proper job, say, or a private income from lecturing or writing autobiographies. Men (and women!) in different liveries would knock on your door, touch their hats and say something like "Any letters for personal delivery, sir, madam, young person? Please select the stamp of your choice from this catalogue and have your PIN number ready."

As you'll immediately spot, the only problem is that this would create a two tier system and you know that I won't stand for two tier systems. I think there are ways round it though. We can call it a two level system maybe. Or, and I just thought of this, you can get one of your boffins to find out a way of sending letters through the internit – maybe attaching them to emails or something. Very modern I think. A three tier system – problem solved.

Get it sorted.

Ciao

Tony

PS I hope you like the pun in the heading. To be honest, even I didn't spot it until now so don't shoot yourself if you missed it.



[Entirely handwritten]

Money for Cherie and me after retirement

Cherie:

human rights lawyer stuff or maybe a high court judgeship if pay goes up

freebies (usual runs round supermarkets, goody bags, armfuls of give-aways, trips abroad and so on)

child benefit (NB - keep this away from Gordo's tax claws)

Me:

MP's salary and expenses – must try to get them bumped up before I go

cheapo car travel – for protection from Al Qaeda (and probably Gordo!)

cheapo insurance – Government security on house will reduce premiums (premia?)

lectures and stuff – better than John Major and he gets £kkkkk. Stories about me and George, me and Vlad, me and Jacques, me and Gordo, me and Her Maj. Switching on Oxford Street lights. Opening Wembley (if ever). Heaps of things.

freebies - business meals, yawn, but saves on takeaways.

voice overs – look at how many Clement Freud does and who's he?

directorships – British Aerospace owes me big. Lots of private health companies and management consultants. Rupe will see me all right too. Sitting pretty here I think.

autobiography – the biggie. Cherie will try to get me not to pay a ghost writer but I dunno. I fancy something in the style of Ivanhoe but modernised. Maybe Dan Brown? "The Blair Code". Good title but not so sure about someone called Brown. Ian Rankin? Crime writer, Scottish too. "Who Killed Gordo?" Might actually be a runner. Or maybe that Samuel Beckett (NB ask Jeff Archer if he's still alive). "Gordo Waiting for Me!" Wipes tears of merriment away.

England football manager – easy peasy after running a country successfully. Might have to avoid fixtures with Iraq, Northern Ireland and France and always find a way of letting US win but otherwise pretty promising.

TV sermons – not a lot of money in it probably but very uplifting for the public. Write bestseller about God – not sure it's been done before, at least not by one of his mates.

famous actor/singer – anyone seems to be able to do this sort of thing but I'll have a head start with showbiz and Britpop mates. I can get no satisfaction (and some dosh).

holidays - lots more Britpop mates with foreign gaffs and I won't even have to pretend to give anything to charity.

party clown – a bit of a fall back this one I hope but best keep up the skills.

Things to avoid:

any more involvement with Silvio! Unless it's a good directorship.

anyone finding out about the 1988 freebie in Saddam's Winter Palace.

public support for England cricket team.

Christmas with Cherie's mad old man and sister.

rough oatcakes with Gordo.

Labour peerage though Cameron the Pretender might give me one. So to speak – ho ho.

John Prescott. Enough said.

Authors Note:

Apart from small tweaks, this was written about two years ago as part of an ongoing project that didn't go on. John read it but decided to publish it nonetheless. The cast of characters was put together just for this piece so that Americans and Graham Charnock would understand the references to people like George Bush. The fine cartoons are Johns choice, and no doubt he has paid for them.

Editors Note:

Roy is one of my oldest buddies, but he does enjoy trying to wind me up. He actually showed me this after Graham Charnock had rejected it thinking that I would explode in a cloud of righteous indignation, but actually I laughed and agreed with nearly all of it. (Well... I might have wanted to disclaim a few bits). So I have printed it. I have indeed paid for the cartoons, but not as much as Roy thinks. Graham Charnock edits BYE BYE JOHNNY, the second issue of which is due... oh whenever.

ME AND BUDDHISM

- AN EXPLANATION.



Before.....

John Nielsen Hall

About the only thing fanzines considered as a whole do not cover is religion. Perhaps its not polite, I don't know. But for this issue of MOTORWAY DREAMER, such politesse is swept away. Back in the seventies, I was - as I suppose you dear reader, if you knew me at all, perceived

me- a rather flamboyant , uninhibited pill-popping crazy layabout. When I returned from gafia thirty or so years later, I am -well, not that person, I hope. How did this happen?.I will tell you. But, as you read this bear in mind:



After.....

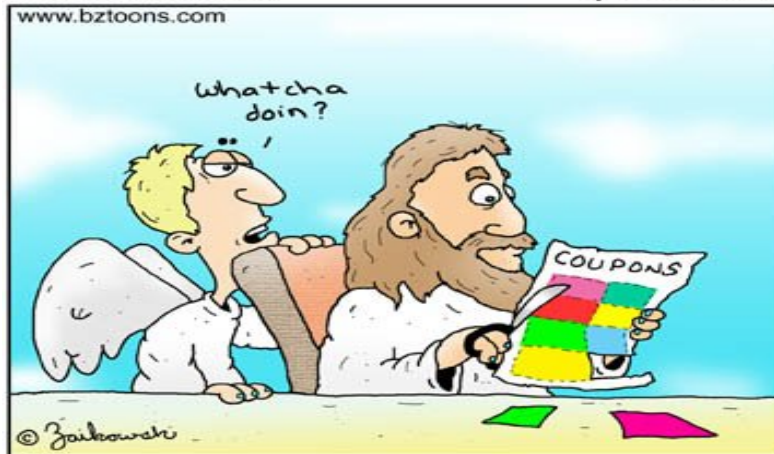
Those who know, do not speak

Those who speak, do not know.

