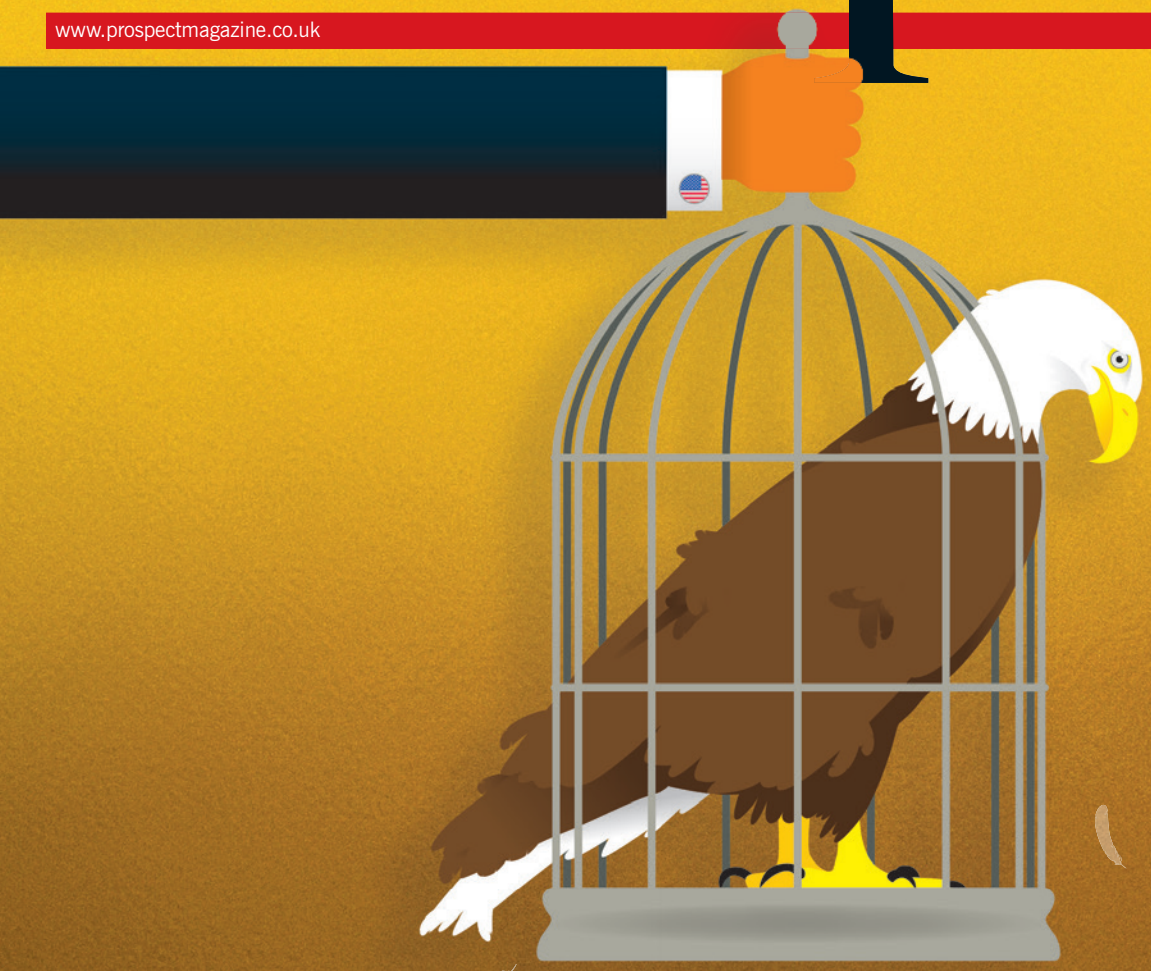
Brexit—take back control

Prospect

www.prospectmagazine.co.uk

MARCH 2017 | £4.95



Taking liberties

Freedom of the press
Sam Tanenhaus

Freedom of trade
George Magnus

Freedom of choice
Dahlia Lithwick

Amartya Sen • *Steven Pinker* • *Roger Penrose*

Anne Perkins on Britain's stealth prime minister

03
9 771359 502064

We strive to go deeper.

Murray Income Trust ISA and Share Plan

Investing for income growth is a skill. Sometimes, an investment that seems great on paper may not be so good when you look beneath the surface.

Murray Income Trust searches for high-quality income opportunities by getting to know in depth every company in whose shares we invest. We meet management face-to-face. We ask tough questions – and we only invest when we get to the bottom of how a business works.

So when we include a company in Murray Income Trust, you can be sure we've done the legwork.

Please remember, the value of shares and the income from them can go down as well as up and you may get back less than the amount invested. No recommendation is made, positive or otherwise, regarding the ISA and Share Plan.

The value of tax benefits depends on individual circumstances and the favourable tax treatment for ISAs may not be maintained. We recommend you seek financial advice prior to making an investment decision.

Request a brochure: **0808 500 4000**
murray-income.co.uk

Aberdeen
Simply asset management.

Prospect

2 Queen Anne's Gate, London, SW1H 9AA
Publishing 020 7255 1281
Editorial 020 7255 1344
Email publishing@prospectmagazine.co.uk
editorial@prospectmagazine.co.uk
Website www.prospectmagazine.co.uk
Next issue published 16th March 2016

Editorial
Editor Tom Clark
Executive Editor Jay Elwes
Arts & Books Editor Sameer Rahim
Assistant Editor Ian Irvine
Assistant Digital Editor Alex Dean
Creative Director Mike Turner
Production Editor Chris Tilbury
Production Assistant Max Bancroft
US Writer-at-Large Sam Tanenhaus

Publishing
Commercial Director Alex Stevenson
Finance Manager Pauline Joy
Head of Marketing Paul Mortimer
Marketing & Circulation Executive James Hawkins
Head of Engagement David Tripepi-Lewis
Events Manager Keith Leon
Events Research Assistant Saskia Abdoh
Events Coordinator Penny Cranford
Head of Advertising Sales Adam Kinlan
020 3372 2934
Senior Account Manager Johnnie Norton
020 3372 2931
Senior Account Manager Richard Rowe
020 3372 2972

Annual subscription rates
UK £30; *Europe* £47; *Rest of the World* £50.
Prices are for print-only subscriptions
Prospect Subscriptions, 800 Guillat Avenue, Kent Science Park, Sittingbourne, ME9 8GU
Tel 0844 249 0486; 44(0)1795 414 957
Fax 01795 414 555
Email prospect@servicehelpline.co.uk
Website www.prospectmagazine.co.uk
Cheques payable to Prospect Publishing Ltd.
If you are not satisfied with your subscription, you can cancel by writing to *Prospect*. You will receive a refund on any unfulfilled issues.

Newstrade distribution
Seymour Distribution Ltd
2 East Poultry Avenue, London, EC1A 9PT
Tel: 020 7429 4000

Images
Cover illustration: Mike Turner.
Images: © Attitude/Rex Shutterstock
Cartoons by: Grizelda, Paul Kales, Crowden Satz, PC Vey, Richard Jolley, Royston Robertson, Steve Jones, Ron McGreary, Stephen Russell, Lectrr

Prospect
Prospect was originally founded by Editor David Goodhart and Publisher Derek Coombs, as a home for intelligent debate. The magazine is owned and supported by the Resolution Group, as part of its not-for-profit, public interest activities. The aim is to tackle the big challenges confronting society, through rigorous thinking and fine writing.

ISSN: 13595024

Foreword

From post-truth to post-freedom

In February, the Speaker of the House of Commons, did something that Speakers never do: he spoke up. With a flourish that recalled Hugh Grant's Downing Street outburst against a bullying American president in *Love Actually*, John Bercow seethed against Donald Trump. Cue cheers on the opposition benches, and resentful frowns on the Conservative side, where there is gnawing unease about Theresa May's post-Brexit impulse to hug the president close.

Mr Speaker rashly dispensed with his office's traditional "above the fray" dignity. There could be serious consequences for the role of the Speaker and for him personally—but he was past caring. After just a few weeks in office, Trump has disregarded so many ground rules—honesty, respect for human rights and due process—as to lend some substance to Bercow's insistence that inviting him to Westminster Hall was incompatible with MPs' "support for equality before the law, and an independent judiciary." That charge hit a nerve in a Britain uncertain about where it is heading as it rethinks its place in the world.

