

The
Shepherd Chronicles
November 2006
from
William Shepherd

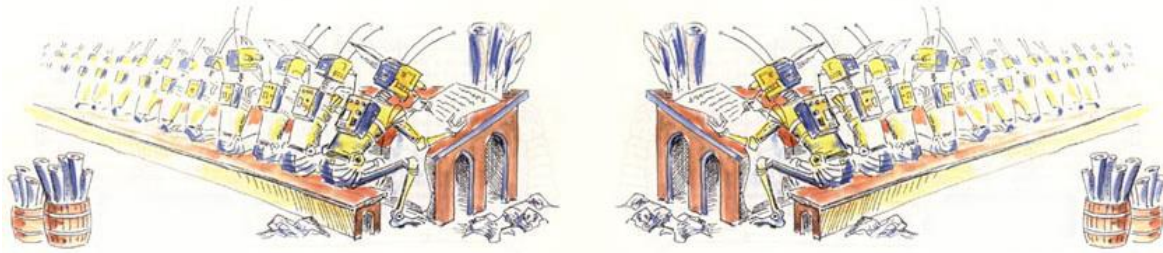


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Wednesday 1st November 2006

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blog 305/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

In the essay entitled *The Foundations of Structural Sociology* I suggest visualising the *Societal Inversion* process as the buckling of a sheet of metal. There are various ways this can occur. One way is to apply a force at the point of major curvature in the centre of the metal sheet. Imagine this force as the weight of the accumulated debt and wealth divisions in a society as *Usury* turns the screw... year in and year out. The act of *Wiping Clean the Slate* removes the force allowing society to re-establish the *Natural Order*. Look at the diagram in my blog on *Friday 5th May 2006*. Monetary dispatronage is one of the symptoms of the inverted state. A modified form of *Gresham's Law* might state that in an inverted society bad lending drives out good lending. Perhaps we should call this *Wegerif's Law*.

Establishment Economics contains its fair share of absolute nonsense. High on this list is the aptly named gross national product. Let me quote from the chapter entitled *Democracy and Ecology* in *The Rise of the Swedish Green Party (1982-1997)*. My understanding of the inner workings of *The Financial Mechanism* has altered somewhat over the past fifteen years. My understanding of the *National Debt* has changed for instance. But the broad sweep is sound.

'What then of our *Gross National Product*? Green scholars have asked this question too, but soon found that there is a prior question as to just what it is anyway. Why are we rich if *GNP* is big and poor when it is small? Why are we successful and making progress when *GNP* is growing but unsuccessful and falling back when it is decaying?

Progress means increasing some good things and decreasing the bad things and doing it at a sensible pace so as not to put too great a stress on things and disrupt too many things too much before we have a chance to figure out what is going on. How does *GNP* measure this? Well the sad truth is that it doesn't. In a peculiarly perverse way, it adds together as if they were plusses all the plusses and all the minuses.

Cars are wrecked, bodies are smashed, new cars are bought to replace the smashed ones, hospitals work flat out to mend the human wreckage. The *GNP* just keeps on piling up. What sort of nonsense number is this?

Unfortunately a very critical one. At least for the megamachine and its *Onwarding and Upwarding*. With a basic theoretical error in the counting house and usury not accounted for, the whole financial pack of cards collapses without the numbers increasing exponentially. So what you might ask. Then let it and begin a new set of books. What is the problem? When society is in *The Natural State* there is no problem.

But when all power flows from the *Financial Mechanism* and all goods and services are called into being by the pull of money and credit; when all money and credit is issued at interest as debt; and when debt has accumulated to such a degree that it pervades every facet of society, then to place a fire bomb under the counting house is to nuke society. The *Bolsheviks* did it seventy years ago and nobody who lived through it would ever suggest doing it again.

The Inverted Order present a unique set of economic problems distinct from the economic problems and opportunities of *The Natural Order*. Negative interest rates could do the trick, unwinding after years of winding up. There is something to be said too for Keynes's inflation of the currency. And Lincoln's greenbacks might also have a part to play. But until economic scholars face up to the problem and set about the task of draining debt out of our societies, letting it be and putting a match to the books is unlikely to present the *Greens* (or anybody else) with a sensible course of action. And this fact is no help to the *Greens* as they try to put together a manifesto and go to the people with sound economic policies.'

But *Wegerif's Law* might give us a chance. The ratio of lending for 'goods' and 'bads' could be a good surrogate for a society's production and consumption of goods and bads. It might give us a tracker index that we can use to measure a society's deterioration from a *Cathedral Culture* serving ordinary people to a *Money Culture* where the society and its money distribution channels are controlled by the rich and powerful...and their institutionalised major and minor usury generators. There are 125 central banks at the last count. This was written two years ago. I added this coda.

'The *Americans* only need to stay in *Iraq* long enough to get the *Central Bank* up and running. Once that is on automatic pilot the coalition forces can extricate themselves. How long does it take to embed a central banking system? Three years perhaps? Then *Our Boys* will be back home by the end of 2006.' Events of the past two weeks could be no more than feints for the *American* mid-term elections which look set for a *Democratic* landslide as they regain control of the *House of Representatives*. Only a third of the seats in the *US Senate* seats are up for re-election so the *Republicans* might just hold on to power there. But whatever happens the *Coalition* is pulling out of *Iraq*.

Two years ago I added one final remark at the end of my *Clean Slate* chapter in *England's Economic Politics for a New Century*. 'Michael Hudson,' I wrote, 'will throw the *Southern Baptists* and the *Friends of Greater Israel* into some confusion. The *Jewish Nation* has always been rather ambivalent about its *Jubilee Tradition*'

Thursday 2nd November 2006

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<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Until 1955 *Sweden* employed a *Personal Alcohol Rationing System*. How would this scheme work with the latest *ID Cards*? *Binge-Drinking* solved by controlling alcohol consumption? 'Sorry sir the *Home Office* says you've had too many today'. *Obesity* cured by rationing calories? 'I'd ask if you wanted fries but I see there is a block on your account. Enjoy!' *Global Warming*? 'Before I activate your fuel pump I will need to see your iris. Have a nice day!'

There are rather too many vested interests in the *Identity Theft* business for me to feel certain of my ground...anti-virus software companies, illegal immigrants, *East European* fraudsters, private investigators on company and perhaps even government payrolls, commercial banks and credit card companies anxious to cover up the insecurity of their plastic money and hole-in-the-wall systems and so on. But it is a concern. And we should share our experiences.

Five years ago a thief walked into *Jempson's Winchelsea Road* offices one Saturday morning, entered my office and took my passport, driving licence and credit cards from a desk drawer. The office wing was either kept locked or there were people around. It never occurred to me to lock my desk...or install a safe. I assumed a locked office door would suffice. It seemed a strange thing to do *on spec* so I reported it to the police and was surprised when a full forensic *Swat Team*...white overalls and all...turned up within two hours to dust for finger prints. Curiously it was my prints they seemed interested in...'To eliminate them, Sir.' Hmm! A few years earlier I had a break-in at my *Custom House* office which left me puzzled as it looked more like a *Watergate* job than a casual burglary. Strange.

As for the rest here are some hints. Treat all e-mails with suspicion and trash as many as possible without opening them. Use the bulk mail filters in e-mail hosting options. If you are open to the public and selling online...as I am with my *Academic Inn Books* publishing business...this may not be an option. Be wary of clicking links on e-mails. The link address may not be the one on the screen. Type the address directly into the address bar instead.

Where public computers are concerned there is some disagreement. I prefer others to worry about viruses...and pay for the *Broadband* account...so all my internet connections go through library computers or internet cafes...like using a local call box instead of a home phone. But the experts tell us not to use public computers to access personal information though I am not sure why. I do almost all my banking transactions online from public computers so this is worrying. Do not put all your eggs in one basket and keep credit limits and working bank balances to a minimum.

I move money out of my online *PayPal* account...and from my *Barclays* business account to my *Nationwide* cash account at the earliest opportunity. The rationale is that *PayPal* and *Barclays* are open to the world but *Nationwide* is not. I can look at my statement online but cannot carry out transactions...which mean that nobody else can either. And check your monthly statements to make sure you have authorised everything. I know three people in my limited local acquaintance who have had large sums of money fraudulently removed from their accounts.

The two other concerns the experts have are phone calls and waste bins. Scams with both seem to have reached epidemic proportions in the *United States*...which means they will be on this side of the pond shortly. Use a criss-cross shredder to dispose of personal documents. You will end up with confetti rather than strips. And never throw away bank statements, phone bills or unsolicited junk mail into a bin or a recycling bin. Seems obvious. But...

The phone numbers of everyone I want to talk to are programmed into my mobile phone so their name is displayed when they ring from their normal number. I have become abrupt with any other call and demand to know who, what and why before agreeing to enter into conversation. I believe my instincts are sound. Standard advice in *America* nowadays goes like this. If you take a call from an organisation you deal with make sure you are confident they are who they say they are. If you have any doubts ring them back on their company's listed number. Never give your credit card details or any other personal information over the phone unless the call was initiated by you.

As governments push ahead with their *Identity Card Schemes* they seem to be ignoring the increasing concern of their citizens about identity and personal data. I consider myself fortunate. Replacing passports and credit cards is a pain. But I have yet to lose any money...although I believe it is just a matter of time before I do. However I tell an

amusing anecdote about the time I needed to replace my passport following the *Winchelsea Road* break-in. Here it is.

When applying for a passport or a driving licence you must send off your original *Birth Certificate*. Mine went walkabout many years ago so in 2001 I wrote to the *Registrar of Births and Deaths* in *Greenwich* for a replacement. In 1946 my arrival was registered in the *Borough of Eltham*. But *Woolwich* took them over...and then *Greenwich* took *Woolwich* over. To my surprise a reply came back two days later. 'Dear Mr Shepherd. Thank you for your application for a *Birth Certificate*. We regret that the relevant file was recently removed from our *Greenwich Office* illegally. As a result we are unable to comply with your request.' The only thing to do was laugh. Fortunately *Greenwich* had back-up. Copies are held in *Southport*...hopefully securely...but I wouldn't bank on it.

Friday 3rd November 2006

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Premiere Night at the *Royal Albert Hall* for Sir Paul McCartney's *Ecce Cor Meum* tonight. I was impressed with his underappreciated *Liverpool Oratorio*. Lesley Brownbill was dismissive of the idea of a *Ryesingers* performance next year. 'Out of his depth' was her reaction...with 'He didn't write it himself anyway!' thrown in for good measure. Fiona wrote in the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday 21st October...the page was marked 2004 but the rest of the paper was 2006...about the time she met Paul McCartney. 'He offered me a cuppa as soon as we shook hands and he talked passionately about his wife.' 'I love her because she interests me. Every day she does something that interests me,' he had said when she asked about his marriage. But he was not talking about Heather Mills...but Linda Eastman.

Linda was the love of Paul's life. He could have done with her wise counsel in the torrid weeks since he split from Heather...his second wife. Their separation and divorce proceedings become nastier by the week. Fiona again. 'Linda was never one to talk about their relationship but it was clear that family was at the heart of everything she did. She once asked for my mum's address after I told her mum couldn't understand why I was vegetarian. 'I'll write to her,' she said. And she did.' The evidence suggests Heather is not like that. Her priority is Heather...and always has been.

I have known the type...and it is not good news. The type is driven by deep feelings of inadequacy which spring from low self-esteem following perceived or actual rejection by the father. A particular intriguing feature is the ability to mask true personality. Outside the intimacy of the relationship...and inside too before winning the man...this type comes across as charming and caring. But it is a pose. Alone together with her man, low self-esteem kicks in...laced with resentment of his success and fear of her own failure and 'being found out'. The natural behavioural outlet for the subsequent frustration is to take every opportunity to put the man down. Initially this will only happen in private. But the better the man and the bigger his success the greater the frequency. I would guess she made Paul's life hell.

I make a point of listening to *The Archers* on *BBC Radio Four* if I am back onboard by seven in the evening. David and Ruth's 18-year marriage is on the rocks. First David was charmed and flattered by ex-girlfriend Sophie who suddenly turns up...divorced. Sophie has the makings of my *Bad News Type* but the scriptwriters did not develop the character. Eventually David sees the error of his ways. But too late...perhaps...because meanwhile Ruth has fallen head over heels in love with *Farmhand Sam*. Which way will she jump? We are all sitting on the edge of our seats!

Perhaps Paul's money would be better spent on the *Genetic Scientist* Giovanna Cominero at the *University of Pavia* in *Italy* instead of a *Fleece of Barristers* at the *Inns of Court* in *London*. Giovanna studied a family of four sons...who should have been women...and discovered a gene that provides the *Essence of Womanhood*. I have long known that the male has two different chromosomes...an X and a Y...while the female has a double helping of one or the other. But I never managed to remember if the double helping was a Y or an X until I looked at the shape of the letter 'Y' and decided it looked like Percy being pointed at the porcelain...with acknowledgements to *Barry Humphries*.

Whenever I try to wrap my head around the idea of a *Genetic Revolution* transforming the *Human Condition* I get a niggling *Valves-in-the-Television* feeling. Understanding a valve does not explain the pictures. Woman has this stunning ability to replicate herself...and many himself too. The sperm-giving male has big mobility advantages over the egg-bearing female. But how much does any of this matter if we are *Receivers* and *Transmitters*?

Cast your eyes over a crowd and you will be looking at trillions upon trillions of genes. Look at the same crowd three years later and every cell, gene and chromosome you gazed upon 3-years earlier will have been replaced. We completely reproduce ourselves every few years...something that intrigues *Personality* and *Consciousness* researchers. In this crowd there are three times as many X-chromosomes as Y-ones. Is this significant? *Mendel* and many generations of *Fruitfly Aficionados* never make predictions...they assess probabilities. *Dominant* and *Recessive Genes*, a *Double Helix Structure* that combines bits from one parent with bits from the other...and much

else that has yet to be discovered...would seem to swamp any diversity effects imparted by one chromosome buried in the DNA.

Cominero's team studied the case of a family of four infertile brothers and told their tale in *The Journal of Nature Genetics*. Gender is chiefly determined by sex chromosomes. In rare cases people with the male X-Y profile develop as women. More rarely those with the female Double-X profile become male. A gene called SRY that sits on the Y-chromosome seems to be the primary trigger of male development. But the Italians have now shown that every woman owes her femininity to another gene...RSPO1. At least one copy of this RSPO1-gene must be present for an embryo to develop as a female...or it develops as a male...even with two X-chromosomes and no SRY-gene. Strange.

Each brother had the Double-X female profile. Each brother also had the SRY-gene in the wrong place. But each brother had a mutated version of this RSPO1-gene. 'Poor Boy! Poor Boy!' as I have been exclaiming all week. Sir W.S.Gilbert's words were first heard on 13th April 1880 at the *Opéra Comique*. It is hard to be an Orphan Boy. But having a Double X with no SRY and a mutant RSPO1 must be the *Essence of Genetic Poverty*...and in Italy too.

Saturday 4th November 2006

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In 2005 I wrote *Loves of My Life* as Part Three of *Aspects of Autobiography*. It forced me to face up to some unsavoury episodes in my *Life of Selfishness*. The epicentre of this selfishness has shifted from *The Man* in my 20s and 30s to *His Work* in my 40s and 50s. I am proud to refer to myself in terms of *One Man and His Work*. But my approach to *One Life* as a *Work of Art* has a heavy cost...on others. Any woman who wishes to share my life is given *Hobson's choice*. It comes wrapped up in charm and consideration but the bottom line is to accept second place. I am wary of the female of the species and...rightly or wrongly...I also regard myself as a very good catch for the right woman. I have yet to sell myself cheaply. The results have been excellent...I have enjoyed a series of long and happy relationships with remarkable women...and have escaped quickly before getting bogged down in bad relationships.

In Jane Austen's day a farmer's wife had a pretty good idea of what her husband did...and he about her. But the soldier's wife understood little of her husband's regimental life. In modern times the husband goes off to work each day so the wife has little idea what he does...and he about her. Both may make assumptions and at times both have glimpses. Connie probably had a fair idea of what I worked at when living with her in *Rye* but had little idea...and never asked...about my long periods away in *Stockholm*. We both made assumptions...which may have been right or wrong. Ingrid on the other hand had little idea about what I did all day. But she made assumptions and had glimpses.

One of these glimpses came in *Welwyn Garden City* in the spring of 1979. Our *Massachusetts*-based *Corporate Paymasters* visited occasionally...one boss at a time. But for reasons I forget a bunch of high-powered executives showed up with the lowliest being the boss of the boss of my boss. A reception was laid on and I just scraped onto the list in 12th place...out of 12 invited. The *Americans* brought their wives so we were commanded to display ours.

Ingrid and I were ten years younger than anyone else. For the first time she saw me as a *Corporate Success*. I saw it too...but reacted differently. I was horrified by my glimpse of what lay in store for me. Two days later I started planning my escape. Ingrid however was impressed at how far I had come...and how well she had coped in this alien world. So she was bewildered when I announced six weeks later that I was off to the *States* for three weeks...not on company business but to interview with *Northern Telecom* in *Toronto*, *IFC* in *Washington* and *Bain & Co.* in *Boston*. 'I'll be handing in my notice when I get back. The children will start at their *American* schools in September 1980'.

