

The
Shepherd Chronicles
September 2006
from
William Shepherd

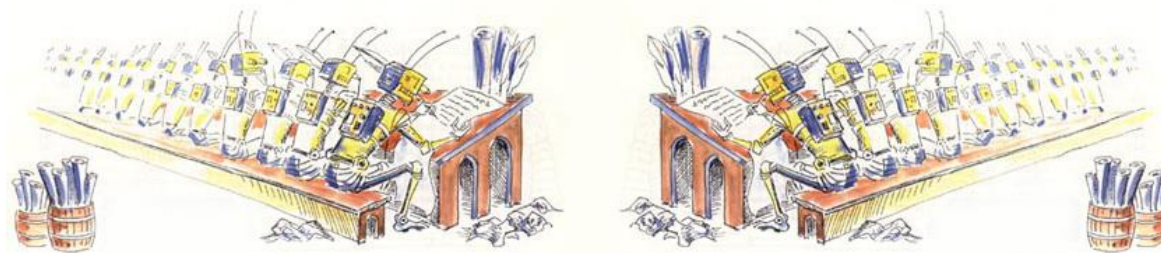


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Friday 1st September 2006

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http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk/2006/08/31/friday_1st_september~1086085

I am now embarked upon the final third of my *Blogging Odyssey*. I have more to say about *Global Warming* and have yet to complete my blogging of the *Anna Lindh Dossier*. There are also more to be gleaned from earlier writings from *The Canterbury Papers*, *The Wealth of Villagers*, *The Little EuroBook* and *England's Economic Politics for A New Century*. So I do not find myself short of non-fiction material. However...unless events intervene...I also plan to introduce into this *Shop Window* of mine a number of *Creative Writing Projects*...*The Return of the Ancient Mariner*; *The Little Prince*; *The Private Letters of Crocodile Uppsala*; 2034; *Creaky Tales* and *The King of Buen Consejo*.

But *William of Salisbury* may yet take up much of my attention. The first of his two parchments...*Letter to King Charles III*...appeared in last *Saturday's Blog* and his *Eight Points Local Programme* in *Wednesday's Blog*. But this local programme was the second and last part of his *Second Parchment*. The first part contained the *Marching Orders for the Five Transition Years* between the *Election of the Royalist Party* and the *Abolition of Centralised Government*.

The idea that a thousand years of *English History* can be turned upside down in 350-words may seem quite absurd. *William of Salisbury* would agree...as long as business carries on as usual. But this is a radical programme designed for a situation where business is anything but normal and the alternatives are *Chaos*, *Tyranny* or *Military Rule*.

Five years ago Kirkpatrick Sale predicted that we would be in just such a situation within 20 years. It is also 15 years since John Seymour conceived *Retrieved From The Future* set in *Suffolk* in the years after the *Oil Tankers* failed to arrive and *England's City Dwellers* froze to death after two devastating winters. The *War on Terror*, *Global Warming* and the other products of the *Fear Factories* are distractions from *Reality*.

Western Europe and the *USA* are about to go the way of *Eastern Europe*...and to do so at the same speed. Collapse will not be gradual but sudden. We are living in a *Golden Age* which is rapidly drawing to a close. The only form of planning that makes any sense in times like these are plans for the reconstruction of *Civilisation After The Crash*. This is the message coming from John Seymour and Kirkpatrick Sale. *William of Salisbury* is a contributor to this debate.

One of the great *Strengths of Diversity* is *Redundancy of Institutions*. This is what the *Uniformers & Harmonisers of the World* fail to understand. *England* is blessed with three parallel *Structures of Governance*...*Monarchy*, *Parliament* and *Church*. The collapse of *Parliamentary Governance* provides an opportunity for *The Church* or *The Monarchy* to take on the *Power of Governance*. *William of Salisbury* reasons that with *Parliamentary Governance* discredited the *Sensible English Thing To Do* will be for Charles Windsor and Rowan Williams to put their heads together. Their task...ahead of *Crash*...is to design the ways to bring the *English* people safely through the difficult times ahead.

Much of *William of Salisbury's 20-point Programme of Transition* will be rightly seen as a savage assault against *Private Banking* and *Big Business*. This will come as no surprise to anyone with *Historical Consciousness*. These are the forces that have abetted the rise of *Parliamentary Governance* and instrumental in its fall. Even a cursory reading of the rise of the *Property Owners' & Merchants' Parliament* in the 17th Century will banish any doubts about this. Here is *William of Salisbury's 20-Point Transition Programme*...the alternative to *Chaos*, *Tyranny* or *Military Rule*.

1. Issue a *Guaranteed Income* of £ 100 per person per week of public issue and establish a programme for *Issuing Authority* to be at *Village* and *Urban Parish* level by Year Five; 2. Establish *Common Property Commission*; 3. Establish *Debt & Usury Commission*; 4. Establish *Trusts & Corporations Commission*; 5. Establish *Farm & Food Commission*; 6. Repeal every *Legislative Act* of all *Parliaments*; 7. Abolish all *Rights* other than *Personal Property Rights* and *Common Law Rights*; 8. Register all *Private Property* as *Personal Property* within 12 months; 9. Establish programme for election of *Common Property*, *Debt & Usury* and *Equity Commissioners* in each

constituency after 12 months; 10. Establish programme for the reconstruction or abolition of all *Corporations, Trusts* and other *Joint Private Enterprises* by Year Five; 11. Increase bank deposit ratio to 20% and issue public money to replace private bank deposit money at 20% per year until 100% *Money Economy* by Year Five; 12. Abolish *Central Government Taxation* after 12 months; 13. Remove *Central Government Control of Military Regiments* after 12 months; 14. *Common Property Commission* to dispose of one fifth of *Common Property* to *Competent Receivers* each year and to be operating on a county basis by Year Five; 15. Establish *Home & Rent Commission* in each village and urban parish and transfer all un-dwelled residential dwellings to them as *Competent Receivers* from the *Common Property, Debt & Usury* and *Equity Commissions* after 12 months; 16. Issue *Gold and Silver Coinage* to replace the *National Debt* and introduce a *Wealth Tax* levied in a way that exempts nine out of ten households from taxation at all times; 17. *Debt & Usury Commissioners* to treat as 'fully paid up' all loans for which repayment has exceeded 'principal plus thirty percent' issuing public money to clear surplus indebtedness; 18. On reaching their 18th birthday each woman to be given a home without encumbrance from existing housing stock; 19. On reaching their 18th birthday each man to be given *Five Acres and a Cow* and freedom to build upon their land; 20. Establish a *Royal Order of Master Gardeners*.

Saturday 2nd September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-02

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

The claim that *Nuclear Power* can solve the problem of rising sea levels is humbug. Sea levels are complicated. They have to do with *Spherical Geometry*. Sea levels don't rise and fall they move around. Twice a day the sea surrounds *Vemara* and lifts her six feet off the mud. Then it drains away leaving me high and dry on the mud. Meanwhile the waters of my local *North Atlantic Ocean* swirl around like water in a cooking basin.

A planet moving through space at speed produces tides and currents in its oceans. Untold billions of pounds is being siphoned off to utility bosses, jerry builders, crooked politicians and bloated bankers on the back of fraudulent prospectuses. Only our *House of Peers* and the *Audit Commission* puts up any token resistance.

Rising sea levels make nuclear plants unfeasible because all the existing sites...the favourite option as they avoid many of the tricky issues in planning inquiries...would be six fathoms deep according to *Global Warming Theology*. Feasibility studies will need two contradictory sets of predictions. One lot for building new plants and another to prove they will be safe for 100 years. How much energy will it take to make and move all that construction concrete around and pump those billions of gallons of cooling water to the steam kettles high on the *Yorkshire Moors*...on the off chance oceans overrun the coastal plains 100 years hence?

The *Nuclear Energy* account will be millions of gigawatts in the red...and rising...before any *Nuclear Plant* opens for business. It makes more sense to shut down existing plants, drape black roofing felt over them and run a few hundred miles of water-filled copper coils on top of them. Atomic power...*Too Cheap to Meter* in the 1950s...is *Too Expensive in Energy* today. But the root of the problem lies elsewhere...in our 19th century piped energy mentality.

The national piped energy grids...electricity, oil, gas and hydrogen...must be dismantled. Water leaks can be plugged by replacing broken pipes. But leaking energy is what *Electricity Grids* do...just as leaking oil is what *Oil Pipelines* do. And who needs to strap explosives round their waist with *Gas Pipelines* criss-crossing the country. Each town and every county, each village and every urban parish needs to disconnect from the national piped energy grids. But to ask the nuclear, oil, electricity, hydrogen and utility industries to take the initiative is like expecting turkeys to vote for Christmas.

A hundred years ago the world's leading *Economic Geographer* predicted that the politics of the 20th Century would pit *Locality* against *Interests*. *Locality* has been losing heavily. There are no adequate theories of locality and the *Wealth of Villagers*. There are no examples of viable self-sufficient *Village States*. The *Napoleons of Notting Hill* are ridiculed. The *Good Life* for all the community...real people in real places...never makes it through the *Planning Jungle*. Without viable alternatives *Outside Interests* will continue riding roughshod over *Local People*.

Countervailing power needs harnessing to stop the scientific juggernaut...the *Political-Legal-Media (PLM)* complex and its *Big Banks, Big Industry and Big Government (BIG-BIG)* backers. The interests of *Homecomers* are not those of the *Onward and Upward brigade*...to use the terms coined by E.F.Schumacher 40 years ago.

A coalition of *Gentlemen Scientists* and *Royal Scientific Societies* needs to reclaim *The Idea of Science*. The *Dodgy Climate Dossiers* provide the opportunity. The task of the *Human Scale Movement* is to represent the *Inside Interests* of real people in real places, to design models for *Right Livelihood* in the towns and in the countryside. The movement must furnish *Local Fronts* with the tools and recipes to bypass the moneylenders and traders and invest in their own solutions to their own problems. Control of *Science* must pass out of the dead hands of *Outside Interests* and flow into the life-giving care of *Locality*.

Another Schumacher innovation...the *Soil Association*...shows one way forward. The *Human Scale Movement*...the champions of *Locality* over *Outside Interests*...must put our own *Mark of Approval* on scientific research to discriminate between *Good Science* and *Bad Science* just as the *Soil Association Mark* enables people to distinguish between *Good Food* and *Bad Food*. But as the *Organic Movement* has discovered this is necessary but not sufficient. A loose-knit world-wide organisation that academics, scientists and activists can join is also needed.

Over the past 40 years the *Organic Movement* has developed recipes that a *Real Science Movement* can adopt. The *International Federation of Organic Agriculture Movements (IFOAM)* is a new form of organisation that is neither trade association nor special interests lobby group but a functional democratic confederation of individuals and small societies who share a mutual interest in *Good Food*, *Good Soil* and *Good Farming*. This is what the *Real Science Movement* needs. Internally *IFOAM* provides space for inside interests to resolve their differences and grapple with their mutual problems. Externally *IFOAM* supplies the ambassadors and the diplomatic function that *Good Food* interests needs to negotiate effectively with *Global Agribusiness*. Just as food is too important to be left to the *Agriculture Industry*, science is too important to be left to the *Science Business*.

Sunday 3rd September 2006

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blog 246/2006

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Today I resolved to walk the *Old Tramway* to *Rye Harbour* for the first time since I moved the boat from *Rock Channel* to the River Rother. I got as far as *Sea Cruisers* on the *Old Winchelsea Road*. Here I spied my old sailing skipper Master Mariner Gilbert White hobbling across to his boat from his car. Gilbert has always had a hate for lawns, grass and the mowing thereof. Three months ago he took his obsessions to unreasonable heights by breaking his ankle as he set off upon the hated chore. Today was only his second time in Rye since the accident.

After an hour or so chewing the cud I took my leave and hurried across *Brede's Sluice* before something else delayed me. The reports were correct. There was action at the far end of the *Rye Harbour Road*. Work has really started on a *Cycle Path*. Only six months late...and only destined to go to the start of the footpath along the tramway. But let us be thankful for small mercies. Perhaps my advice will be taken and the route will now follow the *Old Tramway*.

While this was the purpose of my ramble it turned out not to be the highlight. I was puzzled to see a species of bird over *Castle Waters* that I had no memory of seeing before. It looked like a tern with all the dipping and diving and the forked tail I would associate with terns. But it was black and not white. I no longer have easy access to my references so I had to wait until Monday to satisfy my curiosity.

It turns out that there is such a bird as a *Black Tern* which spends its summers in the marshes of *Northern Europe* and then migrates to *West Africa* for the winter. This autumn they have been seen in lakes and reservoirs in many parts of *England*. They belong to a group of terns that have black bodies in the summer and go by the name of *Marsh Terns*.

Some of these passing migrants still have their dark plumage which in winter eventually retreats along their bodies until just their head remains black. They look like bird shadows as they flit lazily over the water or drop down to take insects from the lake surface. The few I saw were in pairs but on *Mediterranean* and *African* estuaries they gather in enormous flocks in much the same way as the starlings do here on *Romney Marsh* when preparing to fly south.

Over the next few weeks we have a few exciting cosmic events playing around with *Sea-Level Data* ensuring that future generations will have their work cut out massaging *Recorded Data* to deliver reliable *Adjusted Raw Data* to their *Climate Models*. First there is the fortnightly *Spring Tide*...as in *rise up* not as in Nigel Kennedy playing *Vivaldi's Four Seasons*. The next three of these straddle one of the two annual *Equinoxes* when the *Sun*, *Earth* and *Moon* are in alignment and the *Sun* is directly over the *Equator*...which in terms of *Local Cosmic Dynamics* means that the *Earth* is doing a hand-brake turn at the far end of her elliptical orbit around the *Sun*.

Every four and a half year a high *Spring Tide* coincides with a *Perigee*...when the *Moon* is closest to the *Earth*. We have one of these this weekend. But what makes the *Global Warming Priesthood* rub their hands in glee...in the hope of much flooding and generalised water-borne catastrophe...is that every 18.6 year the *Moon* reaches the extreme of its orbit around the *Earth*...*you are there before me*...and this is where we are this week. The *Doom & Despair Brigade* now long for a couple of local weather events to spice this *Cosmic Brew*...a severe storm in the *English Channel* whipping up big waves. And a low pressure drawing the sea up higher than normal.

Present forecasts suggest that the *Carbonistas* will be out of luck...at least this coming weekend. But they have a couple more chances before everything settles back down to normal. But meanwhile the probability of extravagant claims being precipitated by an array of *Global Warming Interest Groups* and *Abrupt Climate Change Advocates* remains high. Anything that happens will be attributed to *Man* of course. And will be used to make strident calls for a *New Kyoto Protocol* and the immediate tightening of *Global Carbon Emission Targets*. Ignore them. They are

Scientific Humbug. We live in a *Cosmic Universe* with chunks of molten...and not so molten...stuff moving around at a hell of a rate of knots. As for the other 96% of matter in the universe. We haven't the foggiest idea what it is.

Since the collapse of the *September Radical Consultation* I have devoted most of my available computer time to *Climate Change* and have finally completed a 9000-word *Tavern Talk* with Bill Shepherd ready for posting onto my *Shepherd on Climate* website. My animated conversation with the environmental lawyer Constanza Calderón, the *Hollywood-based Environmental Advocate* Margaret Kennedy and the *Californian TV Presenter* Thomas H. Naylor Jr. has discussions of five specific subjects that will be extracted and introduced into next week's weblogs. The five subjects are *Glaciers, the Kyoto Protocol, Redwood Forests, Environmental Management History in Yellowstone National Park* and *Extreme Weather, Hurricanes & Tsunamis*.

At the beginning of the 20th Century the English died of *Infectious Diseases*. By the end of the century the biggest killer was *Cardiovascular Disease*...heart attacks and strokes in layman language. But impressive advances in the prevention and treatment of blood pressure and heart-related problems means that *Cancer* is now the biggest *BritKiller*. Perhaps when *Being Normal* means never going to see a doctor we will all die of *Old Age*?

Monday 4th September 2006

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Bosses at the world's *Oil Giants* are dribbling into their martinis at the thought of acquiring the rights to explore in *India* for the first time. Companies have ten days to submit bids on fifty-five exploration blocs around the country in one of the largest oil and gas auctions ever staged. Why not ask your neighbourhood *Hedge Fund* to take a punt? All they need is eight million pounds and they will be sent an *Information Pack* and encouraged to join the bidding.

The *Indian Government* is hoping that *Western Companies* will fork out upwards of four thousand million pounds to speculate in the twelve thousand square miles on offer. This marks the first time that *ExxonMobil, British Petroleum...Broken Pipelines in Alaska...and ChevronTexaco* have had a bite at *Indian Reserves*. *Shell* has been there before but sold its *Indian* assets to the *British* company *Cairns Energy* two years ago complaining about *Indian Bureaucracy*...code for not getting normal giveaway terms and conditions. Both *Shell* and *Cairns* are bidding.

But this is still small beer compared to some of the deals being put together in *Europe*. The *German Engineering Group Linde A/G* for instance has merged with the *British* industrial gases giant *British Oxygen Group*...rebranded many years ago as *BOC*... to form *The Linde Group*.

But all this is dwarfed by the latest *Russian Geopolitical Realignment in Central Asia*. *Gazprom*...*Europe's* biggest gas supplier...has struck a deal with *Turkmenistan*...there has been a series of abortive negotiations and several sideshows in *Ukraine, Kazakhstan* and *Uzbekistan*. But *Russian* President Putin has clout nowadays. *Gazprom* supplies a quarter of *Europe's* needs but the *Russian Energy Giant* doesn't have enough gas both to fulfil export contracts and keep the home fires burning. Instead of drilling more wells in *Russia*, *Gazprom* buys fuel from the *Central Asian Republics* profiting from their isolation to purchase gas cheaply...until now.

