

I have had to move back *home*, that being to home number one where it all started many years ago, where my mother is head and feet of the house. I am greeted by the warmth of 'don't forget to wipe your feet' which in her language means 'it's good to have you back.' I am 28 years old and although my life has involved dramatic transformations, it is only now that things seem to be a little different.

Commuting a long distance to work I started to notice how many cars there were on the roads and how different each one was. Once I had got past the differing colours, alloys, personalised number plates and rear window stickers I noticed a greater distinction; a distinction so simple that you had to look close into the mass to notice it. Some cars were almost five times more expensive than others and some of these others were more than five times more expensive than those others. The point is not exact mathematics but the formula of multiplicity.

It was absolutely absurd that a fellow human being was driving around in a car that was more expensive than my mother's house. I wasn't feeling any particular need to subscribe to 'Socialist Worker' but I did find the situation flippant at the very least, and that perhaps something should be done about it. My problem now, was how to convey this. It wasn't something which I could simply let go past.

Making banners and marching the streets was never an option, as I am very unfit. Neither was writing into editors of newspapers. Such conforming rebellions merely destroy trees. Nothing was ever sorted out properly through conflict. It had to be done subtly or sneakily or else people just wouldn't understand. You start shouting your mouth off and people don't like it. They become afraid and you just look like all the other loons, narcissists clinging to the most digestible belief. The minute you become news you become trivialised and when you become trivialised people lose sympathy. You have to be careful of checkmate in a world that watches television melodramas when they need to cry.

The next thing I noticed that seemed to be different was houses and sure enough they took on a different shape. Country houses were no longer quaint and picturesque but excessive. Town houses and detached buildings looked sad and pompous rather than spacious and inviting. Even the bricks seemed slightly different. All I could see was rows and rows of credit cards or fifty pound notes sheltering the occupants inside. All I could see in everything was money and this seemed fundamentally wrong given that I had none. This escalated into paranoid extremes as the houses personified my fears.

Chimney smoke looked smug as if it was exhalation from a cigarette and blowing into my face. Door bells started to sound like sniggering kids who laughed at me each time I walked past them, as if gloating on some inside information. Even the wheelie bins looked like proud soldiers guarding the occupants inside. It seemed unfair given that my only possessions were three white coloured fillings.

The problem still remained that I had no way of conveying my fears. You can't just ring up your mates and tell them it is unreasonable that you don't have somewhere to live. The phone is always engaged because they're calling Chris Tarrant.

Besides even if I could catch the phone unengaged my friends would not be sympathetic. They would merely offer the same standard solutions; get a job, claim dole that's what your tax is for. But this is no option. I can't be bothered with forms. It's merely *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?* in reverse. Whereby some clerk decides if you are poor enough to win a prize. Questions with multiple answers are replaced with nullifying forms of multiple questions that leave you so exhausted you would prefer to sleep rough than write out anymore. It is merely replacing one extreme for another and I dislike games more than I dislike having nowhere to live.

Although I hate games, people seem to love them. You can't even go shopping anymore without inadvertently entering a prize draw or being rewarded with loyalty points. You can't even watch TV without pressure to interact with your phone. People aren't interested in 'the nobody's' they have grown up with they are only interested with the somebody's they can trust, like game show hosts. Perhaps this was how I could get my frustration across?

The vision of Winton as later day apostle came to me whilst watching the news. I was starting to get seriously depressed seeing houses and big cars everywhere but not as depressed when I saw houses and big cars being destroyed everywhere around the world. The bombings in Ireland, in Israel, in Afghanistan and the U.S.A. were not just the destruction of various countries, but of numerous homes. I saw the destruction on a more specific and personal level and for some reason this made it seem all the more futile.

Then as if none of this mattered Dale Winton appeared and with his carefully groomed features and zinc white teeth announced the numbers for the lottery would be drawn in half an hour. It was quite clear by his camp giggle and body mannerisms that he wasn't too concerned that a suicide bomber had strapped seven grenades to his chest and entered a local Jewish kibbutz. It was also clear by my mothers spasmodic scuffling of her bag for a £2 lucky dip ticket that she shared Winton's happy go lucky outlook on life.