In the summer of 1979 the *International Finance Corporation* in *Washington* turned me down and so did *Nixdorf* and *Bain & Co.* in *Boston*...although they spent an inordinate amount of time and energy before doing so. But to Ingrid's delight *Northern Telecom* wanted me in *Toronto*. Her joy was short-lived. I thought about it for 48-hours and then turned it down. Ingrid didn't know I had fallen in love with *Cambridge Massachusetts*. Perhaps I should have taken the *Toronto* job. Two years later I discovered that my old college buddy *Johnny Kingsley Watson* was there making films. I would have left *Telecoms* and gone into *Films*, moved with him to *Hollywood*, met *Victoria Tennant*, saved her from *Steve Martin* and worked with *Kevin Costner* on *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*. Aah! The paths not trod!

Ingrid's next glimpse of my *Workworld* was in the spring of 1981. But I will begin the tale 10-years on in the 1990s when *Salomons*...*America's* top *Bond House* as in *Government Bond* not *James Bond*...was embroiled in scandal. Dealers could only bid for 35% of new *Government Bonds*. Being greedy *Salomons* put in eight false bids totalling \$13.5 billion in seven *Treasury Bond Auctions* between 1989 and 1991. *Liar's Poker* by *Michael Lewis* tells the

tale. *Salomon's* sold the bonds on to favoured clients but were unlucky...or stupid...and got caught red-handed. In 1994 Paul Mozer...former head of the *Government Securities Trading* desk at *Salomons*...went to prison.

This marked the end of an era for *Saloman Brothers* who eventually merged with the insurance group *Travelers* and *Smith Barney* to form *Salomon Smith Barney*. When *Travelers* merged with *Citibank* later on the *Saloman* name disappeared. Today six out of ten want to quit *The Rat Race* for *The Good Life*. But 25 years ago this was far from being the majority view. I was still publicly on a fast track and felt the need to be circumspect. I was officially in high tech looking for opportunities when I met John Koch from *Smith Barney's Chicago Office* at an MIT gathering.

Koch offered me loads of money to put together a team to pick *Wall Street* winners with *System Dynamics* models. Two months later we gave our presentation on *High-Tech High-Growth* companies...and the difference in *Research Spending* at *Data General* and *Digital Equipment*. Koch was working the phones the moment we finished...pulling his clients' money out of *Data General* and piling it into *Digital*. By year-end he was seriously rich.

After that I saw Koch just once. Our invoice was paid immediately but he insisted on taking us out to dinner...all wives included. For one evening Ingrid had a fleeting glimpse of her husband high-rolling with...and being lavishly praised by...*Serious Money* and *Academic Excellence*. Tangible evidence that our move to the *States* was a success. Two months later I fell in love with another woman...and left Ingrid alone in a strange country with no family or friends and two young children. She was bewildered. Fortunately she was and is a remarkable woman.

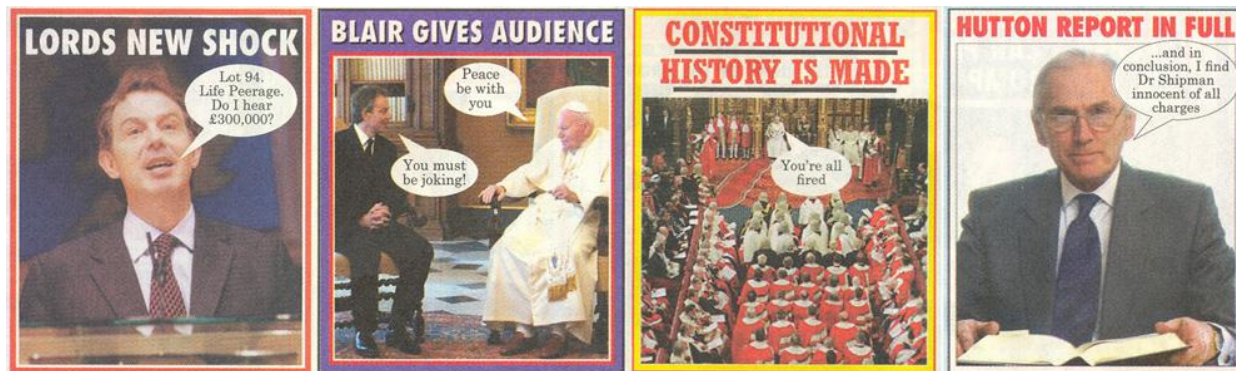
Sunday 5th November 2006

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Bonfire Societies are very big in *Sussex*. For four consecutive Saturdays there are *Night-time Torchlight Processions* through the centres of *Battle*, *Lewes*, *Hastings* and *Rye* followed by a *Public Bonfire* and *Fireworks Display*. Towns take turns for the best Saturday...closest to the *Fifth of November*. In the 1950s a *Penny for the Guy* tradition still existed but this has morphed into the imported *Halloween Trick or Treat*...which arrived in *America* onboard ships bearing *Irish*, *Germans* and *Scandinavians* immigrants fleeing famine or fighting in *Europe*.



By the 1550s *Rye* was the largest port in *Sussex* and...with *Dover*...the chief port of transit for the *Continent*. The *Royal Mail* passed through *Rye*. In *France* the *Huguenots* were much feared by the *French Catholic State*...a political and military force to be reckoned with. In 1561 the 11-year old *King Charles IX of France* was instructed to issue an edict authorising imprisonment and confiscation of property for those attending heretical services...public or private.

This was a declaration of war on *Protestants* by *Catholics*. Behind the boy king were powerful *Catholic* forces including *France's Regent*...his mother *Catharine de Medici*...the *de Guise Family* and *The Pope*. The spark that set *France* alight was the massacre of 1200 *Protestants* at Sunday worship in April 1562. 10-years later in August 1572 the *St Bartholomew's Day Massacre* took place in *Paris*. 30 000 *Huguenots* were slaughtered while celebrating the wedding of the *Protestant* *Henry de Navarre* to the *Catholic* *Marguerite de Valois*. Killing continued for three days.

Jo Kirkham in *Huguenots in Rye* tells of reports reaching *Rye* of 1800 killed in *Lyons* and 600 killed in *Rouen*. Refugees flooded into *Rye* from *Dieppe* and other *French* towns seeking asylum. Despite seven attempted *Cease-Fires* the religious civil war raged in *France* for 30-years. An estimated 100 000 innocent civilians were killed. As a proportion of the population this compares with the 650 000 killed in *Iraq* since the 2003 *Invasion*.

Intricate diplomacy by Queen Elizabeth's *Private Secretary* *William Cecil* and constant vigilance by her *Spymaster* *Francis Walsingham* kept the religious civil wars at bay. But in 1603 *Elizabeth I* died and *James IV* from *Scotland* became *King James I of England* as well. Just five days after arriving in *London* from *Scotland* James met with a *Huguenot Delegation* at *Greenwich* to assure them of his good intentions.

I like the cut of *King James'* jib. He seems to have been shrewd. Like *Canute the Great* he was ever conscious of the limits of his power...and acted accordingly. He held moderate opinions himself and was tolerant of the beliefs of others. He sought consensus. And he did his level best to avoid getting embroiled in foreign wars. The two things that have reverberated down the centuries with his name on them are the *King James' Bible* and the *Irish Problem*...on which Gladstone famously remarked: 'No sooner do I answer *The Irish Question* than they change the question.'

This is the background to the *Gunpowder Plot* of 1605. Here is the case for the prosecution. 'The accused in December made a mine under the House of Parliament purposing to place their powder there; in Lent following they hired the vault and placed therein 20 barrels of powder; on 20 July they laid in another 10 barrels of powder, laying upon them divers great bars of iron and pieces of timber and great massy stones and covered the same with faggots; on 20 September they laid in 4 more hogsheads of powder with other stores and bars of iron thereupon; and on 4 November at 11 o'clock at night, *Fawkes* had prepared touchwood and match to give fire to the powder the next day.'

In *Victorian Times* the expert on *King James I* was S.R. Gardiner who in 1884 produced a 10-volume *History of England 1603-42* and followed it up in 1893 with a 4-volume *History of the Great Civil War* and in 1903 with a further four volumes on the *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*. Does anybody read *Victorian Historians* nowadays? Read Gardiner and post anything interesting on the internet. Send me the *URL Address*. If I like your research I will link it to this blog. Let's write our own *Guy Fawkes Wikipedia Book*. Why not?

Monday 6th November 2006

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blog 310/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Kate Phillips' husband died of cancer ten days ago at the age of 62 after surviving a musket ball in *Aden* and an all-night card-game in *Hamburg* with John Lennon. When I first arrived in *Sweden* in 1966 *TT* was a sports journalist with a daily column in *Svenska Dagbladet*...and an old orienteering buddy of my future father-in-law Erik Lundell. Nowadays *Swedes* know *TT* as a *Press Agency*...and a reliable one as the *CIA* spreads disinformation via the others.

Then in 1988 I met another *TT*. *AppleMac Aficionados* can now be told that *TT3* moonlighted as the anarchic Charles Murray in magazines like *MacUser* and *Computer Shopper*. *TT3* was Kate's husband and the only time we met was in *The George* in *Rye* when his *Books of Erotica* were big hits in *Kazakhstan*. As they were printed in the *Cyrillic alphabet* he claimed to have no idea if what he had written was what the *Kazakhs* were reading. But as it was his name on the title page and his bank account that received the royalties he was far from unhappy about his situation.



This third *TT* to pass fleetingly across my *karas* was Tony Tyler...former *Features Editor* at *New Musical Express* in its *Real Journalism* days in the 1970s. *TT3* gave *Rock Music* a political agenda. Three decades later this lives on in the spectacle of Bono and Sir Bob Geldorf travelling the globe to hobnob with political and corporate elites in a vain...but worthy...attempt to make the case for a *Clean Slate*...and touch the rich and powerful for a bob or two.

TT3 was born in *Bristol* and raised in *Liverpool* where he attended *Liverpool College* before stowing away to *Hamburg* on a merchant navy vessel and hanging out with soon-to-be-famous *Liverpool* bands like the *Beatles*. Stowing away is no mean achievement at six foot five. More people meet their future life partners in the workplace than anywhere else...though friends and internet dating are catching up fast. Kate and Tony fell in love at *NME*. In 1975 *TT3* collaborated with his *NME* colleague Roy Carr to write *The Beatles: an Illustrated Record* and a year later came out with *The Tolkien Companion*. The two books graced the *New York Times* best-seller lists at the same time.

There are twelve *Beatles Studio Albums*. But in some ways the most interesting is *Number Thirteen* which was released today. Titled *Love* it was produced by Sir George and Giles Martin. From the harmonies of *Because...love is all, love is you*...through to the sigh of the *French horn* at the close of *Goodnight* it cites and samples well over a

hundred *Beatles* songs. The result is a long and winding fugue of juxtapositions, layerings, self-references and assorted magic tricks that may very well rank as the best compilation album ever made and a *Christmas Number One*.

As the *Beatles* swapped the baseball stadium for the recording studio they started *Intertextual Songwriting*...John Lennon singing 'I told you about *Strawberry Fields*' in *Glass Onion* for instance and Paul McCartney chanting 'She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah' in the fade-out to *All You Need Is Love*. *Love* takes this template and imagines a sort of *Fabscape* in which a good part of the *Beatles* back catalogue speaks across the years, albums and perceived differences of style and temperament within the band. The open guitar chord from *A Hard Day's Night* for instance morphs into the atonal orchestral crescendo of *A Day In The Life* and on via a locomotive drum intro into *Get Back*.

The project started with the transfer of the entire 250-item *Beatles Songbook* onto a single digital drive. *Love* needed some form of emotional narrative so while Ringo Starr lobbied for *Octopus's Garden* Olivia Harrison, Yoko Ono and Paul McCartney came up with other ideas. Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the whole project is that the final product has the enthusiastic support of these four living *Beatles Players*. George Martin's legendary diplomatic charm must have been crucial. Giles Martin remarked that his father had sought permission for every fresh surprise. 'I thought they were going to go mad about meddling with the holy grail. But they didn't. They loved it!'

The album is the soundtrack to a new show by *Cirque du Soleil* in *Las Vegas*. Critics flown in from the *Fab Four's* homeland came out in goose bumps at the show's blissful union of new sights and old sounds. The spectacle is apparently too unwieldy to tour so it seems that the closest we will come to *Love the Musical* is *Love The Music*.

Tuesday 7th November 2006

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blog 311/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

We performed *The Pirates of Penzance* to two very appreciative audiences at the weekend. Samuel is not a big part but in the programme he gets top billing alongside the *Major-General*, the *Pirate King*, the *Sergeant of Police* and the *Pirate Apprentice*. I didn't miss a cue...spoken or sung...so my reputation as a *Journeyman Tenor* is enhanced.



One of the earliest mentions of *The Pirates of Penzance* is in a letter written to Sullivan by Gilbert on 7th August 1879. 'I have broken the neck of Act II,' he wrote, 'and see my way clearly to the end. I think it comes out very well. By the way I've made great use of the *Tarantara* business in Act II. The police always sing *Tarantara* when they desire to work their courage to sticking-point. They are naturally timid, but through the agency of this talisman they are enabled to acquit themselves well when concealed.'

On 5th November 1879 Gilbert and Sullivan arrived in *New York* aboard the liner *Bothnia*. D'Oyly Carte came over a week later. The plan was to produce an authorized version of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. But in their bags were the words and music of *The Pirates of Penzance* and the outrageous plan of presenting it themselves in *New York* as the first ever premiere of an *English* opera in *America*. There were sound practical reasons for doing so. In 1879 international copyright law was in such chaos that simultaneous production of *The Pirates of Penzance* in *England* and *America* seemed the only practical way to deal with the problem. So on 31st December 1879 there was to be a quiet debut at the *Royal Bijou Theatre* in *Paignton, Devon* while simultaneously in *New York* they would have an *American* première. The first *London* production would follow 3-months later. So much for the best laid plans of mice and men.

There was a problem. Only half of *The Pirates of Penzance* had been written. Then there was another problem. Here is Sullivan in a letter to his mother: 'I fear I left all my sketches of the last Act at home as I have searched everywhere for them. I would have telegraphed for them, but they could not have arrived in time. It is a great nuisance as I have to rewrite it all now, and can't recollect every number I did.' Whoops! Arthur Sullivan locked himself away in his *New York* hotel in a desperate attempt to meet all the deadlines. He was promptly stricken with an old illness. As he dragged himself from his couch...writing all day and long into the nights...he was in considerable pain.

On 17th December 1879 Sullivan's diary records that 'most of the music of Act I was shipped to *England*...went to rehearsal at theatre, 11 to 4. Came home tired, couldn't work, dined at *Betts*. Very pleasant. Conducted at the theatre...' He was conducting *Pinafore* in the evening, rehearsing *Pirates* in the day and there was still a lot of music to compose. 'Returned to the *Betts* until 12. Then home. Wrote trio (2nd Act) and Ruth's song (1st Act). Went to bed at 5.' These are two of the most loved songs in the *G&S* repertoire...performed many hundreds of times every year.

Sullivan would often deliberately 'keep the music down' so that Gilbert's all-important words would come over clearly. Those who deride the *um-cha-um-cha* accompaniments in some *G & S* songs fail to understand the need for such considerations. Sullivan would take the opportunity to build up the music elsewhere in an opera. Indeed the *Pirates of Penzance* was coming from his pen as the most *operatic* opera to date...and even included some burlesquing of 'the farm-yard effects' in *Italian Grand Opera*...notably in the waltz song *Poor Wandering One*.

This had consequences. The band went on strike. Sullivan explains. 'We had been rehearsing the *Pirates* and it was but two or three days before the performance that the whole band went on strike. They explained that the music was not ordinary operetta music but more like grand opera...their method is to charge according to a scale, so much per week for entr'acte music, with an ascending scale for operetta, and so on.'

Sullivan called the band together, told them he was flattered by the compliment they had paid his music and then explained that he would bring the *Covent Garden* orchestra across to *New York* and pending their arrival carry on rehearsing by 'playing the pianoforte himself...with his friend Mr Alfred Cellier at the harmonium'. He then did an article for the *New York Herald*. The band backed down. Sometimes it is a useful thing to be up to your eyes in absurd plots. They have their uses in real life. Nonetheless a Composer's Lot is not a Happy One...Happy One!

Wednesday 8th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-09

blog 312/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

At seven o'clock yesterday evening I listened to the 15 000th episode of *The Archers* which first began broadcasting 56 years ago on New Year's Day 1951 and is the longest running soap opera in the world. The day was not marked by a crowd-pleasing celebrity appearance...such as the visit by Princess Margaret in 1984 to celebrate the *Borchester NSPCC Gala Dinner*...but by something altogether more seismic. Would Ruth Archer finally consummate her potentially adulterous relationship with herdsman Sam Barton? There has not been so much



simulated media tension since someone shot JR in *Dallas*. I can now tell you that Ruth has backed off...although a twist in the tail is possible.

The affair has caused much heart-searching among listeners with many claiming that the protagonists are being made to act in uncharacteristic way and that the script has been sexed-up. But not everyone agrees. Listening to Ruth and Sam thrash out their dilemma over the past few weeks has been no different from overhearing a *BBC producer* and a *Westminster PPS* discuss their adulterous affair. The talk is all of personal happiness, self-esteem and a fresh start. The

shock this will give to children, husband or extended family hardly counts against the reality of *How I Feel*.

Unfortunately *The Archers* is not *East Enders* or *Friends* or just any soap opera. The 'everyday story of country folk' taps into our romance with the countryside which in our soft-focused vision is inhabited by the virtuous descendants of *Olde England*. The rural moral code is infinitely superior to the urban one. Villages are mutually helpful communities where people share sterling values and never shy away from their duties. And vice stops at the M25.