Negotiations with *Turkmenistan* kept stalling because the *Russians* refused to concede a 50% price hike. But the *Turkmen* finally got themselves a deal that has *Gazprom* paying \$100 per 1000 cubic metres...up from the \$65 they were getting before. The contractual delivery promises are for 500 000 million cubic feet per year equivalent to half of the *UK's* annual consumption. Nearly all this gas is destined for *Ukraine* which is also a conduit for 80 percent of *Gazprom's* exports to *Europe*...and the weakest link in the continent's energy supply network. The *Ukrainian Economy* burns 75 percent of *UK* consumption and can hold the *Russians*...and *Europe*...to ransom if it doesn't get the gas it asks for at the price it wants.

Last winter *Gazprom* tried to strong-arm *Ukrainian* President Yushenko into a threefold price increase by shutting the taps on *New Year's Day*. *Ukraine* responded by diverting fuel from *Gazprom's* export lines. The political row resulted in sharply fluctuating pressure along the gas pipelines to *Austria, Hungary* and *Italy*...and price surges on the *London Spot Market*. If *Gazprom* is paying 50% more for *Turkmen Gas* *Ukraine* will be facing more sharp price increases as well as demands to surrender control of the transit pipes funnelling *Russian* gas to *Europe*...with *Gazprom* interested in squeezing more dollars out of *Ukraine* and in consolidating its control over its export routes.

Meanwhile *Europe* can only watch as this *Gas Opera* plays itself out muttering protests about ungratified *Energy Charter Treaty* and the wonders of gas market liberalisation...a concept many millions of cubic feet from *Russia's* own agenda. No doubt the *Energy Strategists* in *Brussels* wish that this was there only problem. It isn't. This is *Central Asia*...at the centre of our *One World Island*. *Europe* is not the only player in the casino. *Turkmenistan* recently signed an agreement to supply 300 000 million cubic feet of gas per year to *China*...by pipeline. The problem is that the pipeline goes through *Afghanistan, Pakistan* and *India*...and it hasn't been built yet.

Meanwhile *Europe* is angling for an underwater pipeline across the *Caspian Sea* to link up with a *BP* gas pipeline from *Azerbaijan* to *Turkey*. What a pity nobody really knows how much gas remains under the *Turkmen Steppes*.

Five copies were made of a report on the most recent survey of *Turkmen* gas reserves and not one has been allowed out of the *President's Office*. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

In the middle of *England* the *Gas Opera* has reached the wilds of *Lincolnshire* with the construction of an enormous *Gas Storage Facility*. My elder brother is at the sharp end...drafted in to sort out the mess for his *German* paymasters. 'Where's it at?' I asked. '*Planning Application* is in.' 'Application? There must be one for every few hundred yard of pipeline!' He smiled wryly. 'Well yes...but the *Germans* thought they could just tick a few boxes and that was it. My job is mostly political...explaining to the *Germans* what is involved in getting planning permission in the *UK* and explaining to the *English Planners* how the *Germans* look at things. We are making steady progress. The *Germans* are becoming adept at adjusting project schedules to political reality.' Hmm!

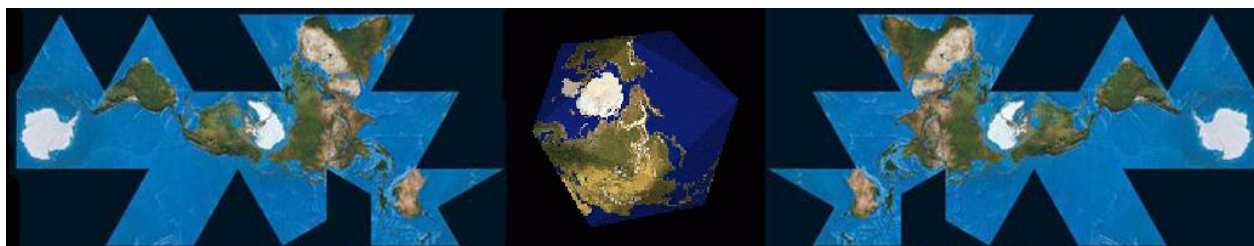
Tuesday 5th September 2006

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It was very warm in the room and Constanza Calderón was having difficulty concentrating. She remembered that she had started looking into the whole question of glacier movements several months ago after Bill Shepherd had drawn her attention to an article in 2002 by Roger J. Braithwaite in *Progress in Physical Geography* 26, Number 1 entitled *Glacier Mass Balance, the first 50 years of international monitoring*. The article had concluded that there was 'no obvious common global trend of increasing glacier melt in recent years.'



Shepherd was addressing the whole group. 'Does anyone know how many glaciers we are talking about?' Someone said two dozen. Someone else suggested two hundred. 'Tom? You're a *Californian*. How many in your state?' A satisfied smile spread across Thomas Naylor's face. His bruised ego was about to get a boost. He felt grateful to Bill Shepherd for asking. 'According to Raub in 1980 there are 497 glaciers. A recent book *Glaciers of California* by Guyton counted 108 glaciers and 401 glacierets.' He could see Shepherd was impressed.

'Thank you Tom.' Shepherd said with a warm smile. 'Yes. There are a lot of glaciers in the world...one hundred and sixty thousand at the last count. About sixty-seven thousand have been inventoried but only a few have been studied with any care.' 'There is *Mass Balance Data* extending five years or more for only seventy-nine glaciers in the entire world. So how can anyone say they are all melting? Nobody knows if they are or not. Which is why so much is made of particular glaciers...like *Kilimanjaro*.'

'Absolutely,' said Naylor. '*Kilimanjaro* is definitely melting. Everybody knows that.'

'Why is that?' Shepherd asked. Several people in the group said '*Global Warming*.'

'Actually probably not,' Shepherd said. '*Kilimanjaro* has been rapidly melting since the 1800s...long before *Global Warming*. The loss of the glacier has been a topic of scholarly concern for over a hundred years. And it has always been something of a mystery because *Kilimanjaro* is an equatorial volcano so it exists in a warm region. Satellite measurements of that region show no warming trend at the altitude of the *Kilimanjaro* glacier. So why is it melting?'

A tall bearded gentleman at the back of the group responded. 'It's beginning to look like deforestation is the culprit. I have just come back from *Nairobi* and was talking to a couple of *Swedish* scientists at the *Norfolk Hotel*. They are working out what to do about it. The rain forest at the base of the mountain has been cut down so the air blowing upward is no longer moist. Annika reckoned that if the forest is replanted the glacier will grow again. Göran agreed.'

'Right,' said Shepherd. 'And this is something of a trend. *Local Weather* and not *Global Warming* is the principal influence on glacier behaviour.'

An earnest-looking young woman asked for references about *Kilimanjaro*. 'Yes. Correct me if I'm wrong.' He looked across at the bearded gentleman. 'Betsy Mason's article in the November 2003 issue of *Nature*...*African Ice Under Wraps*. The debate continues in the *International Journal of Climatology*...' He looked across at Constanza. 'Here is my glacier expert.'

'Yes that's right,' Calderón said. '2004, Number 24 pages 329 to 339...an article entitled *Modern Glacier Retreat on Kilimanjaro as evidence of climate change: observations and facts* authored by Kaser and others.' The young woman scribbled furiously into her notebook. 'This article shifted the whole debate because *Kilimanjaro* and its

vanishing glaciers have become an icon for *Global Warming*. This is part of the problem.’ ‘What do you mean?’ the young woman asked. ‘Aah,’ Calderón thought...a journalist.’

‘Politicians lag behind the *Environmentalists* who lag behind the *Scientists* who lag behind the latest *Scientific Findings*. Kaser’s work established that there was a drastic drop in atmospheric moisture at the end of the 19th century. The ensuing drier climate conditions could be forcing glacier retreat.’

...extracted from a Tavern Talk on Climate with Bill Shepherd.

Wednesday 6th September 2006

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blog 249/2006

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

Constanza Calderón noticed that Margaret Kennedy’s group was breaking up. Kennedy was the wife of a prominent *Hollywood* lawyer and a major contributor to the *National Environmental Research Foundation*. Kennedy was always emphatic and talked non-stop. Calderón had known her for several years. They had worked together at the end of the 1990s before Calderón began to have her doubts about *Global Warming*. ‘Constanza. I’ll tell you what I heard. There is a campaign to discredit *NGOs*. I have a leaked document. Industry is afraid of the growing power of the *Environmental Movement* and is desperate...desperate...to stop it. Our success is driving them crazy.’

Bill Shepherd joined Constanza who introduced him to Kennedy. ‘I know who you are,’ she said with barely concealed hostility. ‘I thought you might,’ Shepherd said smiling. ‘And,’ she continued, ‘it’s guys like you...smart and unscrupulous and immoral...who have made our environment the polluted mess it is now. I don’t like you Mr. Shepherd. I don’t like you personally. I don’t like what you do in the world. And I don’t like anything you stand for.’

Margaret Kennedy turned to Constanza. ‘Just so you know. Mr. Shepherd doesn’t believe in anything that normal people believe in...not even *Global Warming* or *Kyoto*. He’s an industry hit-man...representing coal and oil interests. Shepherd said nothing. He just handed her his card. ‘*Institute for Risk Analysis*,’ Kennedy read aloud. ‘That’s a new one. I’ll add it to the list of phoney right-wing fronts.’ Shepherd said nothing. ‘Because it’s *all* disinformation,’ Kennedy said. ‘The studies, the press releases, the flyers, the websites, the organized campaigns, the big-money smears. Industry was thrilled when the *US* didn’t sign *Kyoto*.’ Shepherd rubbed his chin and said nothing.

Kennedy said, ‘The *US* is the world’s biggest polluter and our government doesn’t give a damn.’ Shepherd smiled blandly. ‘The *United States* is an international pariah isolated from the rest of the world and despised because we refused to sign the *Kyoto Protocol* and attack a global problem.’ She continued to goad him. Finally it seemed he had had enough. ‘Tell me about *Kyoto*,’ he said. ‘Why should the *US* have signed it?’ ‘Why? Because we have a moral obligation to join the rest of the civilized world in reducing *Carbon Emissions* to below 1990 levels.’

‘What effect would the *Kyoto Treaty* have?’ Shepherd asked. ‘The whole world knows that. It would reduce global temperatures in the year 2100.’ ‘By how much?’ ‘I don’t know what you’re driving at?’ ‘Don’t you? *Kyoto* would reduce warming by .04 degrees Celsius in the year 2100. Four hundredths of a degree. Do you dispute that outcome?’ ‘I certainly do. Four what? Hundredths of a degree? That’s ridiculous.’ So you don’t believe that would be the effect?’ ‘Well maybe because the *US* didn’t sign...’ ‘No, the effect if the *US* *did* sign. Four hundredths of a degree.’

‘No,’ Kennedy said shaking her head. ‘I don’t believe that’s true.’ Shepherd interrupted her. ‘The figure has been published a number of times in scientific journals. The most recent is the October 2003 issue of *Nature*...Number 22...with *Russia* signed on the *Kyoto* effect would be minus .02 degrees Celsius by 2050. *IPCC* models estimate more...but none exceed 0.15 Celsius.’ Naylor raised his glass as he came to join them. ‘This guy’s real big on references.’ ‘As opposed to rhetoric,’ Shepherd said nodding. ‘Yes I am.’ Naylor belched. ‘Four hundredths of a degree? In a hundred years? What a bunch of bullshit.’ ‘One could say so.’ ‘I just did,’ Naylor said.

‘But *Kyoto*’s a first step,’ Kennedy said. ‘That’s the point. Because if you believe in the *Precautionary Principle* as I do...’ ‘I didn’t think the purpose of *Kyoto* was to take a first step,’ Shepherd said. ‘I thought the purpose was to reduce *Global Warming*.’ ‘Well it is.’ ‘Then why make a treaty that won’t accomplish that? That won’t in effect do anything at all?’ ‘It’s a first step.’ ‘Tell me. Do you think it’s possible to reduce *Carbon Dioxide*?’ ‘Of course. There are a host of alternative energy sources just waiting to be adopted. Wind power, solar, waste, geothermal...’

‘Ted Wigley and Martin Hoffert in an article *Advanced Technology Paths to Global Climate Stability: Energy for a Greenhouse Planet* in *Science* 298 November 1st 2002 pages 981-987 write that energy sources that can produce 100% to 300% of present world power consumption without *Greenhouse Emissions* do not exist. No country in the world produces 35% renewable energy.’ ‘But countries like *Japan* do much better than we do.’ ‘Constanza?’ ‘*Japan* is five percent renewable. *Germany* is five percent. *England* two percent.’ ‘*Denmark*?’ ‘Eight percent.’ ‘Well,’ she said, ‘it just means we have more work to do.’ ‘No question about that. Wind farms chop birds to pieces so they might not be so popular. But solar panels would work...silent...efficient.’

'Solar is great,' Kennedy said. 'Yes,' Shepherd said. 'And all we need is about 10 000 square miles of panels to do the job. Just cover the state of *Massachusetts* with solar panels and we'd be done. Of course by 2050 our energy needs will triple so maybe *New York* would be a better choice.' 'Or *Texas*. Nobody I know cares about *Texas*.' 'Well there you are.' 'Cover 10% of *Texas* and you're in business. Although,' he added, '*Texans* would probably prefer to cover *Los Angeles* first.' 'You're making a joke.' 'Not at all. Let's settle on *Nevada*. It's all desert anyway.'

...extracted from a Tavern Talk on Climate with Bill Shepherd

Thursday 7th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-08

blog 250/2006

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

Fun and games in *Sweden* with just a week to polling day. The *Liberal Party* which is part of the opposition coalition trying to wrest power from the *Social Democrats* and their fellow travellers on the left...the *Socialists* and the *Green Party*...has been caught hacking into the *Governing Party's* campaign computers seventy eight times. Oops!

A few hundred miles to the south *Belgian* police have foiled a neo-Nazi terrorist plot. Lieve Pellens a spokeswoman for the *Federal Prosecutor* talks of a splinter group to *Vlaams Belang*...the *Flanders Freedom Fighters*...with the splendid name of *Bloed Boden Eer & Trouw*...*Blood, Soil, Honour and Loyalty* infiltrating the *Belgian* army and stashing away weapons for its 'anti-Semitic and xenophobic' agenda. Meanwhile on the other side of the pond Bush's speech writers have come up with *Islamic Fascism* as their latest weapon in their *War of Words* with the Democrats.

But the best political show of the week is in my own backyard. With *British* troops dying in *Iraq* and *Afghanistan* on a *Fool's Errand* and terrorists plotting mayhem on the *Home Front* the *UK Governing Party* has been indulging in a demented outbreak of internecine warfare. In the dog days of summer just 16 months after a *General Election* and with *Parliament* in recess until October the *Labour Party* has decided that the time is right for palace revolution. To hell with the governance of *Britain* all they are worried about is the date of the *Prime Minister's* departure.

Blair will have to be dragged kicking and screaming out of *Downing Street* to prevent him notching up his decade as *Prime Minister*. He was always going to be gone before next autumn. So the effect of this week's shenanigans is to put the *British Government* on hold. Not so much a lame duck as a dead one. Why? Whose purpose is being served?

This clumsy all-consuming *coup d'état* has been taking place within the padded cell of the *Westminster Asylum* without any reference to their paying public. Various species of political pond life have paraded across the nation's screens and the radio airwaves posing as statesmen and passing sentence in the most sanctimonious and self-serving terms. This *Political Soap Opera* has three principal players: Tony Blair, Gordon Brown...and David Cameron.

Modern *Prime Ministers* have no real interests outside politics. In the 19th century Lord Derby translated the *Iliad*, Benjamin Disraeli wrote novels, Gladstone buried himself in *Horace* and Lord Salisbury busied himself in his chemistry laboratory at *Hatfield House*. Modern *Career Politicians* have only their property portfolios to fall back on.

After a lifetime clambering up the greasy pole a modern *Cabinet Minister* is cast into existential darkness when they depart office. One moment you are the supreme dispenser of patronage, surrounded by courtiers and supplicants anxious to touch the hem of your garment. Your authority is enormous. You say to a man go and he goeth, come and he cometh. But out of office you become essentially an object of curiosity. You can join the lecture circuit and play to *American* matrons in *Florida*, *Japanese* bankers in *Tokyo* and *Russian* oligarchs in *Moscow* and be paid handsomely for it. But reminiscing about the time when you mattered can give little inner satisfaction.

The trouble with Gordon Brown is that every time it has come to the crunch he has bottled out. He has always commanded enough support in the *Labour Party* in *Parliament* and in the *Cabinet* to block any Blair measure. He could have raised his standard against the *Iraq War*. He didn't. He could have vetoed any number of contentious issues. He hasn't. Instead he has let Blair plough ahead in the fervent hope that it would all go pear-shaped and hasten his demise. A nod of his head could have brought this week's self-destruction by the party to a halt. We are told that nothing happens domestically without it passing across the Chancellor's desk. Yet whenever there is trouble Gordon Brown goes AWOL. Then there are the reputed psychological flaws. Do leopards really change their spots?

Meanwhile waiting in the wings are Mssrs. Straw, Prescott, Milburn, Johnson, Hain & Clarke...and the monstrous regiment of *Labour Party Women*. While behind the scenes are *Blair's Babes* and the formidable Cherie Blair. Is she going to let her husband slip away humiliated and despised? Besides Blair is no coward. He is a street fighter...when he has to be...and remains an enormous asset to the *Labour Party* because he wins elections. Immature *Labour MPs* forget *Governments* are usually behind in the polls. Only one election matters...the *General Election*.

Which brings us to Cameron and his *Old Etonian Shadow Cabinet*. Charles Kennedy, the leader of the *Liberal Democrats*...like Winston Churchill...has been an alcoholic all his political life. His minders kept an eye on him and hid him away when necessary. But most the time he did a good job. But suddenly when Cameron is launched into the leadership of the *Conservative Party* behind a campaign reminiscent of Tony Blair's royal procession two decades earlier, a ferocious attack is launched on Kennedy and off he goes. Barely had the dust settled before the dogs were unleashed on Tony Blair with the media relentlessly pursuing its prey. The chief beneficiary...David Cameron.

