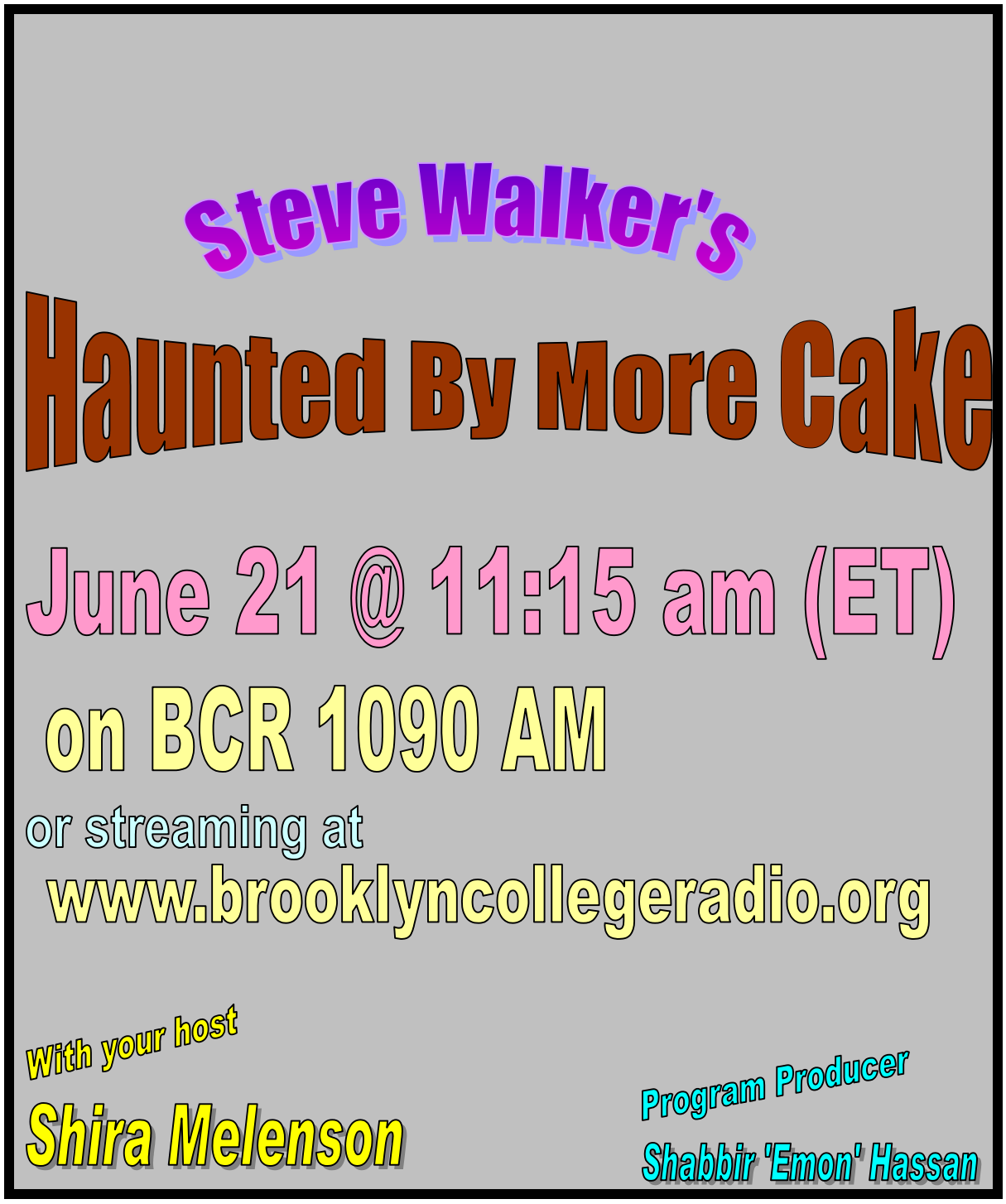
Monday Morning Magazine

The Magazine You can Listen To

June 21, 2004. Issue 8



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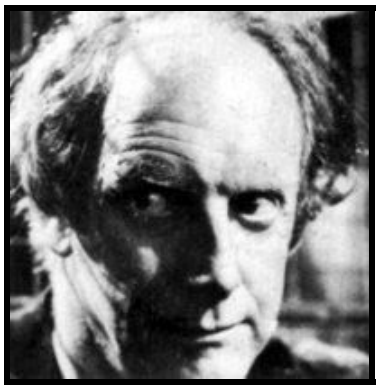
HAUNTED BY MORE CAKE

A young man discovers that he has a ghostly tea party going on in his stomach, cake and champagne on the lawn under a red sky. No one believes him except his befuddled old uncle, who begins an investigation but winds up attending the party.