Vanessa Whitburn...editor of *The Archers*...has appeared several times on *BBC Radio 4* in recent days. She has not got to where she is by being too candid with her public. But in defending her scriptwriters Vanessa seems to take the view that *The Archers* should strive for realism. Mythical worlds played out against a background of real-life farming concerns can be taken too far. In reality the shenanigans of the metropolitan middle classes have nothing on the frisky rural hicks whose pastimes include drinking to excess, gambling away fortunes and stealing one another's wives.

The Archers has always been an everyday story of the kind of countryfolk who have affairs straight out of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*...as in Christine Archer falling for the alcoholic gamekeeper George Barford...or *Footballers' Wives*...as with Jack Woolley's first wife having affairs with the husbands of future stepdaughters Jennifer and Lillian. Here are some more. Middle-aged publican Sid had adulterous sex in the shower; *Ambridge's* token *Gay*

Couple fell into each other's arms in a polytunnel; a plane crashed into Dan Archer's 5-acre field; Shula Archer lost her virginity to a journalist from the *Barchester Echo*; Tom Forrest was in the dock for shooting Clarrie Grundy's poacher uncle Bob Larkin; unmarried Jennifer Archer had a baby...by another cowhand; Mrs Perkins' nephew Bill was beaten to death outside *The Bull*...and the vicar had an affair with a *Hindu* parishioner.

So *The Archers* has always been racy, sometimes improbable but never dull...until now. Some of the dullest scenes in the programme's history have been created about Ruth and Sam's love in the cowshed. Internet message boards have been flooded. Here are some examples. 'This is getting somewhat unbelievable. I'm getting very bored with this storyline.' 'I feel bilious every time I hear Sam and Ruth kissing. Are we expected to believe that Ruth will disappear into the sunset with Sam?' 'This sordid little liaison is making me feel dirty already. It is a mere excuse for the ghastly cowman to get his welly-booted leg over.' 'I was almost physically sick after last night's episode. I really can't cope with any more slurping. Have mercy I sometimes listen during the evening meal.' 'Are we really supposed to believe in Ruth's passion for our boring cowman Sam?'

The real scandal at *The Archers* is not the potential nookie between a member of *Ambridge's* ruling family and a hired hand who thinks her name is *Roof*...the class and puritanical overtones in the internet postings would have amused D.H.Lawrence...but the fact that it had been so tedious drawing it out until yesterday's 15 000th anniversary edition. Most diehard fans are sick to death...not to mention embarrassed...by the amateurish production of episodes consisting entirely of 'Aww Sam! And 'Oohh Roof!'...with background mooing from a compliant herd of cows.

Thursday 9th November 2006

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'Given by the hand of John by the grace of God King of England in the meadow that is called Runnymede between Windsor and Staines on the fifteenth day of June in the seventeenth year of our reign for the better ordering of our kingdom to all Free Men of our Kingdom we have granted for us and our heirs for ever all the liberties written out below to have and to keep for them and their heirs of us and our heirs.'

Thus ran *Magna Carta* in 1215. *Clause 13* was still valid with a few minor amendments when it was released under *Royal Seal* by John's son *King Henry III* ten years later in 1225. It ran thus. 'The city of London shall enjoy all its ancient liberties and free customs, both by land and by water. We also will and grant that all other cities, boroughs, towns, and ports shall enjoy all their liberties and free customs.'

Two other clauses would have been of particular interest to the *London Merchants* with their *Guilds* and *Companies* and *Antient Traditions*. *Clause 41* allowed that 'All merchants may enter or leave England unharmed and without fear and may stay or travel within it by land or water for purposes of trade free from all illegal exactions in accordance with ancient and lawful customs. This however does not apply in time of war to merchants from a country that is at war with us. Any such merchants found in our country at the outbreak of war shall be detained without injury to their persons or property until we or our chief justice have discovered how our own merchants are being treated in the country at war with us. If our own merchants are safe they shall be safe too.'

In *King John's Charter* of 1215 a *Clause 42* was also to be found that ran thus. 'In future it shall be lawful for any man to leave and return to our kingdom unharmed and without fear by land or water preserving his allegiance to us, except in time of war for some short period for the common benefit of the realm. People that have been imprisoned or outlawed in accordance with the law of the land people from a country that is at war with us and merchants - who shall be dealt with as stated above - are excepted from this provision.' This clause was one of several omitted from *King Henry III's Charter* of 1225.

Another of *King John's Clauses* that fell out of royal favour between 1215 and 1225 was *Clause 61* which was omitted from *King Henry III's Charter*. At 540 words in its *English* translation it is the longest clause in *King John's Magna Carta* of 1215 and it began thus. 'Since we have granted all these things for God for the better ordering of our kingdom and to allay the discord that has arisen between us and our barons and since we desire that they shall be enjoyed in their entirety with lasting strength for ever we give and grant to the barons the following security'. Eight sub-clauses then follow regarding specific contingencies. The first three sub-clauses ran thus.

'The barons shall elect twenty-five of their number to keep and cause to be observed with all their might the peace and liberties granted and confirmed to them by this charter.'

'If we, our chief justice our officials or any of our servants offend in any respect against any man or transgress any of the articles of the peace or of this security and the offence is made known to four of the said twenty-five barons they shall come to us...or in our absence to the chief justice...to declare it and claim immediate redress.'

'If we...or in our absence abroad the chief justice...make no redress within forty days reckoning from the day on which the offence was declared to us or to him the four barons shall refer the matter to the rest of the twenty-five

barons, who may distraint upon and assail us in every way possible with the support of the whole community of the land, by seizing our castles lands, possessions or anything else saving only our own person and those of the queen and our children until they have secured such redress as they have determined upon. Having secured the redress they may then resume their normal obedience to us.' That's a devil of an incentive for Central Power to pull its finger out...and quite the clearest statements of *Real Subsidiarity*...with teeth...to be found anywhere.

The *Guilds* and *Companies* of the *City of London* clearly thought so too because they adopted *Clause 61* for their own governance and have stuck with it through thick and thin for nigh on 800 years...until now. Instead of the *Good Burghers* of the *City of London* seeking to spread their particular form of enlightened governance throughout *Her Majesty's Kingdom*...for a similar manner of governance should be embraced by every town and village and not just one square mile of it...moves are afoot to force the *Council of 25 Barons* to share power with a *Court of 100*.

An application from Julian Malins...a barrister whose brother is an *Member of Parliament*...is to be heard by a closed session of *Common Council*. It seeks to scrap the exclusive rights of the 25 aldermen to provide and elect the *Lord Mayor* by tagging a clause onto some existing piece of *Parliamentary Legislation* and sneaking it through on a *Bad News Day*. Why? Because the last thing the *Plotters* want is to open up the matter of their governance...or anybody else's...to public scrutiny by either house of parliament. Keeping the king at bay is one thing. The lid of this particular *Pandora's Box* must be kept firmly shut...lest a *Baying Mob* escapes with *Real Power* within its grasp.

Friday 10th November 2006

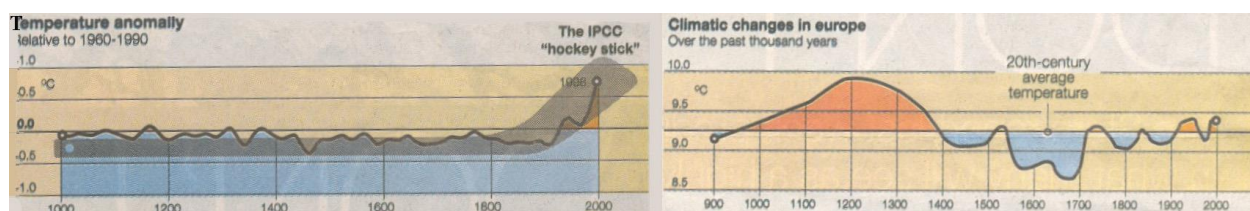
Posted: 2006-11-11

blog 314/2006

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In 2004 John Youngdahl was charged by the *Securities and Exchange Commission* with *Securities Fraud* and *Insider Trading*. In October 2001 Youngdahl found out that sales of the *Treasury Department's* 30-year bonds were going to be cut off. He found this out before the news was made public...and gave his firm's *Bond Traders* the tip-off. In a matter of minutes they made a killing estimated at £3.5 million. Youngdahl was working for *Goldman Sachs* at the time and is now behind bars...incarcerated in the *Land of Striped Sunshine*.

Ways need to be found to put scientists in the dock too. They have their own forms of *Insider Trading* and need to be held publicly accountable for their *Scientific Fraud*. So far they have had an easy ride. This particular buck starts and stops at the top with the *United Nations* and its corrupt *Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change* which stands accused of knowingly undervaluing the sun's effects on historical and contemporary climate, slashing the greenhouse effect, overstating the past century's temperature increase, arbitrarily repealing a fundamental law of physics for political convenience and tripling the man-made greenhouse effect to shoehorn its computer data into its prejudices.



The *IPCC's* third assessment report released four years ago is a *Scientific Fraud*...right up there with the *Blair Dodgy Dossier* on non-existent *Weapons of Mass Destruction* in *Iraq*. The report implies that carbon dioxide ended the last four ice ages by displaying two 450 000 year graphs...a sawtooth curve of temperature and a sawtooth of airborne CO₂ that is scaled to look similar. Usually similar curves are superimposed for comparison. The *IPCC Report* didn't. If it had the truth would have shown...the changes in temperature preceded the changes in CO₂ levels.

In 1995 David Deming...a geoscientist at the *University of Oklahoma*...reconstructed *North America's* historical temperatures from borehole data. He later wrote: 'With the publication of my article in *Science* I gained significant credibility in the community of scientists working on climate change. They thought I was one of them...someone who would pervert science in the service of social and political causes.' One of the more important players foolishly let his guard slip and sent Deming an email that said 'We have to get rid of the *Medieval Warm Period*.' So they did.

The second *IPCC Report* in 1996 showed a 1000-year graph demonstrating that temperature in the Middle Ages was warmer than today. But the third *IPCC Report* in 2001 contained a new graph showing no medieval warm period. It concluded that the 20th century was the warmest for 1000 years. This is wrong. Here is how it was done.

Firstly *IPCC* gave one technique for reconstructing pre-thermometer temperature four hundred times more weight than any other...and omitted to mention the fact. The over-weighted technique was one which *IPCC's* second report had said was unsafe...measurement of tree-rings from bristlecone pines. Tree-rings are wider in warmer years

because temperature speeds up growth. But tree fertiliser speeds up growth too and one of them is carbon dioxide so this distorts the calculations unless some way is found to make allowance for shifting carbon dioxide levels.

This might be bad science but need not be criminal. But closer scrutiny shows that the deception goes deeper...a domain of barefaced lying and *Scientific Fraud*. IPCC stated that 24 data sets were included going back to 1400. But without saying so they left out the set showing the medieval warm period...tucking it away in a folder marked 'censored data'. IPCC then used a computer model to draw the graph from the data. Now anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of statistics knows you can best fit data to any curve. Give it $ax+b$ and you will get a straight line. Give it ax^b and you will get a curve. IPCC asked for hockey-sticks so it got them...even from random electronic 'red noise'.

The large full-colour hockey stick was the only graph to appear six times in the IPCC *Third Report* in 2001. The *Canadian Government* copied it to every household. It is a lie. It took four years for a leading scientific journal to publish the truth. It was ignored. The *Canadian Government* did not apologise...and IPCC still uses it. The good news is that the *US Senate* investigated. They unearthed a conspiracy, labelling the graph 'meretricious' and noting that known associates of the scientists who had compiled the graph wrote many of the papers supporting its conclusions.

IPCC...and the *Stern Report*...pretend the graph is not important. But scores of scientific papers show the medieval warm period was real, global and up to 3°C warmer than now. There were no glaciers in the tropical *Andes*, Viking farms in *Greenland* and little ice at the *North Pole* when a *Chinese* naval squadron sailed round the *Arctic* in 1421.

Friday 11th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-12

blog 315/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Two centuries ago the astronomer William Herschel was reading Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* when he noticed that grain prices fell when the number of sunspots rose. Temperature tends to be warmer at solar maxima so grain grows faster. Better harvests. Lower prices. Farmers always complain of terrible harvests or ruinous prices. In the second half of the 20th century the sun has been at its hottest for over ten thousand years. This is a fact. The influence of this particular *Forcing* on the temperature of *Planet Earth* is the very stuff of *Skulduggery* and *High Treason*.



The *Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change* dates its *Temperature Forcings* from 1750 when the sun was as warm as now. But its start-date for the increase in world temperature is 1900 when the sun was much cooler. This is just a little too contrived...*Scientific Fraud* in fact...because the warmer the air the more water vapour it holds.

Water is a very odd substance. *School Physics* has taught my generation that water expands when it freezes which is why unlagged pipes spray water everywhere in the thaw after *The Big Freeze*...and why there are fish to catch beneath the thin layer of air under the two feet of ice in which *Swedish Sports Fishermen* cut their holes in the depths of winter. Afterwards they pile into their saunas, drink beer...and sweat profusely before diving into the ice-cold lakes to join the fish they failed to catch. Sweating only makes sense because of the odd properties of water.

In the *Climate Changelings' Theology Carbon Dioxide* is just one of several *Greenhouse Gases*. *Methane* is another. And *Water* another. Both *Methane* and *Water* have an impact many times greater than *Carbon Dioxide*. In scientific terms demonising *Carbon Emissions* means slaughtering cows and eradicating termites to reduce *Methane Emissions*. According to the *Carbonistas* the H_2O molecule is four times better at destroying the planet than the humble CO_2 molecule. But not even the IPCC has the nerve to ignore water vapour...though they have a damn good try.

The IPCC expresses *Heat-Energy Forcings* in watts per square metre per second. Twentieth Century warming from all sources is around two watts per square metre per second. Not only must IPCC get rid of the *Medieval Warm Period* they must also ensure that man-made *Carbon Emissions* are responsible for a significant proportion of this 2.0 watts. Otherwise there is no case to answer and its case would be thrown out of court. So IPCC fiddled the figures.

The first trick was to contrive 0.3 watts for the extent of *Solar Temperature Feedback Forcings*. The figure would have been 0.7 watts if the *IPCC* had adopted 1900 instead of 1750 for its start-date and...1.9 watts if it had adopted the *Royal Society's* climate feedback 2.7 multiplier guideline. Next the *IPCC* slashed the *Natural Greenhouse Effect* by 40 percent from 33C in the climate physics textbooks to 20C making the man-made additions appear bigger.

Finally there is the *Battle of the Lambdas*...the factor converting *Forcings* to *Temperature*. The *Stefan-Boltzman law* is to the thermodynamics of climate as Einstein's equation $E=mc^2$ is to astrophysics. Boltzman relates energy to the square of the speed of light but by reference to temperature rather than mass. It was derived experimentally 100-years ago by a *Slovenian* professor and proved by his *Austrian* student. Buried in the small print of *IPCC's* third assessment report is the bizarre statement that its climate models had found *lambda* to be 0.5C per watt of *Forcing*. *Lambda* from the *Boltzman Equation* is half this...based on *Experiments with Nature* not *Manipulations with Computers*.

Lambda Inflation is in fashion because the bigger the value of *lambda* the bigger the temperature increase you can predict from any particular set of *Forcings Data*. James Hansen who invented *Global Warming* in his evidence to *Senate Hearings* in the middle of a *Washington Heatwave* offers lambdas of 0.67, 0.75 or 1.0. John Houghton who chaired the *IPCC* working group trumps this with 0.8 while *IPCC's* computer models now use 1.0. But *The Stern Report* deserves an *Oscar* for its implied *lambda* of 1.9...between six and eight times the *Boltzman lambda*. Multiply by *Boltzmann's lambda* and temperature rise this century is in line with observation at 0.44 to 0.6C. *Stern's lambda* gives nonsense. The *Hadley Centre* had the same problem so they now have one *lambda* to predict with and another...*lambda* divided by three...to match actual 20th Century temperatures. My Texan artist friend Bob Stuart had a parrot in his studio. He had trained it to say 'Get A Rope and Hang The Bastards!' Hark! I hear it even now!

Sunday 12th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-13

blog 316/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Dr Benny Peiser is a social anthropologist at *Liverpool John Moores University* and the editor of the *Cambridge Conference Network (CCNet)*. His research focuses on the effects of environmental change and catastrophic events on contemporary thought and societal evolution. In my 17/5 blog...posted to my climate blog as *Majority Against Orthodoxy*...I mentioned his analysis of scientific papers on *Climate Change* which Dr Dennis Bray of the *German-based GKSS National Research Centre* checked out and endorsed. The *Peiser Analysis* concluded that dissenters were in a healthy majority. Here is my edited version of the letter Peisner sent to *Science Magazine* for publication.

'On December 3rd 2004, only days before the start of the *10th UN Conference on Climate Change*, *Science Magazine* published the results of a study by Naomi Oreskes. For the first time, empirical evidence was presented that appeared to show a unanimous scientific consensus on the anthropogenic causes of recent *Global Warming*.

Oreskes claims to have analysed 928 abstracts she found listed on the *ISI Database* using the keywords "climate change". However, a search on the *ISI Database* using the keywords "climate change" for the years 1993-2003 reveals that almost 12 000 papers were published during the decade in question. What happened to the countless research papers that show that global temperatures were similar or even higher during the *Holocene Climate Optimum* and the *Medieval Warm Period* when atmospheric *CO₂* levels were much lower than today; that solar variability is a key driver of recent climate change; and that climate modelling is highly uncertain?