Tony Blair might sack Gordon Brown when he returns from *Israel* after aligning *Government Middle East Policy* with the *Labour Party* instead of the *Neocons*. But I wouldn't advise anyone betting on either. More significantly 44 million *English* are tired of being lectured at by 4 million *Scotch Gits*. A *Scotch-led Labour Party* is now unelectable.

Friday 8th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-09

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Constanza Calderón felt the dark cool forest floor beneath her toes. Sunlight dappled the forest floor but even so the TV cameras had to turn on their lights to film the third-grade schoolchildren sitting in concentric circles around the famous television presenter and activist Thomas Naylor. Naylor was wearing a black T-shirt that set off his makeup and his dark good looks. 'These glorious trees are the oldest living things on the planet. They are the *Guardians of the Earth*. They are wise. And they have a message for us. *Leave the planet alone*. We must listen to them.'

'The threat of abrupt climate change,' Naylor said, 'is so devastating for mankind and for all life on this planet that conferences are being convened around the world to deal with it. There is one in *Los Angeles* starting tomorrow where scientists will discuss what we can do to mitigate this terrible threat. But if we do nothing catastrophe looms. And these mighty magnificent trees will be a memory, a postcard from the past, a snapshot of man's inhumanity to the natural world. We're responsible for catastrophic climate change. And only we can stop it.' He finished with a slight turn to favour his good side and a piercing stare from his blue eyes right into the camera lens.

Half an hour later the plane lifted off the runway and rose over the forest. After his talk he had taken a few minutes to sign autographs for the kids. The cameras filmed that as well. He turned to Constanza giving her his best smile. 'I thought it went extremely well, didn't you?' 'Reasonably well, considering it was all bullshit,' Calderón said. Naylor's smile remained fixed but his eyes narrowed. 'I'm not sure what you're referring to,' he said. 'I'm referring to the whole speech. *Sequoias* are sentinels and guardians of the planet? They have a message for us?' 'Well they do...' 'They're *trees*. Big *trees*. They have as much of a message as an eggplant.' 'I think you are missing...' 'And they've managed to survive forest fires? Hardly...they're dependent on fires. That's how they reproduce. *Redwoods* have tough seeds that only burst open in the heat of a fire. Fires are essential for the health of the *Redwood Forest*.'

'I think,' Naylor said rather stiffly, 'that you may have missed my point.' 'Really? What did I miss?' 'I was trying to convey...perhaps a bit lyrically...' 'Timeless? Primeval? Do you know anything about these forests?' 'Yes I think I do.' His voice was tight. He was visibly angry now. 'Look out of the window. How long do you think your primeval forest has looked the way it does now?' 'Obviously for hundreds of thousands of years...' 'Not true. Human beings were here for many thousands of years before these forests ever appeared. Did you know that?' He clenched his jaw.

'20 000 years ago the *Ice Age* glaciers receded from *California* gouging out *Yosemite Valley* as they left. As the ice walls withdrew they left behind a damp plain with lots of lakes fed by the melting glaciers but no vegetation at all. It was basically wet sand. After a few thousand years the land dried as the glaciers continued to move further north. This region of *California* became arctic tundra with tall grasses supporting little animals like mice and squirrels. Human beings arrived here hunting the small animals and setting fires. 'Okay so far?' Calderón said. 'I'm listening,' Tom growled trying to control his temper. She continued. 'At first arctic grasses and shrubs were the only plants that could take hold. When they died they decomposed and over thousands of years a layer of topsoil built up. And that initiated a sequence of plant colonization that was basically the same everywhere in post-glacial *North America*.'

First *Lodgepole Pine* comes in...around 14 000 years ago...joined later by hardy trees like *Spruce*, *Hemlock* and *Alder*...the real primary forest and they dominated this landscape for the next 4 000 years. Then the climate changed. It got much warmer and all the glaciers in *California* melted. There were no glaciers in *California* back then. It was warm and dry, there were lots of fires and the primary forest burned. It was replaced by a plains-type vegetation of *Oak Trees* and *Prairie Herbs* and a few *Douglas Firs*...but not many because the climate was too dry for fir trees.'

'Then around 6 000 years ago the climate changed again. It became wetter and the *Douglas Fir*, *Hemlock* and *Cedar* moved in and took over the land creating the great closed-canopy forests that you see now. But someone might refer to these fir trees as a pest plant...an oversized weed...that invaded the landscape crowding out the native plants that had been there before them...because these big canopy forests made the ground too dark for other trees to survive. And since there were frequent fires the closed-canopy forests were able to spread like mad. So they're not timeless.'

They're merely the last in line.' Naylor snorted. 'They're still 6 000 years old for God's sake.' But Calderón was relentless. 'Not true,' she said. 'Scientists have shown that the forests continuously changed their composition. Each thousand-year period was different from the one before it. The forests changed constantly.'

And then there were the *Indians*. The *Indians* were expert observers of the natural world. Those forests may look impressive but they're dead landscapes for game. So the *Indians* set fires making sure the forests burned down periodically. They made sure there were only islands of old-growth forest in the midst of plains and meadows. The forests the first *Europeans* saw were not primeval but *cultivated*. It's not surprising that 150 years ago there was less old-growth forest than today. The *Indians* were realists. Today it's all romantic mythology.'

...extracted from a Tavern Talk on Climate with Bill Shepherd

Saturday 9th September 2006

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Margaret Kennedy took a deep breath...and adopted her podium stance. 'We have decades of environmental management experience. *Yellowstone Park* was the first wilderness to be set aside as a natural preserve anywhere in the world. *Americans* know how to do these things. 'I agree,' Shepherd said. The *American* experience with *Yellowstone Park* is very instructive. Professor Calderón. Take us through the background.' 'Well the region around the *Yellowstone River* in *Wyoming* has long been recognized for its wondrous scenic beauty. Lewis and Clark sang its praises. Artists like Bierstadt and Moran painted it. And the new *Northern Pacific Railroad* wanted a scenic attraction to draw tourists west. So in 1872 in part because of railroad pressure President Ulysses Grant set aside two million acres. The problem...unacknowledged then and later...was that no one had any experience trying to preserve wilderness. There had never been any need before. And it was assumed to be much easier than it proved to be.'

'When Theodore Roosevelt visited the park in 1903 he saw a landscape teeming with game. There were thousands of elk, buffalo, black bear, deer, mountain lions, grizzlies, coyotes, wolves and bighorn sheep. Yet within a few years the teeming landscape was gone forever. The park managers...charged with keeping the park in pristine condition...took a series of steps that they thought would preserve the park and its animals. But they were wrong.'

'The early park managers mistakenly believed that elk were about to become extinct. So they shot and poisoned all the wolves and prohibited *Indians* from hunting in the park...though *Yellowstone* was a traditional hunting ground. Once protected the elk herds exploded and ate so much of certain trees and grasses that the ecology of the area began to change. The elk ate the trees the beavers used to make dams so the beavers vanished. Beavers were vital to the overall water management of the region. When the beavers disappeared meadows dried up, trout and otter vanished, soil erosion increased and the park ecology changed even further.'

'By the 1920s it had become abundantly clear there were too many elk so the rangers began to shoot them by the thousands. But the change in plant ecology seemed to be permanent. The old mix of trees and grasses did not return.' Kennedy broke in. 'That's fine as far as it goes. But our knowledge has increased since then. These were early teething problems.' Bill Shepherd raised his eyebrows. 'I wish this were true. But you know this is a perpetual claim...that we know more today. But it's not borne out by the facts.' He nodded to Constanza to continue.

'It became increasingly clear that the *Indian Hunters* of old had exerted a valuable ecological influence on the park lands by keeping down the numbers of elk, moose and bison. This belated recognition came as part of a more general understanding that *Native Americans* had strongly shaped the 'untouched wilderness' that the first white men saw...or thought they were seeing...when they first arrived in the *New World*. The untouched wilderness was nothing of the sort. Human beings had exerted a huge influence on the environment for thousands of years...burning plains grasses, modifying forests, thinning specific animal populations and hunting others to extinction.'

'Forbidding *Indians* from hunting was seen as a mistake. But it was just one of many mistakes by park managers. Grizzlies were protected, then killed off. Wolves were killed off then brought back. Animal research involving field study and radio collars were halted then resumed after certain species were declared endangered. A policy of fire prevention was instituted with no understanding of the regenerative effects of fire. When the policy was finally reversed thousands of acres burned so hotly that the ground was sterilized and the forests did not grow back without reseeded. Rainbow trout were introduced in the 1970s soon killing off the native cut-throat species.'

'So what you have,' Shepherd said, 'is a history of ignorant, incompetent and disastrously intrusive intervention followed by attempts to repair the damage caused by the repairs as dramatic as any oil spill or toxic dump. Except in this case there is no evil corporation or fossil fuel economy to blame. This disaster was caused by environmentalists making one dreadful mistake after another while proving how little they understood the environment they intended to protect.' Margaret Kennedy turned to Calderón. 'This is absurd. You know that perfectly well. To preserve a wilderness you just preserve it. You leave it alone and let the balance of nature takeover. That's all that is required.'

‘Absolutely wrong,’ Shepherd said. ‘Passive protection...leaving things alone...doesn’t preserve the status quo in a wilderness any more than it does in your backyard. The world is alive. Things are constantly in flux. Species are winning, losing, rising, falling, taking over, being pushed back. Setting aside wilderness doesn’t freeze it in its present state any more than locking your children in a room prevents them growing up. We live in a changing world and if you want to preserve a piece of land in a particular state you have to decide what that state is and then actively...even aggressively...manage it.’ ‘But you said we don’t know how to.’ ‘Correct. We don’t. Any action changes the environment. Any change hurts some plant or animal. Preserving old-growth forest to help the spotted owl means Kirtland’s warbler is deprived of the new-growth forest they prefer. There is no free lunch.’

...extracted from a Tavern Talk on Climate with Bill Shepherd

Sunday 10th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-11

blog 253/2006

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

Numerous studies show there is no increase in extreme weather, hurricanes, tornadoes and cyclones. Page 11 of the *United Nations’ 1995 IPCC* report that set the scene for the *Kyoto Protocol* claimed that overall there is no evidence that extreme weather events or climate variability has increased in a global sense in the 20th century. Six years later the *IPCC* was still reporting no long-term trend for tropical and extra-tropical storms and no systematic changes in tornadoes frequency, thunder days or hail. Björn Lomborg discusses it in *The Skeptical Environmentalist*.

Thomas Naylor was now somewhat the worse for wear. ‘What about *Anecdotal Evidence*? Lots of people think there will be more extreme weather with more hurricanes, tornadoes and cyclones in the future.’ ‘Yes indeed lots of people think so. But scientific studies do not bear them out. That’s why we *do* science...to see if our opinions can be verified in the real world or whether we are just having fantasies.’ ‘All these hurricanes are not fantasies.’ Shepherd sighed. ‘Here is the actual data,’ Shepherd said. ‘By decade between 1900 and 2000: 16, 19, 15, 17, 23, 18, 15, 12, 16, 14. *US* hurricane strikes over the last 100 years are not increasing. The data simply do not agree with you.’

Now *El Niño*. ‘Yes...’ ‘As you know *El Niño* is a global weather pattern that begins when ocean temperatures along the west coast of *South America* remain above normal for several months. Once it’s triggered, *El Niño* lasts about a year and a half affecting weather around the world. *El Niño* occurs roughly every four years...twenty three times in the last century. And it has been occurring for thousands of years. So it long precedes any claim of *Global Warming*.’

‘But what threat does *El Niño* represent to the *US*? There was a major *El Niño* in 1998.’ ‘Floods, crops ruined, things like that,’ Naylor replied. ‘Sure but the net economic effect of the last *El Niño* was a gain of fifteen million dollars because of a longer growing season and less use of winter heating oil. That’s after deducting \$1.5 billion for flooding and excess rain in *California*. Still a net benefit.’ ‘I’d like to see that study,’ Naylor said. ‘Constanza?’

‘Stanley A. Changnon 1999. *Impacts of 1997-98 El Niño-Generated Weather in the United States* in the *Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society*, Volume 80 Number 9 pages 1819-1828. To quote: the net economic benefit was surprisingly positive. Direct losses nationally were \$4 billion and benefits \$19 billion.’ ‘I’ll make sure you get a copy of the report because it suggests that if *Global Warming* occurs it will benefit most nations of the world.’

‘So what exactly is your point?’ Naylor asked. ‘You’re saying that we don’t need to pay any attention to the environment, that we can just leave it alone and let industry pollute and everything will be hunky-dory?’ For a moment Constanza thought that Bill would get angry. But he stayed calm and said, ‘If you oppose the death penalty, does it also mean you are in favour of doing nothing at all about crime?’ ‘No,’ Naylor said. ‘You can oppose the death penalty but still favour penalising criminals.’ ‘Yes of course.’ ‘Then I can say that *Global Warming* is not a threat but still favour environmental controls, can’t I?’ ‘But it doesn’t sound like you are saying that.’

Shepherd sighed. ‘Let’s remember where we live...on the third planet out from a medium-size sun. Our planet is five billion years old and it has been changing constantly all during that time. *The Earth* is now on its third atmosphere. The first atmosphere was helium and hydrogen. It dissipated early on because the planet was so hot. Then as the planet cooled volcanic eruptions produced a second atmosphere of steam and carbon dioxide. Later the water vapour condensed forming the oceans that cover most of the planet. Then around three billion years ago some bacteria evolved to consume *Carbon Dioxide* and excrete a highly toxic gas *Oxygen*. Other bacteria released *Nitrogen*. The atmospheric concentration of these gases slowly increased. Organisms that could not adapt died out.’

‘Meanwhile the planet’s land masses floating on huge tectonic plates eventually came together in a configuration that interfered with the circulation of *Ocean Currents*. It began to get cold for the first time. The first ice appeared two billion years ago. And for the last 700 000 years our planet has been in a geological ice age characterized by advancing and retreating glacial ice. No one is entirely sure why but ice now covers the planet every 100 000 years with smaller advances every 20 000 or so. The last advance was 20 000 years ago so we’re due for the next one.’

‘Even today after five billion years our planet remains amazingly active. We have 500 volcanoes and an eruption every two weeks. Earthquakes are continuous, a million and a half a year, a moderate Richter 5 earthquake every six

hours, a big earthquake every ten days. Tsunamis race across the *Pacific Ocean* every three months. Our atmosphere is as violent as the land beneath it. At any moment there are 1500 electrical storms across the planet. Eleven lightning bolts strike the ground each second. A tornado tears across the surface every six hours. And every four days a giant cyclonic storm hundreds of miles in diameter spins over the ocean and wreaks havoc on the land.'

'To imagine human beings can stabilize the *Earth's* atmosphere is arrogant beyond belief. We can't control the climate. We run from the storms because this is far and away the most sensible thing to do.'

...extracted from a Tavern Talk on Climate with Bill Shepherd

Monday 11th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-12

blog 254/2006

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America is at war. The year is 1777. Foreign troops had landed at the head of *Delaware Bay* and were marching towards the capital of the *United States of America*. They advanced to *Brandywine Creek* where they were met early in the morning of September 11 by the *American army*. The strategy of the invading general was to make a strong surprise flanking movement to destroy the rebel forces by a pincer attack. The plan came perilously close to success. 7500 troops closed in on the rear of the *Americans* after a circuitous 75-mile march through the surrounding hills.

Surprised, the Commander-in-Chief of the *American* army ordered the retreat, encountering heavy fire. More than 1000 *American* soldiers were killed or wounded, and 400 were taken prisoner. The *Americans* might well have been annihilated had it not been for the entanglement and delay of four battalions of *Hessian Mercenaries* in thick woodland and the decision not to order exhausted men to pursue the enemy after nightfall.

In the capital *America's* new *Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs* was working in his office preparing dispatches to the *American* ambassador in *Paris* 'when the report of cannon at *Brandywine* interrupted my proceedings'. That evening he heard of the *American* rout and was quick to see the disastrous implications. The capital was now vulnerable to foreign occupation. Many citizens were in a state of fear and dread.

Working feverishly through the night, he drafted a fourth number of *The American Crisis*, revised it, and by noon the following day had rushed the final version to the printer. He 'ordered 4000 to be printed at my own private charge and given away'. The 4-page pamphlet circulated widely but had little influence on the terrified populace of the capital who refused to be calmed or inspired to stand up to the advancing army. Each day hundreds left the city. The *State Government* fled to *Lancaster*. *Members of Congress* also packed their trunks and headed for *York*.

By the evening of September 18, more than 10 000 of the capital's 30 000 inhabitants had fled. *The Secretary* proposed forming a *Citizens' Militia*, raising a defense fund of 50 000 dollars and throwing up 'works at the heads of the streets'. The invaders had to be resisted. The inhabitants must prepare for hand-to-hand street fighting. The enemy was not trained in urban fighting and would be wary of getting trapped into it. He managed to convince Colonels Bayard and Bradford and also got the ear of Brigadier-General Thomas Mifflin, sent to the capital as *State Governor* the previous year to rouse the city for resistance. But all to no avail.

Shortly after midnight on 19th September 1777, bells warning of the enemy's approach sounded throughout the city. *British Grenadiers* flanked by howitzers and twelve-pound guns and marching in procession to the quickstep tunes of their fife-and-drum bands, quickly took possession of the city. *The Secretary*, leaden with despair and left with no alternative, stowed his trunk of personal belongings and *Committee for Foreign Affairs* papers in a small boat sailing for *Trenton*. 24 hours later with all hope gone and fearing arrest and death he quit the city, a refugee from war. Behind him lay the sacked *City of Philadelphia*.

For the next nine months Tom Paine rode the rutted dirt back roads of *America*, squatted at friends' homes and dodged *British* scouts and cannon fire as he tracked the military campaign from close range. The outcome of the previous year's *Unilateral Declaration of Independence* was poised on a knife-edge. George Washington needed a victory to turn the tide and lift *American* morale. After the events of September 11 *America's* future looked bleak.