It was then that I had visions of a more equal future and one that would work because it wasn't related to politics or finance. Just working with what is already at our disposal. As houses have already been built it would be wasteful to simply knock them all down and rebuild them in the same generic mould. Instead houses should take on the same role as the numbers in *The National Lottery* and the keys to each placed in one gigantic *Lancelot*. That *Lancelot* would be the Millennium Wheel and would be perfect to shake up the millions of home owners keys. It would also be the start of the first truly real, Reality TV.

For the system to work people would be allocated a specific carriage on the Millennium Wheel which would designate a specific region of England. This would ensure that relocation was a speedy process and that people aren't put out too much. Just think, one minute a bed-sit in Moss Side, the next a mansion in the hills of Chester. It's surely worth a gamble. What have you got to lose?

The only logical downfall I can see to this game is that it would put Lloyd Grossman out of business as his immortal words 'Who lives in a house like this?' would suddenly lose all cultural significance. However some argue that this would not be such a bad thing and that 'Who uses a removal van like this?' is looming in the pipeline. Apart from Lloyd it seems everybody would be happy at the prospect of winning a different home although there will always be some that will disagree. A few hippies' maybe, whimpering and whinging, spoiling it for the rest, camped up in nests, blockading the wheel, claiming they will never come down. 'They just don't like change' Tony Blair will say as he addresses the public with his fumbling hands and before you know it there will be a national campaign to shoot the buggers down.

The beauty of this game is that you have to hand back your keys each week, so there is no time for smugness at your new found home because you could be back in the bed-sit the following week. I reckon that such access to interchanging housing will mean teenage pregnancies will drop.

The only downfall I can see is there will be no losers and you need the sad story if anything is going to work. Therefore I propose that each week one person should be made homeless. Their keys can get lost and caught up in the paperwork and be placed in a three hour waiting queue on a phone playing 'Take That.'

Is one homeless person better than thousands?

Just imagine the potential fame for that one homeless person, how unique their misfortune would be, bringing them fame from the press who would mount them into the public's heart. Some may even become jealous of the attention and wish it was them on the streets so that they get to tell their story to the world. You could even follow it up with a docu-soap following their fortunes through the week. And if all this fails, well Raj Persaud could always be brought in.

This idea has scope and I'm thinking scratch cards. I'm thinking lottery tickets. So much potential to redistribute the wealth, but more importantly once we've got em hooked we can introduce the spin off series. The Wednesday edition called *The National Lottery for jobs*. Once more the numbers are replaced with P45's and entered into a carriage. Dale pulls each one out and then tells them the good news.

'Mr. Brown last week you was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Well I'm delighted to tell you that this week you are a mechanic in Watford and you specialise in fitting catalytic converters.'

The variety will do them good and will eradicate all the little prejudices we have clung on to for so long. There will no longer be any difference between a night watchman or solicitor, a teacher or plumber, dust-man or doorman apart from name. There will be no more of those little gatherings in working men's clubs or wine bars because the collective will no longer exist because next week it will all change. Besides imagine a Dentists contribution to Saatchi and Saatchi's latest advertising campaign? But then again imagine what Maurice Saatchi would do to your teeth...

People will inevitably grow accustomed to this variety and soon it will not be enough. That's when the game goes global, forming my basis for World Peace. This should keep the adrenaline junkies happy and all the Davina crew.

It could be Ilford one minute the Costa del Sol the next or if you are very unlucky the West Bank. It would be the Champions league of Accommodation and maybe Rupert Murdoch could buy the rights and feature the best two exchanges each week?

Once people start to switch countries on a regular basis the xenophobic boundaries will be worn away just as the regional differences faded away. People would become multi cultural; the French onion seller may start wearing a hajib or clogs. Such a homogenization of culture would also see the death of comic acts like Jim Davidson, which is a reason for the game in itself.