And I am speaking from out of my cloud of unknowing.

I don't know if any faned has ever attempted this before - to write about faith in his fanzine. For a start, I would judge pretty much 100% of you readers have rejected religious belief over the course of long lives and bad experiences. And for a second, of all the era's in the affairs of humanity to choose to write such a thing, I have to choose the early 21st Century, just as it looks like religion might be giving us a fresh excuse to be at each others throats.

But as I hope to explain - I cant help it. That's the problem. Most fans are likely to discuss religion in terms of its perceived irrationality. The belief in supreme beings, life after death and so on is assumed to be what religion is about. The assumption is justified because , particularly here in the West, that's mostly what we are *told* religion is about. Its religion as an instruction book, a manual on life - if you will carefully follow these directions , your life will perform to its optimum capability, and you will get a good new one at its expiry. Have a nice day! And that is what most people looking for a faith want- they want to be given a handbook, or even a complete set of rules. To me, *that* is an irrational belief.

**Jesus Saves**

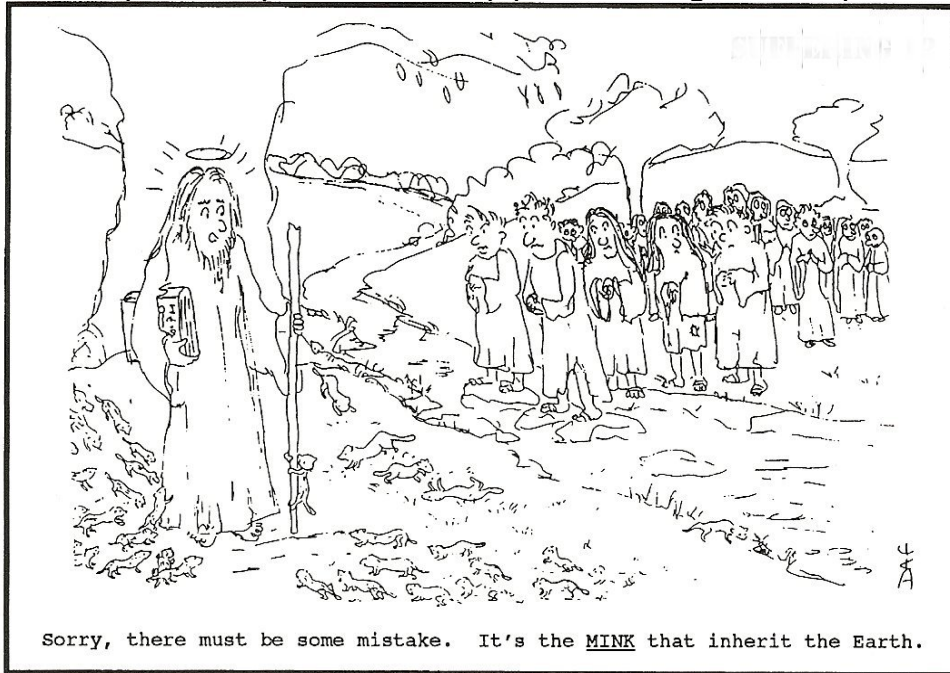
I hold that real faith is born of experience. I don't think most people have ever had a religious experience. That might be arrogant of me, but I don't come across much evidence to the contrary. But I *have* had a religious experience. In the nineteen eighties, I was working a lot, making money and spending it just as fast as I was making it.

Some of that money was going straight up my nose. It wasn't doing me any good, and to oversimplify considerably, as well as cutting a very long story short, I resolved to get myself readjusted to the point where I did not need cocaine or any other substance to cope with everything I had to deal with. To this end, I decided to learn meditation.

My first attempt was not successful. I went to classes in Zen meditation at a small flat in Limehouse where, inter alia, I was urged to consider myself as one with the carpet on which I sat. It was a rather dirty grey carpet with depressions in it from the feet of the furniture that normally stood upon it. I didn't feel at one with it at all. I felt Old Father Thames, visible from the window, was probably more in tune with me, but then he carried big bits of rubbish, birds and boats right by the window too, and that was kind of distracting. If your mind wanders, you are supposed to bring it gently back to the point. But the point was the carpet. Which was rather point/ess. Now, it may well be that it was the carpets pointlessness that was the point. But if so, that was too advanced a point for me at that point in time!

So after a hiatus of a few more months, I took myself off to another place to try again. This was a much bigger establishment, with a beautiful shrine room, consisting mostly of a highly polished wood floor, a giant golden statue of a Buddha in a classic lotus position, who had a very European face rather than the usual super-stylised oriental one, and behind him a Japanese hanging, with a text in a Chinese or Japanese script (I couldn't tell) hanging at either side. Though the rumble of traffic on Roman Road outside was still just audible, this was a place of space and peace. Here I was taught simply to concentrate on my breathing and things began to fall into place. I had not intended to get into Buddhism *per se*, I just wanted to learn to meditate to calm my frantic self down. But I had settled on meditation as a means of achieving this only after doing a lot of reading about comparative religion and Hindu, Chinese

and Japanese myths, so in a way you could argue I was preconditioning myself.



There has always been something in me that is drawn to what may be inadequately described as "mystic". In my early teens, I had a brief spell of being very devoutly Christian, and reading about early Christian saints and hermits.