One of the most remarkable recoveries from the ashes of *Nine Eleven 2001*...234 years later...is *Cantor Fitzgerald*. One theory has the *Cantor* office in *One World Trade Center* as the principal target. Everything else was smoke, mirrors and *Watergate & Dallas* style cover-ups. The controlled demolition of the twin towers from pre-planted explosives in the basements of the two buildings, the shooting down of the *Pennsylvania Boeing*...witness statements confirm the presence of fighter plans...and the fake crash at *The Pentagon*...not enough debris and in the wrong place for any plane to have crashed there...being mere sideshows to draw attention from the *Cantor Kill*.

Six Hundred and fifty eight *Cantor People* were murdered in *New York* five years ago. Everything dollar-related went. *Cantor Fitzgerald* was seriously big in *US Treasury Bond Trading* in competition with *BNP Paribas* and *Cantor's* unacceptable edge was *eSpeed*...an electronic trading system for derivatives and commodities that used a software package called *TreasuryConnect*. It was up and running again within 48 hours. *Cantor* batted down the

hatches and regrouped in 2002 and 2003 before returning to *New York* two years ago as *BGC*...Bernie Gerald Cantor was the main founder of the business.

Cantor Fitzgerald is not yet back to their pre-9/11 strength but they are half way there with 300 employees in *New York*...a fifth of their global workforce. A quarter of their profits since 9/11-2001...almost two hundred billion dollars...has gone to the families of the *Cantor Victims* of 9/11 and on 9th September each year everyone at *BGC* works for nothing with all the firm's revenues for the day going to charity.

Tuesday 12th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-13

blog 255/2006

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

It would be nice if *Future Historians* devoted more attention to 1906 than 2001 when they report on 9/11. Yesterday saw the one hundredth anniversary of opposition to forced registration in the *Transvaal*. The campaign was led by a young *London*-trained lawyer *Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi*. It adopted the strategy of *Satyagraha* which went further than the *Civil Disobedience* of Thoreau by adding *Confucian* ideas of not humiliating your enemy...ideas which are also at the heart of *Mohammed's Teachings*. *Satyagraha* represents the complete antithesis of the 9/11 attacks and the reaction to them of President George Bush's *Neocon Administration*.

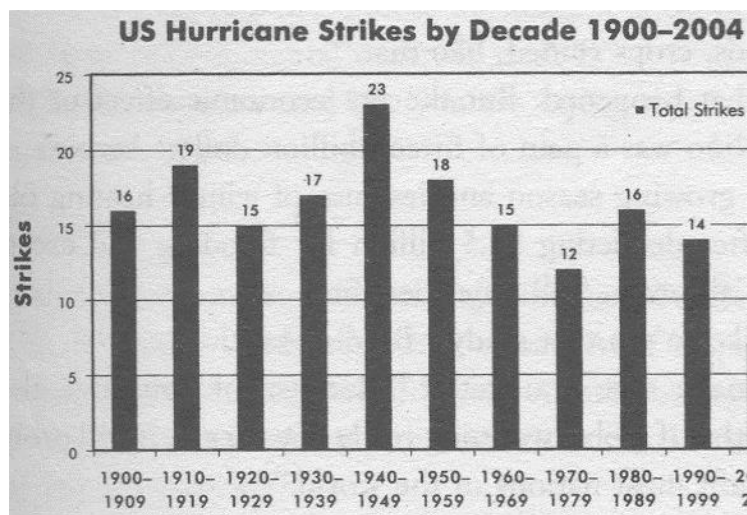
From the deck of a *Gaff Cutter* moored on the *English Channel Coast* it is impossible to make any judgements about what did or didn't happen on the other side of the pond five years ago. Every scenario is wildly improbable...which means that none can be dismissed on these grounds alone because one of these *WIS's* represents the *Truth*.

Nonetheless Adam Hamilton's analysis of the *Derivatives Markets* and *Boudewijn Wegerif's* discussion on the global financial situation in the late summer of 2001...both written before the *Twin Towers Event*...are *Required Reading* for anyone wishing to keep an open mind on the true identity of the perpetrators of the 9/11 atrocities five years ago.

The suspicions that many of us harbour about the official version of 9/11 are rooted in the well-choreographed attempts...in its aftermath...to establish an *Anglo-Saxon Global Hegemony*, *Financial Fascism* and *One World Totalitarian Government*. This outlandish *Global Coup d'Etat Attempt* has been directed by a tiny elite with the *Global Central Banking Network* at their finger tips and an *Imperial Security Complex of Government, Banks, Mercenaries, Private Contractors* and *TNC Killingry Manufacturers* at their beck and call.

Like the *US Vietnam Fiasco* this will all end in tears...it cannot go any other way as it based on outdated geopolitical theories that ignore *China, India* and their *Diasporas*...and completely misreads the nature of *Islam*. But the tragedy for *Socialism in England* is that the *Scottish Labourites* who chanced to be at the helm in 2001 lacked the instincts...and the historical consciousness...of the *English Labour Party* of the *Vietnam Era*.

Harold Wilson and his *Foreign Secretary* Michael Stewart...with none of the inverted snobbery and inferiority complex of *Scottish Labour Politicians*...had the wisdom to take *Foreign Office* advice and put their country firmly on the fence for the duration of *America's* ill-conceived imperial adventure in the *Far East* thereby avoiding the mistake of sending their young men into impossible military situations.



By the end of 2004 seven large hurricanes had been recorded striking the *USA* this decade. But last year...the year of *Hurricane Katrina*...the number doubled putting the numbers on track to match the record 23 hurricanes recorded for the 1940-49 decade. The *Carbonistas* were rubbing their hands in glee. Above is the data from 1900 to 2000. Unfortunately this year the planet has failed to keep up its windy performance. There have been just two large hurricanes and with just six weeks left to the end of the *Hurricane Season 2000-2009* looks like just another decade.

Hurricanes are fuelled by damp warm air drawn off tropical seas with a voracious appetite. But the *Sahara* usually billows clouds of extremely dry and dusty air across the *Atlantic* and strangles many of the storms at birth. It does this each summer by blowing air off the *African* coast into the *Atlantic* every 3-5 days. This year the desert has been particularly active. The *Saharan* air has even reached *Miami* where it has left fine red coatings of dust on cars. The skies over *Florida* have become so hazy that *Miami's Civic Authorities* have been switching on the street lights early.

Wednesday 13th September 2006

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blog 256/2006

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

On Sunday morning I walked out to *Camber Beach*, said hello to Connie whose ashes were scattered in *Rye Bay* almost four years ago and collected some sea shells to adorn my weblog. We are in the midst of an unexpected heat wave...memories of *Stockholm* in July 2006...so I spent the rest of the day aboard *Vemara* getting myself sunburnt...and I mean aboard because for almost two hours the high tides over the weekend cut me off from *England*. I surprised myself by using my time to swab the decks, scrub the sail covers and give the engine a good run.



The Saturday evening concert at *St Leonard's Church* in Hythe went well. Lesley Brownbill...the Musical Director of *simply opera* as well as *Ryesingers*...would make an excellent *Football Team Manager* as she has the magical ability to produce peak performance from her choirs on concert night.

This particular event had been fraught with pitfalls. The original intention had been *Mozart's Cosi Fan Tutte* but just as rehearsals got under way the main *Soprano Soloist* pulled out so a *Mozart Concert* was decided upon instead. This meant augmenting the small group of opera singers with a chorus. The first half of our programme for the concert concentrated on Mozart's *Sacred Music: Dies Irae, Tuba Mirum and Lacrymosa* from *Mozart's Requiem; Canon (K317); Agnus Dei* from *Mass in C; Laudate Pueri and Laudate Dominum* from the *Vespers; Ave Verum and Alleluja* from *Exsultate Jubilate*.

After the interval we did pieces from *The Magic Flute (Opening Scene, Papageno's Entrance, Oh Matchless Beauty, The Road You Trod, Oh Isis and Osiris and The Gentle Love)*, *What is So Funny* and *May Breezes Blow Gently* from *Cosi Fan Tutte* and the *Letter Duet* and *Now At Last I May Embrace You* from *The Marriage of Figaro* before rounding off with a four-part harmony version of the *Flanders & Swann* classic *Ill Wind*. For good measure we sang...yes Virginia sang...the *Overture to The Marriage of Figaro*...arranged for four-part harmony and entitled *Take it from Figure 'O'*.

Tenors as always were in short supply. Cancellation of the *Radical Consultation* allowed me to step into the breach at the last minute so *simply opera* ended up being fifteen singers...four of them tenors. In the final run-up disaster struck again when sopranos started going down with sore throats and summer colds. The large and very appreciative audience went back home to their radios and televisions to listen to the *Last Night of The Proms*...as I did...with the *Flanders and Swann* version of *Mozart's Fourth Horn Concerto* ringing in their ears with the wonderful line. 'I've lost my horn. I've lost my horn. I found my horn...gone.'

Ten years ago in one of my brief encounters with *Westminster Party Politics* I put my name forward as one of several prospectus parliamentary candidates for the constituency of *Oldham West and Royton*. For six months leading up to the May 1997 election I published a regular newsletter which gained me a personal written accolade from my *Party Leader* Sir James Goldsmith.

I had a few run-ins with the *Powers-That-Be* in the *Referendum Party*. My pledge to the voters to take out only an average wage and put the rest of my parliamentary salary into a lottery for the *Oldham Poor* was thrown out for instance. Another one involved Michael Flanders and Donald Swann and their *Song of Patriotic Prejudice* which I had to withdraw as *Head Office* felt it sailed a little too close to the wind. This is what Donald Swann had to say.

'Our *Song of Patriotic Prejudice* was a jigsaw number full of curious bits and pieces in the show and on the record. But peering at it during editings I decided it was best offered in a simple form with regular verses and refrains whereupon it turns into a severely needed new *English National Song*...a need to which Michael refers in introducing it...after all the *English*, the *English*, the *English* are best. But please read the lyric at once for the ironic overtones.' About a dozen copies of the original issue of this *Fortnightly Update* slipped out to loyal *Constituency*

Workers before it was replaced with the approved version...might be worth a bob or two as a valuable collector's item.

Thursday 14th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-15

blog 257/2006

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

The *Jilin Deda Factory* situated at *Road 102* in *Dehui City* in *China* is one of the largest poultry-processing plants in the world where each year 100 million birds are slaughtered, plucked, dismembered and packaged. The processed chicken meat is exported to twenty other countries including *Switzerland, Germany, South Africa, Russia* and *Japan*.

It is sold in bulk either for further processing...the company has two ready-food processing factories...or for subsequent distribution to shops. The one million square metre operation employing more than 11 000 staff is located in *Jilin Province*...one of *China's* poorest...hard up against the borders of *Russia* and *North Korea*.



The joint venture between the *Chinese* authorities and a *Thai* food-processing company pays the *Deda* workers £31 per month...the region's minimum salary...while making annual profits of six million pounds after paying *Western-style* salaries and bonuses to its executives. The chickens are intensively farmed prior to arrival.

The business motto of the *Jilin Deda Company* is 'satisfying clients, profiting the company, contributing to society.' Its website goes on to state: 'We sincerely wish to create a beautiful future for all of us.' Chairman Mao must be turning in his grave. A life devoted to mind-numbing work for a few pence an hour...dressed in uniform pink overalls, blue aprons and matching masks and boots...was not the *Great Leap Forward* he had in mind for *China*.

Meanwhile in the *UK* pre-emptive strikes are now being made on the bank accounts of anyone foolish enough to be christened Ahmed. Mr Salama is a businessman authorised by the *Financial Services Authority*. His account was upgraded by his friendly neighbourhood bank *HSBC* two months ago. But a few weeks later the same bank account was frozen. The following day a letter arrived informing him that *HSBC* wished to end their eleven year relationship.

Ahmed Salama is a normal *Londoner* who plays snooker and football and cares for his wife and kids. He pays £20 each month to a *British*-based charity sponsoring children in *Afghanistan*. But that...and being Ahmed...is clearly enough to send *HSBC* on red alert. To quote Mr Salama, 'The situation has put my whole life in a spin emotionally and financially. My only conclusion is that with the majority of people being arrested over alleged terrorism offences having the name Ahmed they think I am one of them or I am laundering money.' A spokesperson for *HSBC* remarked that cases of mistaken identity do sometimes occur. So that's all right then.

On 23rd August 2006 *The Times* published this apology: 'We published in the first edition of yesterday's paper a photograph of a man with a beard identifying the man as Assad Ali Sarwar one of the suspects who had been charged in connection with the recent alleged terrorist plot to blow up passenger aircraft. This was an error. The man in the photograph is not Assad Ali Sarwar and has not been arrested or charged on suspicion of terrorism offences. We apologise to the man in the photograph for the distress and embarrassment caused. So that's all right then.'

A Parisian friend tells me that the biggest player in the coming *French* presidential election is not Ségolène Royal or Nicholas Sarkozy but Tony Blair. Royal and Sarkozy...the self-declared modernising candidates on the left and right ...are busy casting themselves in Blair's image. They both believe that Blair's brand of centre-leftism has changed the rules in politics by detaching ends from means and values from policies thereby liberating the left from its old obsessions and showing the right that it ignores the public domain at its peril. *Economic Efficiency* and *Social Justice* remain the most powerful message in contemporary parliamentary politicking. So that's all right then.

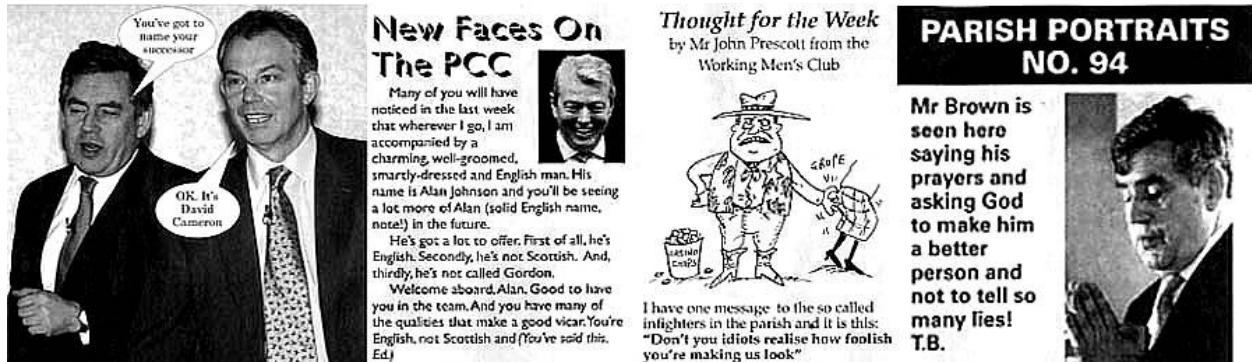
Friday 15th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-16

blog 258/2006

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

Hullo! I'd like to begin with an apology to the *Parish of St Albion*. I'm really sorry that other people have behaved so badly. Honestly, what must they think of us, when they see their popular, charismatic and successful vicar being attacked for no reason at all? Yes I'm sorry for this shameful behaviour and I don't mind being the one to take the blame and apologise on their behalf.



In the ten long years I have spent serving this parish 9/11...*Surely 24/7? Ed*... never in my wildest imaginings could I have imagined that some members of my own flock...who owe everything to my stewardship of *St Albion's*...would turn on me and try to force me out of my own vicarage! These were the very people I had nurtured like a good shepherd caring for his sheep. And if one went astray...as they often did...I did not leave them to become the prey of hungry wolves. I sought them out and brought them back into the fold...some of them many times as Mr Blunkett, Mr Mandelson, Mr Byers and Mr Prescott would be the first to testify!

I am not going to name names and in any case the individual I am going to name is someone who plays such an insignificant part in parish life that you will not have heard of him. And neither had I until last week when out of the blue he wrote me a very rude and unhelpful letter to say that unless I resigned as vicar he would feel obliged to stand down from his duties. The name of this poisonous little nobody is T** W****n. Tom who? I hear you ask. Exactly! Which is why I was planning to sack him in any case even though I hadn't heard of him! Now of course his name will be remembered for ever more whenever the subject of treachery is raised.

I gather also that there has been tittle-tattle in the *Britannia Arms* saying that the *Treasurer* Mr Brown was actually behind Mr Watson's letter and that Gordon was hatching some sort of plot against me. But Gordon has given me his word that he had nothing to do with it and I fully accept his assurance even though I don't believe a word of it. Mr Brown's story that Mr Watson drove 200 miles to drop in on Gordon's holiday home in the *Isle of Dull* just to take a cuddly toy for little Angus is of course ridiculous. But I am happy to accept that this is indeed what happened even though it didn't. Likewise Gordon's claim that he was smiling about his new baby when he left the vicarage having told me to pack my bags and give him the key is patently untrue although I am happy to accept that this is what happened even though it clearly didn't. But enough of this. I know you are all heartily sick of this silly squabbling.

You want more than anything to draw a line under this and move on. I know you do. So let's draw up a timetable...a real timetable of what the parish needs to achieve. 1. Peace in the *Holy Land*. Doesn't even the mention of my mission to the *Middle East* make some of you feel ashamed for your small-mindedness? Hey, let's open that window of opportunity and let the dove of peace fly in...or out as the case may be; 2. And what about our new *Primark Beacon Technology Academy*? And our new *Burger King Hospital*, motto: *Fat For Purpose*? And what about the criminal gangs roaming around the recreation ground frightening old ladies? 3. And what about all the other things that need to be done...turning the *Millennium Tent* into a *Super Casino* to bring much-needed gambling to the parish?

That's what I know you are really concerned about...not a lot of silly gossip about personalities. As I said we've moved on from that and drawn a line under it. Particularly Gordon and his friends. Shall I tell you a story from the *Bible*? There was once a just and holy man who went about doing good. Some said he was the *Messiah* though he was too modest to accept this description. And he went about performing miracles. But then one of his disciples betrayed his leader after they broke bread together in the upper room of a fashionable restaurant. And then do you know what happened? He took his own life so disgusted was he by his own treachery. It's not a nice story is it but it may serve as a warning to others who are considering betraying their spiritual leader. So let's hear no more of the tawdry tittle-tattle and concentrate on the important job of making sure that Gordon Brown never becomes Vicar. Yours, Tony.