The people behind the play



Graham Crowden (Uncle Ginger) Born 30th November 1922 in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was The Player in the original London production of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. Following Shakespearean stage work, Crowden made his film bow in 1961's *Why Bother to Knock?* He became a favorite of film director Lindsay Anderson, who showed Crowden to excellent if bizarre advantage in such films as *If* (1969), *Oh Lucky Man* (1973) (in several roles) and *Britannia Hospital* (1982). Among his non-Lindsay Anderson films were *The Ruling Class* (1973), *The Little Prince* (1974), *Jabberwocky* (1981), *For Your Eyes Only* (1982) and *The Company of Wolves* (1984), and most recently *Calendar Girls*. A familiar face on British TV in the popular comedy series *Waiting for God,* and *A Very Peculiar Practice*. He famously turned down the iconic role of Dr. Who on the BBC because he didn't want to commit to one role.

Victoria Carling (Charlotte) has appeared on a raft of television programs such as *Sons & Lovers*, *Where the Heart Is*, *Casualty*, *Drop the Dead Donkey* and Britain's most popular soap opera, *Eastenders*. Most recently seen in the award-winning Dutch film *The Discovery of Heaven*. As well as film and theatre credits she is also a writer.

The 'More Cake' Cake Special mention should be made of the cake which is actually being eaten during the cake-eating scenes of the play. A large munchable cake was commissioned from the bakery department of Harrods in London, lavishly iced and decorated with the title of the play, and was consumed 'live' during the recording.

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Stephen Tompkinson (Lionel) Born 15th October 1965 in Stockton-on-Tees, England. Attended London's Central Drama School, and went straight into TV – he starred in the very popular comedy *Drop the Dead Donkey* for which he won a Best Comedy Actor award, and in the romantic serial *Ballykissangel*'. Recorded over 100 plays for BBC Radio Drama, and starred in the British film *Brassed Off*, and most recently in the TV movie *In Denial of Murder*.

Joan Matheson (Aunt Maud) On stage from the early 1940s, Joan Matheson became a stalwart of BBC Radio Drama, starring in many of its most famous series, including *Sherlock Holmes* and *Paul Temple*, and the long-running soap *The Archers*, and playing the lead in countless of the best radio plays over four decades.

Ned Chaillet (Director) American by birth, Ned Chaillet wrote drama criticism for the Sunday Times and Wall Street Journal in the 1980s before becoming a producer for BBC Radio Drama. He has produced many plays and series for BBC Radio 4, including the new series of Maigret and Agatha Christie adaptations, and distinctive single play productions such as *The Deep End* by Peter Lawson, *The Polish Soldier* by Gregory Evans, and of course *Haunted by More Cake*.

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Steve Walker

A CONVERSATION WITH STEVE WALKER

MMM: What was your first creative work? Why was it special?

SW: I began drawing when barely old enough to walk, sitting on the kitchen floor of black-and-white checked linoleum. I used the back of football betting coupons and pencils about two inches long – these given to me by my father, who was a bookie. I drew animals and maps of imaginary countries. Earwigs sometimes ran across the pages while I drew.

Half a century later I still draw sitting on the floor, like the Inuit and Japanese artists.

MMM: Your first radio play, what was it about? What inspired you to write it?

SW: In performance when still in my teens I was doing plays for voices, me playing all the parts. I had a piece called *THE PLANS* about four KGB men beating up a suspect. The high point for this piece was when I performed it in Moscow, at the Writers' Union, with an audience of bemedalled generals.

My first actual radio play was *THE DEATH OF THE DILKES*, written in my teens. It was the story of two brothers who went to Heaven by different routes and, once there, sought for a way back. I went to see BBC Manchester about it. They were keen to produce it, but London HQ overruled them. I was told I was too imaginative for the stuffy BBC. As a consequence I wrote no more radio drama for ten years.