As well as becoming multi lingual and multi cultural people would no longer be able to fight over pieces of land as they wouldn't be stationed there long enough for it to become of any significance to them. The erosion of loyalty is the ethos of such a game and besides people wouldn't have time to have wars with one another over a rock or a mile square of sacred land because they will be off again by Friday. If it goes well we could have a religion lottery as well.

Once people have visited the country's they hate it is harder for them to maintain their prejudices. It's a lot easier to have a camcorder party and show off your snaps and tell bored friends where you have been. Once people have stopped fighting because they are too busy taking photographs or packing their suitcases, Dale can proudly introduce world peace just before the first advert break. Television finally proving it is a worthy medium after all.

Now that there is no use for weapons they may as well all be melted down; every gun and every bullet, every tank and plane, every bomb, medal and grenade. Once recycled the scrap metal can be sold and all the money pumped into health.

There would be no need for education as who needs to learn a specific nothing when your job changes every week? Besides with wars erased that means there is no need for history to be taught. Kids can be taught the things that matter in life, like how to look a removal firm up in the yellow pages. Or for the more ambitious, how to become a removal person.

Just lie back and imagine what *the national lottery* and the millennium wheel could do for you? Just imagine Dale every Saturday night so that at last there is something on TV that we all want to watch. But not everybody will be happy and I'm sure the hippies will make more demands, but you've got to have faith. Isn't that what you put into God, well I'm telling you Dale is your messiah and if it makes you feel more comfortable I could get it into his contract that he has to grow a beard.

We could have a lottery for everything, the only limitation you have is what you can't think of. A 'football player lottery' so that Man. United don't keep winning the league. A 'hobby lottery' so stamp collectors can finally be understood. A differing hobby each week would add the complexity to personality that might just help us relate better to one another. Of course some just don't want to understand and for them there is the 'National Wife Lottery' or 'Husband Lottery' so that you can have different types of the same argument each week. You could even replace your whole families to see if the blandness of aunties is universal or just in your home.

They won't like it at first, but soon you can do this with your kids. Exchange a moody one for one that won't shut up. By raising everybody's children the world becomes your family and now other people don't seem so bad after all. The way we're heading there will be a Lottery every night and maybe at dinner time as well.

When people don't know if they are coming or going when they have forgotten where they are going and where they came from. When they are constantly changing and interacting and no longer are able to cling to their familiarities then there will be peace. As the planets turn and the seasons change we all move as one.

Finally stripped of belief systems and free of the possessions that possess us, no longer reliant on sensory perception as the didactic means of mentally constructing our environment we evolve like the fundamental forces of nature, learning to emulate what we actually are - the interchanging atoms of matter rather than worrying about waist size or how much Christmas decorations we should put around the outside of the house.

Now we are using our brains we start to use words that previously caused discomfort; like mysticism and spiritual enlightenment. We would start to consider the view point of intellects we had previously called mad like Aleister Crowley and your Timothy Leary's. This would inevitably mean that all those sorcerers who advocated externalism as beautiful would now be locked up as mad. Your Handy Andy's, your Titchmark's and Laurance Llewelyn Bowen. I wonder if they would be happy locked up in a purple MDF cell?

Of course none of this would work out because once you are no longer constrained to the external environment and you have dismissed your concepts like time and space, a whole new conundrum will arise; such as quantum physics and infinity. Which means that if space is infinite and the external world is merely one part of many illusions it is thus possible that every single variable and situation is feasible, given such a formula. This inevitably means that in some universe or cosmos one individual keeps being drawn the same house, girlfriend,

job, children and child every week. Add to this the fact that he can't get rid of his Volvo no matter how many times he enters the lottery, he is going to start to get a little pissed off. Is it fair that one person should suffer all sins so the rest of the universe can live in Peace?

Even if you say yes it does not matter because those fortunate enough to be in different time zones or with greater illusions would have started fighting because someone else had an illusion they thought of first. Or had a more flexible universe and so once more you have WAR. It is natural selection and it's in our genes and not even Dale Winton can halt the inevitability of it all. I bet even he has got fillings.

Besides, none of this matters. It was only a thought that came into my head whilst I waited for the kettle to boil and my friends were right. I should get a better job or go on the dole and get a nice place with the rent paid.