Saturday 16th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-17

blog 259/2006<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Ken Livingston was trained as a teacher but entered politics at an early age. After a successful coup in 1982 he took over the leadership of the *Labour Group* on the *Greater London Council*. Margaret Thatcher was so horrified that in 1986 she abolished his parliament and sold off *County Hall*...a stone's throw from the *Houses of Parliament*...to a *Japanese Hotel Consortium*. *The Sun* liked to refer to him as 'the most obnoxious man in Britain'. *Red Ken* won the nomination to be the *Labour Party MP* for *Brent* one of the largest constituencies in *London*. Then in 2000 despite...or because of...being disowned by *Labour Party's* apparatchiks and thrown out of the *Labour Party* he became *Mayor of London* effectively for the second time. *The Sun* is right. He is an old-style *Socialist*.

Hugo Chávez served in the military for seventeen years before his failed coup in 1992 put him in a *Venezuelan* jail for two years. An admirer of Fidel Castro his election to the *Presidency of Venezuela* in 1999 sent alarm bells ringing in *Washington*. Over in *Outer Darkness* amidst the *Moral Majority*, the *TV Evangelist* and *Right-wing Republican* Pat Robertson suggested that the *CIA* should 'take out' Senor Chávez after his well-publicised remarks that 'Capitalism leads us straight to hell' and 'The *USA* brought 9/11 on itself with its imperial foreign policy'. These are hardly newsworthy utterances in a *South American* context. But then *Venezuela* has oil...and the *USA* has an *Oil Addiction*.

Our *Socialist London Mayor* believes that western foreign policy is responsible for breeding *Islamic Terrorism*. He is also on record as saying that 'worldwide capitalism kills more people every day than Hitler did'...qualified of late with the remark 'and he was crazy' to avoid inflaming the *Holocaust Defence League*. The thing that really got Margaret Thatcher's goat was *Red Ken's* insistence that *London* needed to talk to the *IRA* because the *IRA* were bombing the place. Twenty years later he has taken the logic of this statement one stage further by exploring the idea of *Direct Barter* between *London* and *Venezuela*. And it looks like he may have got himself a deal with *Venezuela* supplying diesel to *London's* 8000 buses at 40% below market price with *BP* or *Shell* responsible for delivery.

Earlier this week a two-page memo was leaked from the *London Mayor's Office* with some suggestions about the favours *Londoners* might trade in return for their cheap *Venezuelan* oil. It makes for interesting reading. Top of the list is access to *London's* *CCTV* and *Genetic Fingerprinting* expertise. Other ideas are how to operate a city's security and public order systems; how to integrate and manage overground traffic; how to route buses; how to limit carbon dioxide emissions and how to develop adult education programmes. Hmmm!

Meanwhile across the *Irish Sea*, out in the country and down on the farm *Policymakers* have discovered that *Irish Agriculture* accounts for 29% of *Ireland's* greenhouse gas emissions...and that half of this emerges from the front and back ends of the animals which give us *Irish Beef* and *Kerrygold Butter*. *Methane* is twenty times as lethal as *Carbon Dioxide* in *Global Warming Theology*. One country where this is very stale news is *New Zealand* which discovered some years back that its thirty million sheep and ten million cows were giving off thirty seven million tons of methane a year...more than any other part of the economy. How was it to meet its *Kyoto Commitments*?

A *Flatulence Tax* on the country's sheep, cows and deer is the answer *New Zealand's Labour Government* has come up with. You couldn't make it up. The idea was not to persuade the dumb beasts to hold back their wind but to delude the dumber politicians that the £14 million a year raised by the tax would be used to subsidise research into ways of getting the animals to give off rather less of the noxious gas sometime in the future.

The nationwide guffaw of incredulity was soon followed by a roar of protest from *New Zealand's* 130 000 farmers who launched a *Fight Against Ridiculous Tax...FART...campaign*. Polls showed that only 12% of the population were green enough to think the *Fart Tax* was anything other than a bad joke. On behalf of the 84% opposed to the tax, farmers blocked the streets of *Wellington* the capital with 200 tractors. One *Member of Parliament* even drove a tractor up the steps of the parliament building in protest...and earned himself a bossy reprimand on health and safety grounds from the country's *Prime Minister* Helen Clark for his efforts. A local newspaper gave out free baked beans to the demonstrators so they could make up for all the cows and sheep which could not be present.

Up until now *New Zealand's* farmers were best known for the fact that alone in the developed world they receive no *Government Subsidies*. Since these were abolished agriculture has become the fastest growing sector of the economy. *New Zealand's* farmers are now so efficient they can transport their lamb and butter half way round the world to *Britain* and still compete on price with their lavishly-subsidised *European Union* counterparts. But terrified that their country might get the reputation of being a bastion of the free market *New Zealand's* politically correct *Labour Party Ministers* seem determined to make their country the laughing stock of the farming world.

At least *Ireland* hasn't announced plans to do the same...yet. But the really terrifying thought is that when the *Department for Environment Farming and Rural Affairs* works out that *Britain* has even more sheep and cattle than either of these countries the *English* might be commanded to save the planet by following *New Zealand's* example.

Sunday 17th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-18

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It may not be long before the *Militant Imams* turn their minds to the idea of attacking the *Global Killingry Industry* by redeploing their *British Followers* from killing and maiming innocent air travellers. Perhaps they have already done so. There have been some very strange goings-on at *Deepcut Barracks* near *Camberley* in *Surrey*.



The latest episode in the saga of four young recruits has been the *Report of Nicholas Blake QC* which raised more questions than it answers. James Collinson, Sean Benton, Cheryl James and Geoff Gray may have been bullied but it seems unlikely all four committed suicide. So why is the *Government* so anxious to avoid a *Public Enquiry*? These inquiries do not necessarily provide any answers but they allow the airing of some alternative hypotheses...such as assassins from outside the *Army Base* firing the fatal shots while the soldiers were on sentry duty.

Every two years global corporations gather in *London's Docklands* to show their wares at the *Defence Systems & Equipment International Arms Fair*. The *Mayor of the Borough* and the *Mayor of London* may object but to no avail. What ever happened to *Local Byelaws*? The *English Taxpayer* would object about the £4 million the *Metropolitan Police* budgeted...and the 4 000 officers they reallocated from *War on Terror* activities...but is never informed.

The *United Nations* defines a major war as a military conflict leading to a thousand battlefield deaths per year. On this measure there were 15 wars in 2003...up from 10 in 1965. Each year about half a million people are killed globally by armed violence. In the *First World War* one death in twenty was a *Civilian Death* but now three quarters are civilian deaths. 2004 was a landmark year in the *Global Killingry Game* with *World Military Expenditure* exceeding a trillion dollars for the first time. The five permanent members of the *UN Security Council* were responsible for 88% of reported conventional arms exports. Every £1 of *Development Aid* squeezed out of *Brown's Treasury* is matched by £8 of arms export licences. The US ratio is worse...\$1 of *Aid* to \$25 of *Killingry*.

3% of the *UK's* manufacturing output and a workforce of 350 000 is devoted to *Killingry* which generated \$ 4700 million of export sales in 2003...well behind the *USA* with \$ 13648 million but ahead of *Russia* (\$3400 million), *Ukraine* (\$1500 million), *France* and *Germany* (\$1200 million each) and *China* and *Israel* (\$400 million each). The *Blair-Brown Government* is in the *Top Ten Importers of Military Hardware*...most of it from the *United States*.

Here are the 1998 to 2002 figures: 1. *China* \$ 8818 million (*Russia* 93%); 2. *Taiwan* \$ 6822 (*USA* 71%); 3. *India* \$ 4824 (81% *Russia*); 4. *Turkey* \$ 4688 (60% *USA*); 5. *Saudi Arabia* \$ 4360 (66% *USA*); 6. *Greece* \$ 3958 (47% *USA*); 7. *South Korea* \$ 3445 (64% *USA*); 8. *Egypt* \$ 3251 (91% *USA*); 9. *UK* \$ 3 116 (82% *USA*) and *Israel* \$ 3 033 (74% *USA*). And here are *Licensed UK Arms Exports* in 2004: 1. *US* £ 210 million; 2. *Italy* £120; 3. *Saudi Arabia* £ 100; 4. *Oman* £ 90; 5. *Germany* £ 90; 6. *South Africa* £ 90; 7. *India* £ 80; 8. *France* £ 70; 9. *Turkey* £ 60; 10. *Romania* £ 60.

Gordon Brown's Revenue & Customs Regulations take up a couple of feet of shelf space. A few of the many thousands of instructions are the rules for *Controlled Foreign Corporations* which the *Chancellor of the Exchequer* uses to loot foreign subsidiaries of *English Companies*. Soon after these rules were introduced a long queue of *Transnational Corporations* formed outside the *European Court* claiming that *Brown's Rules* violated their right to establish a business anywhere in the *European Community* and take advantage of favourable tax regimes.

Last week the Court ruled in the companies' favour. *Brown* can only apply the rules to wholly artificial companies with no real economic activity like a 'letterbox' or 'front' company. And he can't appeal. The decision has been hailed as a victory against *Brown's* aggressive efforts to prevent the movement of profits to lower tax countries. In

its ruling the court said that *Britain's CFC Legislation* was a restriction on the freedom of establishment guaranteed by *European Treaties*. Oh that *Tax Avoidance* were the only sin of *Our Corporate Masters*!

Monday 18th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-19

blog 261/2006

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

For the next four years Fredrik Reinfeldt will be *Prime Minister of Sweden* with its population of nine million. Yesterday the alliance of Reinfeldt's *Conservatives* with *Liberals, Christian Democrats and Centre* won 178 seats in the 349-seat *Swedish Parliament* putting them 7-seats ahead of the *Social Democrat Alliance*. The *Social Democrats* are still the largest party in the parliament with 35% of the vote but Reinfeldt's party...up from 15% in 2002 to an impressive 26%...is now vying for top spot.



PHOTO: HENRIK MONTGOMERY/SCANPIX

Their victory was won in the *Stockholm City Region* which casts 1 in 5 of all *Swedish* votes. In *Stockholm* 37% voted for the *Conservatives* and only 25% for the ruling *Social Democrats*.

With *Proportional Representation*, *Minority Parties* form alliances with other *Opposition*

Parties to gain power while a *Majority Alliance* splits the opposition to stay in power. Reinfeldt succeeded where Göran Persson failed. If *Cameron Tories* and the *Hughes LibDems* formed an alliance against *Brown's New Labour* for the 2009 *Westminster Elections* David Cameron could well get a *Reinfeldt Outcome* under *PR*...but *First Past The Post* is something else.

English Political Commentators regularly make extravagant ideological claims for Margaret Thatcher's *Conservative Party*. But the electoral reality was always that when the *Gang of Four* split off from the *Labour Party* and formed themselves into a new party any *Conservative Party* could have strolled to electoral victory. 20-years later the new party was taken over by the *Liberal Party* and ever since, the *Liberal Democrats* have campaigned as *Not The Tories* in *Conservative Constituencies* and *Not New Labour* in *Labour Constituencies*. This works well until you have to govern...which is now Reinfeldt's problem. But there are others.

Social Democracy has ruled *Sweden* for 69 of the past 74 years building up a model state on funds accumulated by keeping out of both *European wars*. With the rest of *Europe* in ruins *Sweden's* industries had a huge international market and little competition. In the seventies the money ran out so *Sweden* started borrowing. Meanwhile it kept the economy going...and exports strong...by steadily depreciating the kronor...down a third over the 20 years.

However Reinfeldt has two things going for him. Firstly *Sweden* has given an approving nod to a generation change...not something *Swedes* do lightly...with the new 41-year old *Swedish Prime Minister* 20-years younger than the old one. Reinfeldt would have had a tougher fight on his hands against an Anna Lindh or a Mona Sahlin.

Secondly Reinfeldt pointed his finger at a glaring problem with the *Swedish Model*...one that *Swedes* have been reluctant to admit. *Sweden* preaches the *Protestant Ethic* with *Work* as the foundation of their society and *Full Employment* as their pride and joy. But reality has been less and less people working for more and more scroungers as the *Social Democrats* imposed levies on high incomes...so high in fact that effective tax rates were often over 60% after *Employer Contributions*.

This tax money was redistributed fairly indiscriminately to both the deserving and undeserving poor. Add in the generous *Unemployment Benefits* and for sizeable parts of the population work is no longer an attractive *Lifestyle Option*. *OECD* calculates that the average *Swede* clocks on for only 35/52 weeks a year.

The *Social Democrats* have also shown indifference to the plight of small businesses and entrepreneurs preferring to rely on *Saltsjöbaden Concordats* with the big *Multinational Swedish Corporations*...*Ericsson, SKF, ABB* and *Volvo*...and their labour unions. True unemployment in *Sweden* is running closer to 20% than the official 6% but this is being masked by political correctness and statistical deceit.

The only policy response that the *Social Democrats* have come up...supplied by their alliance partners on the left...has been to create 200 000 new *Public Sector Jobs*. Reinfeldt made this poverty of ideas...and distrust of *Private Initiative*...a principal theme of his *Election Campaign*.

Young people entering the *Work-Force* over the past few years have become increasingly aware that *Sweden* is not working for them...but for just a few privileged groups favoured by the *Social Democrats*. What they really want is to contribute meaningfully to the *World of Work*. But all they are offered is *Temporary Jobs* and *Meaningless Courses*. In this regard *Sweden* is more like *France* than *England*...but without the riots.

Tuesday 19th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-20

blog 262/2006<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

The *Chinese* are inscrutable; the *Japanese* are fiendishly clever...and devilishly cruel; *Americans* are brash and ignorant; *Europeans* are untrustworthy with the *French* perfidious...or is that the *French* who claim that *Albion* is perfidious...the *Germans* pushy and rude...with no sense of humour and everyone south of the *Danube* is hairy and smells of garlic. So goes *Imperial English Prejudice*. But that is the bad news.

The good news is that a generation is growing up in *England* with rather different prejudices. Some of the more enlightened have discovered that *Europeans* from behind the *Iron Curtain* are clever, resourceful and hard-working. Many computer viruses started life in *Bulgaria* so their first stop was *Romania* before piggy-backing across to *Western Europe* and beyond. Ten years on the *Romanians* have the best anti-virus software company in the world.

Turkey is beyond the pale. The *Turks* kill *English* football supporters...and massacre *Kurds*. Until recently I was minded to share this prejudice. Then I visited a *National Health Dentist* for the first time in 30 years. Her diagnosis was not as bad as I feared...two extractions, one filling, some plaque removal and one root canal and crown job.

Only half the *RC&C* job remains...and with today's *Gum Numbing Technology* pain is a thing of the past. However I may have spoken too soon as she plans to cut a millimetre into the gum next week to expose the nerve. But she has such lovely brown eyes that I could put up with anything. But I forgot to mention...my dentist wears an *Islamic* headscarf and her grandparents live in a small town a few dozen miles from *Istanbul*. Wonderful people the *Turks*.

The *Poles* helped the *RAF* win the *Battle of Britain* so they have always had a good press over here. Many stayed on after the war so the *English Chapter* of the *Polish Diaspora* has 82 *Polish Catholic Churches*, a *Polish Educational Society* that supports 67 *Polish Saturday Schools* attended by five thousand children and 113 *Polish Community Centres*...the biggest in *Hammersmith* boasting the largest *Polish Library* outside *Poland*. In four years time the daily *Polish* language newspaper *Dziennik Polski* will be celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. And so to immigration.

Nobody believes a word the *Government* says on this. The suspicion is that they are unable to tell us the truth because they don't have the foggiest idea what it is. To dissemble you need to have some facts to dissemble with. However a *Non-Governmental Organisation* called *Migration Watch* has been around for a while and calls it right most of the time. Under the current policy regime they predict that we will enjoy net immigration of two million over the next ten years...a rate of 200 000 a year and four times the rate in the 1990s. 80% of population growth will be immigration.

Migration Watch reports that since enlargement of the *European Union*, 450 000 immigrants have registered for employment...half of them from *Poland*...150 000 are self-employed, 100 000 are non-registered and 50 000 are dependents...30 000 *National Insurance Numbers* have been issued for *Dependent Children*. Three quarters of *New Immigrants* are young men, a quarter settle in *London* and in total 1 in every 14 *UK* residents was born abroad.

Poland has a population of 38 million, *Romania* has 22 million...half of them rural...and *Bulgaria* has 8 million. *Polish* unemployment is 16%...*Bulgaria's* 8%. At present the *UK* with a population of 60 million and *Ireland* and *Sweden* with populations of less than 10 million are the only countries in *Europe* with open borders to the new *EU* members from *Eastern Europe*. All three seem likely to keep their commitments despite reports from *Dublin* of thousands of *Polish Homeless* and concerns about the trafficking of 700 000 prostitutes from *East to West Europe*.

The real crunch comes with *Turkey*...and for three principal reasons. Firstly size...*Turkey* has a population of 80 million. Secondly religion...the *German Pope* wishes to see a *Christian Europe* and most *Turks* are *Moslem* even though *Turkey* is a *Secular State*. But thirdly...and most importantly...any proposed marriage between *Turkey* and the *European Union* begs fundamental questions about the *New World Order*. *NATO* is past its sell-by date...its *raison d'être* was the *Cold War* with *Turkey* included in the alliance to meet *Cold War Needs*.

The *British Army* is 100 000 strong. Apart from small deployments in *Northern Ireland*, the *Falklands* and the *Balkans* Blair's military legacy is *Iraq* and *Afghanistan*. During the *Cold War* regiments spent their time in barracks planning and training. Nowadays regiments are on *Permanent Operations*. Their barracks are for recuperation before the next tour of *Mission Creep*. *Army Recruitment* no longer talks about *Adventure*...but *Combat*.