These objections were put to Oreskes by science writer David Appell. On 15 December 2004 she admitted that there was indeed a serious mistake in her *Science* essay. According to Oreskes her study was not based on the keywords "climate change" but on "global climate change". Her use of three keywords instead of two reduced the list of peer reviewed publications by one order of magnitude. On the *UK ISI Databank* the keyword search "global climate change" comes up with 1247 documents. Since the results looked questionable I replicated the *Oreskes Study* by analysing all abstracts listed on the *ISI Databank* for 1993 to 2003 using Oreskes' keywords.

1117 of the 1247 documents listed included abstracts...130 listed only titles, author' details and keywords. The 1117 abstracts analysed were divided into Oreskes' six categories plus two which I added: explicit endorsement of the consensus position; evaluation of impacts; mitigation proposals; methods; paleoclimate analysis; rejection of the consensus position; natural factors of global climate change and unrelated to the recent global climate change issues.

My results contradict Oreskes' findings and essentially falsify her study: Only 13 (1%) of the 1117 abstracts explicitly endorse the *Consensus View*. 322 abstracts (29%) implicitly accept the *Consensus View* but mainly focus on impact assessments of envisaged global climate change. 89 (less than 10%) focus on mitigation; 67 on methodological questions; 87 deal exclusively with paleo-climatological research unrelated to recent climate change; 34 reject or doubt the view that human activities are the main drivers of the 'the observed warming over the last 50 years' and 44 focus on natural factors of global climate change. 470 abstracts (42%) include the keywords "global climate change" but do not include links or reference to greenhouse gas emissions or anthropogenic forcing of recent climate change.

According to Oreskes, 695 of the 928 abstracts (75%) 'either explicitly or implicitly accepting the *Consensus View*'. This claim is incorrect on two counts. Only 424 abstracts...less than a third...fall into Categories 1 to 3 and many abstracts on 'evaluation of impact' and 'mitigation' do not discuss the drivers of global climate change but concern themselves with the effects of elevated CO₂ levels on plant growth and vegetation. Many do not include any implicit endorsement of the *Consensus View* but discuss hypothetical impact assessments or mitigation strategies.

Quite a number of papers emphasise that *Natural Factors* play a major if not the key role in recent climate change. There are almost three times as many abstracts that are sceptical of the notion of anthropogenic climate change as explicitly endorse it. In fact, the explicit and implicit rejection of the *Consensus View* includes distinguished scientific organisations. This is not to deny that a majority of publications go along with the view of anthropogenic climate change and apply models based on its basic assumptions. Yet it is beyond doubt that a sound and unbiased analysis of the full *ISI Databank* will find hundreds of papers...many by the world's leading experts in the field...that have raised serious reservations and outright rejection of the concept of a *Scientific Consensus* on climate change.'

On 18th February 2005 Peisner received the following reply from Etta Kavanagh, *Associate Letters Editor* at *Science Magazine*. 'Dear Dr. Peiser, a couple of weeks ago you submitted a *Letter to the Editor* on Naomi Oreskes' Essay *The Scientific Consensus on Climate Change*. In its current form it is too long for a letter but we would consider a shorter version if you are willing to edit it. It should be 500 words or less, not counting the references. A correction dealing with the mistake in the search terms "global climate change" vs. "climate change" was published in our Jan. 14 issue.' Well that's all right then. My tip is to sell shares in companies trading in *Carbon Emissions*...or bet on their collapse.

Monday 13th November 2006 blog 317/2006

Posted: 2006-11-14 <http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

It was warm on Saturday night...and for once there was no cloudburst in the afternoon to soak the *Rye Bonfire* on *The Salts*. I had spent the afternoon in *Ashford* and came back to *Rye* on a packed 1730 train bringing hundreds of revellers from all over *Kent* and *Sussex* to *Rye's Guy Fawkes Celebrations*.



Vemara had a *Grandstand View* of the *Fireworks Display* set off on the opposite bank. But first was the procession through the town. So at 7.30 pm it was up the *Ypres Steps*, through *St Mary's Churchyard*, down *Lion Street* and along the *High Street* to *The Mint*. But I was back on *Vemara* by nine o'clock. This was my second free show of the *Fireworks Season*. Last Sunday...on the real November the Fifth...I had joined *Françoise de Naillat* on her balcony in *St Leonard's*. Money is still no object for people. Fireworks are cheap...and the bank rate is still only five percent.

It is so easy to transfer manufacturing to low-cost economies that *Dell*, *Nokia*, *Ikea*, *Glaxo* and *L'Oréal* sell everywhere and produce nowhere. By outsourcing their manufacturing these *Global Gamblers* leave themselves with just the *Design* and *Marketing*. But *Manufacturing* is volatile and capital-intensive so outsourcing transfers *Economic Volatility* of *Capital Investment* and *Inventory Cycles* alongside the *Job Slavery* and the *Dark Satanic Mills*. *Trade Surpluses* used to indicate *Economic Dynamism* but in this *World Gone Mad (WGM)* a reluctance to integrate fully with the *Global Economy* and pursue *WTO-style Free Trade* is regarded as evidence of a need for destabilisation.

In *Britain* and the *United States*, globalisation seems to have brought economic stability and made borrowing safe. Integration of global capital markets has also allowed countries with a high *Propensity to Borrow*...like *America*, *Britain* and *Spain*...to take advantage of the *Private Savings* of more cautious cultures like *Japan* and *Germany*. Nobody can explain any of this...and nobody seems to believe that it can go any other way than to *Crash*. This is one thing where the opinion of the *Man in the Street* is little different from that of the *Academic Economist* in her *Ivory Tower* and the *City Banker* in his *Knightsbridge Palace*. The difference is that ordinary people are now talking openly about *The Crash* and no longer feel the need to keep up the pretence that what is going on makes any sense.

Finance-led globalisation has opened a *Pandora's Box* with the tails of the *Merchant Class* wagging the dog of the *Statesmen*. At the end of the 19th century when *Britain* ruled the waves no one had the vaguest notion that a hundred

years hence imperial expansion would lead to *Reverse Colonisation* and *Intra-Diaspora Global Trading*. Forty years ago Enoch Powell insisted there were questions to be addressed. And forty years before that Mahatma Gandhi glimpsed the shape of things to come when he addressed the *Manchester Textile Workers*. But not even his visionary mind was capable of grasping the idea that three quarters of century hence an *Indian Steel Company* would buy the *Mighty Steelworks* of *South Wales*...lock, stock and barrel. But that is exactly what happened last month.

In the late 19th century in the days of the *British Raj* the 130-room *Watson Hotel* in downtown *Bombay* was the classiest place in town. There is a legend that Jamshedji Tata...a *Parsi* textile trader and the founding father of *India's* foremost industrial house...was so angry to be turned away at its richly carpeted door on the ground that he had brown skin that he built his own luxury hotel in defiance. The *Tata Group's* majestic *Taj Mahal Hotel* overlooking the *Gateway of India* is now the place to be seen in *Mumbai* for anybody who is anybody.

Meanwhile the sad-looking building that was once *Watson's* is home to nondescript law firms, courier companies and photocopying shops. *Watson Hotel* stands as a salutary lesson to those who underestimate the ambitions of *Indian Businessmen*. With last month's £4.3 billion takeover of *Corus*...once *British Steel* and the very epitome of *Western Industrialism* and *British Imperial Strength*...Ratan Tata, the *Indian Group's* present-day patriarch has proved that *Indian Business* is a force to reckon with globally. There is a whole lot more to *Indian Business* than *Call Centres*.

Instead of being acquired *Indian* companies are now acquiring. *Ranbaxy Laboratories* is a top player in the *European* generic drug market after buying *RPG Aventis*; *Mahindra* has picked up *Stokes* a British automotive forging company, the tractor manufacturing assets of China's *Jiangling Motor* and the German *Jeco Holdings*; *Vijay Mallya's UB Group* is planning a £400 million bid for *Scotland's Whyte & Mackay*. Where will it all end? *Globalisation* will have too much impact on the future of too many people to be left to *Merchants* and *Moneylenders*.

Tuesday 14th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-15

blog 318/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

A week ago I was sent *The Party's Over: Blueprint for a very English Revolution* to review for *Fourth World Review*. Keith Sutherland the author is an interesting chap...*Executive Editor* of the *Journal of Consciousness Studies* and praised by Robert Hazell of the *Editorial Advisory Board* of *Societas* as 'the Hazlitt of our age'. Here is what I wrote.

Keith Sutherland fears that David Beckham and Richard Branson have taken over the governance of *England* and mentions Max Beloff's comparison of Tony Blair's *Third Way* with Adolf Hitler's *Third Reich*. Ten years ago Sutherland was commissioned to edit *The Rape of the Constitution* and chose to include Tony Benn's essay 'How Democratic is Britain?' In this essay Benn updated Bagehot's 1867 summary of the 'dignified' and 'efficient' elements in the *English* constitution and the power of *The Cabinet*. 'Today,' wrote Benn, 'the *House of Commons* is the dignified part...there to excite and preserve the reverence of the population...while the powers of the *Crown* controlled by the *Prime Minister* are the efficient part by which government works and rules.'

James Stuart Mill once observed that the country's constitutional problem was the monopoly exercised by the monarchy and the aristocracy and this caused Macaulay to remark in 1832 that '...the *House of Commons* was more the *Council of the Government* than the *Defender of the People*.' But, as Sutherland comments...and as Kohr explains in his essay *The Four Radicalisms*...extension of the suffrage by the *Victorians* though sensible in its day could not empower people because 'once the political cake has grown past a critical size each voter's slice becomes so small as to be causally irrelevant'...echoes of an understanding of *Papworth's Ten Laws of Political Dynamics*.

By 2001 in *Elective Dictatorship: the Unholy Trinity of the British Constitution* Sutherland had realised the game was up. Any reverence the population might once have felt for *Parliament* and *Politicians* had disappeared under Blair's abuse. Sutherland's radical conversion continues in *The Party's Over*. Scepticism about *Democracy* sits deep in our *English Political Tradition*. It began in *Plato's Republic* when Socrates remarks that 'A system of government that is not based on knowledge and competence and puts power in the hands of rhetoricians is a corrupt and decadent system.' What are *Spin Controllers*, *Public Relation Firms* and *Dodgy Dossiers* if not rhetoricians and their devices?

Sutherland has taken to heart Michael Oakeshott's essays on *The Masses in Representative Democracy* and *On the Relation of Philosophy Poetry and Reality*. He also makes favourable mention of Montesquieu whose analysis of the key concept of *Relative Power* was updated by Leopold Kohr in *Breakdown of Nations* (1955) and of the long-forgotten pamphleteer James Harrington...a contemporary of Hobbes...who was thrown into the *Tower of London* for sedition. 'I would like to think,' writes Sutherland, 'that this essay is just an updated version of the *Aristotle-Harrington* vision.' The metaphor of the political cake began with Harrington.

Sutherland wants to see an aristocracy of wisdom and talent...*Lords Advocates*...presenting the arguments to a *Jury of Commoners*...the *Oxford Union's* debating format with good men and true instead of a rabble of students. Abolishing political parties would be a necessary reform. As less than one percent of the population are actively engaged in party political activities public subsidy should be removed instead of being wasted on billboard electioneering and television commercials. The genius of the *British Constitution*, writes Sutherland, 'has been the ability at certain times in history to meld all three estates into one while retaining the independence of all three.' Elsewhere he remarks that *British* institutions are rarely abolished but continue in theory...and in ceremonial practice...shorn of their essential functions. 'Names remain in constant use but they represent different things.'

Here are Sutherland's final words. The political party is an anachronism and the notion of a democratic mandate is without foundation. The dominant position of the political party should be replaced with a modern system of representation based on the way juries are selected. The *British* constitution understood 'efficiently' is an elected dictatorship and the answer is not to seek to separate powers and functions in the *American* way but to 'reinterpret our own constitution more literally.' Well and good as far as it goes. But in Keith Sutherland's next book I hope he will go further because the *English* must resist attempts to impose a *European Constitution* upon this *Sceptered Isle* and revisit King John's *Magna Carta* of 1215...not the one signed by Henry III in 1225 which omitted many clauses.

Mistakenly Sutherland lists *Crown, Lords and Commons* as the *Three Estates*. *Our Lords Temporal* are the *Monarchy* and its aristocratic landed structures of counties and townships. *Our Lords Spiritual* are the *Church of England* which has the freedom to choose the details of its spiritual faith...the key divide is between those who believe 'this is not all there is' and the *Materialists and Atheists* who do. *Monarchy, Church and Parliament* are the *Three Estates* and an alliance between the *Archbishop of Canterbury* Rowan Williams and our future *King Charles III* will be crucial if we are to get to where Keith Sutherland wants us to go. Halford Mackinder got it right a century ago when he remarked in *Democratic Ideals & Reality* that the real political battle is always between *Locality* and *Outside Interests*.

Wednesday 15th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-16

blog 319/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

My dentist is back from *Ramadan*. Last week my tooth underwent the final stage of preparation for a silver crowning next week. My dentist has two older brothers and a 10-year old sister. How different must be their world to that of their parents...brought up in *Istanbul*? Yet we can ask no more than to be born in interesting times? It is a funny old world, *n'est-ce pas*? And incidentally that is *Dewsbury* in *Yorkshire* on the left and *Lahore, Pakistan* on the right.



This year broke the record for the hottest September. *UK* temperatures averaged sixty degrees Fahrenheit and broke the previous record from 1949 by one and a half degrees. *Ireland* also broke its September record...as did *Oslo*. The other side of the world has been unusually warm too. It is spring in *New Zealand* which has had the third warmest September on record. And *Melbourne* logged its warmest September since records began in 1907.

Australia has been unusually dry with drought meaning poor grain harvests and rising bread prices next year. Price hikes may be a *Dead Cert* but not for this reason. Three quarters of the world's corn exports come from the *US* but these are vanishing fast. In *South Dakota Ethanol Distilleries* now claim half the corn harvest. And if all the *Ethanol Plants* proposed for *Iowa* get built they would use all the corn grown in the state. There is a *US Ethanol Subsidy* of 51¢ per gallon until 2010 so with oil at \$70 per barrel distilling *Alcohol Fuel* promises huge profits. World grain consumption grew by 20 million tons in 2006...with 14 million tons of it going into the fuel tanks of *American* cars.

Almost everything we eat can be converted into fuel so the line between *Food* and *Energy Economics* is rapidly disappearing. Ten years ago *Food Processors* and *Livestock Producers* converted *Farm Commodities* into products

for *Supermarket Shelves*. Now the *Ethanol Distilleries* and *Biodiesel Refineries* are piling into the market for *Farm Commodities* to supply fuel to service stations. So the *Oil Price* is now the support price for *Food Commodities*. The vast number of distilleries coming on stream is also drawing grain away from beef, pork, poultry, milk, and eggs production. Another problem is that corn and soybean production in the *American Midwest* is ecologically unsustainable. It produces massive topsoil erosion and pollutes surface and groundwater with pesticides and fertilizer runoff that travels down the *Mississippi River* to deplete oxygen levels in the *Gulf of Mexico*.

The world's crop-based fuel production is concentrated in *Brazil*, the *United States* and *Europe*. Last year the *US* and *Brazil* each produced over 4000 million gallons of ethanol. *Brazil* uses sugarcane as the feedstock while the *US* distillers use grain...mostly corn. The 55 million tons of *US* corn going into ethanol this year represent 16% of the country's grain harvest...and supplies 3% of its automotive fuel. *Brazil* is converting half of its sugar harvest into *Fuel Ethanol*...doubling the world sugar price by effectively withdrawing 10% of the harvest. In 2005 the *European Union* produced 1600 million gallons of *biofuels*...half of it *Biodiesel* produced from vegetable oil in *Germany* and *France* and the other half *Ethanol* from grain in *France*, *Spain* and *Germany*.

Last year *China* converted 2 million tons of grain into ethanol...mostly corn but also some wheat and rice. In *India* ethanol is produced largely from sugarcane. *Thailand* is concentrating on ethanol from cassava, while *Malaysia* and *Indonesia* are investing heavily in additional palm oil plantations as well as *Biodiesel Refineries*. *Malaysia* has approved 32 *Biodiesel Refineries* but has also had the sense to call a pause to assess the future for *Palm Oil Supplies*.

The grain required to fill a 25-gallon *SUV* gas tank with *Fuel Ethanol* can feed one person for a year. Ominously world grain stocks are at their lowest level for 34 years with 76 million more mouths to feed each year. As the reality of this trade-off works through global markets the poorest 2000 million people in the world who already spend well over half of any income they have on food will be priced out. Grain importers like *Indonesia*, *Egypt*, *Nigeria* and *Mexico* will need to find the money to match their grain imports with imports of tanks and guns and riot gear.

Thursday 16th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-17

blog 320/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Mobile Telephony is a strange business. I researched the sector for a couple of weeks at the time of the *3G Licence Auctions* but failed to find an angle. Had I done so I would have packaged it and sought to put together a *Consortium*. But *Spread Betting* firms like *Cantor Index*...or *IG-Index* who I use...also have no idea what to make of the business. Take *Vodafone*...the last stand-alone mobile listing to join the cut-throat *Broadband* market. Their shares were trading at 130p six months ago and are 133.5p at the moment. *Cantor's* December spread is 133.5-134.1p. Looks perfectly sensible for shares in a non-volatile *Blue Chip* company...if there are any left. But seven years ago...at the height of the *DotCom Boom*...*Vodafone* was trading at 400p which gives punters something worth calling a *Spread*.