(Sex put paid to that). In a way, this was similar and if you put a

gun to my head, I'd have to admit, I was in a sort of Orientalist phase at the time of my "experience". But, in my defence, I would like to point out that this interest in matters mystical has been a consistent theme in my life. Ask anyone who ever had a drunken conversation with me at a party in the seventies. I used to have a whole set of theories about how God was a metaphor for a Universe that was like some vastly long lived organic life form- a kind of tree, almost. (Still sounds reasonable to me.) So was I any more pre-conditioned than I have been my whole life? I would like to think not. Anyway, this is what happened:

It was a warm summer night, and a puja (service) was going on in the Buddhist Centre. It was over running and our meditation class was sitting waiting for access to the shrine room, in an adjacent room. It being warm and there being a fair number of people in the shrine room, the doors were open with curtains drawn across the entrance. The puja had reached a stage where the whole assembly recites a set of precepts in Pali (an early Indian language- a forerunner of Sanskrit), but in using the verb "recite" you must not think I mean a drone like reading class in infants school. This was a chant, almost a song, a sonorous rolling of the words:

Buddham Saranam Gacchami
Dhammam Saranam Gacchami
Sangham Saranam Gacchami

Dutiyampi Buddham Saranam Gacchami
Dutiyampi Dhammam Saranam Gacchami

Dutiyampi Sangham Saranam Gacchami

Tatiyampi Buddham Saranam Gacchami

Tatiyampi Dhammam Saranam Gacchami

Tatiyampi Sangham Saranam Gacchami

*

Looking at those words in print, you might deduce fairly readily that something is being repeated, but chanted, in a mix of voices, some deep, some high, some male, some female, it didn't seem so easily decipherable to me at the time. I had never heard them before. Then a breeze came, the curtain blew slightly allowing the sound to swell and die as it rolled over all of us who were waiting. And I understood the words. In a language I had never heard even the name of at that point. And in that same moment, I realised that in fact, I had heard them before, had spoken them before even, and that actually - I was a Buddhist.

Oh, I can hear you laughing. I am by no means unaware of the absurdity of the above statement. How can I rationally claim to have understood words in a language that I could not speak, and at the same time decide that I had actually spoken those words at some time in the past? Had I been reading too much about reincarnation? Was my brain still too addled from amphetamines and cocaine? In short, how can I claim this to be rational literal truth?

Well, I can't- not exactly. I can only claim that this was my experience, that it seemed to me an experience so profound, as to change the way I thought of myself and the world ever afterwards. This is a religious experience. You can look up a lot of stuff about religious experience. Did you ever hear about Swinburne's Categories?

Swinburne (lets not get side tracked on to who Swinburne was) formulated five categories into which all religious experiences fall, and divided the five categories into Public and Private. My experience according to his system was Private and indescribable

using normal language, so my normal language above should be taken as only an approximation of what I felt. You may also like to know that Swinburne

* It actually means:

I go to the Buddha for refuge
I go to the Dharma for refuge
I go to the Sangha for refuge
Then:

For the second time, I go to the Buddha/ Dharma/ Sangha for refuge

And:

For the third time, I go to the Buddha/ Dharma/ Sangha for refuge

The Dharma is Buddhist teaching or doctrine.
The Sangha is other Buddhists, though it can also be taken to mean the immediate congregation.

established principles for the assessment of religious experience by those outside-that's you, dear reader.

- The Principle of Credulity - with the absence of any reason to disbelieve it, one should accept what appears to be true e.g. if one sees someone walking on water, one should believe that it is occurring, unless one has recently ingested hallucinogenic drugs.
- The Principle of Testimony - with the absence of any reason to disbelieve them, one should accept that eye-witnesses or believers are telling the truth when they testify about religious experiences.

But its up to you, of course. I believe that if you accept that we are talking about Religious Experience then I don't have to assert that my words are rational in the same way that they would be when I am describing what happened when I took my car to the garage for a service. But they are none the less, a description , however poor, of something that happened to me. Which is, perhaps, a poor approximation of something else essential to Buddhism- that truth comes in two layers. And that language as commonly used only allows us to describe one of them. But I've done my best.

Following this, I went around in a daze for I don't know how long. There was a part of me , that didn't want to accept things like reincarnation or much of the Buddhist canon. I found , eventually, that the reincarnation thing was a myth anyway. Buddhists do not believe in reincarnation in the way it is commonly described by those who insist they have been an Egyptian princess or Beethoven's brother or Genghis Khan or whatever. To subscribe to that, you have to postulate a soul or other undying component of self, which Buddhists do not believe. Rather, they believe that what you do and hence what you are creates a causal connection to another life, rather in the same way as you might light a candle with the flame from another candle. The two flames may be essentially the same, but they depend for fuel on different candles. You can also use two candles to light another one, or another six. Is this helping? Try this: a snooker player strikes a ball with his cue. That ball strikes another and on impact that ball stops dead but the ball it has struck rolls on and in turn strikes another. And no, the snooker player is not God. Its karma, which is an energy (the word actually means "action") in just the same way as the snooker player applies force to the cue, to provide kinetic energy to the balls. This is what reincarnation in the Buddhist sense is - the more accurate term is "rebirth".

So if we assume that I have had a previous life, it was not my previous life. It was the previous life that is connected to mine. And actually, my life is not one thing, but a series of episodes, from the macro level of events, to the micro level of the cellular changes that happen in all or bodies from moment to moment. So my present and previous and future lives can be seen as more of the same.

You can see this process going on in many ways in the world around you. Its kind of like recycling. You go out in the garden in the autumn and you pull up the flowers that are over, and put on them on your compost heap. In the compost heap the flowers rot down, creatures eat them up and shit them out again, and finally the compost is taken out the bottom and put back on the ground and soon more flowers are growing. Its straightforward to observe, but painful to contemplate when applied to ourselves, since it implies mind boggling, vast, cycles of death and birth. Here's a quote from the Buddhist writer, John Snelling:

"It has taken the evolutionary process millions of years to create human beings, and we carry in our genes the imprint of all the struggles that organic life has undergone in the process. We have, in a sense, known the agony of the first fish to take to dry land; we have died with the dinosaurs; we have struggled to get up from four feet onto two; we have preyed and been preyed upon, struggled and failed, and succeeded too - but the weariness!"