Sam Tanenhaus (p20) explains how the Trumpian blend of threats and untruths is goading American newspapers—which, like British Speakers, always prided themselves on "Olympian" neutrality—into a shrill, campaigning mode. At best, everyone is becoming a partisan, and the common ground where divergent opinions used to engage on the strength of agreed facts is being crowded out. But how much deeper could the damage go?

If the real Trump is the man that nominated the extremely but conventionally conservative judge, Neil Gorsuch, there will be severe social implications, potentially including abortion (see Dahlia Lithwick, p36) but basic political processes should eventually emerge unscathed. If, on the other hand, the real Trump turns out to be the author of the scarcely disguised "Muslim ban," whose effects Ismail Einashe describes first-hand (p7), we're looking at the worst case. His enthusiasm for "torture as an instrument of policy" (Andrew Tyrie, p56), his disdain for "so-called" judges, and indeed for the professional autonomy even of America's own spies (Jay Elwes, p52) all discourage the breezy assumption of an early return to politics as usual. There is less ambiguity about economics. True to his rhetoric, Trump has made a few fast, nationalist moves which are sending shockwaves through an already-frail world trading system (George Magnus, p30).

So what to do? Some liberals hanker for impeachment, but—suggests Ursula Hackett (p27)—there is scant chance of that. It might seem a time to hold fast to friends far from Washington. That isn't as easy as it might have been before the Brexit vote, but it's not quite impossible either, argues Jolyon Maugham (p42) as he sets out his plan to allow room for a rethink. His arguments will infuriate as many as they thrill. But they have more purchase than they would have done before we found ourselves living on Planet Trump.

Tom Clark

@prospect_clark

Contents

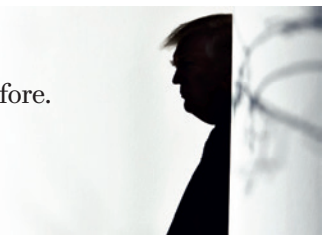
March 2017

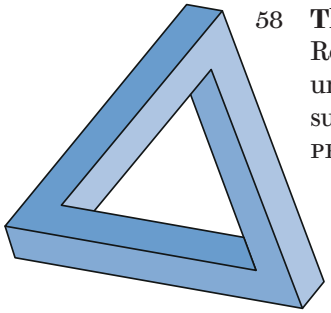
Letters & opinions

The Duel

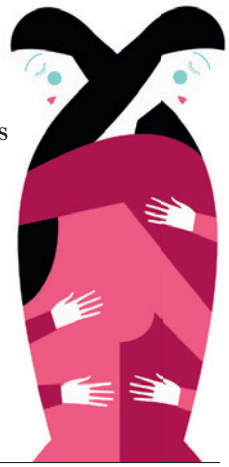
Speed data

Features





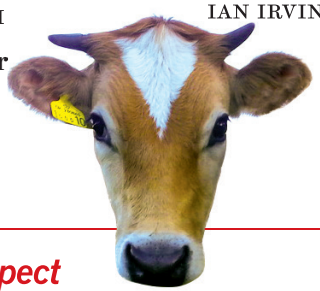
Arts & books



Things to do this month

Life

Endgames



Listen to *Prospect*

Hear all about the biggest issues in this edition by downloading *Prospect*'s free podcast **Headspace** from iTunes or **soundcloud.com/prospect-magazine**

Follow *Prospect*

@prospect_uk **facebook.com/prospect.mag**
prospect_magazine

If I ruled the world

Harriet Harman

All prime ministers talk about families, which isn't surprising. After all, families are everything for a child and for an elderly person—and very important for all the years in between. But, if I ruled the world, I'd have something to say about the way that politicians had this discussion.

I'd ban them from going on about how important marriage is and how damaging divorce is. Most cabinets are full of ministers on their second or third wives so they are in no position to lecture. I'd ban sneering at lone mothers too. The mean message it sends to their children is: "There's something wrong with your family and therefore something wrong with you."

I'd forcibly narrow the gap between what women and men earn. It benefits children to have a strong relationship with both mother and father. But most new fathers can't afford to take more than a few days off. It's hard for fathers if they work all hours and end up missing out on the children. We should have Swedish-style paternity pay and time off. But I'd keep a careful eye out for spikes in the number of men taking family leave during the World Cup.

It's hard for women to be equal at work if they take most responsibility at home. I'd have a real crackdown on employers who pay part-timers less and fail to give them promotion. All jobs should be advertised as being available part-time as well as full-time. And I'd back men who work part-time. Part-time workers should not be seen as second-class citizens. We all have a big stake in the next generation being brought up successfully.

I'd give grannies (and grandads) a right to time off work to care for their grandchildren. You can get help to pay a childminder, but not your own parents if they give up work to care for your children. The mother and father have a right to take leave when there's a new baby. But what if the mother wants to go back to work and wants her parents to look after the baby? I'd rule that she could transfer some maternity leave to her parents as well as to the baby's father.

I'd make childcare part of the welfare state and oblige all governments to guarantee childcare for all children whose parents want it. The woman teaching your children or treating you in hospital is probably someone's mother. She should know that while she's at work her child is safe, happy and learning.

I'd rule that there's time off work for a parent of a sick child. No one wants a sick child to be at home alone—it's against the law. If the mother or father is sick, they can get sick pay and leave. But if a child is sick there's no right to either. Parents end up relying on their employer's goodwill, or they lie and say they are ill.

People are working till they are much older. Often because they can't afford to retire. But elderly relatives are living much longer and the years of frailty and potential loneliness are growing. We can't leave elderly relatives to fend for themselves. Families provide vital support and company. But they shouldn't have to choose between the care the elderly relative needs and the job they need. So there should be a right to flexible work for people caring for older relatives.

"We can't afford it," I hear you cry. We've never really tried. And bringing up children and caring for elderly relatives are so important. Instead of just lecturing them, it's time we backed families.

Harriet Harman is MP for Camberwell and Peckham. "A Woman's Work" is published by Allen Lane

Letters & opinions

letters@prospect-magazine.co.uk

Hacking the election

Luke Harding ("Click for regime change," February) expressed relief that US agencies judged "the types of systems Russian actors targeted or compromised were not involved in vote tallying." Unfortunately, we don't know if those systems were hacked.

About a quarter of the US population votes on unverifiable paperless voting machines. If someone hacks the software of those machines, no one will know, because there are no paper ballots to cross-check and hardly anyone conducts post-election checks for malware. Given that, and the many laws that are designed to prevent recounts, the US is proclaiming: HACK US!

I don't know if voting machines were hacked in 2016, but it's likely that they will be in 2020 unless all paperless voting systems are replaced by voter-verified paper ballot systems and mandated manual post-election ballot auditsare mandated.

Barbara Simons, Member, Board of Advisers of the US Election Assistance Commission

We are told that election results can be manipulated by Moscow and Vladimir Putin's fake news is so beguiling that it poses a threat to western democratic discourse. Quite an achievement for the leader of a relatively impoverished country.

The unpalatable truth is that Putin has outsmarted the west. The right response is not a new Cold War but a rethink of foreign policy.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, the west is not threatened by Iran, Assad's Syria, Hezbollah and Yemen's Houthis. It's time to stop mollycoddling Saudi Arabia and Turkey, both of whom facilitated the emergence of Islamic State.

As for the Russian "threat" to the Baltic states, Estonia and Latvia violated international norms in denying citizenship to those of its Russian minority who were not conversant in Estonian and Latvian. These two states were granted membership of the European Union and Nato anyway. So much for the European Convention on Human Rights.

Such hubristic disregard for the interests of all states except those of the west and their clients is the antithesis of a "realist" foreign policy.

Yugo Kovach, Winterborne Houghton

Occupy UK

I am sorry to hear Joris Luyedijk will be leaving our shores. His comical interpretations of British history produce howls of laughter from my grandchildren. But his article ("You lot need a good occupation," February) does his Dutch countrymen a grave disservice. No doubt he is too young to have experienced the occupation he advocates: the loss of self-determination, the ethnic cleansing, and the deaths.

But he is not too young to recall when his country voted to reject the EU only to be betrayed by their elite. Perhaps he will remember that when he leaves these islands, where the government—for all its limitations—acts on the will of the people, and returns to occupied Europe.