But *Vodafone's* *Seven Year Spread* is nothing compared to *Cable & Wireless*...the last *Fixed Line* listing. *C&W* rode the *Dotcom Bubble* to peak at 1500p in 2000, bottomed out at 96p six months ago and is now at 157.75p. *Cantor's* December spread is 158.1-159.6. *Seven Year Spreads* on other *Telcom Businesses*...and *Convergence* is the buzz word...are similar. *BT* fell from 1000p at its dotcom peak to 208p and recovered to 285p; *Deutsche Telecom*...€105 to €13; *France Telecom*...€175 to €16 and now trading at €20; *Telefonica*...€38 to €15.

One of my theories about *Trading for Big Gains* assumes what makes sense to me makes sense to everyone else...but later on. Next year I plan to devote my time and intelligence to staking out a few *Six-Month Opportunities*...the *Vodafone* 130p to 133.5p *vis-à-vis* time-frame but not for returns. For this particular investment model...and I will be looking for others...I will need to be a couple of years ahead of the time *Future Customers* realise the good sense of a particular business model and start buying whatever items their *Future Product and Service Supplier* offers them. *Leaders of the Herd*...*Hedge Funds* this year...typically pile in 6-12 months ahead of the *Pension Funds*, *Insurance Companies* and other *Institutional Players* who are a year ahead of *Jack Public*. Old

investments...with no way to go but down...get dumped on Jack & Jill along the way. Really smart investors might watch *Star Traders* like me too.

All this is by way of explaining why I have been giving more thought than your average *Jack Public* to my *Telcom Strategy*. 'When will you make an end?' the *Pope* famously yelled at Michelangelo furiously painting frescoes on the ceiling of the *Cistern Chapel* forty feet away. The artist's patron would yell this several times a week. Each time he received the same response. 'When it is done, my Lord! When it is done!' Well I'm done. Here's the strategy.

Last week I wrote, phoned and e-mailed *Vodafone* to inform them that I would not be renewing my 18-month contract when it comes due for renewal on 12/11-2006. In the summer I paid a hundred Swedish kronor (£7.50) for a *Swedish Vodafone Simcard* and a *Pay As You Go* account. I will keep my *UK Vodafone number* on a similar basis and swap *Sim-Cards* 30 000 feet over the *German Sea*. Two years ago I took the *Skype* name 'williamnorrisshpherd' but now I have paid £20 for a 12-month *SkypeIn* account which provides me with 'the convenience of a real *Personal Number* that friends and family can call from normal phones at cheap rates'...together with free *Skype Voicemail*.

My decision could be seen as *Decision Deferment*...choosing *Telephone* and *Computer Flexibility* rather than a *Telcom Platform*. But I view my choice as a *Strategic Technology Decision* that embraces *Internet Telephony* and moves me free of *copper-wired/glass-fibre-cabled Fixed Line Telephony* and wireless-based *Mobile Telephony*. I think this is in line with my recent *Internet Web Hosting* moves where I instructed my *London-based Domain Name Administrator* (*easily.co.uk*) to transfer *cesc.net* from their own *Web Hosting Service* to my new *Kentucky-based Internet Service Provider*...*IX Webhosting*. As *Easily* are agents for an *Australian Domain Name Registry* I will probably be taking my domain names down under in the next few weeks as well...or sending them to *Kentucky*.

The *Internet Satellite Array* placed in space by the *Pentagon* and kept aloft by *NASA* provides a *Global Telcom Ring* for William Norris Shepherd and his *Domain Names*, *Web Pages*, *Blogs* and *GPS* hand-held set in *Vemara's* cabin table...top-of-the-range in 2002 but yet to be used in *Maritime Engagement* and doubtless in need of an upgrade. I can then tap into my *Global Telcom Ring* from *Lund*, *Cambridge*, *Bogotá*, *Eyre*, *Mumbai*, *Ningbo* or *Marin County* using any terrestrial means at hand...*Skype Edge-Core WM4201* *Wi-Fi Phone*, *Edimax EW-7317LDg* *Signal Detector*, *Polycom Communicator*, *Nokia E61*, internet café or humble laptop. *Little Individuals* can outsource too.

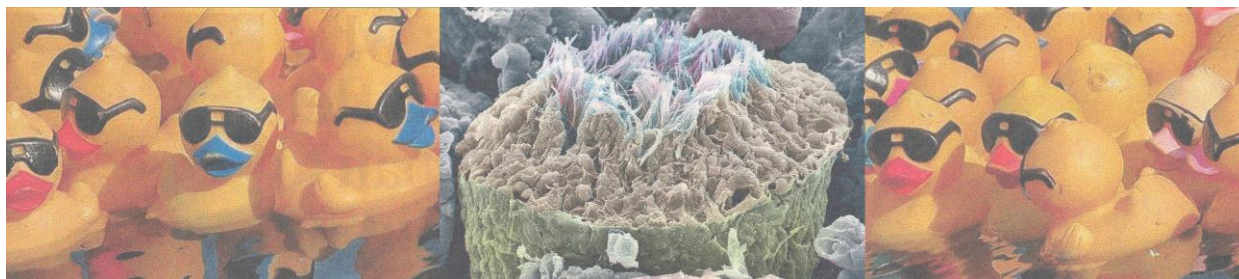
Friday 17th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-18

blog 321/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

In *Act II* of *The Pirate of Penzance* Major-General Stanley is tormented with the anguish dread of falsehood unatoned for telling his terrible story. He is no orphan...and never was one. But had he not in elegant diction indulged in an innocent fiction then the *Men of Dark and Dismal Fate* would have taken his daughters over the billowy waters. A *Lesser of Two Evils Paradox* if ever I saw one. So he sings a ballad about the sad lot of poplar trees courted by a fickle breeze while they wave their leafy arms above and woo a rippling brook. But why *Poplar Trees*?



Most trees in *Southern England* do not shed their leaves until November. Around *Rye* there is still plenty of green foliage although *Oaks* have bright yellow patches on them, *Beech* trees have turned orange and yellow, *Ash* trees are dropping faintly yellow leaves and *Sycamores* are a law unto themselves producing an unexpected show of brilliant lemon-yellow leaves some years. But *Poplars*? The *White Poplar* drop its leaves early...like *Horse Chestnuts* whose branches are already bare. These were brought here from *Holland* in the 16th century and are often planted in parks. In spring they have silvery-white shoots and the emerging leaves are snowy-white both above and below. Later the top side of the leaves turns green as the white hairs rub off but the underside remains white. The bark of the tree is also silvery and is curiously pitted with holes. Just the tree for a man tossing and turning with an aching conscience.

Men create more than a thousand sperm a second...and each one contains three hundred and eighty one proteins. So after two hours at the movies...with my beloved by my side...I have ten million of the little critters rearing to go. No wonder I feel bad when she tells me she's got a headache. Three billion proteins going to waste. No doubt they'll be dead by morning. Perhaps I should feed them to the pigs. Here is a sneak preview of some of them inside a

testicle. How quaint to think that we can manage *Nature*. A humble dose of *Mystery* and *Wonder* would not go amiss.

After a few days sperm production tails off...wet dreams as well. A good virile male of the *Human Species* can boast a normal sperm count of anywhere between 20 million and 200 million sperms per millilitre. However sheer weight of number is not enough for the job in hand. A sperm also needs to be the *Right Shape*, have *Astonishing Mobility* and display *Mind-blowing Viability* to stand any chance of being *The Chosen One*. Yes Albert, chance plays a big part in the *Divine Plan*...though the *Metaphysics of the Individual*...any individual including a *Selfish Gene*...is most odd.

15-years ago I devoted one of my weekly two-page *Cinque Ports Letter* to the worries of *Poet Laureate* Ted Hughes about the *State of the National Sperm*...in particular its sharp decline. A few weeks ago at an *American Society for Reproductive Medicine* meeting in *New Orleans*, Ashok Agarwal...from a clinic at the *Lerner College of Medicine* at *Case Western Reserve University* in *Cleveland Ohio*...sent shivers through the jeans of *Swedish Directors* when he reported that mobile phones cause a significant fall in sperm mobility and viability...thirty percent to be precise.

Agarwal divided his cohort of 361 into four groups. Average sperm count was 86 million for non-users, 69 million for those on their mobile phones for less than 2-hours a day, 59 million at 2-4 hours and 50 million at 4-hours. Agarwal's theory was that mobile phone radiation may harm sperm by damaging the *DNA*...which might in turn disrupt the cells that produce *Testerone* in the testes or shrink the *Tubules* where the sperm is made.

The trouble with this sort of study is that it begs more questions than it answers. *Heavy Witterers* of the four hours a day variety probably spend all day in their *Company Cars* with a mobile phone in their trouser pocket. This was a *Fertility Clinic* too so the whole cohort had signed up for *Infertility Treatment* which would seem to skew the results. But perhaps there were control groups. And then sperm is temperature sensitive. One of the suggested responses to *Ted Hughes* concerns was to get *Englishmen* out of underpants and into skirts...like the *Scots*...to cool their privates.

Worldwide there are a billion people with mobile phones. Annual growth rates are 20-30% so this will be two billion by 2011. 25-years ago when I produced a special issue of Marilyn Ferguson's *Brain-Mind Bulletin* on *Bioelectricity*, frequency was as much a worry as dosage. Living cells are sensitive within a fairly narrow frequency range. Nowadays studies never seem to mention frequency. Perhaps this is because 50-60 cycles per second is the critical range...which is the frequency of the *Alternating Current* in the *Ring Main* surrounding every room in your home.

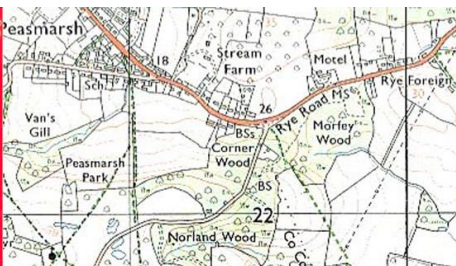
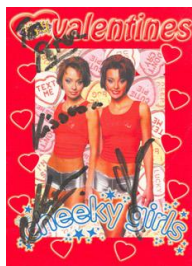
Saturday 18th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-19

blog 322/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Ten years ago I decided it was time to bring E.F.Benson's *Mapp & Lucia* tales up to date. Five years ago I started to sketch some plots and characters. Out with the bridge and the golf club...and move the setting from *Rye Citadel* in the 1920s to the boatyards on *Rock Channel* in the 1990s. *Up Rock Channel Creek*...my everyday stories of boating folks...eventually got the working title of *Creaky Tales*. In the spring of 2004 I got away to *Västerås* and *Hersonissos* for two months. I returned to *Rye* with a hundred thousand words on my laptop and the ability to invent plots, create characters and write dialogue. Since then I have seen plots everywhere and don't really need to make them up. True facts are implausible. Fiction writers lie to tell the truth. They tone down reality.



The *Cheeky Girls* live in *Rye*. In 2004 I worked out behind them at *Hilden Gym*. I caught glimpses of muscles I didn't know existed...on them. Ray Semal...their father-in-law...insisted they give me their autographs. At the gym Ben taught me how to avoid being thrown off a running machine. Ben has been seen on *Hove Station* in the early hours with Heather Mills...who has split from her husband Paul...whose daughter Heather learnt pottery from Connie. Son James learnt karate from Mike Avery...and my daughter worked on *Barnaby Rudge*...moored in *Rock Channel*.

Mr. McCartney has a cameo part in *Creaky Tales*. 'Councillor Williams reflected upon his forthcoming meeting with Mr McCartney. He had resolved a small dispute with the locals a year ago. Complaints about the danger to

local children from Paul's wildlife park had required his diplomatic touch. He saw himself as a born conciliator and was pleased with the outcome. But it was not good enough for *Her Indoors*. 'All well and good until some young girl gets gored or a *Jack Russell* gets eaten alive by his wild boars and the paparazzi are camping out on our doorstep.'

'To show his appreciation Councillor Williams had been given permission to stroll the woodland paths of Mr. McCartney's *Peasmarsh Estate*. Being nervous of wild boar he had not done so. Councillor Williams was not a brave man...nor a fast runner. In fact running was not in his repertoire. But there was a first time for everything. Councillor Williams decided that tomorrow he would stroll. And he would invite the Efficient Morgan to ride shotgun. Having the Efficient Morgan chased by wild boar might concentrate everybody's mind.' The author then has a few words about our man from the ministry...and the rights and wrongs of removing him from *Blandings Castle* in *Shropshire*.

After this brief interlude Councillor Williams' phone rings in his study. It is the Efficient Morgan speaking. 'Today's the day. I have the solution. I need your OK.' 'What solution? Whose problem? Where?' 'Allotment Association. Dredging. Bypass. Skulduggery. Rock Channel. Men of Dark & Dismal Fate. Today's the day.' There was a pause. 'Hello! Are you there?' 'Yes...yes...Rock Channel...No I haven't forgotten...You want my OK...Has anything happened?' Councillor Williams was irritated. Morgan had this effect on him. Why on earth did he slip into Morgan's ridiculous monosyllabic mode of address. He was on the telephone not writing a telegram.

Then he heard himself say the fateful words. 'You have the answer...Good...But not on the phone...' The fates began winding in their threads. 'I am meeting the owner of *Barnaby Rudge* at two. Meet me at *The Queen's Head* in *Icklesham* at one thirty. Leave your car in the car park. We'll go up to *Peasmarsh* in mine. Bring the file. I want him on our side. He moors *Barnaby Rudge* in *Rock Channel* so he's an interested party. Not that it made a blind bit of difference when his wife went for us over that *Memorial Hospital* business. No...not her...the first one. We'll take a walk in the woods afterwards. No...no...just the two of us. Mr. McCartney's a busy man. I have the run of his estate. A thank-you after that wildlife park incident last year. Well...that's what he calls it. Yes I know what the locals call it. Wear stout shoes...steel toecaps if you have them...we might be attacked by wild boar. Now I must get on.'

Yet how can this compare with reality? Sir Paul McCartney has revised his deal for building in an area of outstanding beauty without planning permission. His 'beloved' log cabin would come down if he could keep his pavilion. *Beanacres* and two agricultural barns could go as well leaving 'the intrinsic landscape quality and character of the *High Weald*' better off than before his wooden lodge and pavilion went up. Beats me why he doesn't get John Prescott to nod it through. Cash for Honours? Autographs for Planning Permission? Can't see the difference myself!

Sunday 19th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-20

blog 323/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Last Thursday a huge whale was washed up on *Camber Sands*. The local paper spoke to the *Dover Coastguards* who reckoned it was too big to be a *Minky Whale* and unlikely to be a *Humpback*. The *Daily Mirror* had no doubts. At 55 feet it was a *Fin Whale*...the second largest animal on *Earth*. It was missing its lower jaw and tail...hit by a ship said the *Mirror*...and had lost its skin which is what whales do when they die. It had been dead for several weeks.



The inshore waters around the *British Isles* are teeming with wildlife. Dolphins are being brought ashore in fishermen's nets along the *Dorset coast* and all along the *East Coast* seals are flourishing...so much so that the *Sea Mammal Research Unit* at *St Andrews University* decided to take a look at the situation. They estimate that grey seals are eating 8000 tons of *North Sea* cod a year...4% of the total catch and four times as much as 20 years ago.

Predictably this prompted the *Scottish Fishermen's Federation* to call for the grey seals to be culled...and *Animal Welfare Groups* to call for the fishermen to be culled instead. 'Shame seals don't look like toads' and 'they may look cuddly but they're vermin' gives the flavour of the debate. The last official *Seal Cull in Britain* was 30 years ago. Seals are smart hunters. They swim together to corral the cod before swallowing as many as they can.

The *Department for the Environment, Food and Rural Affairs (DEFRA)* is torn between protecting the interests of our fishermen and kow-towing to meddling outside interests like the *European Fisheries Commission in Brussels* and the *International Council for the Exploration of the Seas*. These organisations bribe scientists with research grants to report declining fish stocks and recommend quotas and other bureaucratic devices to enhance their power over our fish. Here are two typical reports. The first is the *EU 2004 Cod Recovery Plan* which claims the right to limit catches by *EU Member States* to 26 500 tonnes a year and seeks to control how much time boats can spend at sea. The second is an article in *Science* by Professor Boris Worm of *Dalhousie University in Halifax Nova Scotia*.

The *EU Plan* reports that twice the approved catch was accidentally caught last year as bycatches by fishermen chasing other species. The idea of bycatches is a silly bureaucratic invention. Down go the nets and into them go the fish. Cod are bigger than haddock, whiting, hake and plaice so in they go too. Ban all fishing is the official response.

Boris has a computer so he prophesies. By 2048 every seafood species in his 100 fishing regions will have collapsed and no longer be commercially viable. The *Global Fishing Fleet* is two and a half times its sustainable level. *North Atlantic* fish stocks are a sixth of what they were 100 years ago. The *Global Cod Catch* is down two thirds from three million tons in 1970. Naughty *Russian Trawlers* are illegally catching 100 000 tons of cod in the *Barents Sea*. Bluefin tuna catches in the *Mediterranean* are 60% above quota. Overexploitation is up 150% since 1970. And so on.