The more so when you consider that these cycles involve the suffering, not only of birth and death, but of everything that comes in between. Surviving long enough to breed, finding enough food to eat, finding adequate shelter and all the human equivalents and additions to those verities of life everywhere. And Buddhism is clear on this - it is suffering. The suffering that humans endure additional to, or as a consequence of, those common organic struggles can be boiled down to not being able to *keep* anything. Our money, our possessions, our loves and our lives are all impermanent. We can hold onto nothing. And there is no way of changing that; no way of acquiring anything that does not carry with it the seeds of its eventual loss. Except, of course, for Enlightenment.

But even if I've carried you this far into the Buddhist world view, (and that's a very big if) it is with Enlightenment that my ability to explain stops. You have to find that out for yourself. Or accept it on trust. Hence my own reluctance to go along with Buddhist doctrine, at first.

However, one of the very attractive features of Buddhism when compared to many other religions (particularly the " God" ones) is that belief is not a matter of blind and untested acceptance of dogma. Indeed, there is no dogma. This stems from a

B.Z. Toons

by Brian Zaikowski



The Fear of God.

passage of very early Buddhist scripture(I wont bore you with the ins and outs of all of that) which I quote in full below. The speaker is the historical Buddha , Siddhartha Gautama:

"Come , Kalamas, do not be satisfied with hearsay or with tradition or with legendary lore or with what has come down in your scriptures; or with conjecture or with logical inference or with weighing evidence or with liking for a view after pondering it for a while; or with someone else's ability or with the thought 'The monk is our teacher'.

When you know in your self ' These ideas are unprofitable, liable to censure, condemned by the wise,and being adopted and put into effect they lead to harm and suffering' then you should abandon them. And when you know in yourself 'These things are profitable, demonstrable and applauded by the wise and put into effect they lead to well being and ameliorate suffering' then you should practise them and abide in them.

Its the "know in your self" bit that's important. Its not a question of what you *should* do, its what you know you *have* to do. Consequently, I have not had to make any leaps of blind faith. Even if you think all that stuff about karma and rebirth is far fetched, you can test it - and not just in your garden either. Think of Jimmy Stewart in *ITS A WONDERFUL LIFE*. Just think about how things in your life would be different if you had not done any particular thing. I cant say whether for better or worse, but it would be different, right? That kind of reflection and testing is all that Buddhism asks of its adherents, in the end. The doctrine comes as and when you appreciate what it is about.

I know this exposition is probably is not as lucid as I hope it is. But all the same, I am going to wind up with my own recension of a passage from the White Lotus Sutra, which says the same thing, only with more poetry:

"The Buddha stood up, and looked down from the high mountain. He invited the great crowd of his hearers to stand and look also.

"Look at this beautiful world! Look at the mountains,the rivers and streams,the valleys and the fertile land, the plants, trees,thickets, woods,forests all containing varieties of flowers and herbs, in shape,scent and colour and all are different. If the rain comes,spreading across all of the landscape we see below,it will not rain on some plants rather than others according to what the cloud that drops the rain has perceived as its preferences! It will rain on all alike. And each plant,will take from the

rain the moisture it needs to develop, according to its size and type, colour and scent, as will each tree, and each group of trees, right up to an enormous forest. Though they all stand in the same earth, and receive the same rain, they are all, every one of them, unique.

So it is with me and my teaching. I call to all living beings, and they come to hear me. I observe each one of them and recognise their nature, whatever it is, be it keen or dull, zealous or indifferent, for they are each of them unique. Whatever capacity they have, I preach to them this law in varying ways so that they all can grasp it no matter how deep or how shallow their understanding. Just as the rain, though it rains everywhere, provides enough moisture for each plant according to its needs so that they all grow and develop, so with my teaching, which reaches everywhere but provides enough comfort for each living being. The taste of the rain is of water. The taste of my teaching is liberation. The rain consists only of water. My teaching consists only of truth. Though the rain can be cold or warm, hard or soft, it is still water. Though my teaching can be simple or complex, quiet or loud, it is still truth. "

So, now you know.



PIZZA DELIVERANCE



Graham James

Being married to an American had certain advantages. Whilst the flight times were lengthy and the cost not inconsiderable, staying there was pretty much free. There were friends in Isla Vista and relatives in Seattle. In my job I enjoyed a very good holiday entitlement and I was well paid so we'd make it the States frequently. Of course, I considered living there. And so did Linda's parents, Jack and Billie. I took to Jack in a big way. He was very well read, had a huge library of obscure books and was a very practical man, albeit decidedly quirky. We got on well.

I say Seattle and whilst I visited there to search the amazing multi-floored Story's Bookshop, it was to Puget Sound and Camano Island that I stayed, the home of Jack and Billie. I say, 'home' advisedly, rather than 'house' because it was an amazing place. Resting in 5 acres, next to Brother-in-Law Ken's 5 acres, it was designed and built by Jack as an Environmentally Friendly Home. And friendly it was back in 1984. Had things turned out a little differently I might be living there now. And rich at that. It's all down to Pizza.