Then I wrote *HIM & IT*. This was the story of the last of the English fairy folk, struggling to bring their civilization back by swapping human children for their own fairy fry. It was a comedy about the death of culture. For a 45-minute Afternoon Theatre it had an amazing impact, being named best play of the year in several leading newspapers and journals. This positive reaction launched my radio career.

Why write a radio play? In fact, I didn't. *HIM AND IT* began as a poem. I was too imaginative for the stuffy BBC, and this was the source of my success. Such things were possible then.

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MMM: How is your writing different from other writers of radio? Was it a conscious choice to be different?

SW: My radio writing is generally acknowledged as being in a class of its own. They sound different, the actors perform differently, and mostly they are about different things.

Partly this is because I am an artist and use the invisible space of radio to draw things: people, spaces, but principally ideas. My aim, in plays like *HOLUS-BOLUS*, was to break the listener's hold on reality – note the position of the apostrophe there: radio is, like a book, a one-on-one. There is no audience, rather one person at a time: as a writer I am dreaming into that person's head. Without the distraction of flowing images, a greater intensity is allowed, by the intensity of the event: the comedy, the words, the mental pictures, pervading emotions, the invisible made visible as the play confesses itself from its darkness: all conspire together to destroy assumptions and re-make the world. So my plays are not part of the status quo, as almost all BBC plays are, but a reinvention.

As for consciously choosing to be different, I don't believe this question works as a question because I don't think anyone can try to be different if they are not different to start with, or they can try but they won't be different. But certainly, I have always been resistant to compromise, and compromise is the process by which writers who are different are trained to be the same as each other and everyone else.

MMM: Is radio your favorite medium of choice for writing?

SW: No. I am aware, painfully aware, of the possibilities of radio drama, to achieve things way beyond where I have already been, and because I have a knack for radio I feel a responsibility to do this. But poetry and my drawings come first, simply because I am freer there to search and find. This is not an inherent criticism of radio as a medium, just my attitude to it as a public not a private art. I would feel differently, and perhaps will, if I got around – which I have always wanted to do – to creating plays myself, without the help of radio stations, actors or the commissioning process, to improvise and reach.

I have written nearly 50 radio plays, but radio is only 1% of my work as a whole. But it is important. I have said things in radio I could not have said elsewhere. It is a very important medium for me. And I am very keen to do more.

MMM: You started out as a performer when you were quite young. Did it give you an added advantage over non-actors who wrote plays?

SW: In an important sense you cannot write a radio play without acting it in your head. In many plays I have spoken the performance onto tape, written it by speaking it, hearing it as an immanence, making it happen NOW!

THE POPE'S BROTHER was written that way. Also, because I have acted in most of my plays, I can communicate to the cast the 'tone' of the play by my own voices and performance, either by plainness as when I was Jesus in *ROMAN EPIC* or by pushing the mind-bendingness beyond where it would normally be allowed to go as when I played Hans Feet in *21st CENTURY BLUES*.

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A radio play, anyhow, is not a piece of writing: it is speech. This speech is part of what makes a radio play a performance by the creator of it. The actors act their roles, but it is the play that speaks, and the writer is the play, they must be congruent for the play to have life.

MMM: What's your writing routine like? What would you do if an idea for a painting, cartoon or, let's say, a play occur to you at the exact same time?

SW: I don't have a routine, not a day-to-day one. I adapt to whatever piece of work I am doing. In the 90s I wrote a broadcast play or an episode of a TV or radio show every two weeks for the whole decade and more. This often meant an astonishing swiftness was required. Most radio plays, even the 90-minute ones, were written at a sitting. This was part of the intensity. I am always developing, thinking about, researching diverse projects at the same time, but they are always separate and never bleed into each other because they each have their own particular consciousness.

An idea FOR a painting, cartoon, play cannot occur at the same time, because for me ideas are not FOR, but are applied. I do sometimes sit down to write a poem and draw it instead or stop drawing to write a story, which comes out of the character or situation, without me thinking I am crossing categories at all. My cartoon captions are poems without stopping being captions. The categorization of works into genres is not recognized by my mind and I don't force it to do so: categorization comes later, it is a selling tool, a device of capitalism, and creation without this is where the real value and values should be.

MMM: Has your writing helped the way you draw, or vice versa?

SW: I think this is coming out in my answers today. As I have said, in radio plays I am often drawing: placing characters in a scene and expressing the space between them, the other objects, their emotions regarding those objects, and the space. I was very busy with this in some of my earlier plays, but the directors were never sure what I was up to, being more interested in a stagier idea of drama. In my latest play *OLYMPIA* I have returned to this in a new way.