America's Geopolitical Delusions and *Oil & Dollar Gunboat Politics* have thrown *World Diplomacy* into freefall. The *United States* is bankrupt. Her *Economic Might* is an illusion...a *Serial Bubble Economy* with a *DotCom Bubble* making way for *Property & Security Bubbles*. There has been no *Real Growth* in the *US Economy* for two decades...just an explosion in *Overseas Debts* swamping the *Real Economy*. *America* is a *Failed State*. She should be encouraged to evolve a new *Monroe Doctrine* and remove herself from the *International Stage* to lick her wounds and learn her lessons. She has nothing to offer the world. The disaster of this country's *Foreign Policy* for the past ten years has been its failure to see this. *Turkey's* future depends upon the dawning of this realisation in *Whitehall*.

Wednesday 20th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-21

blog 263/2006<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

Most days I skim the *Obituaries* in *The Times*...fighter pilots from the *Second World War*, unknown *Hollywood* actresses, a geriatric civil servant...but seldom anyone of interest to me. So I find myself asking about the criteria for their selection. John Seymour and Nicholas Albery got themselves full-page obituaries in several of the daily papers and John Papworth might warrant one...he has been in the news. But the only obituary I am likely to get is the one I write for myself...and no paper will print that. Perhaps from now on my purpose in life should be to get obituarised.

But last Monday...September 11th 2006...*The Times' Obituaries Register* featured a right-wing paramilitary leader murdered after lifting the lid on the *Colombian* drugs trade, an esteemed historian who promoted understanding of the deep roots of *Christians* in the *Arab* world and a *Jesuit* champion of the social role of the *Catholic Church*.

On careful inspection the page was contrived for 9/11 because the *Arab Historian* died at the end of July, the *Brazilian Jesuit* died at the end of August and the *Paramilitary Commander* was murdered in 2004...although his remains only turned up this month. Yet it made for an interesting read as those involved might otherwise have been up for a *Nobel Peace Prize*, a *Right Livelihood Award*...or one of the levels of *Dante's Inferno*.

Professor Nicolas Ziadeh was born in *Damascus* in 1907...son of a *Palestinian Railway Clerk* from *Nazareth*. He worked in *Jerusalem* under the *British* mandate until 1935 when he won a scholarship to study *History* in *London*. Ziadeh described himself as non-political but thought that Nasser's form of *Arab Nationalism* had destroyed the hopes of his generation for a more democratic and tolerant society. He was also disappointed that *Muslim Arabs* had doubts about the patriotism of their *Christian* compatriots. The *Pope* should read his book *Christianity and the Arabs*.

Archbishop Luciano Mendes de Almeida was born in 1930 and was recruited by the *Jesuits* at 17. In 1976 he was the first *Brazilian Jesuit* to be appointed bishop. He was *President* of the influential *Brazilian Bishops Conference (CNBB)* from 1979 to 1994. Mendes de Almeida was one of a group of socially conscious bishops who worked to put *Liberation Theology* into practice by dedicating themselves to the poor and the oppressed and involving the *Roman Catholic Church* in the lives and problems of ordinary people. Pope John Paul II disapproved and in 1985 ordered the *Brazilian* theologian Leonardo Boff to stop teaching for a year because of his denunciations of capitalism.

Carlos Castaño Gil would seem to be a most unlikely candidate for a *Times Obituary*. He was one of 12 children born in 1965 on a small farm in *Gomez Plata* district near *Amalfi* in the northern *Colombian* department of *Antioquia*. His life as a killer began when he was recruited into a self-defence militia organised by his brother and financed by the drugs boss Pablo Escobar to fight the guerrillas of the *Magdalena River Valley*. His organisational skills and ruthlessness helped him to rise quickly through the ranks. But his group fell out with Escobar...allegedly...went over to the opposition and helped track Escobar down to a house in *Medellin* where he was shot dead in December 1993.

In 2004 Castaño was killed...execution-style...with a bullet in the head...allegedly...while negotiations were going on between paramilitary leaders and the *Government* of President Álvaro Uribe. The President had offered thousands of right-wing gunmen who dominated large parts of *Colombia* the chance to lay down their arms. They could return to civilian life if they accepted a degree of responsibility for the atrocities committed during the years of conflict with the left-wing guerrillas of the *Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC)* and the *National Liberation Army (ELN)*. Talks began in late 2002 and until just before his death Castaño was the paramilitaries' lead negotiator.

The paramilitaries...like the guerrillas...financed their operations with drug trafficking and extortion. They became immensely wealthy and influential and were useful allies in operations against the *FARC* and the *ELN*. By the time negotiations began Castaño was coming across as a moderate who accepted the *Government's* view that the paramilitaries should admit some responsibility for their crimes and pay for them with short prison sentences. He also agreed that they should hand over some of their wealth and cut their links with drug trafficking.

Castaño fate was sealed in 2001...allegedly...when he published his autobiography *Mi Confesión* and admitted that money for his *United Self-Defence Forces of Colombia* came from drug trafficking on behalf of one of *Colombia's* main cocaine cartels and that he had been involved in many assassinations and massacres of innocent civilians.

But this honesty and contrition did not go down too well with his paramilitary colleagues who felt they had nothing to apologise for and had no intention of giving up their businesses. They also suspected that Castaño might have negotiated a private deal with the *US Drug Enforcement Administration*. *The Times Obituary* seeks to scotch any rumours that the *CIA* might have whisked him off to a safe-house in *Miami* by insisting that 'dental records and

DNA tests indicated that the odds that the remains were not those of Carlos Castaño were a billion to one.' But what does that prove? Here. Have a tooth and a blood sample. So the *Obituary* threw in an informer by the name of *Monoleche* for good measure who duly claimed to have taken part in the assault on the ranch where Castaño was killed. Hmmm!

Thursday 21st September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-22

blog 264/2006

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

With winter approaching I need to take stock of how I am doing...relative to how I hoped to be doing at the start of the year. Traditionally my mid-year appraisal covers successes, surprises and failures...and from an analysis of the failures emerges a revised strategy for the rest of the year. My score stands at 8 successes, 2 surprises and 4 failures.

Number One on my *Success List* is my blogging. At the start of the year I had little idea whether it would be possible to deliver 365 daily 1000 word blogs of an acceptable quality. With over 70% completed...261/365...I am now confident that I can complete the task...and that the task was worthwhile.



At No.2 and No.3 on my success list come Heidi and John Papworth. This *One Man and His Work* is better off for having withdrawn from their suffocating embrace. At No.4 is my financial retrenchment. Mr McCawber would be proud of me. My regular outgoings no longer exceed my income. My financial foundations are secure. My two thousand pound private loan from Mr Burt for the third *Magpie Sagas* book has been repaid and my five hundred pound *Good Yacht Guide* balance on my *Neame Designs* account has been paid off...and the account closed down.

At No.5 is the transfer of ownership of the good ship *Vemara* into my name which took place this week...as well as the good relations established with Mssrs David & Martin Hutchings. At No.6 is resolving the dispute with Mr Roud and the re-mooring of *Vemara* on the *River Rother*. At No.7 is agreeing with Berni Fiddimore to reopen dialogue on the *Magpie Sagas Project* after a 12 month dispute. At No.8 is re-establishing good relations with Cynthia Battersby which allows progress to recommence on the *Connie Lindqvist Project*.

There are two items on my *Surprise List*. No.1 is *Climate Change*...at the start of the year I had no idea that I would be devoting time to this subject during 2006. No.2 is *Summer in Stockholm* which was not on my agenda at the start of the year...warmest thanks to my son Nicholas John. But now let me turn to the year's failures.

There are four items on my *Failure List*. At No.1 is my failure to secure the forty thousand kronor...£3000...funding I wanted before moving to *Lund University* for six months to complete my *Fil.Kand* degree. At No.2 is my failure to find acceptable storage arrangements for my stuff...and Connie's stuff and *Academic Inn Books* stocks...stored at *Rye Harbour, Vemara, Wittersham & Winchelsea Road*.

At No.3 is the fact that I no longer wish to live on *Vemara* but have yet to move to an apartment. At No.4 is my failure to start day-trading in *Swedish Kronor* and *European Economies*. These failures are related...because they were predicated upon receiving the money promised by *JAK*.

JAK's failure to deliver on their February 2006 promise to provide an unsecured loan of SEK 75 000 in April 2006 lies behind my failures not only under No.1 but also 2, 3 and 4. However a promise has now been made to provide the unsecured funds requested once I am resident in *Sweden*. Storage under No.2 was to be paid for from the *JAK* funding. The financial risk of moving to *Lund* under No.3 was to be met by six months of *Forward Living Capability* on account or in pre-paid rent. Work on No.4 was deemed to be dependent on stable and efficient working conditions.

My revised strategy is to seek an apartment in *Rye* immediately to meet my winter needs...October to March...and permit me to consolidate my stuff so that subsequent moves into commercial storage becomes much easier. My apartment rent will be met from *Housing Benefit* and the savings on storage costs offset by the loss of *Housing Benefit* for *Mooring Fees*. Last week I set the *Ryesingers* network to work on my behalf by letting Lesley Brownbill know that I was giving serious consideration to wintering in *Rye*...if I could find a suitable apartment.

It then makes sense for me to formally apply for a place at *Lund University* for the *Spring Term 2007*...applications are due in by mid-October 2006...once registered I will have access to the *University Housing* lists. I have also decided to explore the possibility of grants for my *Economic History Studies* in *Lund*. At year end after four months of *Cultura* income I will see how things stand...and tithes a portion of any wealth to my *IG-Index Fund* for 2007.

Friday 22nd September 2006

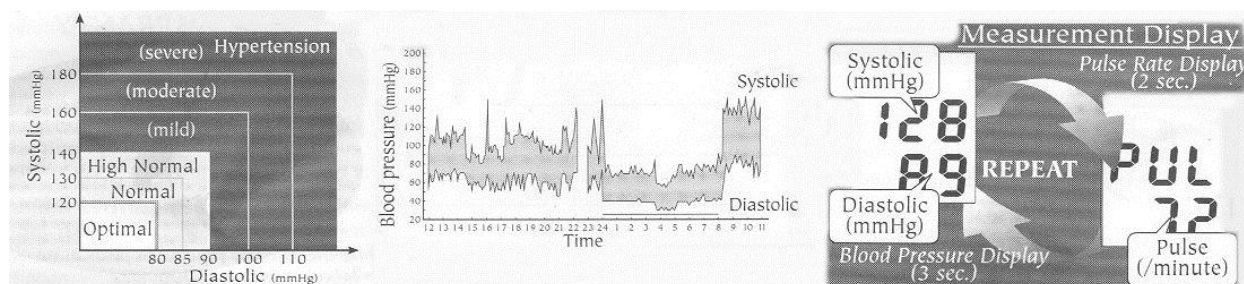
Posted: 2006-09-23

blog 265/2006

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

Last Friday I had an oblique brush with the *National Health Service* when *Registered Charity 1058944* descended upon my *Local Doctor's Practice* on *Ferry Road* for the afternoon. Not one to pass up something free at the point of delivery the moment the news arrived in the post I programmed my digital organiser to beep at me a day beforehand so I could schedule myself to be at *PCHut*...just two minutes walk away from the *Surgery*...at the appointed hour.

The day before, I reset the alarm for half-an-hour before the event. Then off I went to have my upper arm squeezed. Twenty minutes later I returned to work the proud owner of a little card telling me that on 15/9-2006 my blood pressure was satisfactory at 138/80. The card from the *Blood Pressure Association* tells me high blood pressure causes stroke and heart disease...the major causes of early death and disability. Pity there was no tea and biscuits.



Five years ago on 1st December 2001...a year before Connie died...I bought a gadget to measure blood pressure...the *Mark of Fitness MF-74 Wrist-Type Digital Blood Pressure Monitor* to give it its full title. I took readings on Connie and myself and noted them in my journal. I was fine at 139/78...with a pulse of 66. A week later on 6/12-2001 I was 134/92 at 61 and 138/94 at 63 which was beginning to get a little border line. After Christmas on 8/1-2002 I was up at 140/88 at 61...on the border between *High Normal* and *Mild Hypertension*. So I signed up at *Hilden Gym*.

Two and a half years later on 19th August 2004...a couple of stones lighter...I dug out my *MF-74*, treated it to some new batteries and tested myself again. Yo! 118/67...58 pulse. Not just *Normal* but *Optimal*. Two months later on 19/10-2004 I recorded 132/82...repeating at 143/85...but with '6 pm + coffees' in the margin. A year ago on 27/8-2005 my *MF-74* recorded 125/66 at 3 pm and 125/67 at 8pm while at 8am on 15/9-2005 I was 142/85...pulse 65.

However in all this time I never took a proper look at the reading I had taken from Connie a year before she died. My heart skipped a beat when I found the numbers at the back of an old journal. On 1st December 2001 Connie's blood pressure was 157/105 and her pulse 78. Much too high...in the *Moderate Hypertension* range. Connie died of an aneurysm at the age of 52 eleven months later. One more 'if only...' to feel guilty about.

A *National Health Service* free at the point of use is back in vogue. Apparently it is what the great British public wants and hence what every politician intends to give them...although they differ on the small print and the weasel words like complementary, supplementary and anything else...and insist that they are not saying 'privatisation'.

Real discussion of *Sane Medical Provision* awaits new linguistic terminology like 'personal care'...as opposed to contradictions in terms like 'impersonal care'; 'local provision'...complete with such criteria as 'delivery within half and hour's walk for easy access by visiting relatives and friends'; and 'health products & services providers'...what difference does the legal structure of the deliverer make to the patient at the point of delivery...Tender Loving Care ratios; Medical Delivery miles; and 'Cosmetic, Nice-to-have or Vital' being more pertinent criteria for the patient.

As *Health Care* becomes ever more insurance-driven...via the *BUPAs* and *SAGAs*...*Medical Provision* will shift from product-led to market-led...not by the idiocy of a *VAT* approach where everybody sells the unsellable to everybody else...a recipe for a *Hustlers Paradise*...but by discriminating between *End-User Markets*...*Old People Care* and *Road Accidents* being two prime candidates for *Independent Business* status...with their own *P&Ls* and *Balance Sheets*. A good way for *Cameron & Co* to begin might be by reading Ivan Illich's *Medical Nemesis*.

But I have no complaints about my *NHS Dental Treatment*. I was suffering for a couple of days after Tuesday's session with its gum-slicing to get at the second root canal. But I am now in the final straight of my *Once Every 30-Years Routine Maintenance* with just two sessions to go. And I will make it to the chequered flag with nothing to pay unless vanity demands a tooth-coloured crown instead of the silver or gold option on offer to *NHS Patients*.

One rather quaint little quirk of my treatment is that it is affected by *Ramadan*. My dentist finds it difficult to do her job during *Ramadan* so this is the time of year when she takes her year's vacation. No free time-spots before *Ramadan* in 2-weeks time so I must wait until the end of *Ramadan* in early November for my final two sessions. In 2036 I will start treatment earlier in the year so I am all done and dusted before fasting begins in the *Moslem World*.

Saturday 23rd September 2006

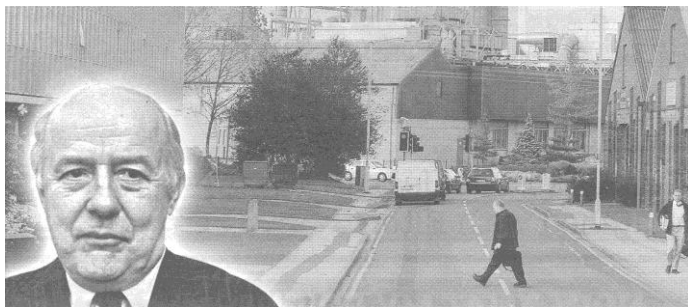
Posted: 2006-09-25

blog 266/2006

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

The award-winning TV series *The Office* is set in *Slough* a few miles west of *London* and opens with this panorama of the town. Sir John Betjeman wrote a poem that put *Slough* on the map the way that George Orwell's *The Road to Wigan Pier* put *Wigan* on the map. The poem from the *Bard of Suburbia* goes like this:

Come friendly bombs and fall on Slough! It isn't fit for humans now, There isn't grass to graze a cow. Swarm over, Death! Come, bombs and blow to smithereens Those air-conditioned, bright canteens, Tinned fruit, tinned meat,



tinned milk, tinned beans, Tinned minds, tinned breath. Mess up the mess they call a town - A house for ninety-seven down And once a week a half a crown For twenty years. And get that man with double chin Who'll always cheat and always win, Who washes his repulsive skin In women's tears: And smash his desk of polished oak And smash his hands so used to stroke And stop his boring dirty joke And make him yell. But spare the bald young clerks who add The profits of the stinking cad; It's not their fault that they are mad,

They've tasted Hell. It's not their fault they do not know The birdsong from the radio, It's not their fault they often go To Maidenhead And talk of sport and makes of cars In various bogus-Tudor bars And daren't look up and see the stars But belch instead. In labour-saving homes, with care Their wives frizz out peroxide hair And dry it in synthetic air And paint their nails. Come friendly bombs and fall on Slough To get it ready for the plough. The cabbages are coming now; The earth exhales.

It is no surprise that the *Church of England* owns large tracts of land in cathedral cities such as *Canterbury*, *Ely*, *Peterborough* and *York*. But after the *Church Commissioners* debacle a few years ago the *Church* has begun investing in industrial estates in *Swindon* and *Waltham Cross* and shopping areas like the *Cribbs Causeway Centre* in *Bristol*. Its newly-acquired interests also spread to *Europe* with its stake in the *ING Central Europe Property Fund*.

Closer to home planning permission has now been granted for the *Church* to develop land on the *Ashford Great Park* estate while 15% of the *Church's* commercial portfolio is in *London's West End*...mainly with a holding in the *Pollen estate*. Connie's old employers...Quin and Biddie Cole at *Rye Pottery*...have been at the sharp edge of these *New Model Church Commissioners*. One day out of the blue the *Church*...landlord of their *Retail Outlet* in *Sloane Square*...gave notice to *Rye Pottery* that their rent was trebled. They had little choice but to close up shop.

