

I was sane once....!

Honest! I was sane - once - but not anymore. I blame my brother. It all really started in early 1999, when my brother (John) announced that he had decided to buy himself a 50th birthday present. I thought he was going to buy a new suit, or a video player - but no - he was going to buy a sports car!

As time got closer to his birthday, arrangements were made to go out for a celebratory meal, at which he said that he had bought a TVR Chimaera. "Fine!" says I, "I'll look forward to a ride!", and thankfully someone changed the subject.

On the way home, my wife turned to me and said "What's a TVR Crimea?"

"A sports car!" says I, knowingly.

"But what sort of sports car?" she continued.

"Oh! It's very hard to describe!" I replied.

"Will you point one out when we see one?" she asked.

"Of course I will," I said, confidently. Actually I was confident that I wouldn't know a TVR Whatever-it-was if it ran me over! However, I was also confident that the chances of seeing one between then and when John took delivery was negligible, and even if we did (which, lets face it, I wouldn't know what it was anyway), my wife would never know that I hadn't pointed one out to her!

And so it was, that a few weeks later, John took delivery of his second hand Chimaera, in spotless condition, and took me for a very fast ride round some country lanes. All I could say was that I was glad I was wearing my brown corduroy trousers and my bicycle clips!

But I still wasn't hooked - I was still sane.

Then, a year later, my 50th approached, and I started to get the same mid life crisis that must have driven my brother to buy his TVR. On the eve of my birthday, we were walking the Malvern Hills, from end to end (16 very tough miles - don't ask why - we just were!), and I happened to comment that I was seriously thinking of cashing in all my free Halifax shares and buying a 1983 Lotus Excel - just for fun!

Now my brother, knowing that the most extravagant I had ever been with money was to buy a £100 mountain bike from Halfords, should have just laughed, and said, "Yeah! Yeah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

But he didn't. Instead, he said, "You don't want a Lotus - you want a TVR!" (Shades of one of Ben Elton's characters!) "If you like the wedge shape, have a look at a Tasmin".

And so it was, that a few weeks later, I was out cycling with my sister in law, when we stopped at a shop to buy some ice creams (well - after 2 hours on a mountain bike saddle, any excuse to stop is a good one!). When we checked the map we discovered we were only a couple of miles from Inkberrow, where John had told me there was a TVR dealer. So we took a slight detour, and visited David Gerald's showroom, close to the Old Bull pub (rumoured to have been the model for the Bull at Ambridge in *The Archers* - which coincidentally, my late third cousin, Godfrey Baseley created - *The Archers* that is, not the Old Bull!)

It must have been a dreadful sight - me walking into this arena of modern, highly polished and powerful machines in my large padded cycling shorts, sweaty shirt and cycling skid lid together with my hairy bow legs, asking about TVR Tasmins! Doug wasn't sure whether to reach for the order pad or the straight jacket (I believe they do keep one at DG's). He did show me one, but then I saw this blue jobby outside - looked really smooth, with clean lines and much more "rounded" than the wedge.

"What's this?" I asked. Doug must have thought, "We've got a right one here - talk about a time waster!" Anyway, the blue jobby was an S2, and a few weeks later, it was mine!

But that was only the start! Since buying the S2 I have become a confirmed TVR nut. I have the books, the Sprint mags (all housed in their TVR binders, of course), the v-neck jumpers, the baseball cap, the pictures on the wall, and the final concluding evidence - a photo album stacked full of pictures of nothing but TVR's! I've even got pictures of my TVR scanned into both home and office computer as my screen background. It's true - I'm suffering from TVR-aholism! In fact, it's got so bad, I'm even dribbling when I see another TVR, and completely ignoring Lotus's and Porsche's.

However, all is not lost. I have been making numerous trips to TA - TVR-aholics Anonymous. I first discovered such meetings existed through the Sprint magazine, and, of course, my brother, who, unbeknown to me has been attending them since he got his Chimaera. The TVR car club has been very kind in referring to them as Regional Meetings, but they are really secret meeting places for all sufferers of TVR-aholism. I have found that facing up to my problems is the first step back to sanity and normality.

At these TA meetings, I meet other TVR-aholics, like Alan, who bangs on about what the factory should or shouldn't do all the time; Andy, who has a permanent cam corder mounting fixed to his Griffith, complete with teddy bear passenger, decked out in Biggles goggles and flying helmet; Jim, who is on his 47th roll of film of his 450i, but hasn't had any of them processed yet, and Richard, who removes the steering wheel of his early Tuscan, and carries it into the pub with him, obviously thinking it is worth more than the rest of the car that he leaves on the car park.

As I get to meet and know these other sufferers, I start to realise that I am not alone, and, maybe, just maybe, not as mad as I thought I was!

David (G10 TVR) Morgan