Nick McDonnell, via email

Joris Luyendijk asks "Is there another country in the world that needs to call itself 'Great'?" He may be being too hard on us. The French call the territory known in English as Brittany, "Bretagne" and the island of the English, Scots and Welsh, "Grande-Bretagne." It's not in the French tradition to endorse vainglorious boasting by the English, so could it be that the appellation "Grande" was to distinguish Brittany from its larger neighbour, and has simply been adopted in translation?

Ben Hytner, London

Who knows best?

I enjoyed your critique ("Voting out," February) of Jason Brennan's book on epistocracy, or rule by the knowledgeable, as an alternative to democracy. The idea draws on a strand of political theory in which politics is ultimately a problem of epistemology—of knowing.

Despair about "post-truth politics" encourages people towards epistocracy, suggesting all would be well if we could put the truth back in politics. But politics is not really about truth; it is a clash of ideas and interests where there is no right answer, only an ability (or not) to build majorities for policies that one believes in.

Brennan argues he's better-placed to exercise political power than his plumber. The plumber is also a trope used by Italy's arch populist Beppe Grillo, as an icon of supposedly "real people." Funnily enough, both the epistocrat and the populist subscribe to an understanding of politics as being a search for truth: either via the superior knowledge of the expert or the moral integrity of "the people." Both, however, are quite wrong.

Chris Bickerton, lecturer in politics, University of Cambridge

Don't ban the bomb

Matthew Harries ("We'll all go together," February) provides an excellent overview of how we got to the point of negotiating a treaty to outlaw nuclear weapons. But a Ban Treaty will not achieve its aims.

The Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty process has its faults but it is the long-standing forum for states to discuss practical options; as Harries says, the Ban Treaty could completely undermine it. Other chances were missed with the shelving of the Humanitarian Initiative, which allowed fresh engagement without upfront commitments. Nuclear weapons states were starting to engage with the humanitarian summits but then they were snowballed into the ban initiative, imperilling escape ramps for risk reduction and collaborative progress.

Cristina Varriale, Research Analyst, Proliferation and Nuclear Policy, RUSI

Matthew Harries ignores the low-cost compromise between Trident and no bomb. The knowledge that we had retained a couple of rusty Polaris missiles that might work should be sufficient to deter any rational adversary, while Trident does not deter an irrational one.

In any case, nuclear weapons are irrelevant to non-state actors like those who planned 9/11 from a council flat in Hamburg and even more so to the far more serious threats of environmental degradation, climate change, and their multiplier population growth.

Roger Martin, Wells

In fact

Without Paris, France would be 15 per cent poorer on a per capita basis. Without London, Britain would be 11 per cent poorer. But without Berlin, Germany would be 0.2 per cent richer—the only major European capital with a negative effect.
World Economic Forum, 23rd August 2016

No Best Picture Oscar winner has had a lead female protagonist since *Chicago* in 2003.
The Guardian, 6th February 2017

London's most profitable speed camera, in Gunnersbury Avenue in Ealing, generated £1.5m in fines in just six months in 2016.
Evening Standard, 3rd January 2017

Parmesan and Grana Padano cheeses are together the most stolen products in Italian supermarkets.
European Supermarket Magazine, 6th April 2016

Wetherspoon pubs are now the biggest seller of curry in the UK.
The Guardian, 12th January 2017

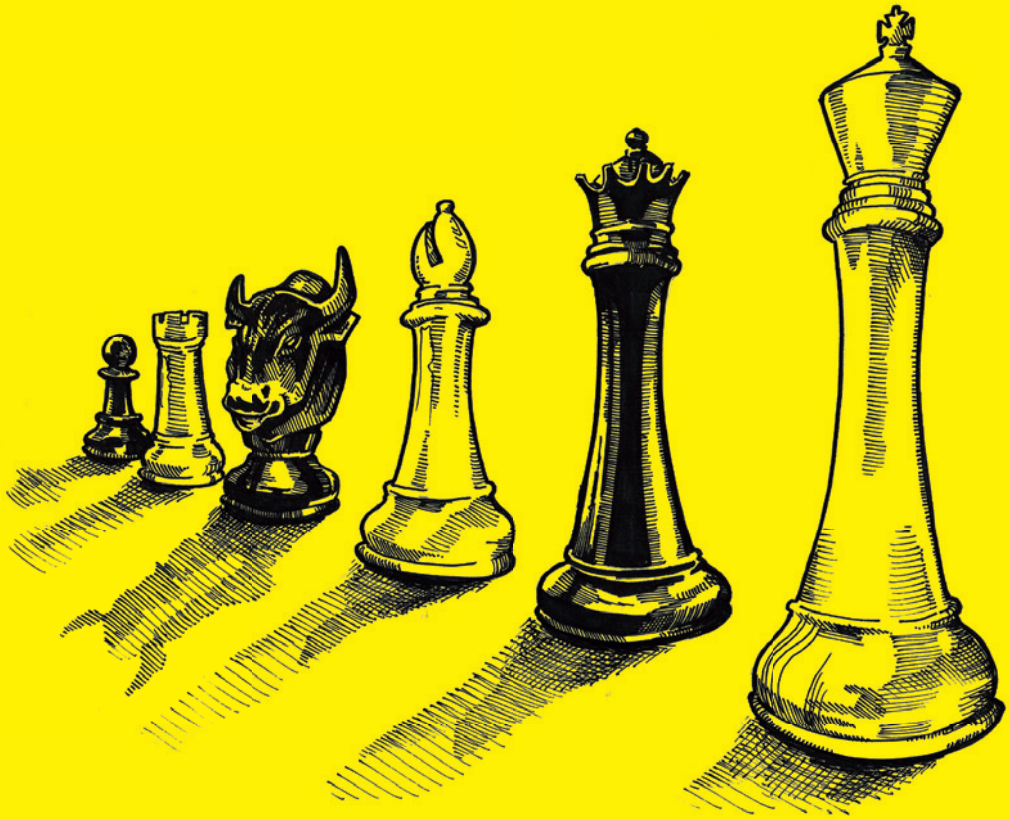
In 2014, 21 per cent of politicians in India's lower house faced charges of serious crimes.
"When Crime Pays" by Milan Vaishnava

In 2016, the US executed 20 people, the fewest since 1991.
Pew Research Center, 28th December 2016

In 2014, 25 per cent the world's hazelnut supply was used to make Nutella.
Bloomberg, 1st November 2016

"You can't be king with a mane-bun"

Your move.



Spread Betting is a test of your trading skill and knowledge. It's an alternative to standard investments that requires instinct, fast-thinking and great timing. Have you got what it takes to make the most of every trading opportunity? Join City Index today.

Trade now or try a risk-free Demo account

Trade indices, currencies, shares and commodities with a Spread Betting or CFD account

Losses can exceed deposits

CITYINDEX

Authorised and regulated by the Financial Conduct Authority.

Nick Cohen

Posturing behind "the people"

The populist insurgency is a veil—masking money and power

Propaganda hides best behind simple words. The plainer the language, the more devious it can be. A speaker's apparent lack of pretence promises the audience that in front of them is a man of "the people", who scorns political correctness, and "tells it like it is."

Ah, "the people." What lies are told in your name. To be with "the people" is to be a good neighbour and a good citizen. To be against "the people" is to be against the sole source of legitimacy in a democracy. If you are not a traitor or an agent of a hostile foreign power, you are at the very least an "enemy of the people"; an aloof member of "the elite" that fixes the system for its own benefit. Who does not want to be on the people's side? Who will admit to standing with their enemies in the "elite"?

"The people," "the elite," "traitor," "enemy." To the astonishment of those who grew up in the long period of calm between the fall of the Berlin Wall and the fall of Lehman Brothers, these Pavlovian words are now the language of power. The astonishment takes two forms: first at the depth of deceit; then at the brass neck of the liars who so effortlessly rig the debate.

Successful democracies are wary of the twin ideas of a unified people and of a homogeneous elite. Electorates are made up of competing interests. Rival elites fight for power. If a social democratic party loses an election, no one thinks of accusing its activists of "refusing to accept the verdict of the people" if they continue to campaign for a strong welfare state and the redistribution of wealth. That is their job, after all.

And yet in Britain, the 52 per cent who voted to leave the European Union are now "the people," while the 48 per cent who voted to remain are now "the elite." Hitherto, elites have been tight and cliquey. No longer. At 48 per cent, Britain now has the largest elite in political history. This supposed elite breaks with another precedent. Uniquely, it is an elite which is everywhere except the one place an elite needs to be: in power. A powerless elite is not much of an elite at all. It exists only as a propaganda target for the holders of real power.