Over the years sheep on the *Falkland Islands* taught themselves to avoid Man by keeping out of rifle range. No doubt fish have also learnt a few tricks...like diving deeper and reacting to the tell-tale signs of approaching trawlers. The ocean's currents shift too. The decline of the *Hansa* in the *Middle Ages* can be traced to a shift in the ocean currents which took the herring with them. And *Quota Regimes* cause shifts in recorded and unrecorded catches. If the statistics are unreliable...and *EU's Auditors* and the *European Parliament* do not hold *Eurostat* in very high regard...then garbage in will produce garbage out with computers churning more of it much faster. There are fundamental flaws in *Fish Stock Counts*. The methodology is poor. Conceptual grids are stretched over the oceans, hypothetical boxes are created and the fish in the boxes counted. Keep still! We're trying to count you!

Anecdotal evidence is mounting. Fish move faster than scientists. The vessels of the *Rye Fishing Fleet* pass a few feet from my stern several times a week. I have been talking to them. They know their business and they are doing very nicely thank you. Fishermen and divers are reporting record numbers of codling and growing numbers of juvenile cod. Methinks that the best way to help our fishermen would be to get out of their way and let them get on with it.

Monday 20th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-21

blog 324/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

When you leave *Rye's Church Square...below...* and head for the *Gungardens* with its splendid view across the *East Bank of the River Rother* to *Romney Marsh* beyond, you come at once to the *Ypres Tower*. Take a sharp left turn around the corner of the tower, just before the arch into the *Gungardens* and you will find yourself at the top of the *Ypres Steps*. Halfway down...below the *Town Stocks...* is the *Ypres Inn*. At the foot of the steps is the busy A259.



On the other side of the road is a football pitch, a putting green, the *Rye Bowls Club* and a children's playground. Cross the road and keep *The Salts* on your left and *The Chair Doctor's* workshop on your right. Ahead you will see the entrance to *Rye Yacht Centre* where *Vemara* is moored. To the left of the *Boatyard Gates* is a pretty red and black cottage belonging to John and Margaret Houslander. Behind *Ferry Cottage* is *Rye's* new fish quay.

Six years ago as editor of *Rye Harbour Boat Owners Association's* magazine I published a *Fishing Supplement*. It opened with this quote: 'Sea fisheries remain the only significant economic activity of developed countries which are a form not of harvesting or of processing, but of hunting' and mentioned the fact that Sir Edward Heath has dismissed as 'absurd and insulting' the notion that he had betrayed the country's fishermen. Insulting - yes. Absurd - no.

Four years ago the *Public Forum Supplement* to the last *RHBOA* magazine under my editorship...*Number 94*... included a defensive letter to the *Rye Observer* from John Morgan...area navigation manager for the *Environment Agency* alongside a blistering attack on the *Environment Agency* from *Rye's Labour MP* Michael Foster who described the delays and overspending as 'a cock-up on a par with the overspend on *London's Jubilee Line*'.

Here is an extract from John Morgan's letter: 'We have taken this opportunity to carry out a strategic review and to assess the value of the harbour to the local community. This will provide a sound basis for seeking investment for the *Rye Fish Quay* from other outside funding partners. *Duncan Grant* going into receivership may have caused us delays anyway as some of the land needed for the development is tied up in his leasehold.'

Mr Foster was not amused and had this to say: 'I am furious and want to know how it could have happened. I led a delegation of fishermen to *Parliament* myself. The money was agreed and everything was in place. They have already spent £ 800 000 on *Admiralty Jetty* and it is nowhere near enough to upgrade the fishing quay. I don't know whether it is the *Environment Agency* or its *Consultants* who are to blame but the whole thing smacks of maladministration and negligence and I want some straight answers. How can you start work without having the correct figures? I want to know what is different now to what they already knew before they started work. I feel incandescent with rage. The people of *Rye* and the fishermen deserve better. It is an enormous disappointment and continues to put our fishermen at risk working on a quay which falls well below *EU* standards. The quay will be improved. It has to happen; it is just a case of when and how.' Mike Foster turned out to be correct.

The *Simmons Quay* opened on 14th July this year...named after Ronnie Simmons the *Fisherman's Representative* who devoted ten years of his life to banging heads together and refusing to be fobbed off by bureaucratic excuses. It is a remarkable success story and one that *Rye* can take pride in. Several times a week *French* trucks load up. A regular visitor is *Comptoir de Marée du Marche Commun* of 23-25 Rue G. Honoré, 62200 Boulogne-sur-mer who makes pick-ups all along the *English South Coast*...*Shoreham, Brighton, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Hastings, Rye, Hythe, Folkestone, Dover* and *Ramsgate* before heading for the *Cross-Channel Ferries* or the *Channel Tunnel*.

Nearly all of *England's* cod is brought into the ports of *Grimsby* and *Hull* from *Norway, Iceland* and the *Faeroe Islands*. Our local waters are not cold enough for cod. They lay their temperature-sensitive eggs just beneath the surface. *Boulogne* is the biggest fish market in *Europe* and this is where fish landed in *Rye* goes. For years Brian Stent fished out of *Rye* on *Akela*. This year for the first time he has seen red mullet and swordfish landed at *Rye*. At 13 my father started work in *London's Billingsgate Fish Market*. He would have approved of *Rye's* new fish quay.

Tuesday 21st November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-22

blog 325/2006

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For the past nine months *Rye* has had a *Big Issue Seller* in residence on the pavement in the *High Street*...and on occasions setting up his stall outside our local supermarket. He has two dogs, himself and a large rucksack. This constitutes stall dimensions...and outside *Grammar School Records* it monopolises one of the two benches.



One fine woman of my acquaintance...bless her...with practical experience of homelessness from devoting part of her life to setting up and running a *Battered Woman's Hostel* in *Central London* has tried to get behind the *Big Issue Seller's* situation...quizzing me about the intricacies of *Working Tax Credit* along the way. I don't do guilt trips but I know someone who does...bless her...each time she walks along the *High Street* unsure of which side of the street to pass him by. The *Vicar of St Mary's*...bless him...wringing his hands and discusses with one of his more generously minded parishioners...bless him...the idea of putting the *Big Issue Seller* into a caravan for the winter. Caravans can be acquired. But a landowner willing and able to accept a caravan, two dogs and a *Big Issue Seller* is another matter. I suspect there are dozens of similar stories around town. Does one person have the right to generate so much unease?

There are two big issues here with half the proceeds of one going to the seller...a decent percentage by charitable standards. But the other is of interest too. John Stuart Mill argued that people can do as they wish...provided they do not stop others doing as they wish. The philosophy of the *Modern Welfare State*...throughout *Europe*...believes *Welfare Recipients* participate in a *Social Contract* with mutual rights and duties. There is no such thing as a free lunch. The *Queen's Pence* is yours but in return you must make yourself available for *Work*. No work - no benefits.

Since 1997 *Parenting* and *Caring* have been viewed as *Work* and a *Roof Over Your Head* has become equivalent to a basic right. The moral case for pensions has also shifted. Thirty years of *Past Work* has long been regarded as endowing full *Pension Benefit Entitlement*. But *Present Work* is also entering the equation. Many one-, and even two-income families are only kept afloat by grandparents minding the children.

Our *Big Issue Seller* is entitled to shelter so either he doesn't know this or he chooses not to avail himself of *Rented Accommodation* and *Housing Benefit* from *Rother District Council*. If he is homeless it is by choice or from ignorance...or by refusal or inability to work. Local people who feel guilty should not fool themselves. *Old-style Liberals* have no philosophical objection to someone over-nighting on *The Salts* in summer but in winter there is a problem. Either he will infringe on somebody's personal property rights...trespassing to stay warm...or end up in a *National Health* hospital at tax payers expense. So it is time to take issue with John Bird the founder of *The Big Issue*.

The Big Issue was a clever entrepreneurial idea in *Thatcher's Britain*. But it is past its sell-by date. There will always be a case for a *Campaigning Journal* on *Homes, Shelter and Housing*...immigrants, second homes and pre-empting residential property for commercial use are topical issues. But in the *New Labour Welfare State* where housing is an entitlement *Big Issue Selling* should be seen as *Charitable Collection*. The collector should not be seen as a *Homeless Person* but as a *Charitable Object*. From the *Public Policy* point of view the *Big Issue Seller* is a *Stallholder*. If he does not have the requisite *Planning Permission* or *Trading Licence* he should be moved on by the police.

Selling *Big Issues* is not a job. It is not gainful employment in any meaningful sense but a form of begging. Ayn Rand viewed *Society* as made up of *Producers, Looters* and *Moochers*. *Producers* create wealth for *Society*. *Looters* use laws to destroy the wealth of *Society* while *Moochers* use guilt. In *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged* Ayn Rand shows the degrading effects this has on the souls of the *Second-Raters* who live by the *Looters'* and *Moochers'* codes.

Getting the *Big Issue Seller* off the street yields immediate benefit to everybody. But what of the *Big Issue Seller*? Ayn Rand sidesteps the question of redemption...of how to turn *Moochers* into *Producers*. Virginia Woolf wrote a book entitled *A Room of Your Own* that considers the question. But the title is misleading. The room is just the first step...and without *Money of Your Own* it is of little worth. Virginia Woolf understood Abraham Maslow's *Hierarchy of Needs*. Rooms and money are just the first steps towards *Self-Esteem* and *Self-Actualisation*. An enlightened society's policy for its *Big Issue Sellers* would not seek to enforce the contractual terms of the *Social Contract* for the *Queen's Pence* but would recognise the need for a *Period of Convalescence*. One week of benefit without a duty to work for each week on the streets is one form such a policy might take. Local people could even chip in a bob of two.

Wednesday 22nd November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-23

blog 326/2006

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I am told I write well. This is no accident. I have practised hard for many years. As a slight example I dwelt on the word 'for' in the previous sentence, replaced it with 'over', spoke the sentence aloud and then reinstated 'for'. I am also a minimalist with punctuation. I accept Lynn Truss' criteria in *Eats Shoots & Leaves* but add my own question. Is a particular item of punctuation essential? Is there misunderstanding or ambiguity without it? No. Then leave it out.



I have studied my craft. I delight in getting beneath the surface of words. I insist on knowing why a sentence works. It gives me great satisfaction to take 1000 words and reduce them to 600. To reduce the previous paragraph in this manner I would delete 'in the previous sentence' from the fourth sentence. Reducing to 300 is quite different. P.G.

Wodehouse interested me when he refused me a 10-6 reduction and insisted I employ my 10-3 tricks of précis and synopsis...which runs off the tongue better than 'synopsis and précis'. Span and spick jars. Spick and span is fine.

So I was all astonishment when reading *Persuasion*...Jane Austen's last completed novel written in 1815 twenty years after *Pride and Prejudice* first saw the light of day as *First Impressions*. Austen had invented the literary trick of free indirect speech with its power to embody dramatic elements within the flow of the narrative...something Ayn Rand and Ernest Hemingway were skilled at. The trick is to use actual phrases but indirectly so the narration combines the voice and moral perspective of the original speaker with those of the reporting or narrating agents.

In *The Language of Jane Austen* (Oxford 1972) Norman Page illustrates the point. 'How Anne's more rigid requisitions might have been taken is of little consequence. Lady Russell's had no success at all - could not be put up with-were not to be borne. 'What! Every comfort of life knocked off! Journeys, London, servants, horses, table,- contractions and restrictions every where. To live no longer with the decencies even of a private gentleman! No, he would sooner quit Kellynch-hall at once than remain in it on such disgraceful terms.'

Here is an example of Jane Austen's subtlety in Mrs. Clay's remarks to my son's namesake John Shepherd... *Estate Agent to Gentlemen of Fine Breeding & Delicate Sensibilities*. 'Certainly sailors do grow old betimes; I have often observed it; they soon lose the look of youth. But then is not it the same with many other professions, perhaps most other? Soldiers in active service are not at all better off; and even in the quieter professions there is a toil and a labour of the mind, if not of the body, which seldom leaves a man's looks to the natural effect of time. The lawyer plods, quite care-worn; the physician is up at all hours, and travelling in all weather; and even the clergyman - 'she stopt a moment to consider what might do for the clergyman;- 'and even the clergyman, you know, is obliged to go into infected rooms, and expose his health to all the injury of a poisonous atmosphere.' Jane Austen has her continue.

'In fact, as I have long been convinced, though every profession is necessary and honourable in its turn, it is only the lot of those who are not obliged to follow any, who can live in a regular way, in the country, choosing their own hours, following their own pursuits, and living on their own property, without the torment of trying for more; it is only their lot, I say, to hold the blessings of health and a good appearance to the utmost: I know of no other set of men but what lose something of their personableness when they cease to be quite young.'

This passage has little immediate bearing on the plot. A 10-3 reduction would have it deleted. It could be removed for an abridged version. But the sentiments expressed are as radical as anything from Wordsworth and the *Romantic Poets*. Indeed we have here echoes of John Keats' *Ode to Indolence*. Three hundred years on we have made little progress towards the society implied. Mrs. Clay spoke on for two reasons...and only one was relevant to the plot.

Jane Austen was acutely a-tuned to the *Establishment* of her age...and realised its relevance to all establishments at all times. *Establishments* dislike nothing more than those who blurt out loud what everybody knows but prefer to leave unsaid. It embarrasses people. *Parvenues* who think to join the *Establishment* while elbowing aside the delicate web of hypocrisies, deferences and understandings that support it infuriate the *Establishment's* old guard.

This is Tony Blair's real crime in the *Cash for Honours Scandal* creeping ever closer to *10 Downing Street*. Matthew Parris made the point in his column in *The Times* last Saturday. 'Imagining that all he needed to do was cloak an outright gift in the garb of a soft loan was slapdash to the point of arrogance. If this was camouflage, it was cursory.'

Thursday 23rd November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-24

blog 327/2006

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With dark nights upon us and the shops full of *Winter Solstice Cheer*...to be politically correct...my *Hey Fellow Well Met!* greeting is spiced with a daily rundown...not of *Shopping Days to Christmas* which are of little consequence to *Sad Live-Alones* without *Festive Family Connections*...but of *Days to Winter Solstice*. Hale and hearty I merrily declare: '*Days Start To Get Longer in 28 Days!*' This goes down better at this time of the year than '*Nights are Drawing In!*' immediately after *Mid-Summer*. My official *Longest Night* occurs on Thursday 21st December to allow a day of rest before my *Japanese Rising Sun Celebrations* two days later on the *Emperor's Birthday*.



Last week I ran an experiment. Results are in. Ten *Pound Coins* last seven *Days*. Operant conditions? *Warm Weather* outside and *Coal Stove* going inside on two evenings. Some time in the next two weeks my *Winter Fuel Allowance* drops into my account. A two-pronged *Energy Strategy* had been devised to greet this happy event. Here it is.

First I will embark upon a couple of trolley runs to *Sea Cruisers* to fetch four 25kgs sacks of coal. Secondly the electricity meter will be force-fed *Pound Coins* until it can take no more. Add *Fire Lighters* from the supermarket and some *Kindling Gleaning* around the boatyard...and *voilà*...all set until well into the *New Year*.

So much for the best laid plans of mice and men. Big lift-out two weeks ago so with a lovely weekend promised up on the bank boats were being worked on...including my new neighbour. Computer, lights, radio and CD-Players do not work off an empty meter but as far as electricity usage is concerned, they can be ignored. My 2 kilowatt-hour fan heater is another matter...*Hey Big Spender!* But if I use the oil-filled electric heater sparingly then no problem. Wrong! Power tools use electricity and my neighbour plans to work weekends. His boat runs off *Vemara's* meter.

We assured each other how laid back we both were about it. We agreed to keep an eye on the situation. And we would not mutter under our breath if we felt short-changed but talk to each other. The last thing either wanted was to record coins in and kilowatt-hours out. Nonetheless, after briefly believing that I had total control, cooperation came as a bit of a shock. I spent today finding excuses to offer up *Ten-Pound Notes* at cafés and shops in *Rye* and *Hastings*. Never have so many *Two-pound Coins* and *Five-Pound Notes* been given as change for a *Tenner*.

November has turned wild and wet with snow on the hills up north. Not before time. I have yet to find anyone in *Rye* who remembers a year when the trees lining *Whitehall* were still in full green leaf on *Remembrance Sunday*. Perhaps *New Labour* has stealthily replaced them with *Douglas Firs* under *EU Draft Directive TH/01212881790*. The good news is that last month, *Westminster Road Sweepers* picked up only half their normal 40-ton *October Leaves Quota*.

Sunny days and cool nights should be ideal for boosting the sugar content in leaves so they produce the red-coloured *anthocyanins* which give *Maples* their distinctive autumnal look. Why do they bother? One theory is that the red pigment behaves like a sun screen protecting the foliage from intense autumn sunshine while they salvage valuable nutrients from the leaves before finally shedding them.

Tree Tourism is big business in *New England*. It's what to do between *Labor Day* and *Thanksgiving*. Could there be something here for *Blair's Brassy Britain*? Lengthen the *Tourist Season* by declaring the end of October to be *Leaf Week*. Then bring on the *Yanks* for a *Leaves & Fawkes Experience*...complete with computers predicting daily percentages like the *New Englanders*. Computers can predict anything so this is for programmers and copy-writers.

The leaves of *Lime Trees* are a delicate yellow with the light shining through them. Beeches are a tumultuous riot of deep yellow and brilliant orange. Scarlet Oaks from *New England* have jagged vivid red leaves which after last night's storm were all over the high street even though there was not a tree in sight. Perhaps Henry James had them planted in the garden of *Lamb House* a hundred years ago so he wouldn't feel too homesick? This might explain some of the orange-brown leaves with yellow veins mixed in amongst them. *Yellow Poplars* are big in *Vermont* and are sometimes called *Tulip Trees* because in spring both their leaves and flowers are tulip-shaped.