There's a sense, of course, in which we are all traveling in time, albeit at a pace that we can, for the most part, comprehend. A certain type of fiction or a predictive, imaginative mind allows us to fast forward. Equally, another fiction genre or our memories allow us to rewind. Take Ken, Linda's brother. If you were able to place him in time, it could well have been around the turn of the century. The 19th that is. In the days before steroid images of bodies, he looked very much like a 'Mountain Man'. Huge frame, curly hair, long bushy beard, pipe twixt hand and mouth and a soft growl to his voice. The rocking chair, log cabin and log fire were not far away. I liked Ken. He'd 'really' been there in the 'sixties'. He took a cosmic view unlike some aspects of Americana I encountered from 'God' to 'Arab oil crisis'. Indeed it was this latter aspect that had driven Jack to build his energy independent home and get into all sorts of other projects, from windmills to business ventures.

One such business venture was on the horizon when I visited in 1984. Jack's interest arose, partly from Billie's desire to harvest her extended family, stateside, and partly from Jack's desire to see Ken make a success of himself. Ken, of course, was already self made and I, although very much attracted to Camano, was not one to be drawn into other people's schemes. So it was, Jack had a business contact who dealt in Franchises. One such franchise was the poetically and grandiosely entitled 'Papa Primo's Pizzas'. Pause there, let the phrase wash over you, like a cosmic shower. Papa

Primo. Wow, he must be a really cool dude, you'd think. And mix with Pizza, the imported Italian sandwich eaten on every street corner in the states and you've got a magic formula. Salivation imminent.

There's an added twist. You see we all know that you can't cook a Pizza in a conventional oven. It has to be special. That's why you'll pay £10 to munch one in a restaurant when you can spread some tomato paste over some dough, slice some cheese, shake a few herbs and throw it in the oven at home for 50p. It'll never taste as good. It's truer still for microwaves. You can't successfully microwave a pizza which, again, is why, when we get the urge, we don't pop a pizza into the microwave but rather get one delivered in a cardboard box for an inflated fiver. (And if anyone writes in with a Loc saying oh yes you can microwave a pizza, you've missed the point.)

So this where Papa Primo comes in. He's got a special oven. It's a look-alike micro in terms of size and door but it's more of a mini stove akin to those you see in Pizza Parlours where Luigi has an enormous spatula not unlike a shovel where he transports raw dough to the oven and collects piping hot cheese dripping pizzas.

What you do is contract with a local bar to install one of Papa's ovens for free and they purchase from you on a regular basis supplies of the Papa Primo's Pizzas. So the customer in the bar, after a few beers, says he's hungry and in you pop one of Papa's delicacies and soon the whole room is wafting with that all familiar aroma. The pizzas roll off the production line and the pennies roll in to the bar owner and you. De-delicious.

There's a middle man of course. He sells you the franchise and you get the territory, in this case, a large part of Seattle, to peddle your trade. Bit like monopoly. Hey, I've just got Seattle. And pretty soon there's gonna be little red flags in bars up the length and breadth of that fair city showing where Papa's ovens are.

Jack has arranged for Papa's factotum to visit us one bright Saturday morning. The prize is a business for Ken and I. However, Ken has already told me that a business is not amongst his priorities and I have already shared with him that, as a long standing indoctrinated card carrying lefty, I could never ever take part in a filthy capitalist venture.

Cometh the morning, cometh the man. Jack calls over to Ken. The man greets Jack and Jack greets him. They exchange business profundities and state of the union clichés. Ken and I look on like the men who weren't there. Ken suggests we take a little fresh air while they talk shop. We do and we turn the corner and stop at the side of the house. Bit like two boys behind the bicycle sheds at school. Ken gets out his pipe. "Wanna toke?" he says. We pass the pipe and only after a while return.

The man is ready to demonstrate. We, the assembled crowd, look on. But by now there's a fair amount of reality shift between the space where Ken and I are at and the space where he is. You know what I mean. He draws from the oven a piping hot Pizza and proceeds, after a cooling period to deal a few slices.

"What's in it?" I says. "Pepperoni" he says. "Ah" says I, "You see I'm vegetarian". No can eat. He offers to peel off the Pepperoni. Even Jack looks aghast. Ken looks on with ever increasing amusement. He knows where this is heading. You see, with such a clever sales pitch built simply around eating said delicious Papa Primo Pizza, he's totally floored when you don't imbibe. There follows various attempts to rescue the situation but we're in a time warp. Even Jack sees his dream fading. Ken sees an exit and says he's got to check on his chickens.

“Of course.” says the man, eager by now to disappear under the floorboards.

“Wanna come?” says Ken to me and off we trot. We're not far across the space between the two homes when we hear a car door slam. We turn our heads and see, driving off into the distance, Papa's main man. It's a movie cliché. Chug chug, splatter splatter as the old Ford heads down the driveway and off into the wooded drive, ever smaller until it disappears from sight altogether. If you prick those ears ever so slightly you may hear that chug chug in the distance. A far off dream. The pizza was indeed delivered but it was never to be eaten.

So, I never made my first million in pizza delivery, never moved permanently to America but I do wonder from time to time what became of Papa Primo.



This IS the house that Jack built....

B.Z. Toons

by Brian Zaikowski



Enough about me. What do you do for a living?

I'm a hitman.

Really? I'd love to hear one one them sometime.



*Yes, my friends once again
the time has come. Its the...
OBLIGATORY
POETRY
SECTION*

Since no other bugger will write this stuff, I find myself under some pressure to produce. This issue, I really couldn't be arsed. But I bloody well wasn't going to let you lot of the hook. I have mined the archives - and gone back - way back... to 1974, in fact. If this has appeared in anyone's fanzine before, I apologise, but I don't think it has. Here it is and its called ...

CHUCKING OUT TIME

This is your cinemascope finale
Your ride into the setting sun
I am just the cameraman
My shift has only begun.

This is your last phone call
Your talk, now you've won
I am just the operator
I talk to anyone.