If they were truly sovereign, meanwhile, "the people's" strength would be limitless. But like mayflies that live for a day, people power is a fleeting thing. The British people had one vote on membership of the EU, and that was it. "The people," it turns out, does not have the prerogative of changing its mind. It cannot reconsider if the economy suffers or if Brexit leaves us dependent on a United States that is under the control of a president whose policies on Russian imperialism, climate change, ethnic relations and nuclear proliferation run directly against British interests. As soon as individual persons reconsider, they leave "the people" and join "the elite."

Just as disconcerting as the fraudulence of the language is the fraudulence of the speakers. For anyone from the liberal-left, the rise of the new authoritarians is staggering. After the post-war settlement collapsed, inequality shot up across the west. The new gilded age ended in a bank crash. But far from turning on the rich, "the people" have turned to them.

Donald Trump is a rich man, although nowhere near as rich as he pretends. He promised to drain the Washington swamp, then appointed a cabinet with a combined worth of $4.5bn. In Britain, we are told that the leave vote was a protest by the "left behind," even though there was almost the same proportion of leave supporters in the wealthy southeast of England (51.8 per cent) as depressed Wales (52.5 per cent).

> "On one point only, it is worth conceding ground to the alt-right. Liberal society has become profoundly illiberal about language"

Members of the elites of wealth, then, now also populate the new elite of power, as the British government has made all too clear with its threats to turn the UK into a low-tax, low regulation Hong Kong of the north Atlantic. Meanwhile, whichever way you cut it, the Leavers won by playing the race card, as so many authoritarian movements have done in the past. This is not to say that everyone who voted for Brexit or Trump was a racist. It is simply to acknowledge the truth that fears about immigrants, stoked by lies, carried them over the line.

For the final deceit in the language of "the people" is that membership is colour coded. Those of us who had fondly imagined that the growth of liberal tolerance would prevent a return to blood-and-soil nationalism have had to think again. Not every citizen can hope to be in "the people." Have the wrong skin colour, religion or birth certificate, and you can never join.

To add to the list of lost illusions, I hate to remind you that the arrival of the internet was greeted with giddy techno-Utopianism. We were assured that the freedom to speak and publish would lead to a new age in which hierarchies would be levelled, and marginalised voices heard. We now know that not only has the web produced a deluge of lies and conspiracy theory, but that the most successful political exponent of its supposedly democratising power—the first politician who turned social media into an election winner—was the narcissist and authoritarian Trump.

You can only fight debased language with better language, and a better understanding of how argument works. On one point only, it is worth conceding ground to the alt-right. Liberal society has become profoundly illiberal about language. It still shows no sign of realising that its speech codes, prudery, no-platform bans and punishments for the politically incorrect have been a gift for its opponents. The boycotts not only fostered the conspiracy theory that "the elite" was refusing to allow honest debate, although they certainly did that. They not only enabled vicious men to parade as free speech martyrs, although they surely did that too. But most damagingly, they stopped liberals from entering the arena, finding their opponents' weak points and learning how to turn audiences against them.

The failure meant that, when the new authoritarians came for them, liberals were unable to expose their fraudulence—a fraudulence that is now manifest in every news broadcast you see.

Nick Cohen is a columnist for the Observer. His book "What's Left" is published by HarperCollins

"Darren's mate is a real catch, he's a barrister"

Ismail Einashe

The Trump trap

By trying to ban us, the President is stopping me leaving

As I write this, I'm stuck in limbo in New York City, afraid to travel to the UK for fear of not being able to return to the United States. I'm on a fellowship at Columbia University and have a multiple entry 10-year visa on my UK passport. But there is chaos following President Donald Trump's executive order banning entry to the US from seven mainly Muslim countries. One of them is Somalia, where I was born.

I have never been issued with a Somali passport. I was forced to flee that war-torn country when I was nine years old. I spent time as a refugee in Ethiopia before finally arriving in Britain. I am now a naturalised UK citizen working as a journalist. I had thought that my years of worrying at airports about my immigration status were over. But along with many others—including Somali-born, British Olympic gold medal winner Mo Farah, and Iraqi-born Tory MP Nadhim Zahawi—the Trump order abruptly cast my status into doubt.

Confusion has reigned since the beginning. A couple of days after the order was issued, the UK government breezily told us not to worry: as long as we are travelling from Britain, and not Somalia, there shouldn't be an issue. But a day or two later, the US Embassy in London contradicted this advice on its website. Following pressure from the Foreign Secretary Boris Johnson, the embassy refined its advice. In the days since, an American court in Seattle suspended the order, and the president took to Twitter to rage at the "so-called judge," before appealing and losing again.

The latest court ruling sounds reassuring, but there is no way to be sure about the next appeal. Likewise, Johnson can charm the US embassy into cooling things down, but that provides no guarantees. How can I be sure if I return to London to see my family that I will then get back in to the US? Thickening the haze was the inconsistent way in which the ban was being implemented before it was suspended by a federal judge. Where you happened to land could be all-important—as could which border official you happened to meet.

These officials are hardly a bleeding-heart species at the best of times, and now they have effectively been encouraged by Trump to take the law into their own hands. At one point at Dulles Airport, Virginia, four Democratic congressmen insisted that border officials implement a Virginia court order halting the deportation of individuals with valid visas, but they refused. If I'm in an interview room with a US border guard and I show him Johnson's statement, is he just going to say, "Oh, if the UK government says so, then you're good to go"?

Bans on refugees are always cruel, but the US has seen them before. The Trumpian twist is in stopping people entering who have legitimate visas, like me, or green cards, which allow them to work. This is the beginning of de-facto repatriation, which threatens up to half a million people living in the US. This may not, technically, be the Muslim ban promised during Trump's campaign. But his ghoulish advisor, Rudy Giuliani, let slip on Fox News that Trump had responded to the obvious legal objections by asking him to "show me the right way to do it legally." And the anti-Muslim agenda remained undisguised when the ban was announced: Israel was assured that Iraqi-born Jews weren't affected; non-Muslim minorities in Muslim countries will be given priority when—and if—refugee programmes restart.

None of this happened in a vacuum. Under Barack Obama, I lost my right to travel to the US under the standard UK visa-waiver programme. At home in the UK, citizenship has increasingly become a weapon of counter-terrorism—as Home Secretary, Theresa May stripped 33 people of British citizenship on security grounds. But there is no rational basis for the Trump ban, which does nothing to protect against home-grown jihadis or those, like the 9/11 hijackers, who hail from US allies in the Gulf. And yet a swirl of stories show its consequences: the elderly Iraqi woman who suffered after being stopped from travelling for medical treatment; the Iranian filmmaker Asghar Farhadi nominated for an Oscar but who will not attend the ceremony; the Syrian Christian family who had spent their life savings on travelling, only to have their visas scored out and written over with "Cancelled by Presidential Executive Order 13769."

The government seems intent on offering Trump a state visit—more interested in buttering him up for a trade deal than defending its own citizens. On her trip to Washington, the prime minister learned something about the Muslim ban before it was made public, but kept her counsel. For me there is no hiding from the anxiety: it has been a horrendous few days. I walk in the crisp sunlit air of the Upper West Side of Manhattan and all seems normal; yet somehow the fear always returns.

Ismail Einashe is a journalist and a Dart Center Ochberg Fellow at Columbia University

Kate Allen

Labour pains

By-election jitters reflect a more profound loss of the party's historic plot

Dear Labour,

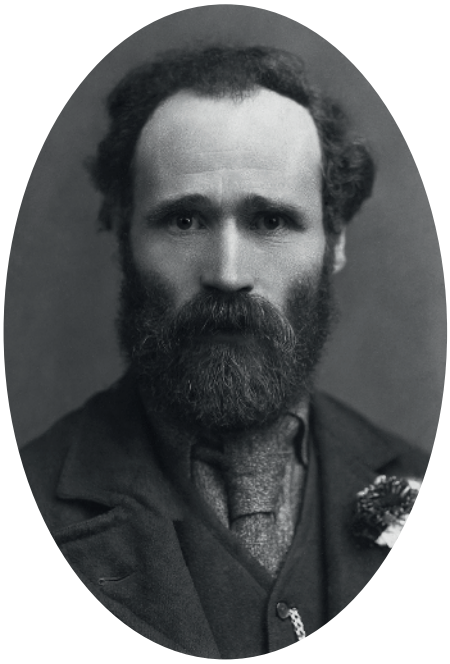
Politics is about telling stories to voters which explain their everyday experiences. I'd like to talk to you about what your current story says—and what it doesn't.