Meanwhile, drawing is about discovery. After drawing, discovering, there is always more to say. It means my mind can never rest in a furrow, but is constantly kicked out of it by something witnessed in a drawing that creates or influences the next poem. Also, I have often drawn characters and scenes from plays in order to get to know them better, to objectify them and see in them things which the words would not have allowed if confined to their own momentum. Some of the drawings from *POPE'S BROTHER* and *HOLUS-BOLUS* are being put on www.swalks.com beside the play texts.

Thus, an illustrated radio play is not a chimera, because the text is not the play, any more than a drawing is the character depicted. Nor, indeed, is the radio play a thing heard on dark lapping waves of radio. It exists rather in its ideas, rhythms, emotions separated from the play and connected to moments of it. A radio play is a lost thing, ungraspable – without subtitles, without a chance to look back at a paragraph first read with a wandering mind, situated in darkness but shot through with light.

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MMM: What inspired you to create Chaff Chaffinch in the setting 2099? How do both versions of the story differ from each other?

SW: I wanted to write the story of the 21st century before it happened, as an apocalypse, to take ludicrosity to previously unachieved heights, to pile up ideas and watch their implications upon each other, showing just how things could be different. I needed a man who would grow to be 100, changing, sustaining his spirit while retaining the same berserk essence. Chaff Chaffinch presented himself fully formed, swinging his archbishop's crook and waiting to be celebrated.
The novel *21st Century Blues* is the same as the radio series: a novel looking in a mirror and seeing a blaring radio. The six basic stories of the radio series are told. But the novel is vast, with many more stories, ideas and colors within it. The form of the novel, written after the radio series, was continued in *22nd Century Blues*, where Chaff's life closes and Mugg Chaffinch takes over.

MMM: You'd mentioned earlier that the silhouette that appears on the cover of our June 14th issue for "21st Century Blues" compliments the radio version? How so?

SW: I work on silhouettes all the time; they are a shadow fleeing through all my work, and a shadow of everything else I do. "Man is the dream of a shadow," as the ancient Greek poet Pindar, the inspiration behind my *OLYMPIA* play, wrote. The silhouette of Chaff up his pole is a kind of *darshan* of Chaff: that is where he really lives.
As regards radio, silhouettes have a particular relationship, because both are doing without certain senses. A silhouette is therefore like a shape snipped from the darkness of a radio play: you can look and just see the black shape, as when only words or sounds are heard on radio, then you can refocus and perceive the real form and colors behind the silhouette or the unseen seen colors, movement, mass of a radio play.

MMM: Chaff Chaffinch is a 'Stylite'. Explain, please.

SW: The Stylites were a movement in the early Christian church, founded by St Simeon Stylites (c.390-459), born in what is modern-day Syria. They were hermits who lived up poles. St Simeon started with a short pole but replaced it with higher and higher ones, till he was 40 cubits high. For Chaff being a stylite expressed the impossibility to deal with the post-postmodern world, plus his longing for life, spirit rather than the poisoned world of mankind. In our present year of the 21st century Chaff is only four years old, but the tree that will be his pole is already growing in Africa. In later life, even when after many years he came down from his platform, he carried his pole with him everywhere; escape up it must always be a possibility.

MMM: Tell us story behind the creation of "Haunted By More Cake".

SW: It was a line, a few words, written in a notebook: man has tea party going on inside him. It was a potent idea, a unique situation expressing the singularity of one man's vision surrounded by universal disbelief, and how his bluff uncle, who doesn't believe in anything in particular – like many Englishmen of his generation – is shaken loose from his non-thinking by having to deal with the young man's fanciful idea of a ritual going on inside him which he could not control. It was seen as a gentle comedy on first broadcast, as the gentlest, most charming, English, of my plays, but its subversion of reality, its challenges to the norms, seems more challenging in the post-9/11 world where those norms are so much more secure. In death Uncle Ginger ends up in attendance at the dinner party inside his nephew's stomach, a prisoner of a ritual he had never bothered to question.

Incidentally, the CAKE in the play is a real cake. I had it made in Harrods bakery and the cast scoffed it. So it is a real ghost in the play: fulfilling its function before our ears.