This is your triumphal train ride
Click clacking down the rails
I am just a commuter
I'm the one who fails.



BACK SEAT DRIVERS

Its a bumper crop of goodies this ish, folks. Lets start with the BNF of Sutton Coldfield, Mister (to you) **Peter Weston:**

pr.weston@btinternet.com

Gosh, John, that's quite a fanzine you have there!

I liked the sound of your party; it would be technically way beyond me to arrange something similar, but at least I was able to hang-out last year at Corflu with all your American pals; with Rich in an ice-cream parlour, Robert in a Vietnamese soup-kitchen, Jay in a sleazy bar, and Bruce in anonymity (he was in the same hotel bar as everyone else but only introduced himself the next day via e-mail). It made me realise all over again that while we might sometimes envy them for living in fabulous, scenic San Francisco, they probably wish they were resident in fabulous, Olde Worlde Wiltshire under the benevolent reign of our Beloved Leader Tony. Or on second thoughts, maybe not.

Unfortunately, for some reason the photographs were laterally distorted, which might be confusing for those who don't know what you all look like. For instance, this mysterious distortion makes it seem as if lean and wiry Graham Charnock has an immense beer-belly. And what's with the 'ballroom' and 'swimming pool'? I might have missed something here; do you live in the remains of a decrepit country mansion? Take it from me that these old places are a lot of bother; I lived in a small castle for many years but apart from the pleasure of being able to go out onto the balcony at Christmas and mutter "it was cold on the ramparts" (to the mystification of everyone but myself), the whole thing was more trouble than it was worth. The vast amounts of time you probably spend on mowing the croquet lawn could be better used in producing your fanzine, that's what I say.

There's not a lot more I can add; I've come to the conclusion that I'm not a very musical person (to Rog Peyton's disgust), so can't really make any comment on Ted's piece. And 'Tod', apart from looking a bit like the above-mentioned Rog, somehow seems a bit too much larger-than-life for a serious-minded chap like me to be able to relate to.

Ahem! My neighbours are unlikely to read this, I hope, but I think I ought to point out the country mansion is not by any means decrepit. The surrounding estate, on which I rent a cottage to rest my undistorted fat arse in, is, like so many country estates these days, in need of some attention here and there. We have what might be described as "custody" of an architectural masterpiece that no one can afford to restore, which we call the ballroom, although technically its a Winter Garden. Fortunately, someone else mows the lawns.

I accept that some pictures were distorted. Audrey, my lovely wife, was rendered slightly bulbous,

and as she has been losing weight , was not best pleased. Poor Johnny! However, lean and wiry Graham Charnock's beer belly was fairly depicted, I think. Give my regards to Rog Peyton. Is he still able to hand crank that old gramophone at his age?

Next, fresh from her prodigious labours in the academic vineyard- **Pam Wells:**

pam@ury.york.ac.uk

Many thanks for MD3, which I downloaded and printed out and read cover-to-cover. And, like, wow, man, that was a really awesome ish!

I thought Harry's cover captured your likeness perfectly. He's very good at caricatures, isn't he? (Is there anything that man can't draw?)

Good Heavens! Was that supposed to be me? Far too handsome, surely.

Having been a participant in World InTheBar Day, and despite having missed the clearer parts of the infamous Transatlantic link-up, it was good to read Rich's article and Rob's typically well-edited patchwork quilt of InTheBar correspondence. A fair bit of deja-vu-all-over-again, having read it all before as well as having been there on the day, but none the worse for any o'that.

Next up, two very fine and very different articles about music from Ted and yourself, both celebrating your various enthusiasms. Ted's piece was outstanding, I thought, and could have appeared equally comfortably in the professional music press. I really like the way that you're both out there, doing your thing, making music the way you do, and also having the facility to talk so engagingly about it, complete with a solid sense of history and context. As a music aficionado with eclectic tastes, and a former DJ, I appreciated these two pieces enormously; Ted's article in particular was the highlight of the issue for me.

I wasn't entirely sure what to make of Graham Charnock's pseudonymous contribution -- not that he'll see this as a bad thing, I hope. I like the way that Graham repeatedly and often entertainingly wrong-foots his readers in that staccato and scatter shot manner of his(which those of us InTheBar, and doubtless many beyond, have grown to love and appreciate).Here, yet again, he weaves an intricate tale of highly entertaining bollocks, and I mean that as a compliment.

I enjoyed your poem, too, though buggered if I can articulate why. "Made me smile" is about the extent of it, I think. Could be a lot worse,though, eh?

Your comment or my poetry? The poetry frequently is.

Perhaps my least favourite part of this issue was the letter column. I found myself wishing that you'd switched off the table borders in Word, but that's probably more a knee-jerk reaction of mine from correcting years of first year, first term undergraduate assignments (where they'd all been told to do precisely that, though several hadn't bothered). But as you and I have agreed before, it's just as well that you're not one of my students; I doubt whether either of us would enjoy the experience very much.

Look, Teacher! No borders! Well, no table either. But I'm a good boy really.

That nice Mr Lichtman is such a reliable letterhack, isn't he? One with a reliable filing and retrieval

system, too. I'm tempted to be envious, but I can't quite remember where I've filed that particular emotion.

Well done to you, Johnny, for coming up with the goods for a third time (and this time best of all, in my opinion), despite having had to overcome a hard disk failure and the loss of many previous comments that weren't resubmitted. I'm kinda hoping that you'll also manage to lose this note of mine -- overly fawning and congratulatory that it is-- but not before you've had the chance to bask in a certain amount of well-deserved egoboo. I'm tempted to say that this is the best fanzine of the year, but with the year being a mere two days old as I write, such praise would be unduly scant. Instead, why not think of it as setting a standard that the best of the rest would do very well to live up to? I know I will. You da man, Uncle Johnny!