Your malaise is warping the latest chapter in the long story of British politics. The green benches of the Commons run parallel, facing each other down both sides of the chamber, because MPs originally met in a chapel with that layout. In architecture, form is supposed to follow function; but the form of parliament has shaped its functioning for centuries. Our system is binary. There is no space for a multiplicity of alternatives, just one opposition—to be precise, Her Majesty's Most Loyal Opposition. The constitutional duty is not merely to oppose, but to Oppose. This you are not doing.

Ask thoughtful Tory MPs and they will freely admit—as one said to me recently with a mix of glee and concern flickering across his face: "We are getting away with all sorts and nobody's watching." The press could do better, but only you—the Opposition—are, or should be, on the spot in every debate, scrutinising every last action of the government. It's tough being relevant out of power, but it's impossible without remorseless use of the weapons you've got—awkward questions, forensic watchfulness and scorn. Not deploying these effectively is what gives you a relevance problem.

You also have a consistency problem and a communications problem. The two are linked: there is a reason why David Cameron and George Osborne said the words "long-term economic plan" over and over until we in Westminster were sick of hearing it: they knew that was the only way to cut through to the vast majority of voters who don't watch Prime Minister's Questions. Whatever Labour wants its story to be, it simply won't register until it understands this. Jeremy Corbyn's New Year flip-flopping about what sort of executive pay cap he was or wasn't proposing was typical. Now, I appreciate that Corbyn believes he has a clear story to tell: anti-austerity at home, anti-imperialism abroad. But these abstractions have only the haziest links to most people's daily lives. The activists might like the messages, but the crucial voters you need to win won't even hear it.

So to policy—which is sometimes imagined to be about think tanks and costed plans, but is really about stories too. You are not telling a story to the electorate when you adopt the fundamentals of another party's worldview, and claim to disown your past. That simply gives a green light to your supporters to vote for the competing party with which they're already flirting. Yes I'm talking about immigration and Ukip. Your job, Labour, is not—as some of your MPs now seem to think—to tell voters that Ukip were right about immigration being far too high. Your job is to look at what people are experiencing in their lives—stagnant wages, a lack of opportunity, and public services visibly struggling with a lack of resources—and address them without distorting economic reality. That reality is that immigration is indispensable to an ageing society with a social care crisis. "But voters are concerned," I hear you cry. Yes, because Ukip has told the most effective political story of the past two decades and transformed our politics by doing so.



Keir Hardie knew trade could kill jobs—but demanded social reform, not protection

But it remains the politician's duty to tell the truth. If some people are not experiencing the benefits of immigration then you need to explain why that is. The policy will flow naturally from the overarching explanation that you give. The first step, however, is to have your fundamental analysis in place—and it is clear that you don't. If you end up with a story that says Ukip was right all along, then what is your purpose in remaining in business? Most people are more willing to listen to arguments that challenge them than they are given credit for. Don't be afraid of the electorate, Labour. As things stand, you proclaim you share its "concerns," while talking ever more to yourself. This mix has driven you to the point where there is real anxiety about two by-elections in your own seats, contests that ought to be a breeze in opposition.

An authentic story will evolve from your history. Labour's relationship with openness has at times been anguished, but free trade was part of your founding faith. In 1906—the year the Parliamentary Labour Party was formed—your manifesto said: "Protection, as experience shows, is no remedy for poverty and unemployment. It serves to keep you from dealing with the land, housing, old age, and other social problems!" Its authors knew that they had to tell some hard economic truths.

You, too, need to find a story in which you demonstrably believe. After all, voters can sniff out a fake. But how can a divided party agree a new narrative? One precedent might be the late 1980s renewal that led to New Labour—but its stories have not endured. There was too little ideological work, and too much dressing up of positions dictated by the polls. You have, arguably, not had a serious story in decades. Your current decline is about more than shambling Westminster performances and the latest resignations: it is about structural decay over decades. The influx of new members is not the great redemption, because—as the referendum exposed—it is not translating into a winning ground game. But there is hope. As the columnist Philip Collins argues, Momentum could be "Labour's unlikely saviour"—community activism is a strong strand in your history, and one of the few possibilities for rebuilding. Root yourselves back in local communities—making noise, getting things done—and you could find your story begins to write itself.

Oh and one other thing, Labour—you are the Official Opposition. Don't forget the day job as an ever-harder Brexit looms that threatens not only your own fate, but also our country's place in the world. Labour's finest hour—the 1945 landslide—grew out of its opposition to Tory appeasement in the 1930s, which brought the party immense moral stature and eventually an invitation to join Churchill's wartime government. So—as Tory MP Leo Amery shouted in 1939—Labour, "Speak for England!"

Kate Allen is a political correspondent at the FT

James Randerson

The scary science of continental drift

Brexit is already hitting Britain in the brains

Imagine you were a member of a club where for every pound you put in, you got £1.24 back; a club that allows you to work with the best talent from across a whole continent, and each year gives 15,000 of your students a life-changing experience abroad.

Sounds good, doesn't it? That's what the European Union looks like from the perspective of British science. It's no wonder that on 24th June 2016 scientists were so prominent among the 16,141,241 despairing Remain voters. All sorts of questions now hang over the future of science. Worries about researchers leaving, and UK scientists being nudged out of European projects are already beginning to be borne out.

Science is not just another bleating special interest: the fate of the economy as a whole rests on it. Philip Hammond recognised this in the Autumn Statement, when he put an extra £4.7bn into scientific research in the years up to 2020-21. British science has always punched above its weight—with 0.9 per cent of the world's population and 3.2 per cent of R&D spend, the UK produces 16 per cent of the top-notch research. Our Nobel prize tally is second only to the United States. But if a post-Brexit Britain is going to make it big on the world stage then it will need to turbo-charge this even further. Will that be possible if we are frozen out of EU science?

Money is the first concern. Last year, the UK got €1.2bn through the EU's main science programme—that's 16 per cent of the total, more than the 13 per cent net-of-rebate contribution that we pay into the overall EU budget. Another lost funding source will be the portion of structural investment funds that goes on research and innovation—€1.6bn between 2014 and 2020. Brexiteers respond that since this was (mostly) our money anyway, leaving will simply free us up to spend it as we please. Perhaps. Scientists, however, doubt that the government will find the extra cash, £500m annually by one estimate—particularly if Brexit triggers a wider economic downturn.

There's also more than money at stake. It is not unpatriotic to say that the UK is great at science because it's part of the most successful science hub in the world. Modern research does not rest on the brilliance of lone, home-grown geniuses but on the power of cross-border collaborations. Even with short-term government assurances about the ability to recruit top talent from overseas, the UK is looking less enticing to much of it. The Royal Society told the Science and Technology Select Committee that the 31,000 citizens from other EU states who are working in scientific research are feeling anxious and unwelcome. In a small poll of 67 post-doctoral researchers at University College London, 18 per cent said they were considering a move out of the UK after the referendum. The end of freedom of movement could impose hard barriers, compounding the psychological rift.

Beyond this looming brain drain, British scientists will lose clout if, as seems to be happening, other Europeans go cool on working with them. The select committee heard about some British researchers having to surrender their lead role on projects, and others being asked not to take part. As one researcher put it: "If you are not invited to the party you don't even know there is a party."

So what happens now? Ministers whisper reassurance, and vow to use the heft of UK science to leverage the best Brexit deal. But severing scientific connections with the EU would be a disaster—as the case of Switzerland shows starkly. Its own referendum in 2014 to restrict free movement led to EU retaliation in the form of curtailed access to EU research programmes. The result? Scientists from the country Einstein called home are excluded from big decisions, and no longer allowed to lead projects. That is not a future British scientists will relish.

James Randerson is a science writer

Malcolm Rifkind

How Britain can still count after it quits

On foreign policy, 27+1 could add up to more than you might think

In last year's interview with the *Atlantic*, Barack Obama warned that a country that would "resort to nationalism as an organising principle" and that "never takes on the responsibilities of a country its size in maintaining the international order" would create conflict. He was referring to China but, in the light of President Donald Trump's inaugural speech, he might just as easily have been referring to the United States.