MMM: Can you tell us what happens in between the inception of a play and the final product? How much do you participate during production and pre-production?

SW: This has changed a great deal in the 16 years since my first radio play was broadcast. My first three plays were written 'on spec' for BBC. The third of these was *THE POPE'S BROTHER*, my first long play and the first in the classic radio slot of Saturday Night Theatre. It was a huge critical and popular success. It won a Best Play award, was repeated quickly several times, and is one of the best-loved radio plays ever broadcast on the BBC. Its success allowed me to write 30 more plays in the next three years. If I wanted to write a play I simply popped into Broadcasting House, told them my story – sometimes I showed them a brochure with drawings of the characters – then, after a shake of hands, I went away to write the play, which would be produced a few weeks later.

Then I was working hard in TV for a while and I returned to radio to find everything changed. New management demanded that before a play could be commissioned they had to see a complete run-down scene by scene of what happened in the play – a document almost as long as the play itself, longer with the added demands of sample scenes, author's statement etc. Real plays, I insisted, are not written that way, especially for me: I don't like to know what is going to happen when I start writing a play – the play makes itself. The new BBC regime was part of the new control-freakery of the '90s in Britain. In radio drama the freedom of this so-called writer's medium was gone. By dictating the form of the play, insisting on certain kinds of narrative, with a 'reality'-obsession reminiscent of totalitarian art, they amputated the imagination from radio; they were like kryptonite to radio's powers. Most of the best producers did not have their contracts renewed. Writers were hired to express the management's views and anyone with anything of their own to say would be stopped from saying it. This is no different really from what has happened in other media, but in radio it was unnecessary and has 99% killed the medium in Britain.

But I have continued to write radio plays for the BBC, although the old Saturday Night Theatre slot is gone, longer plays are abolished, and the audiences are a fraction of what *THE POPE'S BROTHER* had to play to and also much, much older. There is a stench of death in the radio, like the rotting carcass of a dead bird cooking on the wires. That said, my last few BBC plays - *CRIBB AND THE BLACK, HABBAKUK OF ICE* and *OLYMPIA* - are by far the best I have managed to write. But the impact of my early plays is unattainable now because the Press no longer bothers to review radio drama. Only a revolution, a total shakeout, will rescue the medium and its forbidden possibilities.

The BBC, of course, is only one organization, and I work or have worked for most makers of radio drama. The BBC's importance lay in the volume of work they did. It was possible for listeners to follow my ideas from one play to the next, from one series to another.

My involvement in plays is usually total. This was necessary for a writer because the BBC is a churn of product and there is a constant battle against routineness, against the usual way of doing things. Casting is the most important moment. I have always been keen to get screen actors – whereas BBC prefers stage. For me radio is closer to screen, much closer, and stage actors on radio often sounded as if they were still on stage. I contacted Donald Pleasence myself and brought him for *21st Century Blues*.

The taping process could, at best, be part of the writing. I often re-wrote scenes moments before they were taped. One actor in *ROMAN EPIC* started with only five brief lines but ended up with one of the largest roles in the 90-minute production.

More recently, living in France and busy with other things, I have not attended productions.

MMM: Have you ever directed any of your plays? Why or why not?

SW: I have co-directed about 30 of my plays and edited one. The actor direction was often left up to me, and this is why in most of my plays there is none of the acting-for-radio sound common especially in BBC dramas. But I have never directed and edited one all alone. This is because of the way radio drama outfits are set up. The writer is an outsider, at least I always have been. At first it was not crucial to the character of the finished play that I should direct: I got the same result anyway. Later, there were tensions: producers insisted that the comedy should not 'go too far'.

In the 90s I was happy to use the technical expertise of radio directors, for some this was their life's work and they were very good at it. I played up to their talents in the writing of a play. But I did suffer if some complicated montage effect simply did not happen in the play because it was too time consuming and therefore expensive. This is a strange attitude for me: In my printmaking, for instance, I would not consider a print not made entirely by my own hand as authentic. But Picasso worked with a team of expert printmakers, whose expertise he used and he saved much time in experiment by pushing them further, seizing upon possibilities. I have tried to do the same in radio.

All that said, I am now more interested in directing the whole process from start to finish. I plan to start this with some monologues, not written but spoken. I will write them by speaking them, directly onto tape. The play will thus truly be caught as it happens, without intervening illusion. This may be my ultimate challenge in radio drama. I can dispense with everything – even the unnecessary imposition of narrative – and make a free radio drama utterly unlike anything that has been made before.