Beneath *Horse Chestnut Trees* are lots of long stalks. When they shed their leaves the stalks separate and stay put while the leaves get blown away. Why do they do this? If Linnaeus had his way the *People of Rye* would take *Nature Walks* every weekend and discuss such matters of an evening under the auspices of the *Royal Rye Botanical Society*.

Friday 24th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-25

blog 328/2006

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John Papworth e-mailed to let me know that he had read *England's Climate & Energy Politics* and concluded that my position was that 'the current *Global Warming* scare has no basis in truth and that people with their own agendas are promoting it for their own reasons'...and could he please have a letter for *Fourth World Review* that 'in a couple of sentences summarises your conclusions for the general reader and indicates what you think the game is'.

My response was that I was right to start getting worried about the *Global Warming Debate* a couple of years ago and that it was clear to me two years on that there is something very odd going on...but that I was very uncertain about just what this was. So my current advice to colleagues is to proceed with caution and be very careful with anything they read or write about *Climate Change*. This was as far as I could go on the record.

However the *Human Scale Movement* has a *Climate & Energy* agenda which in *England* stands in stark contrast to *Official Government Policy*.

The *Prime Minister's Address* to the *Labour Party Conference* two months ago included a section on his government's *Energy Policy*. *The Times* condensed what Blair had to say into 180 words. Here they are. 'Ten years ago energy wasn't on the agenda. Ten years ago I parked the issue of nuclear power. Today I believe without it we are going to face an energy crisis and we can't let that happen. Global warming is the greatest long-term threat to our planet's environment. Scarce energy resources mean rising prices and will threaten our country's economy. In 15 years we will go from 86 percent self-sufficient in oil and gas to 80 percent imported. We need therefore the most radical overhaul of energy policy since the war.' Blair went on to outline his strategic approach.

<p>FOURTH WORLD REVIEW</p> <p>For Small Nations Small Communities Small Farms Small Shops Small Industries Small Banks Small Fisheries & the Inalienable Sovereignty of the Human Spirit</p>  <p>Editorial: CUT THE CACKLE</p> <p>Books: The Breakdown of Nations - LEOPOLD KOHR Reviewed by Aidan Rankin</p> <p>Five Holocausts - DEREK J. WILSON Reviewed by John Robinson</p> <p>The Lessons of Terror - CALEB CARR Reviewed by Roger Franklin</p> <p>No. 118 2002 National price £254</p>	<p>William Shepherd Energy Wars</p>	<p>FOURTH WORLD REVIEW</p> <p>For Small Nations Small Communities Small Farms Small Shops Small Industries Small Banks Small Fisheries & the Inalienable Sovereignty of the Human Spirit</p>  <p>Editorial: THE TAWNEY LEGACY Peter Etherden</p> <p>Editorial: ANTI-WAR COALITION BUSINESS AND MORALITY</p> <p>Nos. 121 & 122 2003 National price £254</p>	<p>THE HEART OF THE MATTER Kirkpatrick Sale</p>	<p>FOURTH WORLD REVIEW</p> <p>For Small Nations Small Communities Small Farms Small Shops Small Industries Small Banks Small Fisheries & the Inalienable Sovereignty of the Human Spirit</p>  <p>BOOKS SPECIAL ISSUE Eight pages of reviews</p> <p>Downsizing the USA, by Thomas H. Naylor & William H. Williamson Reviewed by Peter Etherden</p> <p>Editorial: AN ANSWER TO TERRORISM</p> <p>Nos. 129-129 2004 National price £254</p>	<p>KIRKPATRICK SALE Erectus Consciousness: Against Civilization</p>	<p>FOURTH WORLD REVIEW</p> <p>For Small Nations Small Communities Small Farms Small Shops Small Industries Small Banks Small Fisheries & the Inalienable Sovereignty of the Human Spirit</p>  <p>TED TRAINER <i>The Simpler Life</i> WILLIAM SHEPHERD <i>All Quiet on the Local Front</i> GEORGE PYLE <i>Stalin's Revenge</i></p> <p>Editorial: Cause and Effect The Europe plot</p> <p>Nos. 133 & 134 2005 National price £254</p>	<p>RUNNING OUT OF FOIL... Kirkpatrick Sale</p>
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'We will increase the amount of energy from renewable sources fivefold; ensure every major business in the country has responsibility for greenhouse gas reduction; treble investment in clean technology including clean coal and make sure every new home is at least 40 percent more energy efficient. We will meet our *Kyoto* targets by double the amount and we will take the necessary measures step by step to meet one of the most ambitious targets on the environment ever set anywhere in the world - a 60% reduction in emissions by 2050.'

I responded with a 180-word *English Energy Policy for a New Century* that went like this. 'Ten years ago it was blindingly obvious that energy self-sufficiency was the right energy policy goal. Ten years ago it was blindingly obvious that nuclear power was a dead-end technology. Nothing has changed. Global warming and the greenhouse effect are fantasy not fact. To imagine *Governments* can stabilize the *Earth's* atmosphere is arrogant beyond belief. Human beings cannot control the climate and must stop meddling with it. There is no energy shortage. The sun takes 45 minutes to provide all the energy we use in one year.' I went on to outline the barebones of my strategic approach.

'We will outlaw the use and development of climate weapons immediately. We will withdraw from the *Kyoto Treaty* immediately. We will decommission all nuclear power stations immediately. We will stop wasting electricity on space heating. We will adopt zero tolerance and polluter pays policies for emission of all substances into the landscape and the atmosphere. We will establish a *Lord Lieutenant's Department* with *Cabinet* status to direct the dismantling of the country's national piped energy grids. Prince Charles will head the department, negotiate county disconnection dates, issue the money and provide the people.' I hope the contrasting policies are what get published.

I emailed copies of my response to the *Human Scale Movement's Steering Group*...Dr Aidan Rankin, Chris Wright, Anton Pinschof in *Europe* and Kirkpatrick Sale and Thomas H. Greco in *America* and mentioned that Tom had suggested I apply for two weeks at the *Mesa Refuge*...overlooking *Tomales Bay* in *Marin County* north of *San Francisco* in the spring of 2007. This might make sense with a place to write in *Tucson* for 2-weeks before and in *Mexico City* for 2-weeks after *en route* to 2-3 months in *Bogotá, Colombia*...and if I could find a way to pay for it all.

Saturday 25th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-26

blog 329/2006

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In the summer of 1952 a fine woman of my acquaintance came home from school in *East Berlin*...and woke up the next day in *Dusseldorf*. Six months later she was joined by her parents and her elder brother. She had been smuggled out of *East Germany*. How this was done she will never know. I met her 18-months ago. She drove me back from a *Ryesingers Rehearsal* and accepted my invitation to take coffee on *Vemara*. Conversation was animated.

Then a strange thing happened. As I looked across the cabin table her appearance changed. For about 15 seconds I saw her as a *Young Pioneer* about 12-years of age...pigtails, red kerchief and the look of fervour associated with

Soviet and *East European* posters of the 1950s. It was a vivid impression. Even today I can still capture its vividness in my mind's eye. In 1966...14-years after she had left the city...I crossed into *East Berlin*...twice.

The first was a day-trip. I passed through *Checkpoint Charlie*, sent some postcards and returned to *West Berlin*. The following day I passed through *Checkpoint Charlie* again and carried on walking for 3-hours until I reached a railway station on the city outskirts. I bought a ticket to the end of the line...two miles from the *Polish Border*. I walked across a bridge into *Poland*. Ten days later I was sitting in my one-man tent on the beach at *Mamaia* on the *Black Sea*...with hundreds of other *East European* tourists. I was bemused. I had expected to be turned back at the station.

I returned to the *Eastern Bloc* twice....to *Romania* for my honeymoon and to *Russia* in a *Hillman Imp* with my brother and a college friend. We were in *Red Square* when the *Red Army* marched into *Prague* and followed them. This time we were turned back at the *Czech Border*...and told to head for *Poland* and *The West*...like fast. We did. My general impression of the *Eastern Bloc* in the 1960s was of drabness. All the buildings were grey and there was no colour in the few shops. *Paint* was a luxury and *Plastics* and *Packaging* were preserves of *The West*. I breathed a sigh of relief when returning to *Western Europe*. An acute sense of claustrophobia set in a few days before being free.

As I walked through the *Park Meadow Shopping Centre* in *Hastings* on Thursday I was bemused to find a shop devoted just to *Calendars* and another...called *The Name Shop*...with nothing but *Personalised Products*...for *Teresa*, *Tracy*, *Samuel* and *Sean*. The sheer flamboyance of it all, the exuberance and the bright colours.

The *Emma Maersk* is 1270 feet long and 251 feet high...the largest ship in the world. Eleven sister ships are planned. She docked at *Felixstowe* three weeks ago after a 63-day *Maiden Voyage* from *China*...with a crew of thirteen. Cruising speed was 25 knots and it used a tiny fraction of the fuel cargo jets would have burnt air-freighting similar quantities of goods. *Emma Maersk* was launched in *Aarhus* and got to *China* via *Rotterdam*, *Suez* and *Singapore*.

On board were 11 000 metal containers...each the size of a large lorry. Inside the containers were shoes, shorts, jeans, skirts, bras, socks, bibs, pyjamas, spectacle frames and handbags; Christmas decorations, hair curlers, toasters, microwave ovens, digital cameras, cocktail shakers, fizzy bath bombs, sofas, lampshades, carpets and kitchenware; 10 tons of mussels, 150 tons of *New Zealand* lamb, 138 000 tins of cat food, 63 tons of frozen pumpkins, 82 tons of rice noodles and 1548 pieces of frozen chicken. There were 1236 crates of calendars too.

And then there were the toys...dozens and dozens of containers of toys. *China* manufactures 80% of the world's toys employing a million people in 5 000 factories...halls with barred windows locking workers in for 18-hour shifts and paying them less than £50 per month. The madness does not stop here. In the world of *Shipping Agents* and *Merchant Adventurers* no hold is ever left empty. The *Hanseatic League* collapsed when there was no herring for their holds. For several hundred years *Dutch Shipping* had a *Ships Monopoly* in *Northern Europe* based on full holds other nation failed to match. The *British Empire* invented triangular trade to keep its holds filled.

Rye Chamber of Commerce has received a *Green Action Award* for its *Cardboard Recycling Project*. Businesses deliver on Thursdays and *Smurfit Kappa Recycling UK* collects and disposes. We are being told of a 10% fall in the amount of municipal waste going to landfill in the *UK*...municipal waste accounts for 7% of the total...and 27% of *UK* rubbish being recycled last year. So that's all right then. Or is it? What do *Smurfit Kappa* and *Biffa* and the others do with their increasing share of the 10 million tons of packaging waste? *You are there before me*.

On *Guy Fawkes Day* the *Emma Maersk* lifted her 29-ton anchor from our territorial waters for the return voyage to *China*...gathering up scrap and waste from around *Europe en route*. Having unloaded thousands of containers in less than 24 hours the *Emma Maersk* left *Felixstowe* reloaded with crates of waste plastic, paper and steel.

In 1998 115 000 tons of waste was exported from the *UK* to *China*, *India* and other *Asian* countries. This year it will be over two million tons. It ends up in vast unregulated dumps with horrifying environmental conditions. So the next time *Government* and *Local Authorities* start crowing about their progress towards their *EU Recycling Targets* and *Landfill Directives* ask for a breakdown of where the waste is going...final destination. Lies, damn lies and statistics are the order of the day. Oh...and keep upwind of the *Emma Maersk* on her return voyage to *China*.

Sunday 26th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-27

blog 330/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

If the *Ozone* in the atmosphere were compressed into a layer on the ground it would be a few millimetres thick. If a 100-yard football pitch represents the *Earth's* atmosphere the width of the chalk line is the amount of *Carbon Dioxide*. If a scientist came up with a *Homeopathic Theory of Atmosphere* I might believe minute quantities of *Ozone* and *Carbon Dioxide* are crucial to life on earth. But homeopathy is being rubbished...and *Atmosphere*

Theories to date are mostly nonsense. *The Ozone Story*...like the *Carbon Dioxide Story*...is complicated and poorly understood.

200-years ago Friedrich Schönbein noticed a strong odour lingered in the air after a lightning strike on a church near his home in *Basle*. 40-years later he noticed a similar smell when he passed a current through water. He named the substance *Ozone* after the Greek *ozein* 'to smell'. He experimented and found the gas had some very unpleasant effects. It affected breathing, caused chest pains and irritation of the mucous membranes and killed small animals.



The *Oxygen* we breathe has two oxygen atoms...*Ozone* has three. Airlines fly six miles high. From here to 30-miles is rarefied *Ozone*...a *cause célèbre* for *Environmentalists* since 1985 when holes were found in it over the poles. A few of us pointed out that this was to be expected if the earth was spinning on its axis. But in September 1987 the *Montreal Protocol* banned *chlorinated fluorocarbons (CFCs)*. Subsequently this agreement was trumpeted as proof that a *One World Government* is needed to make such agreements and exact compliance from recalcitrant states.

A few months ago we were told the *Ozone Layer* would be hunky-dory by 2050. Then a month ago *NASA's Aura Satellite* photographed an *Ozone Hole* over the *South Pole* of 10.6 million square miles...close to the record 11.4 million square miles on 9th September 2000. *Equinox* handbrake turns at the far end of an elliptical orbit will swirl the *ozone layer* about. Yet *Ozone Layer Theories* fail to take such a dynamic planetary orbit approach to the *Ozone Hole*.

Back on *terra firma* it is a well-known fact that pollution from industrial emissions and car fumes builds up in hot sunny weather. *Ozone* is accused of playing a big part in the subsequent *Smog Problem*. *Ozone* is also accused of damaging vegetation in rural areas 'because wind can carry *Ozone* and the pollutants that form it hundreds of miles'. Perhaps someone can explain the mechanism to me. But until then I will stick with my anecdotal expertise. I was in *London* for the *Great Smog* of December 1952 which killed 12 000 people and led to calls to outlaw coal-burning.

Fifty years ago *Parliament* passed the *Clean Air Act* banning coal smoke. In the early years of the twentieth century *Central London* averaged a total of just 38 hours of sunshine in November. After the *Clean Air Act* the hours of daily sunshine improved hugely throughout the winter months. By the end of the century November's sunshine in the capital had soared to more than 70 hours with lichens recolonising the capital's trees, parks and gardens.

In December 1952 the smog was as acidic as a car battery. The corrosive effect of centuries of acidic smogs eating into metal and stonework disappeared when buildings were scrubbed clean of grime and black soot. By the end of the millennium *London* was sparklingly clean. Back in the days that the climate computers were being run in reverse to predict a *Nuclear Winter* the dust particles in the atmosphere were key parameters. Erupting volcanoes were also accused of depositing dust in the atmosphere. Yet where are these *Clean Air Acts* in the *Global Warming Studies*?

Monday 27th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-28

blog 331/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Nobody reads H.G.Wells any more but three-quarters of a century ago he was a giant. He once remarked that *Finance* and *Administration* were key to the rise and decline of *Imperial Fortunes*. Wells was brought up to understand the two 19th Century schools of thought on *Trade* and *War*. But he also glimpsed as through a glass

darkly a third possibility. This faded option was the driving force behind the 12th to 17th century *Hansa Trading Empire*.

In the 19th Century the *Corn Laws* were at the heart of *English Parliamentary Debates*. Most of the arguments were rooted in vested interests. Nonetheless underpinning the opposing positions were moral arguments about *War* and its relationship to *Trade*. The *Free Traders* argued for *Peace* through *Trade* and the *Protectionists* for *Peace & Permanence* through *Self-Sufficiency*. The *Hansa* represented a third school. *Trade per se* was not the point at issue but the manner and moral tenor of that trade...*Trade* as a *Carrier* of the *Usury Virus* for instance.

In the *Middle Ages*, the walled town of *Visby* was at the centre of *The Hansa Trading Empire* with commercial treaties and lines of supply and demand reaching out into all the corners of the *Roman Catholic United States of Europe*. *Maritime Law* was determined by the *Hanseatic Elders*. Herring was the *Hansa* staple and a *Hansa* ship never travelled with an empty hold.

Visby was host to the *Hansa* top brass for many years, as good an off-shore tax haven as one would wish. The people of *Gotland* however were less than enthusiastic about this great cancerous growth upon their island home. There were skirmishes and unstable alliances.

The little maritime interests of the *Gotland* fishermen and the little landed interests of the *Gotland* smallholder would not always coincide with the big *European* maritime interests of the *Hansa Merchants*...and as time passed even less with the commercial interests of the *Confederation of Hanseatic Towns*.

By the end of the 14th century *Gotland* wanted nothing to do with the military pretensions of the *Hanseatic League*. They wanted out. Their prayers were answered. Mysterious cosmic force caused the deep ocean currents of the *North Atlantic Ocean* to move and the economics disappeared overnight from the *Hansa Shipping Cartel*. *Gotland* returned to its former peaceful glory and became the home of such great *Swedish* poetic spirits as Ingmar Bergman...creator of the rich visual and emotional feast that is his silver screen production of *Mozart's* opera *The Magic Flute*.

It is normal to associate the *Association of Hansa Merchants*, the *Confederation of Hansa Towns* and the *Hansa League of City States* with the *Hansa's* periods of *Growth*, *Power* and *Decline*. My model also has periods of growth, power and decline but my focus is on the key shifts in the *Structure of the Hansa*. (I) Merchant Adventurers 1130-1180; (II) Merchants' Hansa 1180-1250; (III) Hansa of the Towns 1250-1350; (IV) The Golden Years 1350-1400; (V) Power Games 1400-1450; (VI) The War Years 1450-1480; (VII) Two Centuries of Decline 1480-1680.