Trump is the first US president since the 1930s who has not recognised, explicitly, that America's own ultimate security is dependent on a peaceful, democratic and stable world. He is the first who appears to be unenthusiastic about donning the mantle of leadership of the west with its commitment to the rule of law, human rights and democracy as universal values.

This has global implications, not least for Europe. While I do not expect Trump to dismantle Nato or forge a strategic alliance with the Kremlin, he has made no secret of his indifference to European unity and strength. When asked recently what best served US interests, a strong European Union or strong sovereign nations, he replied: "I don't think it matters much for the United States… I don't really care whether it is separate or together."

It is significant that Prime Minister Theresa May has said the opposite, and made it clear that Britain hopes the EU will survive and prosper. In the light of Trump's remarks we can no longer assume that western Europe's geopolitical interests and security will continue to enjoy the priority that they've had in the White House since President Harry Truman authorised the Marshall Plan and created Nato.

The consequences of Brexit must be considered against this background: we need to turn our attention from the endless discussion on free trade and the single market, and think about the security implications, both for Britain and Europe as a whole. There could be significant damage. Can we eliminate or reduce that risk? One important EU success in recent years, encouraged by the UK, has been the gradual expansion of a common foreign policy. A common foreign policy is not the same as a single foreign policy or a single European army. The last two are not attainable, even if the UK wanted them: the French, the Germans, the Spanish, the Poles and the Greeks each have national priorities that are often different from each other. But that has not stopped EU countries reaching a common position on an increasing number of foreign policy issues where their national interests do coincide.

The most important examples have been the enforcement of sanctions against Russia, in response to its aggression in Ukraine, and the European-wide sanctions on Iran, which helped deliver the agreement on its nuclear programme. UK involvement was crucial to Europe's authority in both cases. The measures that have bit deeply in both

Trump is indifferent to European strength; May is not, and cannot afford to be

Iran and Russia have been the financial and banking sanctions. London is not only Europe's financial centre but it is, along with New York, one of the world's global financial capitals. So the UK has played a big part, and—until we exit the EU—it will continue to attend the EU's Foreign Affairs Council where proposals for a common policy are discussed and determined.

After Brexit, however, we will not attend. Even before Trump entered the White House it was crucial for Britain, Germany and France to find a new way of taking forward common foreign policy objectives. Without such joint action, including the UK, Europe's voice would be weaker in any negotiations with Russia, China or the US. Britain—as a permanent member of the United Nations Security Council, a nuclear weapons state and having, along with France, the strongest military capability in Europe—cannot be sidelined without damage to Europe's clout. What's needed is the formation of an EU+1 forum to deal with political and strategic issues as they arise. There is an excellent precedent in the P5+1 when the permanent members of the UN Security Council invited Germany to join them in forging a common policy on Iran. The UK could not, on major strategic issues or at times of serious crisis, simply be asked to join an EU consensus that has already been agreed; it would need to be involved in the discussions from the off.

An EU+1 forum would also further enhance the cross-Channel intelligence and counter-terrorism co-operation which has grown dramatically in recent years. Britain's intelligence agencies are among the world's best, and the skills learned in confronting the IRA are available to Europe as part of our joint struggle against jihadi terrorism. The big change from now would, of course, be that if the UK could not agree with the joint view of the EU states on a particular matter, it would no longer have a veto to prevent the EU going forward. On such occasions, the EU and Britain would each have to go their own way.

While the UK has often been a semi-detached EU member, this unhelpfulness has really concerned supranational integration—in regard to the euro, the Social Chapter, Schengen and other domestic issues. On foreign policy and security, the UK has been as co-operative as anyone in the EU. This should not be seen as surprising. For at least the last 300 years, the UK has seen any serious threat to the stability and liberty of mainland Europe as a threat to its own interests and security. That explains the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in the early 18th century. It is why Wellington and Nelson were sent to defeat Napoleon in the 19th century. It is why we declared war on the Kaiser the day after he invaded Belgium in 1914, and why we did the same with Hitler when he invaded Poland.

There was no EU that required us to show solidarity with our fellow Europeans on these occasions. It was because we were then, as we remain today, a European nation able to recognise our interests and carry out our obligations.

That will not change in 2019. If it did, all of Europe, both the UK and the EU, would be the losers.

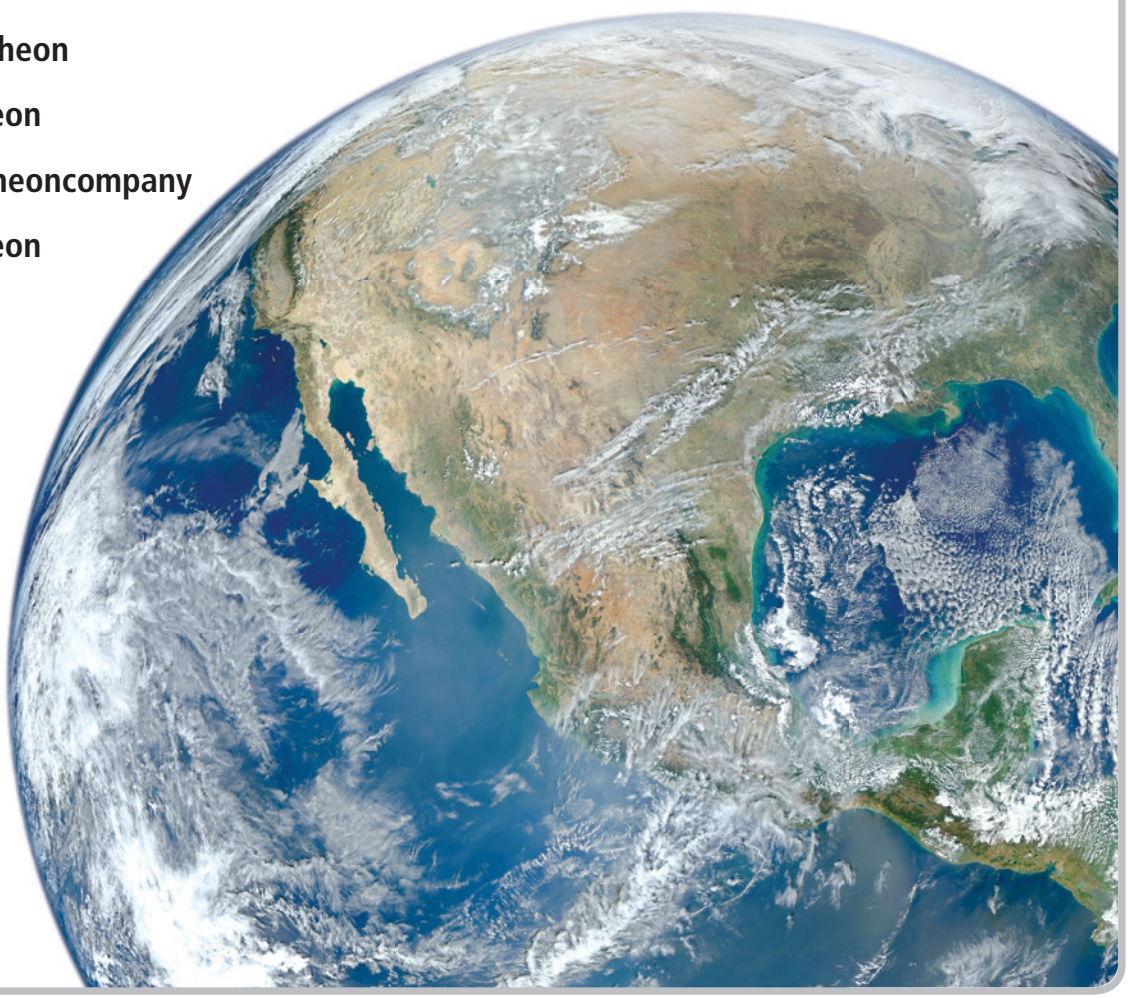
Malcolm Rifkind was Defence and then Foreign Secretary, 1992-97, and Chair of the Intelligence and Security Committee, 2010-15

MISSILE DEFENSE / C5ISR™ / CYBER / EW / PRECISION WEAPONS / TRAINING

A WORLD OF INNOVATION

Raytheon innovations help customers in more than 80 countries protect people, secure information, defend infrastructures — and make the world a safer place.