MMM: When did you move to France? What made you decide to live there?

SW: I moved to France five years ago. I had lived half the previous ten years in the Austrian Alps, but was still based in Britain. Five years ago I left Britain for good, cutting all ties with it, and shall not return except for brief visits. I found it impossible to think there. I felt the entire culture, every encounter, was crushing my intelligence.

France is a Paradise in comparison. There are principles and ideas alive here that are long dead in the land of my birth. But more than that it is the character of this particular place that is important to me. Some places, like some plays and pictures, seem essential. I remember a Sufi shrine I visited in Uzbekistan decades ago, something of its essence coalesces around me sometimes when I draw. There are Alpine meadows, or a particular rock, who make themselves known to me. Before man, the world was free. An artist, a person, must have times to assert their identity without the rest of humanity, as something separate from it. Particular places help me to do this.

I did consider the Canadian Rockies very seriously, and Austria – I speak German and am very comfortable and innovative there. And I originally intended to stay in France just long enough to write a few books and then live in the USA for a while. But France now seems my natural home. Irish by race, I was born in Gateshead, a grimy industrial dump in the north of England. But I was conceived in France. I have a sense of belonging. Like the universal man in Tagore's poem *Half Acre Of Land*, I have found my plot here.

Also, I am in the mountains, the Pyrenees. Note above, I was only thinking of living in mountainous regions. I came to the Ariege region of France one June day, my first visit, and found the house where I now live that same day. Like Chomei, for me there can only be mountain life, and like him I shall move into a smaller and then a smaller house, always higher up the mountain. That is my ideal. And if the birds tweet in French, it just gives them more style, oui!

MMM: You'd mentioned earlier that you speak some Bengali. What brought you to Bengali and Tagore?

SW: I bought a copy of Tagore's *Geetanjali* for a few pennies in a second-hand bookstore when I was ten years old. I have been reading him ever since. It was about 30 years ago I did a performance in Newcastle-upon-Tyne with some Bengali poets - me reading Tagore in English - one of the poets, I believe, was Tagore's grandson. It was the first time I heard the Bengali language and it captivated me. I speak or have studied many languages - French, German, Arabic, Irish, Japanese, Russian, etc - but only two have ever woken up consciousnesses in me in a startling way: Greek and Bengali. But it was only five years ago that I got down to learning the language properly, sitting in my remote Pyrenean valley where maybe no Bengali had been heard before. I started learning because my wife and I had decided to make an extended trip to Bengal – her mother was born there and I feel I have drawings and poems waiting for me there. But we have not been yet. I am too involved in studies and plays and drawings here. But soon. – I am writing a French screenplay this summer, and plan some radio plays written in German, but in Bengali? That is a long way off!!!

Incidentally, at the same time that I read the Tagore poems in performance I played Neruda in a stage play, which linked them in my mind, so have read the two together ever since.

MMM: Is radio drama a dying art form?

SW: Yes, Oui, Ja!!! Most certainly, dying! Largely dead. – But so is every other art form. Commercial pressures, added to a deliberate dumbing-down by the state, has led to an all-pervading emptiness, a flattening-out, a requirement of nothingness. The failure of the grand narratives - excuse me for sounding like a French philosopher, but I am up a French mountain, nearer their ghosts - should have liberated the artist to be more particular, local unto him/herself. But the audience is in another dimension and cannot hear, so cannot be liberated. Culture is being strangled, has been strangled.

Radio drama is cheaper to produce than movies or TV. It should be right now the best vehicle for new voices, new ideas, entertainments, and excitements. It should be cool, the edge of everything, THE art form. But it is not. With the narrowing of possibilities in Britain, my most passionate hope is that radio will have a resurgence in the USA.

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MMM: If you had the power to put together a dream cast and crew (living or dead) for a play, who would you have?

SW: There have been certain unique voices which convey, and only they convey, the perfume of ideas wrapped up in their sound. I wish I could have worked with the following, because I could have written lines for them based on their sound and the atmosphere they could create: Alistair Sim, Edward G Robinson, Nigel Patrick, John F. Kennedy, Chico Marx, Ray Milland, Terry-Thomas, Tony Hancock, Thelma Ritter, Garbo, Jean Arthur, Hilda Baker, Glynis Johns, Fernandel, Chaplin, Hans Christian Andersen, Moses because he was 'moggylalous' and must have had an interesting voice,

MMM: What is your dream project?