In the summer of 1999 I sketched out a plan of research. My starting point would be the historic records of the five *Hanseatic City-States* of *Visby*, *Novgorod*, *Hamburg*, *Riga* and *Danzig* and the three *Hansa Factories* of *London*, *Bergen* and *Boston*. Research into the *Competitive Relationships* between the *Hansa* and the *Teutonic Order*, the *Roman Catholic Church*, the *English Court*, the *Swedish Court* and the *Spanish Court* would also be pursued. Enlargement of the *European Union* would open up new opportunities to trace the relevant *Medieval Documents*.

Underpinning my *Research Plan* were two working assumptions. Strategically the *Hansa* operated like a modern multinational corporation. The *Hansa's* goals would thus be to secure a minimum thirty percent market share in each key commodity sector. Secondly, while the tariff measures of the *Hansa* at the end of the 13th century were grounded in *Sound Political-Economic Theory* and led to the rise of the *Hansa*, the confiscatory measures introduced at the beginning of the 15th century were grounded in *Unsound Political-Economic Theory* and led to the *Hansa's* decline.

I have in mind to spend half of next year affiliated to the *Economic History Department* at *Lund University* while gathering the data needed to prepare *Financial Accounts* for 40 commodities traded by 200 *Hansa City States* from 1130 to 1630.

Here is my basket of commodities: Amber, Barley, Beer, Butter, Cereals, Cloth, Copper, Corn, Fish, Flax, Flour, Furs, Gold, Grain, Hemp, Herrings, Hides, Honey, Iron, Lead, Leather, Linen, Manufactures, Orientals, Pitch, Potash, Rye, Saffron, Salt, Saltpetre, Silk, Silver, Spices, Sugar, Tar, Timber, Wax, Wheat, Wine and Wool.

Seven years ago I argued that a *Hansa Study* of this nature would be valuable as *Pure Research*. However two further benefits now suggest themselves. First my *Hansa Study* will establish the basis for exploring the hypothesis that the *Financial Technique of Central Banking* introduced in the second half of the 17th century shifted the relationship between *War & Peace*, *Trade*, *Finance* and *Administration* and led to our 300 years of *Global Material Expansion*.

Secondly...to the extent that *British Imperial Policy* from *Elizabethan Times* to the present day was grounded in lessons learnt from the success and failure of the *Hansa*...valuable insights are to be gained into *Trading Policy* for a new century by establishing the soundness of the *Political-Economic Doctrines* presently vying for public favour.

Tuesday 28th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-29

blog 332/2006

<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

On 21st August this year *Russia's* state-controlled *Vnesheconombank (VEB)* paid off £11.8 billion in debts to the *Paris Club* of creditors. The seventeen countries had not expected repayment of their loans to the *Soviet Union*... and certainly not the £680 million technically due for early repayment. Eight years after the *Financial Crisis of 1998* *Russia* no longer has any debt obligations while *Gold & Currency Reserves* are up 50% this year to £150 billion.



On the cabin table before me are five articles from a *Russian Supplement* distributed by *The Daily Telegraph*. Nina Kulikova writes about *Inflation in Russia* and Yelena Korop on *State Investment in Russia*. Nina and Yelena are women's names so my anecdotal evidence reflects an important reality to emerge from three quarters of a century of *Communist Rule*. The degree of equality in modern urban *Russia* where professional elites are to be found, matches the 40% requirement laid upon the *Boards of Norwegian Corporations* by their *Oslo Parliament*.

In the other three articles Vladimir Bogdanov writes once and Dmitry Dokuchayev writes twice about *Russia's Debts*. Vladimir tells us the *Russian Government* no longer owes any money to the *International Financial Brotherhood of Central Bankers*. Dmitry tells us that the *Russian People* are mired in debts and in hock to something euphemistically called the *Russian Banking Sphere* and that this strange entity has presented the *Russian Parliament* with a plan for cancelling a goodly portion of the debts it has created. These five articles suggest that *Financial Capitalism* has done a good job in *Russia* and can pull out...after two decades...leaving *Russia* to her grizzly fate.

How much longer *America's Stormtroopers* and *Private Contractor's* remain in *Iraq* depends on whether comparable progress has taken place at the *Iraq Central Bank* between the *First* and *Second Gulf Wars*. It seems that their stay could be anything from three months to three decades. The *Bush Dynasty* may yet face interrogation about its repeated failures in *Mesopotamia*...not in *Geneva* or *the Hague*...but before a *Court of Central Bankers* in *Basle*.

During the *Carter and Reagan Presidencies* two power factors would have loomed large in the *deliberations* of the *Foreign Policy Elites* in *Iran*...an undivided secular and religious unity. First the fear of the *Next Crusade* of the *Judaic* and *Neo-Judaic (Christian) Fundamentalists*...the *Koran* versus the *Bible*. Secondly the *Millennium Aspirations of Russia* for a *Warm-Water Port*. Strategically both forces harbour dreams of a settlement that would last a *Thousand Years*. In response *Iran* would have formulated a strategy...with developments in *Iraq* as a key focus.

Iran strategy would have been to destroy *Iraq* militarily; remove the danger posed by Saddam Hussein as a power rival; extend the *Iranian Shia Revolution* into *Iraq*; expand *Islamic Fundamentalism* in the *Moslem World* and beyond; and present the *United States of America* to the world as *The Great Satan* in the *Middle East*. Where is the cartoon of *President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad* posing in front of a banner with the words *Mission Accomplished*?

On 30th October 2006 there was a *Parliamentary Debate* in *London* on the *Second Iraq War*. The war has been waging for 1 300 days...killing 120 and injuring 4 000 *British Soldiers*. The total death toll is estimated at 655 000 *Iraqi Non-combatants* and 3 000 *Coalition Forces*...twice the highest death count in any of the other 25 conflicts around the globe since the end of the *Vietnam War* 40-years ago. *Her Majesty's Government* won the debate by a 25-vote margin. Twelve *Labour Rebels* voted against the ruling *Labour Government* of Tony Blair and Gordon Brown.

During the day the *Government* made a series of retreats, refusing a proper inquiry into the conduct of the war in the morning before promising one in the evening...after *Our Troops have left Iraq*...in order to ensure its *Commons Victory*. In recent times there have been two occasions when this condition has been waived and *The Commons* have debated the conduct of a war before it had ended. The first was in *World War I* over the failed attempt to capture the *Dardanelles*. The second was at the start of the *World War II* over the fiasco of the *Norwegian Campaign*.

In 1940 the *British Government* defined *Britain's* task as bringing *American Power* into a *European War* on their side. Forty years later when Saddam Hussein's secular *Iraq* began to be groomed for *Global Capitalism*, *Islamic Iran* saw itself similarly threatened by a *Foreign Invader*. Although *Military Courage* in the field is ever matched by *Intellectual Cowardice* at home, the real task of *The Historian* is to challenge assessments of the *National Interest*.

Wednesday 29th November 2006

Posted: 2006-11-30

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According to legend the young Jimmy Goldsmith was being admonished by his father for failing to learn to read. He listened attentively and then replied. 'But Daddy I don't need to know how to read. When I am big I will pay someone to read for me!' Edward's young brother was just seven at the time.

In my archives is this hand-written letter dated 26 March 1997 addressed to me as the *Prospective Parliamentary Candidate for Oldham West & Royton*: 'Dear William Shepherd. Marc Gordon tells me that you are doing a superb job, and I just wanted to write to congratulate you, to thank you, and to say we are all behind you. James Goldsmith.'

The letter came from *Dean Bradley House*, 52 Horseferry Road, Westminster, London SW1P 2AF. It was here I first met Priti Patel ten years ago. Jimmy Goldsmith had declared the *Referendum Party* into existence in a television interview. Many professional firms...lawyers, public relations, accountants...received a significant portion of their annual income from the *Goldsmith* coffers. They were all caught off-guard by the announcement.

The *Referendum Party* had just taken a lease on the *Horseferry Road* premises. There were crates and boxes everywhere. Priti was at the centre of the storm...answering phones, directing removal men greeting candidates and party supporters, and spreading good cheer among her fellow-workers...a mix of Alistair Campbell *Political Operatives* and *Sloan Rangers* on *Day Release* from *Roedean* and *Benenden*. Finding a young *Asian* girl brimming with confidence and directing operations came as quite a surprise...and for me a very refreshing surprise.

I had a couple of run-ins with *Horseferry Road* over the next six months...a section in my election address explaining that as an *MP* I would work for average wages with the rest of my salary going to a lottery for those on social benefit in the constituency and concern about my *Fortnightly Update*...which was otherwise extremely well-received... reprinting *Flanders and Swann's Song of Patriotic Prejudice*. On each occasion Priti gave me her take on mood and substance...and on each occasion I took her advice and withdrew the offending piece. Priti was 23 at the time.

Last week Priti Patel was picked to fight *Witham* in *Essex* for the *Conservative Party* at the next *election*...a first for the *Cameron A-list Strategy* where *HQ* candidates challenge *Favourite Sons* to win selection on merit. In her *Selection Interview* Priti Patel had made clear her *Conservative* beliefs. Fortunately for her chances these beliefs were those the committee wanted to hear...like 'I will never vote for the *euro* because I want to see a *Britain* that is governed by the *British* for the *British*.' A bigger hurdle for *Priti* was keeping her place on the *Conservative Party's A-list* nine months earlier when she just scraped through after much online criticism 49% to 48% with 3% undecided.

Here is a transcript of the *Three-Minute Speech* that won me selection as the *Referendum Party Prospective Parliamentary Candidate for Oldham West and Royton* ten years ago. *Election Result?* Meacher 58.8%, Shepherd 2.5%. Hmm!

'Good evening. Thank you very much for coming today...I am *William Shepherd*...I live in *Rye*...a small town on the south coast of *England*...I travel to *Boulogne* more often than *Ashford* or *Hastings*...I am a committed *European*... my son studies engineering in *Sweden*...my daughter is fluent in *Spanish*...and her best friend's father is *French*...but I live in *Rye* because it is *English*...and because I love its *Englishness*...this englishness is being destroyed...not by invasion from without...nor by corruption from within...but by stealth...*stolen by a thief in the night*...now I have decided enough is enough...I want a *nobler europe*...a europe of the people...governed by the people...and for the people...but this is not the way it is going...the *Referendum Party* is going to change that...our aim is to secure a fair referendum...on this country's future in europe...twenty years ago we voted for a future *as part of europe*...our politicians told us this would mean we could go to *Bruges* or *Salzburg* without a passport...buy wine, beer and baccy at *French* prices...compete for contracts in *Dresden* on a level playing field...the politicians lied to us...they were embarked on their own *private millennium project*...to create a *United States of Europe*. We *lend our power* to politicians...we *leave* it to them *for five years*...then we expect it back...as the *Referendum Party* we are saying...return the power borrowed from the people of Britain...we will decide our own future in europe...we insist on being consulted...as a party we have no interest in whether you agree with *Tony Benn* and *Ken Livingstone*...or *Margaret Thatcher* and *Virginia Bottomley*...the *Referendum Party* is saying *Yes to Europe*...but as a party we are also saying a *Nobler Europe* is only possible by first saying *No to Maastricht*...a treaty too far in *Margaret Thatcher's* words...this election may be your last chance...once power has slipped away to *Brussels*...It won't matter who you vote for in *British Elections*...your *Members of Parliament* will be men of straw...*Tony Blair* will not have the power to reduce income tax to ten percent...*John Major* will not have the power to allow our farmers to grow healthy crops...but a vote for the *Referendum Party* will change this...as a party we are saying...*Let the People Decide* if *Westminster* or *Brussels* governs Britain...as a party the *Referendum Party* has one policy...and one policy only...to obtain a fair referendum on Britain's future in europe...once we have secured this...we will dissolve the party...now let me hear what you think...starting with your questions...thank you.'

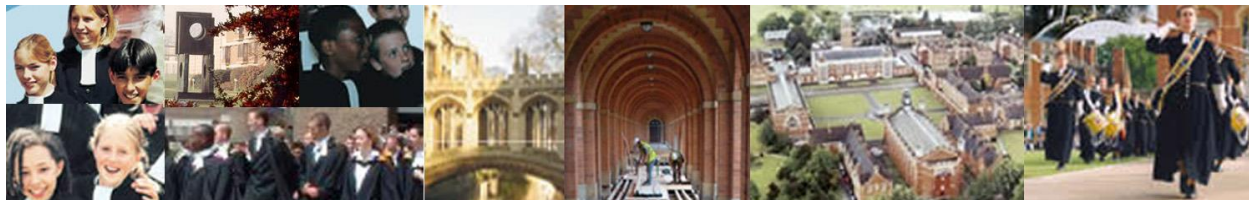
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Thursday 30th November 2006

Posted: 2006-12-01

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In the 1720s Count Tommaso Sandi commissioned a cycle of five paintings to decorate his family's palace in *Venice*. Three of the paintings were by the *Rococo Artist* Giovanni Battista Tiepolo and the other two by Nicol Bambini. Six months ago *Sotheby's* in *Milan* auctioned the paintings for a record price to an anonymous buyer...the *King of Nickel* Angelo Guido Terruzzi...who paid four million pounds for the pleasure of adding to the 4000 works in his £350 million art collection. Last months the paintings went on display at the *Cavalieri Hilton Hotel* in *Rome* in the opening round of a *Battle Royal* to house the *Terruzzi Collection*. The province of *Veneto* has reopened a bid to house it in *Venice*, *Milan* is rumoured to be interested and there are whispers about a palazzo in *Rome*.



I know all this because a recent *Italian Auction Record* in *The Times* chanced to catch my eye because it was authored by Colin Gleadell who was 'in my year' at *Churchill College*...and remembered chiefly for the occasion he turned his *Frank Zappa Poster* to face outwards onto *Storey's Way*. Such an act by a student in the *Revolutionary Sixties* provoked the *College's Ruling Council*...after due diligence...to command its reversal or removal. Mr. Zappa was seated upon the toilet and actively engaged in doing what is done on toilets many millions of times each day.

Some people devote their lives to their old school or college. They return for the annual *Founder's Day Dinner* and dine at *Top Table* twice a year. At the pinnacle of their *Extra-Curricula Career* they gratefully accept the honour bestowed upon them and become *Honorary Secretary* of the *Old Boys' Benevolent Society*. The rest of us are only aware of such activities because a goodly proportion of the mail dropping through the letter box...or PO Box in my case...is high-class junk mail from institutions like *Christ's Hospital*, *Churchill College* and *Cambridge University*.

Their magazines are of the highest quality...and their appeals make subtle hints as to my generous disposition. But where will it end? Where *Friends Reunited* lead others must surely follow. Within a few years *Deansfield Junior Mixed School*, the *Universities of Stockholm, Uppsala, Lund* and *East Africa*, *Whelock College*, the *Massachusetts Institute of Technology*, *Alfred P. Stone Institute of Management* and the *System Dynamics Group* will be in on it.

Already *Cambridge* has joined *Oxford* in providing a high-class *Blue Stocking Dating Agency*...should I wish to avail myself of their services. They then lowered the tone by advertising in *Private Eye* but no doubt we will be screened against the university records before each *Introduction* to counter *Dating Fraud*.

As *Blues Match* coalesced with *Auction Record* in the deeper recesses of my brain I reflected on the curious nature of *Celebrity*. Of the 200 young men in my college year...the college went coeducational after my time...I could recollect the names of just 10%...and half of these were no more than names. In my *College Celebrity B-list* Norman Wilson, Mick Brewer and Ron Sandford were reading *Mechanical Sciences*; John Kingsley and Tim Davison doing *Natural Sciences*, Geoff Hallett studying *History*; and Frank Dobson and Dave Anderson...two soccer-playing and *Newcastle Brown-swiggling Geordies*...signed up for a Jeffrey Archer-style *Graduate Education Programme*. There is no record of them in *Google*...yet these were the *Best and the Brightest*...the elite 0.8% of the *Baby Boomer Years*.

Churchill College is unique among *Cambridge* colleges. Its statutes require that it discriminate positively towards *Science* and *Engineering* and negatively against *Private Schools*. It is therefore statistically significant that of the eleven on my *College Celebrity A-list* five were not reading *Natural* or *Mechanical Sciences Tripos*.

Johnny Watson read *Classics*, Malcolm Phillips and Christopher Frayling read *History*, Colin Gleadell read *English* and Nick Jaff struggled over Alfred Marshall's *Magnus Opus*. Completing the list is a *Chemist*...Nigel McCarthy who spent several years putting lead into petrol ...and three *Engineering Colleagues*...Christopher Singleton who works for computer firms and lives in *Wokingham*, Peter Charles Mechlin Thompson who joined the *Civil Service* and Robin Garnett who did *Geology* and then sold himself to the *Oil Business* for the duration of his working life.

Also on my *A-list* are Geoff du Bois and *Her* from *Leeds*. Geoff was another *Geordie* and a *Research Scientist* who entered college a year after me in 1966 but became part of the *Watson-Shepherd-Phillips Social Set*. The name of my only *Undergraduate Girlfriend* escapes me. We met when *Girton College* played *Churchill* at *Table Tennis*. She was reading *Natural Sciences* and we hitch-hiked to *Leeds* one weekend for a party my brother was throwing at *Leeds University*. I let her go badly when my wife-to-be came to town. If *Blues Match* could find her...well then...

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