The *Church of England* also has parking space in the capital and nets twenty million pounds a year from selling 99-year leases on garage spaces. Nor is property in *The North* neglected where it holds a 10% interest and associated land in the *MetroCentre* in *Gateshead*...the largest shopping and leisure centre in *Europe* providing *Shoppertainment* with an indoor theme park, an 11-screen cinema and a bewildering array of shops open from 10am to 9pm six days a week and from 10am to 5pm on Sundays. What would Sir John Betjeman have to say about all this? Is it good form?

Shortly after 9/11 at the age of 42 the star of *Basic Instinct* Sharon Stone was at home when she suddenly felt she had been shot in the head. The pain was so intense she fell over. She had always feared having a stroke yet when it happened she didn't take it seriously. She found herself with a splitting headache while none of the things she said made sense. After three days she finally went to hospital. They operated but the haemorrhage was missed. They thought she had a ruptured vessel that had bled itself out. Nine more days went by and her condition didn't improve so they operated again. This time they found an artery that was pumping blood into the brain.

Sharon Stone was close to death at one point and saw the white light reported by those who have a *Near Death Experience*. She saw people she knew had died and felt they were as close and as real as any living being and that she only had to step over a very narrow line to join them. Talking about it five years later Sharon's conclusion is that it just wasn't her time. 'The whole experience got rid of any remaining fears I may have had about life after death. I still have much to do,' she said, 'but I don't fear for the future.' Sharon had this to say about her experience.

'My near-death experience affected me profoundly. It made me prioritise and put a new perspective on my career. I love what I do, but more than ever I keep it in its place. I'm a different person now. I walk closer to God and have

an overwhelming sense of wellbeing, of joy, and I don't have the wants and desires I had before. I have more gratitude in my life for what I have than longing for what I don't...and that's a peaceful way to be.'

Sunday 24th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-25

blog 267/2006

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

Carbonistas...and Economists...often adopt with some panache a wheeze from the Complete Handbook on Lies, Damn Lies and Statistics that goes by the name of Aggregation. The trick is to take raw data, massage, adjust, and aggregate it, then feed it into a computer model to generate scenarios for the spin boys to headline downstream as Future Reality. Another name might be The Structure of Unscientific Revolutions. Take a look at this picture.



Can the *Thames* really be choked like this with boats, barges and cruisers battling for every inch of space? Well yes and no because what we have here is an aggregated picture of dozens of photographs taken over a single hour. Travelling between *Tower Bridge* and *London Bridge* the river users include an array of vessels. Tourist & pleasure boats make up more than half the total, work boats another fifth and public safety...police, lifeboat & river authority...around 10% depending quite what you make of *HMS Belfast* that has been sitting quietly in the *Pool of London* for years. The rest are commuter boats and private users.

Here is your identification key: 1. *Police launch*; 2. *Royal National Lifeboat Institute launch*; 3. *Port of London Authority work boat*; 4. *Private leisure craft*; 5. *PLA driftwood vessel*; 6. *Vita tourist boat*; 7. *Cargo boat*; 8. *London Rose tourist boat*; 9. *Millennium Dawn tourist boat*; 10. *Withycombe tourist boat*; 11. *Thames tourist boat*; 12. *Burgan cargo vessel*; 13. *Private speed boat*; 14. *Private speed boat*; 15. *Environmental refuse tug*; 16. *Rigid inflatable boat*; 17. *City Cruises tourist boat*; 18. *Thames Clipper commuter boat*; 19. *Police launch*; 20. *Sky Clipper commuter boat*; 21. *Tourist boat*; 22. *Suerita tourist boat*; 23. *Rigid inflatable boat*; 24. *Hydrospace Delta tourist boat*; 25. *Hydrospace Alpha tourist boat*; 26. *Tourist boat*; 27. *Tourist boat*; 28. *Tug pulling sand*; 29. *HMS Belfast*; 30. *Environmental refuse tug*; 31. *Mercuria tourist boat*; 32. *Hydrospace Alpha pleasure boat*; 33. *Pleasure boat*; 34. *Thames work boat*; 35. *Rigid inflatable boat*; 36. *City Cruises boat*; 37. *Tourist boat*; 38. *PLA launch*; 39. *Catamaran Cruises tourist boat*; 40. *Sapele pleasure boat*; 41. *City Cruises tourist boat*; 42. *Pleasure boat*; 43. *Tourist boat*; 44. *City Cruises pleasure boat*; 45. *Tug boat*; 46. *City Cruises pleasure boat*; 47. *Hurricane Clipper commuter boat*.

Unaccustomed as I am to acknowledging my sources I will make an exception in this case as the photographer Alisdair MacDonald deserves acclaim for coming up with the bright idea of placing his camera on *London Bridge* between midday and 1 pm and capturing every vessel that passed. Using a computer he then laid each shot on top of the other and merged them to create the single stunning photograph that he sold to the *Daily Mail*.

If this persuades you to take the train in future; think again. On Thursday 24th August...while we were witnessing the start of the *Spanish Civil War* in *Castillo*...an 8-car train carrying 600 people from *King's Cross* to *Peterborough* split in half with the front four carriages coming to a halt 50 yards ahead of the rest of the train. The automatic brakes did their thing and there was nothing wrong with the couplers so human error was to blame. That's all right then.

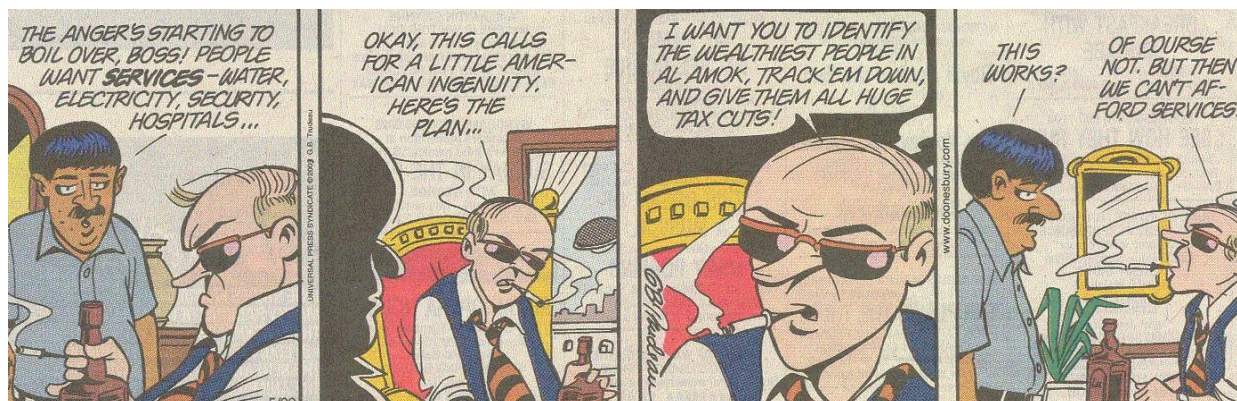
Monday 25th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-26

blog 268/2006

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

Today the world pledged to look on and do nothing as the *Sudanese* government resumed their genocide in the *Darfur* region. 'Once again *Western Nations* have sent out a united message to the *Sudanese Government* that is proving almost impossible for them to ignore,' said a *United Nations* spokesperson.



Two weeks ago *Madonna* held her first ever concert in *Russia*. The *New Model Russia* ushered in by *Putin* & his *KGB* cronies are risk-averse. They do not do surprises...and have an instinctive dislike for uncharted events. *Madonna's Concert Management* was concerned by the threat of rain. This would ruin the stage at the open air stadium where *Madonna* was playing. A *Russian News Source* reported *Madonna's Tour Manager* remarking that 'rain would be an unpleasant occurrence. *Madonna* will dance a lot during the show and the stage must be dry.'

Russian weather experts were called in and instructed to eliminate this possible calamity by using aircraft to spray the sky over the *Moscow Stadium* with chemicals that would 'dry out any clouds'. The treatment was developed originally to keep military rallies in *Red Square* dry during the *Soviet Union* era...and which the *Chinese* propose using to keep the *2008 Beijing Olympics* dry. The technique relies on cloud seeding.

Silver Iodide powder or other moisture-absorbing substances acts as seeds simulating the natural salt, dust and other tiny particles in the atmosphere that help water droplets to form. Spraying clouds increases rainfall but less intensive spraying can dry out clouds...allegedly. *Madonna's* concert was dry...and no doubt instructions have gone out to *Climate Scientists* to adjust their raw data in future to make allowance for military meddling with the atmosphere.

An advertisement in the *Christmas Supplement* to the *Cinque Ports Letter*...billed as *William Franklin Occasional Paper Number Thirteen* and published in December 1992...reads as follows: 'In two years of begging, stealing and borrowing from *Viz*, *The Economist*, *The Financial Times* and *Fourth World Review* we have run up a thumping loss and will be pleased to share this with our contributors if they would like to get in touch.' Surprisingly nobody did so.

The subject of the *Christmas Supplement* is the *Yoof-Fool Wassail Cup Recipe from William of Salisbury*...so he has been around awhile. It is billed it as a *Christmas Entertainment for Children of All Ages*...in three dramatic enactments: *Getting Going*; *Getting Warmer* and *Getting Merry*. The setting is the kitchen of a small suburban house. Enter a *Male Specimen of Yoof* stage right. A voice off...think *Wizard of Oz*...gives instructions.

'Lay your hands on *Ten Bottles of Newcastle Brown Ale*...or your local under-the-stairs equivalent. Get Dad to donate a *Bottle of Medium Dry Sherry*...make sure it's full. Well done! That was the important part. Next ask Mum to support your energy and initiative...that line always works. Girlfriends, sisters or grandmothers will also do. Appeal to their inherent sense of female superiority by pleading that culinary matters are too complicated for you.'

'Before they assure you they have to see a man about a dog...they weren't born yesterday...put them at their ease by mentioning the word *Spices*. Got that! As in *Sugar and Spice and All Things Nice* that little girls are made of. Tell them you need their advice. Now they'll be eating out of your hand. So go for it. 'Well you see I have this recipe...' Here we go. *Walkman* off now please! Hello *Man in the Moon*! *Sidewinder* on *Dream* please!' [That's enough Ed]

The *United Kingdom's Defence Secretary*...A.N. Other Brown called Des...has confidently predicted a large fall in the number of *British* troops stationed in *Afghanistan* and *Iraq* by 2007. 'We see at least half the troops presently stationed in the *Middle East* being redeployed to local military hospital morgues before being flown home to rejoin

their fellow servicemen in local cemeteries', promised Des Browne before adding, 'Some will of course be passed through our local field hospitals to avoid all the counting that goes on elsewhere in the region.'

Tuesday 26th September 2006

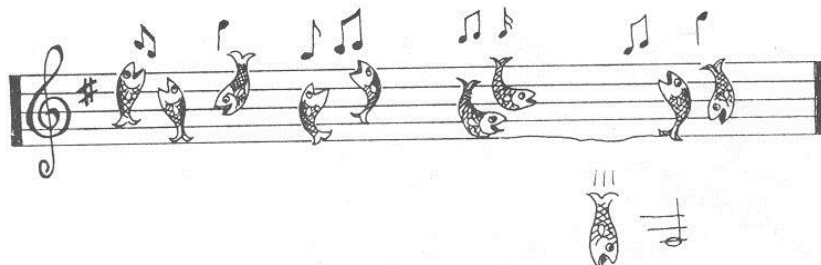
Posted: 2006-09-27

blog 269/2006

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

John Seymour wrote thirty books and numerous articles on land and money reform, the good life and the forgotten arts and crafts of self-reliance. John spent the summer of 1994 celebrating his 80th birthday...retreating between parties to his homestead in Ireland to milk cows in the morning and impart skills in self-sufficiency in the afternoon.

Connie Lindqvist was born in *Finland* in 1950 spending her formative years amidst *Lapps*, reindeer and fir trees. She was the only female skipper of a gaff-rigged vessel cruising the *French* and *English Channel* coasts and the owner of a design studio in *Rye* that created monumental ceramic panels for the shopkeepers of *Knightsbridge*.



In 1993 I put on my publisher's hat and brought together my old political colleague and my new acquaintance for *Rye From the Water's Edge*. John took one look at Connie's illustrations for the book and wrote that 'as a marine artist Connie was beyond compare, her boats and her sea really feel like boats and sea'...adding for good measure that 'if ever Connie needed something to do I might try to persuade her to illustrate some sea-poems I have written'.

As a publisher I disowned the project on the grounds that 'nobody made money from poetry books'...remarks that can be found on Page 67 of the first edition of *Seymour's Seemarks* published in 500 examples by *Academic Inn Books* in Spring 1995. The book is now out of print after being sold directly to the public at £4.95 each by *AIB's* two *Sales Agents* John Seymour and Connie Lindqvist...and producing £1750 profit to share between us.

In my *Few Words* I went on that '...even Rudyard Kipling would be hard pressed to find a publisher nowadays. Yet here are John's sea-poems...and illustrated by Connie Lindqvist. How does the old codger do it? *Old Head of Kinsale* was rejected in a vain attempt to shipwreck the project...yet it survived. My mistake was forking out in November 1993 to send Connie across to *Ireland*. Over booze and baccy the conspiracy was hatched. Perhaps real poetry will start to make a comeback with this volume of *Seymour's Seemarks*? You bought a copy after all!'

Seymour's Seemarks starts with a warning to the reader that 'the poet takes no responsibility for any shipwrecks caused by pilots using this volume as a Pilot's Guide' and then includes the following dozen poems: Cape Comorin; Roaring Middle; Pelican Point; Danger Point; Tusker; Galloper; Strumble Head; St Govan; Old Head of Kinsale; Spurn; Swin Spitway and Hook. In the acknowledgements thanks is given to B.D.Thynne, *Head of Hydrography* in the *Charts Department* of the *Greenwich National Maritime Museum* 'for his courtesy and enthusiasm. The risk to mariners from this little book would have been much greater without his help.' Nonetheless approach these headlands with care, charts and a good Pilot and don't drink any alcohol...including *Weakbow Cider*...before disembarkation.

Goethe once said 'In boldness is genius'. He might have added...but didn't...that it also contains the seeds of failure. On Page 68 the bold acclamation can be read that *Seymour's Seemarks* was the first of a series of books of illustrated verse by John Seymour. *Forthcoming Books* were recklessly listed with illustrator and publication dates: Summer 1995 *Jolly Boys in the Coats of White* with Kate Seymour; Winter 1995 *Animals Talk Back* with Connie Lindqvist; Summer 1996 *My Old Man* with Mike Avery and Winter 1996 *Dancing Leaves* with Sally Seymour.

Ten years on all this has yet to take place though both Jane and Sally Seymour have completed their assignments, Connie was part of the way through the more ambitious publishing plan for *Animals Talkback* at the time of her death and Mike Avery is available to complete his assignment after having shown how good he is.

A budget of £10 000 would suffice to take the project out of mothballs and put it back on track. There is a *Complete Book of John Seymour's Illustrated Verse* (without the illustrations)...funded by Teddy Goldsmith...available as an *Adobe pdf file* or as a bound A4 book. This will be sent to potential sponsors on receipt by *Academic Inn Books*, P.O. Box 36, Rye, Sussex TN31 7WP of £25 or \$50 and a letter indicating the nature of their interest.

In *Seymour's Seemarks* John Seymour writes that he had never seen the *Old Head of Kinsale* from the sea but he had by land. 'It's a headland sticking out into the *Atlantic* foam from *Ireland's* south-west coast. It was often the first landfall mariners had on the voyage home from the *Americas*.'

Wednesday 27th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-28

blog 270/2006

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

Twenty four years ago in the summer of 1982 I drove my hired car up *Hollywood's Mulholland Drive* to collect Laura Huxley and take her to meet Dr. Rupert Sheldrake who had been invited to *Los Angeles* to give a talk about his new book *The Presence of the Past*. Two weeks ago I was reminded of that evening when the latest research on unexplained human abilities from the *Director* of the *Perrott-Warrick Project* found its way into the newspapers.

If you think telepathy is baloney you will be relieved to know that many scientists agree with you. But then many scientists believe in *Global Warming*. In both cases their belief flies in the face of the evidence and is caused by a preference to have faith in their unexamined prejudices and avoid impartial examination of the scientific evidence.

Trinity College in *Cambridge* has been funding Dr Sheldrake to investigate *Telephone Telepathy*. This is no fringe phenomenon. Three out of four people have had experiences in which they think of someone for no apparent reason and then the person calls; or they know who is calling when the phone rings before picking it up. Many people have similar experiences with emails. This is easy to test experimentally. Strange nobody has done so...until now.

Dr Sheldrake asked volunteers to give the names and telephone numbers of four people they knew well. During the test session each subject was videotaped continuously sitting by a landline telephone. One caller was selected at random by the throw of a dice. The person was then asked to call the subject. When the telephone rang the participant guessed who was calling before lifting the receiver.

The elegance of the experimental design is that the outcome of each call is right or wrong. Participants get it right one time in four if telephone telepathy is tosh. In fact they get it right half the time...45% at the *University of Cambridge* with similar results at the *University of Amsterdam*. This is *Nobel Prize* stuff. Tests with callers on the far side of the planet...in *Australia* and *New Zealand*...indicates that the effect does not fall off with distance.

According to Dr Sheldrake 'emotional closeness rather than physical proximity seemed to be the most important factor'. But ignorance and prejudice know no bounds. *Mind, Heart and Soul* do not exist we are told. Man has a clever *Brain*. *Consciousness* is all...and only...in the head we are assured. Out come the dogmas...untested, unproven and unwavering in their certainty.

Yet talk to someone who knows what they are talking about...for which they must be familiar with the scientific research...and you will discover that no one understands very much about the nature of our minds. Indeed the very existence of consciousness is unexplained. But this will not be the case for much longer. *Consciousness Research* is one of our most exciting scientific endeavours. There is accumulating evidence that brain activity is only one component in such acts as *Consciousness, Creativity, Dreaming and Understanding*.

Dr Sheldrake's theoretical work postulates the existence of *Morphogenetic Fields*. Our minds may extend far beyond our brains and our bodies stretching out through fields that link us to our environment and to each other. Fields are more extensive than material objects...magnetic fields around magnets and electromagnetic fields around mobile phones. Likewise mental fields can extend beyond our brains and bodies...with their structure and properties being influenced by attention and intention...and perhaps much else.