Gosh, thanks, Pam. I really didn't expect to get such praise. Far from losing it, I shall treasure it always. Id like to thank Mr Gates and Mr Hewlett and Mr Packard, it simply wouldn't be possible without them, and not forgetting my fannish mentors over the years, too too many to mention, my brothers, my Mum and Dad, my dogs and cats, and most of all (sob!) my wife, without whom.... sorry (sniff!) I cant go on... Thank you Thank you

John Purcell j_purcell54@yahoo.com

Damn cat! Cucumber - one of our calico's - just ran behind the computer desk, hooked her body through some loops of cable and yanked the mouse off, in the process making me lose the loc that I was almost done writing to you. *grumph* Now I have to start all over again.

Were I you, John, I should regard that as an ominous portent.

First things first, Johnny, I think the reason why I didn't get your request to resend my loc on your second issue was because I had an e-mail address change last summer. I keep all of my loc's in a folder, so it would have been easy to get it off to you. Oh, well. Your third issue was still wonderful without it.

I really love the concept of the "World In the Bar Day." The write-ups by Rich and Rob were well done, and I hoist my coffee cup in toast to the lot of you. (Hmm.. toast does sound good right now...) I would hoist a cold beer, but it's 9:30 in the morning, and I don't shift over to beer until the afternoon. Tradition, don't you know. But coffee is good.

Thank you for including the pictures of the Hall Mansion and Fishery in Wiltshire. And after reading Ted White's musical autobiography, I know exactly what I would do if I had a room like that Ballroom of yours available here. I would set up my 4-track recorder and all of my music gear out there, partition off a section as a recording studio, and do my musical thing. Ted's article was very interesting and enjoyable, and I think I'll order a copy of his group's latest CD when I see him at Corflu. Sounds like Conduit plays music that I would enjoy.

Your "Musical Evolution" was also interesting. Philip Glass is not my cup of tea - one doesn't walk out of the concert hall humming his tunes afterwards - but I can appreciate his importance in modern musical composition. Your taste in music certainly sounds eclectic, too; Glass, Michael Nesmith, J. Geils, Oasis et al, is quite a combination of styles. I may have to do some searching for Steve Reich's work, which also sounds interesting. Thanks for the kick in that direction.

I find it hard to imagine how you are going to manage with Steve Reich if you don't like Philip Glass. Mr Reich's tunes are even more hummable than Mr Glass's. Leastways, I hum them all the time.

As for the Tod Bold piece, I enjoyed the puns in here - many a groaner along the way - but I think it was way too long and dragged. Some funny material was buried in here. If this had been shortened to only three or four pages (maximum), I think it would have been funnier. Sorry, but it dragged.

I like that poem. Seriously, I really do. There's a definite position, statement, and purpose made, with nice images and all. Nicely done. People can identify with colours - even though you British insist on miss-spelling that word - which makes this poem acceptable on each individual reader's level. Nicely done.

Ooh, Mr Purcell, my cheeks have colored !

Jim Linwood JLinwood@aol.com

Many thanks for MD3 - one of the few e-zines that reads well on a monitor and doesn't need to be printed out.

Although I've followed Ted White's musical career in episodes throughout the e-groups, it was nice to see it presented in an enjoyable article. Like Ted, one of my earliest introductions to jazz was via Willis Conover who ran the Voice of America Jazz Hour in the 50s. Although powerful, the VOA transmissions were never heard in the States, being beamed at eastern Europe, although they could be heard in most parts of the UK. At the time I was listening nightly to the VOA broadcasts I came across reprints of Conover's 30s fan writing and just thought the names were a coincidence -fans didn't have radio programmes! I was wrong and it also turned out that the teenage Willis also corresponded with Lovecraft.

In the 60s Willis did a lecture tour of British Universities during which several were disrupted by students who thought he was a CIA stooge. There was no political content in his broadcasts, except perhaps on one occasion when he devoted a programme to Alan Lomax's field recordings demonstrating the plight of southern state blacks.

I only know of Willis Conover through hearing John Brunner talk about him. I think John thought listening to the VOA the sort of thing a card carrying CND member should not be doing, so his shows were a sort of guilty pleasure for him.

The photo on page 4 is surely a mistake. Isn't "Rich Coad" that Old Man Cartledge who appears on YouTube? Are they related?

Shome mishtake, surely.

More on Willis Conover now from the Master of The LoC, Robert Lichtman:

rlwh001@yahoo.com

The highlight of the issue was Ted's "Music and Me," which added to my knowledge of Ted's musical background. Since he's a little older than me, he got into recorded music somewhat earlier than I did.

At the time he was playing his 78 rpm singles on his "record-changer" that could also handle those "newfangled 'long-player' records," I was playing children's records on a tiny little portable that could no way handle anything bigger than a 10-inch platter.

But by the time I was thirteen I had a more, er, sophisticated rig: a Voice of Music semi-portable unit with a giant four-inch speaker and a turntable that could accommodate a stack of half a dozen or so records at a time. Coming on the cusp of the switch from 78 rpm to 45 rpm for pop singles, I only ever had one of the former: a copy of Johnny Ray belting out "Hernando's Hideaway." Around the same time I also got into the music of Les Paul and Mary Ford, owning first "How High The Moon" and then others. Eventually I went on to own something like three hundred 45 rpm singles, none of which I have anymore. When I pulled up roots in 1971 and moved to Tennessee to join what became the "Farm" community, I gave all my 45s to a fan. That would be Greg Shaw, who you may know as editor/publisher of *Who Put The Bomp?* These days I have four cassette tapes of Paul/Ford, including my long-time favorite track of all, "Walking and Whispering Blues," which I first heard as the theme music of an afternoon disk jockey on an L.A. radio station when I was still in my teen years.