Raytheon.com
@Raytheon
Raytheon
@raytheoncompany
Raytheon



"Blue Marble" image of Earth captured by Raytheon's Visible Infrared Imaging Radiometer Suite.

Raytheon

Christine Ockrent

Candidate for a country at a crossroads

Emmanuel Macron is a French anti-Trump. But he is making the running

The French political scene is scattered with corpses. Two presidents and two former prime ministers have been brutally ousted from the presidential contest. Nicolas Sarkozy believed French conservatives missed him—they kicked him out in the first round of their primaries. The sitting president, François Hollande, came to the obvious conclusion he stood no chance, and so at new year gloomily announced he wouldn't run again. The French just shrugged. His prime minister, Manuel Valls, after pushing him towards the exit, resigned from Matignon, the PM's residence to run on his own social democratic platform. But he lost the primaries to Benoit Hamon, a 49-year-old leftist who wants to create a new Republic based on an average income all round and a 32 hour working week. Alain Juppé, who had been a young right-wing prime minister in the 1990s, thought his time had come at last. So did pollsters. Their mistake: another former PM, François Fillon, a Catholic traditionalist who had always been looked down as a minor contender, won the conservative primaries on the basis of his integrity—only to be badly wounded, a few weeks later, by "Penelopegate," a scandal over the payment of public funds to his wife and children. With a judge ordering that Sarkozy stand trial over a campaign finance charge, knives are now being plunged into even the corpses.

Just a couple of months from the presidential elections, all forecasts and basic rules of campaign politics have been proved wrong. One candidate is revelling in the shambles: Emmanuel Macron, who I profiled in *Prospect* two years ago ("Can this man save France?", May 2015). At 39, the new wonder child of French politics is running high in the polls and now stands a serious chance of making it to the top Elysée job.

How to explain such a rise? Isn't he too young, too inexperienced, having never run for elected office? What does he know about governance, having been an adviser to president Hollande and the economy minister in the Valls government for just four years? A middle-class upbringing, an alumni of the elite École nationale d'administration, isn't he a typical product of the establishment at a time when the populist tide is supposed to be sweeping it away? Didn't he work for a while as an investment banker with Rothschild, making very good money—a mortal sin in a country where other people's wealth is always viewed with suspicion?

He is not even supported by an established political party—denouncing his "social-liberal"stance, the Socialists disavowed him when he resigned last summer to launch his own movement, "En Marche!". It is this last weakness, however, that may prove to be a strength. Because Macron is not the prisoner of a political apparatus in a system where parties have long dictated the rules of the game, he looks fresh, pragmatic, free of the ideological overload which has paralysed the French left since Karl Marx. Accusing both main political families of being incapable of conducting the reforms the country needs and even of solving their own internal divisions, he believes the traditional divide between left and right has become obsolete.

Heart on the left, when it's not on the right—Emmanuel Macron

Undeterred by the Trumpian turn in world events, he professes liberal views about both the economy and social concerns, stressing the deep structural changes the country needs. Because he is a product of the system—he says, in a neat inversion of the populist fashion—he knows how to change it from within. He does not want the populists of the far-right and the far-left to take advantage of the French fatigue with representative democracy. He knows he has to address the conflicting issues of globalisation, multiculturalism and national identity. Nor does he fall into the usual trap of blaming all evil on Brussels technocrats. While the chattering class discusses the collapse of the EU, he is the most pro-European candidate and has European flags welcoming visitors to his Paris headquarters. The EU, he maintains, is the only framework in which common problems can be tackled, and the British will endure the sour consequences of Brexit for a long time to come.

Trying to escape enemy fire as long as possible, Macron has not yet developed a full platform. Of course, his critics sneer, he doesn't have any! He is just content playing with his good looks, his benevolent smile, his genial self-assurance—more of a guru than a political leader! Last autumn, he published a book full of cautious generalities—in France politicians have to put their name on a dust jacket to be taken seriously. He now promises to expose his programme in the coming weeks, rallying experts of all origins to work on it. In the meantime, week after week, huge crowds flock to his rallies.

Emmanuel Macron may well be gifted with that ultimate blessing in politics: luck. Who would have predicted a few weeks ago that the Socialist Party would in effect split up, its official candidate to the presidency openly opposed to the government still in place? Who would have foreseen François Fillon's stumble after such a solid win in the primaries, his own political family so divided that no alternate solution could be found, pending of course the conclusions of the judicial investigation under way?

Swinging from the centre-left to the centre-right, quoting everybody from de Gaulle to Mitterrand, from Jaurès to Simone Veil, Macron is uniquely posted at the crossroads of voters' uncertainties—all deadly tired of an establishment they deem out of touch with their varied concerns. However contradictory their expectations may be, they believe their blue-eyed hero can meet them.

A test of his performance, Macron is now targeted from all sides. Marine Le Pen, still leading in the first-round polls, hits at "the upper class banker, the money bag, the Brussels lackey," well aware he might become her opponent in the second round on 7th May. As an ultimate tribute to Macron's rising status, Julian Assange and his usual sponsors promise to release damaging material about him. There are still 10 weeks to go until the French election. In politics, if the story keeps unfolding at its current pace, almost an eternity.

Christine Ockrent is a journalist and writer. Her latest book, "Clinton-Trump: America in Anger" is published by Robert Laffont

"Back home in Yarm, I'm restoring motorcycle engines—a hobby I've had since I was 12. From there, I've never looked back. Now I am a Lead Technical Operations Engineer at Boeing. My team ensures the health of commercial aircraft. It's a great feeling knowing that all of my aircraft are flying safely and on time. Boeing's presence in the UK is important. Take it from me, you don't travel 285 miles to work unless you're doing something special."

SEE HOW NEIL IS BUILDING A STRONGER UK AT BOEING.CO.UK

PARTNERS YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW.

BOEING

Yuan Ren

Reader's block

Amid the frenzy of Beijing there is little room for the slow pleasures of the book

It's getting harder to sit down and read a book in Beijing. Even with the enduring smog outside being the perfect excuse for staying in, shutting the door and doing exactly that, a mere five minutes into chapter one and I'm already fretting over whether the delivery man is trying to reach me by phone.

Everything comes fast at you in China, and the sensory overload leaves no room for continuity. E-shop and your order arrives next morning. WeChat—a sort of combined Facebook, Twitter and WhatsApp—engulfs the lives around me. Many people my age, including friends with busy careers, are living more of their lives online than offline.

I used to treasure downtime on the London tube to get stuck into a good book. On the Beijing subway, getting a seat is near impossible, and someone nearby is always playing a WeChat video with no headphones on. Kinda kills the mood, not that anyone is trying to read a book anyway. "When was the last time you saw someone with a book in their hand on public transport?" a writer friend of mine asked. I genuinely couldn't remember.

Last year, after Emma Watson hid books on the London Underground to encourage commuters to read, a Chinese media company tried the same. In true Chinese style, it attempted something bigger and better, launching in several cities at once and enlisting celebrities to do the hiding. Over 10,000 books were left in stations, trains and taxis. But soon pictures of books piled next to a platform rubbish bin made the rounds on social media. Cue derision, as users asked: "Do Chinese people actually read books at all?"

"With the online information overflow… reading habits have been highly fragmented," Gao Lizhi, deputy editor of Beijing Publishing Group told me.

It's a different picture, however, at the three-tier, 24-hour Sanlian bookshop in Beijing, long known as the "spiritual home of China's intellectuals." Even at midnight, all the reading tables are often taken. Sanlian's popularity is down to a strong focus on the social sciences and arts, as well as the editor's selectivity. New-age "literary youths" come to read here too, lounging with a coffee in the all-night cafe upstairs.

"Attitudes to reading have manifested in two extremes," says Cui Defang, editor of Sanlian Publishing. "There is the minority who love to read or read for academic purposes, and those who read very little once they leave school because they don't see what it's got to do with real life."

"But Chinese people are always reading, it's just on their phones rather than books," a friend of mine recently commented. Online book sales have indeed risen, with cyber novels a cult for a niche crowd. Even so, the number of books read—in whatever format—is declining. According to a 2012 survey by the Institute of Social Sciences, the average Chinese person read just over four books a year, compared to—if we believe YouGov statistics—10 a year in the UK. China's figures were already dropping by the late 1990s, and in 2014 more than 40 per cent of Chinese people read less than one book, if we exclude textbooks.