SW: I have already mentioned my monologue project. Myself writing plays by speaking them, making them up as I go along. A different kind of radio drama.

Also, I would like the opportunity to write a long series of short plays: fifteen minutes, brief, quick, intense stories, little unforgettable events. Some of these have already been written, and some broadcast on German radio. But I am looking for an outfit to commission fifty at a time and then I can really get down to work and make so many possibilities of the medium into realities. The commissioning process, selling stories to producers which they will be interested in, is worse for radio than even movies or TV. Because the best vehicles for radio are unexplainable, unsellable, and the process snuffs the magic.

MMM: How has writing/drawing changed you as a person?

SW: I cannot answer this because I have always written, drawn – always, from infancy. I am so convoluted in the thing which draws, writes, that all of me is permanently involved. Not that it is my whole existence, by any means, but 'I' am the product of it, it has made me. But every poem, story, changes me, some very much indeed, some are a total break with the past and make me permanently different. Meanwhile, I do not see myself as the slave of it – poor Picasso had to wake up every morning and BE Picasso: it filled him with dread, he never gave himself a day off. I am not quite like that. I entertain the thought that I will finish most of my activities one day, perhaps sooner than later, and concentrate on just one thing, and a limited version of that: to spend 30 years drawing only wombats, to say everything saying through that. Yes. I would like to do that. It might be a permanent revolution of the spirit.

MMM: What makes comedy, comedy?

SW: This is like asking me 'what is life?' Comedy is not one thing, nor many things, but anything it can be. Often, for me, comedy is a tool: I am using comedy to break the bonds with the status quo, to undermine received ideas, to create a new reality. I am seeking to make people question, re-vise their vision, by pointing out what the French philosopher Lyotard called 'differends', and allowing the unsayable to be said.

In my cartoons where, more than in any other area, I am expected to be funny and nothing else, this does not begin to describe what I am doing with the cartoons.

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Often when I have spoken with professional comics they are horrified by my ideas of comedy: this is because many comics are drolls, not comedians. Their comedy comes from a collusion with the audience. Just before I sat down to write all this I watched a skink in my garden. He was climbing around inside a sage bush attacking bees. Other skinks don't do this. Just him. The world was different because he, this little beast without a consciousness, had decided to do this. He was droll: I, the watcher, was the comedian. Because comedy is in the idea.

I had an ape in one of my TV animation shows, called Reg. Reg thought he was almost a man. So when he was in the water with a man-eating shark coming at him, he reasoned that it would not eat him because he was almost a man, just as he would not eat something that was almost a banana. Reg knew comedy.

MMM: What would you advise young writers?

SW: The first I would say is this: you are not a writer because you are you, you are a writer because of the things you write.

The second thing I might say is this: don't listen to anything anyone says about your work, or indeed anything else. You need to make up your own mind about what you are doing, what you are seeking to create. Anyone else's perspective is therefore meaningless and part of a process which stops your work being itself and makes it part of everything else. It doesn't have to be like that.

The third thing follows on from that: don't rush to publish, or to try to publish. Time is needed to think, find, discover. For a professional writer too much of what happens is just that: profession, not writer. A professional must please a client, an audience. Certain abilities are helpful for this, but talent is not required. A writer, meanwhile, writes. To sustain a 'career' through many years the intuition must be trained hard, far far far harder than the training of an Olympic athlete. The channels of creation must be opened up. Also, it is necessary to read everything, study everything, and know everything.

MMM: How do you view life? What's your motto?

SW: I'll answer this with two poems written in my twenties:

A COMMENT ON HIS RETURN FROM
THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE, 1212 A.D.

Be alone.
Everything we do together is mad.

Find somewhere.
Forget.

I have followed a painted cart.

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DURING A HUNGER

I recognize that little stone
Among the other little stones.
It is the stone I have kicked all day
Down the roads.

I shall not kick that stone again.
It is among friends.
I'll find another stone
tomorrow in the valley.

==========With Shabbir 'Emon' Hassan==========

Next Week

On the program: June 28 @ 10 am (ET)

Episodes 1-4 of

Soundstage Audio Theatre's

OFFRAMP The Complete First Season (13 episodes)

In The Newsletter: The David Waterman Fact File

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