Unlike Ted, I never became much of a jazz fan. I eventually owned Dave Brubeck's *Take Five* album, but then didn't *everyone?* This far down the line I can enjoy some jazz here and there, but I don't really know it the way I knew rock and r&b back in the '50s and '60s. (These days I'm hopelessly out of touch, of course.)

It didn't fit in the context of his article for Ted to mention that Willis Conover was more than just "a former fan." He was the disk jockey for Voice of America, and as the New York *Times* obituary published on his death in 1996 put it, "fought the Cold War with cool music, capturing the hearts and liberating the spirits of millions of listeners trapped behind the Iron Curtain." As a 12-year old in 1936, he also initiated a correspondence with H. P. Lovecraft that lasted until HPL's death the following year. In 1975 Conover published a magnificent book, *Lovecraft At Last*, reminiscing on those days and that contact with Lovecraft as well as printing the correspondence (and much of it in facsimile). Given the production values and the size of the edition, it's unlikely that Conover made any money on the effort; but he left behind a magnificent publishing artifact that's a delight to hold and to read. It was reissued about five years ago in an oversized trade paperback edition, but the absence of the fine-quality paper stock, the multi-colored print, and the quality hardcover binding makes the reprint a mere shadow of the original even though all the text is there.

That aside, I enjoyed Ted's references to his interaction with and influence on Lenny Kaye, his relearning classical music with Les Gerber, and his connection with Paul Williams (including his being publisher of the first issues of *Crawdaddy!*).

Your own musical evolution article was also interesting reading, in which I particularly enjoyed the lines, "I loved the dramatic brass cascades of Sibelius and the long string ecstasies of Mahler. But Les Paul and Chuck Berry blew all that away." Add Little Richard and you've got my early influences down pat as well.

The "Tod Bold" article was amusing and at times challenging reading, but what else can I say about it except to thank that Mr.-Charnock-in-a-dress.

"Bad Colours" is more a rant in verse form than an Actual Poem. Good, though.

Robert, a letter from you is a form of poetry all by itself. A letter from you saying nice things about

my Poetry is is..... some superlative I cannot at present call to mind, but it would be spiffing, at least.

Okay, here he comes, like unto a ~~fall~~/force of nature - give it up for- **Chris Garcia!**

garcia@computerhistory.org

Yet another fantastic Harry Bell cover! It has a certain Cow-like quality that I think cars mostly lack in the real world.

Chrysler Voyager?

World In The Bar Day sounds like a lot of fun. If anyone could make it happen, Allen Baum is the guy. He's a volunteer and donor for the Computer History Museum where I work. Stuff like this is pretty rarely done, but it makes sense to have these events once in a while. Plus, the way you presented the list stuff was awesome too. It sounds like a good group that got 'together' that day.

All credit for that presentation should go to Rob Jackson, editor of INKIER (or something like that) out Real Soon Now.

Ted White writes about music. I love music, always have, but my introduction was weird. I started life listening to 1970s rock (and punk), as well as country from folks like Marty Robbins and Johnny Cash, and stuff like The Beatles and Rolling Stones. I came to classical and jazz on my own when I was older. I never really got Les Paul myself. I imagine it was ground-breaking in the 1950s, but it just leaves me dry. Willis Conover was a big deal outside the US. I have heard one or two of his shows on-line and it was an interesting mix of stuff. There are folks like Richard Lynch who think that he was the most famous fan ever. I dunno, I'd think Roger Ebert would qualify for that slot. I used to read old Down Beats all the time at an old used book store. I loved it and there's nothing today like those 1960s issues I used to read. I love Lenny Kaye! Suzanne Vega is one of my all-time favorite singer-songwriters and his production was a key element.

I took a History of Jazz class at Emerson College from a fellow named Tony Cinnamo. He was a great guy and had stories of everyone from Phil Woods to Miles Davis. He wrote a lot of liner notes. I introduced him to Bela Fleck & The Flecktones and The Charlie Hunter Trio and he went nuts. He hated Fusion, but exclaimed that these guys had real chops.

Typically, I cant' stand a lot of Philip Glass, though I must admit that God Speed You, Black Emperor is really good stuff.

You have lost me here, Chris. God Speed You , Black Emperor? I cant find that among Glass's prolific output. I have a feeling its a band.....

Also, when I heard the score to The Hours, I realized that Glass can actually draw emotion when he wants to. It was robbed of the Oscar for Best Score. I'm a techno fan. I started listening back when it was all called techno instead of the multi-divided forms that it comes in now. I love (John) Digweed. I've never seen him spin live, but I will eventually.

The Tod Bold stuff from Melanie was killing me all along the way. I had to forward the issue to my

friend M who said that she thought Melanie was probably the best writer she'd read in ages. It was directly up her alley.

There's a lot been directly up Melanie's Alley, I'm afraid.

Gotta love the poetry section. You're the man for keeping it up. That's one of my favourite photos of Jayne Mansfield. I love her.

So this photo of Diana Dors >



is one of your favourite pictures of Jayne Mansfield?

Well, there we are then.

W.A.H.F- John Thiel and Roy Kettle - some said good words in Another Place. But no Loc's from these.

Actually, Chris soon realised his error and sent me some of his favourite pictures of Jayne Mansfield. Here's one:



All of which serves forcefully to remind us that MOTORWAY DREAMER is a Big Woman Press production, and is © 2007 in respect of the editorial content (whatever that is) and the contributors work. I cant remember and cant be bothered with all that British Library bollocks. Thanks for reading, and don't forget to write.... Goodnight!