In principle there is no reason for such fields to be limited by either *Space* or *Time*...even though *Gravity* seems to be one field that does so in accordance with *Isaac Newton's Inverse Square Law*. Tom Lethbridge's experiments for instance have found evidence of a time-less zone between our time-space world and another time-ful zone. Lethbridge's training as an archaeologist also enabled him to build a convincing case that ancient civilisations in these *Offshore Islands* might have understood the nature of space-time better than we do. More *Nobel Prize* stuff.

My failure to arrange £3000 over the summer to pack myself off to *Lund University* for six months may turn out to be a blessing in disguise. Together with the fortuitous cancellation of the *Radical Consultation*...I was never very keen on the idea and expected very little of it...this has given me the chance to study the *History of Monarchy in England*. For the past few weeks my cabin table has been littered with books about kings and queens and revolutions.

What seems to have happened is that the *Good Old Law* was thrown out when Duke William of Normandy usurped the throne of *England* by *Right of Conquest* in 1066 and imposed *Roman Legal Practice* on us. In *Roman Law* the holder of highest authority makes the laws...and his *Royal Subjects* obey it or suffer the consequences.

The *English Legal Tradition* was reinstated in 1215 at *Runnymede* with the signing of *Magna Carta* where *Conditional Power* was placed in the king's hands by the *ad hoc* reinstatement of the old *Witan* or *English Council*. The *Social Contract* between Barons and King was a written agreement rather than the oath-making of earlier times.

Since *Magna Carta* the *English Way* of doing things has had a chequered history as the *English Monarchy* found it necessary to navigate the cataracts and rapids of 400 years of continental *Religious and Dynastic Wars*.

Thursday 28th September 2006

Posted: 2006-09-29

blog 271/2006

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In *England* the 17th century started badly when James I was drafted in from *Scotland* in 1603. This set the scene for declared and undeclared *Civil Wars in England* for the next 50-years during the administrations of Charles I (1625-1640); Oliver Cromwell & Co. (1640-1660); Charles II (1660-1685) and James II (1685-1689) before William of Orange (1689-1702) was brought in to sort out the mess and pass on some semblance of orderly governance to Queen Anne. History might be repeating itself following the present 20 years of *Scottish Government in England*.

I have *Kent Libraries'* copy of Tawney's *Business & Politics under James I* on the bunk beside me for a second reading and his *The Acquisitive Society and Religion and the Rise of Capitalism...* with Hilaire Belloc's *Biography of James II* and Charles Wilson's *Profit & Power* about *Dutch Wars* of the 17th century on my list.

The 17th century is the key to 21st century *England* so Christopher Hill's *The Century of Revolution 1603-1714* is important. But to understand the 17th century means getting up to speed on the *Tudors* which means going back to the death of Henry VIIIth in 1553 and the 44-year reign of Elizabeth Ist that followed. This ended in 1603 with the *Scottish Settlement* and the *Catholic* James Stuart ascending the *English Throne*. I found *The Queen's Bastard...* a historical novel by Robin Maxwell...provided valuable insights into the history of this period of *English History*.

But the further I get into the history of the *English Speaking Peoples* the more I am veering away from *Academic History* to *Historical Novels* and the good sense of teaching history by telling stories. *1066 And All That* mocked this approach. But just as a *Christian Scholar* can bring *Jesus* to life with Monty Python's film *The Life of Brian* so a brilliant history teacher can make history real for young (and old) people with *1066 and All That...* and the help of the internet. My main complaint about the book is that it is bad history.

The problem with *1066 And All That* is not the satirising of *History Teaching* and the *Trivialising* of the *Idea of History* but its fundamental misunderstanding of *English History*. Producing the *Domesday Book* for instance was only possible because of the efficiency of *England's* fund raising prior to William of Normandy's invasion...from years of paying *Danegeld* and bribing *Viking* raiders with gold to keep them at bay. The real significance of the overthrow of Harold Godwinsson was the subsequent replacement of *English Law* by *Continental Roman Law*.

Nowadays historical novels from good publishers are extremely well-researched. They are therefore able to provide an overall picture of the life and times in which they are set. Another interesting feature of the historical novels to be found in libraries and second-hand bookshops is that women authors are overrepresented. This is a *Good Thing*. Women have insights that are absent from the *Great Men and Glorious Wars* approach limping on into the *English Public Schools* teaching of my day as a last hurrah of *Imperial History* from its decline in the *Victorian Age*.

Oxfam claims to be the biggest second-hand bookseller in the country...which doesn't surprise me. It was at their Ashford branch that I found a copy of *Harold The King* by Helen Hollick with its well-researched chronicling of the *Norman Invasion* of *Anglo-Saxon England* in 1066. For two more pounds I acquired *Sphere Book's Six Wives of Henry VIII*. This and Philippa Gregory's 2001 book *The Other Boleyn Girl* and last year's publication *The Constant Princess* about *Katherine of Aragon* covers the *Reign of Henry VIIIth*.

In 1972 *Sphere* commissioned Julia Hamilton to write *Katharine of Aragon* and *Anne of Cleves* and arranged for Margaret Heys, Frances Clark and Jessica Smith to write abridged versions of *The May Queen* (1967), *Mistress Jane Seymour* (1967) and *Henry Betrayed* (1969) respectively to complete the boxed set with the stories of Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour and Katherine Howard.

Traditionally *England's* kings and queens were appointed by the *Witan* or *Council of England*...which lives on today as the *Privy Council*. *Hereditary Claims* mattered but, in the history of the *English Monarchy*, kinship by marriage could override *Bloodline Seniority* when *Competence* or *Loyalty* were in question...and loyalty can cut both ways. This *English Tradition* predominated in the appointments of Aethelred, Cnut, Harthacnut, Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward the First and Harold Godwinsson.

Rules of succession need not be fixed in stone. From time to time the *Council of England* finds itself playing a crucial role in the selection of kings and queens. It was certainly active in the 17th century when the rise of the gentry led to a shift in the balance of economic and financial power in *England*. R.H.Tawney seems to suggest this was behind the 50-years of turmoil from 1625 to 1675. The *Stuart Restoration* of Charles II in 1660 and their replacement in 1689 by the *House of Orange*...William strengthened his link to the *Royal House* through his marriage to Mary...were really the work of the *English Council*.

Perhaps I should write a *Lord of the Rings* style saga about *England* and the *English* from the 10th Century to the 21st Century...although a good case can be made for starting with *Stonehenge* & the *Druids* or *King Arthur* and the

Round Table. Rupert Sheldrake's *Morphogenetic Fields* could provide the *Ancestral Push* and *Pull from Posterity* and play a similar role to the *Gods of Mount Olympus* in the *Greek Myths* or the *Asgard* in the *Nordic Sagas*.

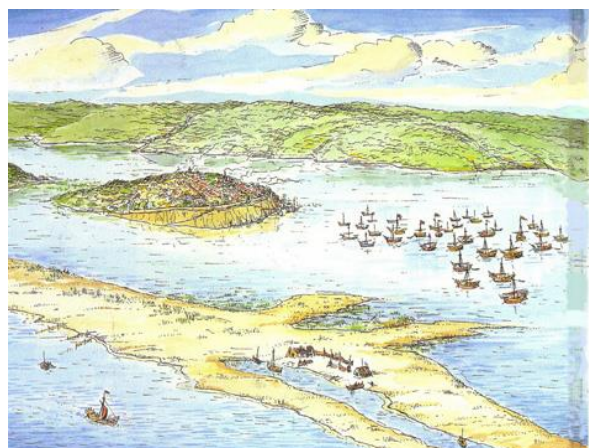
Friday 29th September 2006

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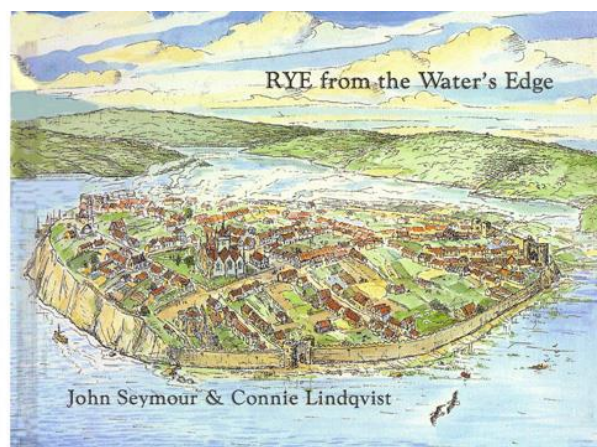
<http://williamshepherd.blog.co.uk>

On 1st May 2005 I still believed my newly-beloved to be interested in my work as a writer so I made a compilation of articles published by *Rye's Own* between June 2004 and April 2005, added a preface, put a pink ribbon around them and sent it away into cyberspace. Here is *Rye* in *Chaucer's Times*...and below the words prepared for my new love.



RYE from the Water's Edge

John Seymour & Connie Lindqvist



John Seymour & Connie Lindqvist

'The early years of my flawed career were spent flat on my back. When the *Red Army* marched into *Prague* I was lying under a *Hillman Imp* in the *British Embassy* in *Red Square*. While *Idi Amin* and his *Mossad* cronies were seizing control of *Uganda*, I was hiding under a bed in my *Kampala* hotel room. I was flat on my back again a few years later when the *Greeks* started lobbing shells into my *Turkish* campsite early one morning before I got up. On that occasion I bundled my *Swedish* wife, my 18-month old daughter and her *Marimekko* comfort blanket into my *Cambridge-blue* VW camper van and bolted for the *Bulgarian* border. So I have had my brush-offs with *Mortality*.

On my return to these offshore islands, I stayed long enough to help the *Pentagon* and its *Evil Empire* build roads in the *Empty Quarter* of *Oman*...and *Sir Geoffrey Mulcahy* to make loads of money for the good *New England Quakers* of *Worcester*... before flying into the belly of the beast to eat *McDonalds* french fries at *Boston's Museum of Science* in the company of the grandson of the *MIT President* and former *Kennedy Science Adviser*, *Jerome Wiesner*...and joining *Daniel Ellsberg* of *Pentagon Papers* fame acquiring *CIA* skills in neurolinguistical zapping of honest citizens.

Betwixt and between all this public-spirited endeavour for *God and Country* I sang in a choir with *Stuart Holland*...a *Junior Treasury Shadow Minister* during the *Benn Ascendancy*; opened the batting...that means cricket...with the boss of the *GMB* union, *John Edmonds*; and...the final humiliation...stood as a badly defeated *Westminster* parliamentary candidate on the stage of *Oldham Town Hall* alongside *New Labour's* next *Environment Minister*, *Michael Meacher*. He won with more votes than all the rest of us put together. Upon the same stage had *Sir Winston Churchill* once stood. So much for my brief brush-offs with *Celebrity*.

In the mid-80s I decided *Diversifying* was one plausible *Strategy for Success*. So I began writing for a *London-based* political journal...*Fourth World Review*...*Feature Articles* under the name *William Shepherd* and *Book Reviews* in my own name...or was it the other way about? My scribblings went out to the world alongside the writings of famous men like *HRH Prince Charles*, *Leopold Kohr*, *Fritz Schumacher*, *John Seymour*, *Ivan Illich*, *Kirkpatrick Sale* and *Edward Goldsmith*...with knights of the realm like *Sir Julian Rose* and *Sir Richard Body* riding shotgun.

So I can reasonably lay claim to my fifteen minute of alternative fame as well. My political career reached its climax in September 2001 when the *Radical Consultation* I was organising ventured onto a collision course with some of *Osama Bin Laden's* special effects at the *World Trade Center*. I still await the call from *MI6* to serve my gods and their country...though unbeknown to the powers-that-be my nation is now the circle of my friends. The closest I came to *The Call* was a 1984 invitation to lunch at the *British Officers' Club* in *Boston* at the height of the troubles in *Northern Ireland*. There will be a file. But while awaiting *My Prince's* call on my mobile phone I carried on scribbling...as the *Magazine Editor* for the *Rye Harbour Boatowners Association* (2000 to 2003) and then as *Music Critic* and *Occasional Columnist* for *Rye's Own*, the public voice of the *Rye Freedom Fighters*.

My *Rye's Own* compilation included these eight articles: *Rye Weather Forecasts* (120); *Ryesingers on Tour* (122); *Music in Rye & Winchelsea* (125); *Dredging Strand Quay* (126); *Rye Partnership* (127); *The Winchelsea*

Pantomime (128); *Rye New Library* (129) and *Smeaton's Harbour* (130).⁷ Those are the issue numbers for *Rye's Own* in brackets. Since compiling this list *Rye's Own* has published five more of my articles: *The Flourishing Port of Rye* (131); *The Politics of Wind Farms* (133); *Rye Harbour Road* (135); *Cycling the Rye Harbour Tramway* (136) and *Local Powers* (138). Perhaps adding *Connie's Rye Artwork* to *Shepherd in Rye's Own* is a recipe for a local best-seller?

Saturday 30th September 2006

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Part of my work as a *Blogger* involves reading the daily papers. What a relief to be free of this chore 3-months hence. On the crime I read about I would make two observations. Firstly the *Police Clear-up Rate* for crimes of violence that reach the newspapers is extremely high. The police are surprisingly good at finding needles in haystacks. My other observation is on the increase in the number of stomach-wrenching crimes and the rise in frenzied knife attacks. In the case of the *Oxford* drop-out who knifed to death the daughter of a *Harrow* schoolmaster last week...and in several other frenzied knife attacks...drugs is reported to have been a contributing factor...cannabis in particular.

This adds a third element to my *Conspiracy Hypothesis* for Anna Lindh's killing: In addition to having an *NLP Trigger Implant* the assassin was high on *Cannabis* which explains the frenzied nature of the attack reported by witnesses. The switching of blood samples in *Accident & Emergency* is the third element. All this is wildly implausible and gets an *Implausibility Index* of 89 out of 100. The trouble is my *Index* for the *Official Theory* is 99.

I mean who's kidding whom? Be real! Our assassin just happened to be hanging around outside the right department store at the time that *Sweden's Foreign Secretary* happens to be visiting and just happened to have a sudden urge to subject her to a frenzied knife attack in the only random killing of this nature ever carried out anywhere in *Sweden*. The *Official Theory* is ten times more improbable than the *Conspiracy Theory*. I wonder how her two sons are doing? Before leaving *Sweden* 8-weeks ago I typed up some notes about my suspects in *The Case of Anna Lindh*.

Guns and Gold Conspiracies were in second and third place on my *A-List* behind the *One World Order Conspirators*. Featuring as a group in seventh place were the *Corporate Profiteers...Drug Companies, Chemical Companies and Energy Companies*. The *Legal Drug Industry* spent vast sums rubbishing John Le Carré's *Constant Gardener* which would suggest some rather nasty skeletons in the corporate cupboards. Why are corporations permitted to remain outside modern *Public Sector Freedom of Information* legislation? *Trade Unions* should have the *Right to Know*.

In 1984 Anna Lindh became the first woman president of the *Swedish Social Democratic Youth League*. Her six years as president (1984-1990) were marked by a strong commitment to *International Affairs*...on behalf of *Nicaragua, Vietnam, South Africa* and the *Palestinians* and against the *Arms Trade*.

Subsequently Anna Lindh had access to insider knowledge on top-secret weapon development programmes... *Climate Weapons, Passover Weapons* etc...from her old colleagues, from contacts in *Foreign Affairs and Environment in Brussels*, from insiders in the *Swedish Government*...e.g. *SÄPO*...and from elsewhere...e.g. *Stockholm's Institute for Peace Research (SIPRI)*.

On 11th June 2003...three months before Anna Lindh's murder...the *Guardian* published an interview with the *Swedish UN Weapons Inspector in Iraq* Hans Blix. Referring to criticisms from the *US* Blix remarked: 'They would say I was too compliant with the *Iraqis* when in reality they meant I was not compliant enough with what the *US* wanted.' Blix went on to refer to 'bastards' in the *US administration* who regarded the *UN* as an 'alien power' who 'would not care if it sinks into the East river' and who 'planted nasty things in the media'...although he claimed that he had not cared very much: '...an irritant like a mosquito bite in the evening that is still there in the morning.'

Remembering the final collapse of the inspections process, Blix stated: 'The lowest point was the end when we realised a peaceful resolution to the crisis was not going to happen. That was very disappointing. The war cost a lot in destruction and lives.' Accentuating the positive Blix pointed out that: 'we proved beyond a doubt...and under immense pressure...that independent, impartial, objective monitoring can be achieved. We were in nobody's pocket. Every day I get letters from inspectors who want to work again. We're immensely proud of what we achieved.'

On 3rd July 2003...three weeks after Hans Blix's interview in the *Guardian*...*Swedish Foreign Minister* Anna Lindh announced his appointment as *Chair* of a new independent *International Commission on Weapons of Mass Destruction*. Anna Lindh told reporters in *Stockholm*: 'We must do everything we can to avert the threat posed by weapons of mass destruction. It is very gratifying that Hans Blix is willing to accept the chairmanship. The experience and knowledge he possesses is unique.' And she went on.

'The purpose of the *Commission* is to provide new impetus to the international efforts involved in disarmament and non-proliferation of weapons of mass destruction and missiles. The *Commission* will be formed during the autumn of 2003 under the leadership of Hans Blix and will plan to report their recommendations in 2005.'

Thanks to a *Bollywood* romantic comedy Mahatma Gandhi's popularity is hitting fresh heights. While much of the world was watching endless repeats of the 9/11 *Indians* were rushing to cinemas in record numbers to see *Carry On Munnabhai*. The film took a billion rupees...£12 million...at the *Indian Box Office* in the first fortnight and is rated as the most popular *Bollywood* release of the year in *Britain* and the *US*. The plot revolves around a radio quiz about the *Life of Gandhi*. Leaders of the ruling *Congress Party* have told senior party members to see the film.

* * * * *