Not many around me stick to reading as a habit either. The western middle-class culture where people discuss new novels doesn't really exist. It is there for films, however, which explains why going to the cinema, much less strenuous than reading, has become popular.

The lack of bookishness originates in the Chinese education system for language and literature. Young pupils are certainly encouraged to read, going through hundreds of short essays and novel excerpts in their textbooks, including contemporary masters such as Lu Xun, ancient poets like Li Bai and even French novelist Alphonse Daudet. And yet it's a wide, shallow net. Students rarely get the chance to study a whole book, or discuss one in depth. Children are not pushed to read with an independent mind, or to form their own opinions.

"Reading in China is directly linked to passing exams," says Gao Lizhi. "The process becomes very results-oriented, like much else in China these days." The same applies to the teaching of writing: much of what I was taught in Chinese class had a moral or political undertone. By year two of primary school, I'd already mastered the art of interpreting text in a way that scored highly: I parroted whatever they said.

For many Chinese people, reading stirs the question "what's the point for me?" The rewards for getting into a book the slow way are too oblique.

In a quick results culture, explains Gao, people "only want to read books that tell them how to get rich, and fast."

Yuan Ren is a journalist based in Beijing

Contact us:
+44 (0)20 8742 3355
martinrandall.com

MARTIN RANDALL TRAVEL
LEADING EXPERTS IN CULTURAL TOURS

Our tours are pure silk.

The lecturers are leaders in their field, the sites – both world-renowned and barely touched by tourism – are breathtaking. Our itineraries in India, Myanmar, China and Japan explore cultures ancient and modern that have influenced the art and thought of the modern world – including the ruined city of Hampi in southern India, the Terracotta Warriors in Xi'an and Kyoto's exquisite temple gardens. Travel through enthralling landscapes, from rural Myanmar to futuristic Shanghai.

Food is very much part of the cultural experience – notably on specially arranged private lunches and dinners. Tours are all-inclusive, with privileged access at key locations such as the Forbidden City.

Tours include: *Kingdoms of the Deccan* | *Indian Summer* | *Bengal by River* *Painted Palaces of Rajasthan* | *Assam by River* | *Sacred India* *Myanmar: Ancient to Modern* | *China's Silk Road Cities* | *Essential China* *Ceramics in China* | *The Arts in China* | *Art in Japan* | *Japanese Gardens*

'The lecturer's knowledge of the sites was fantastic and everything was done to make our group comfortable.'

'Quite thrilling – this is why I choose MRT over any other travel company.'

WINNER BRITISH TRAVEL AWARDS 2016 BEST SMALL HOLIDAY COMPANY FOR CUSTOMER SERVICE

WINNER BRITISH TRAVEL AWARDS 2016 BEST ESCORTED TOURS HOLIDAY COMPANY ★ SMALL ★

WINNER BRITISH TRAVEL AWARDS 2016 BEST SPECIAL INTEREST HOLIDAY COMPANY ★ SMALL ★

ATOL 3622 | ABTA Y6050 | AITO 5085

The Duel

Is the government's city devolution agenda really a cover for cuts?

Margaret Hodge

YES I have always believed that devolving power and budgets leads to better decisions on priorities, enhanced value for the spending of public money, higher quality in the services provided and, most importantly, strengthened democracy as people secure greater control over the decisions that affect their lives and their communities. I want more devolution.

However the government's actions fail to match what is required for a real city devolution agenda. New duties—not many new powers—are being transferred to city mayors alongside continuing vicious cuts in central government support for services. Transferring duties with inadequate funding to local bodies is not devolution.

In the five years to 2015/16 central government funding for local authorities fell by 37 per cent; further substantial cuts are coming. With new responsibilities for integrating health and social care, administering housing capital investment and running further education, the elected mayors, not the government, will be blamed for failures to deliver. Risk and blame is shifted while the real accountability for government failures is disguised.

This government is delegating the delivery of decisions that it takes, not devolving those decisions. For instance, mayors will still be forced to build new homes for sale or offer at market rents; they will not be able to build council homes at affordable rents. They cannot raise local taxes to fund local priorities; the extra money from council tax increases must go to social care. They cannot even choose whether they want an elected mayor. They will only get the new devolution deal if they agree to have one. Devolution deals are not designed by local communities or elected councillors; they are determined by ministers. This is not devolution.

Simon Jenkins

NO We can all accept your criticism of the present state of city devolution. But I have lost count of the MPs advocating devolution but doing nothing to bring it about—except criticise every move in its direction. My disagreement is over how it is to be achieved.

I want a constitutional devolution, on the German or American pattern. Short of that, we must move in stages. George Osborne's Manchester experiment, now being extended, was sincere, albeit rooted in his faith in the city's chief executive, Howard Bernstein. The delegation was chiefly in transport, health and social care and housing and training. No extra resources were allocated, but in the case of health and welfare Bernstein told me he needed none, such was the scale of waste in the existing structure. Yes, his budgets were cut, but it was control he wanted.

Half-hearted, perhaps, but more than anything attempted since the centralisation under Thatcher in the 1980s. No party made the slightest effort to reverse it. New Labour eroded the local tax base to the point where it is the lowest of any western democracy.

Osborne rightly saw elected mayors as key to freeing depressed cities from decayed party leadership and fought for this through an antagonistic Whitehall. Departments such as transport and employment, grown fat on centralism, fiercely defended their territory.

As you say, the degree of fiscal devolution in this desperately hesitant cities programme is pathetic. It is a direct legacy of Westminster's suspicion of any localism. But shifting "the burden of blame" to local leaders should make them demand more tax discretion in general. Local people must win back the freedom to spend more on the services they want.

YES It didn't take long for you to start blaming Labour, Simon. But at least get your history right! It was the Labour government that responded to what citizens wanted and didn't—as you allege—

"do nothing." Have you forgotten the creation of a Scottish parliament, a Welsh assembly and a London mayor with an elected assembly? That was real devolution, creating elected bodies, supported by local communities, with genuine powers and adequate funding. We didn't establish regional assemblies because local people rejected the idea in a referendum in the north east. You seem to want to impose regional bodies on unwilling citizens. What sort of devolution is that?

Contrast Labour's record with a deal behind closed doors in Manchester between two white, middle-aged men. No consultation, no discussions with elected councillors, cuts in funding and no real powers. Remember that this government has engineered the greatest centralisation in years, taking education out of local government, creating unaccountable academy trusts and centralising control over schools. Is that the "sincere" devolution you want? This is the government that has taken £1.1bn away from the Sheffield City Region, far exceeding the £900m they promise in devolution deals. That just sets the new bodies up to fail and take the blame.

You are right to say local areas should be able to raise more of their own taxes. But that will only work with a fair way of equalising resources between areas. The government is silent on this. Simply returning business rates to local authorities without this will deepen the inequalities and further hit the poor.

NO I had not thought this a party political exchange. When one side must abuse the other on grounds of colour, age and gender, I rather think the case is lost. I concede to you devolution to Scotland and Wales and the London mayoralty, for the last of which Tony Blair gave credit to my 1995 Commission for Local Democracy. But the few elected mayors were given no new devolved powers. John Prescott's abortive devolution to English regions was a blind alley. Cities and counties should have been given power.

The centralist academy programme and the nationalising of school testing took off under Blair and his schools minister, Andrew Adonis. Prescott's 2004 Planning and Compulsory Purchase Act was the most anti-localist on the statute book. Nothing so crushed local freedom as Blair's 500 national targets. Osborne's Manchester package was steered through local council leaders in the north west with full consultation by Manchester's Richard Leese. Almost all were elected Labour members. A London politician insulting them as secretive, stale white males rather explains Ukip's surge in the region.

But this issue is about the future. The present devolution package is limited, but more extensive than any in recent history. It is being extended to other cities with so-called enterprise resources tied to it.

Though cuts are savage, some tax-raising powers, critical to the future of local democracy, will be introduced. You are right that transferring business rates without equalisation is not fair. Nor is the present sudden jump in valuations. But we got nowhere with such reform under Labour.

This merely emphasises the need for a full re-assessment of local government finance, preferably to remove it from the party political to the constitutional realm. If every time a local electorate votes itself better—or worse—services, everyone howls "postcode lottery," we may as well wind up local elections altogether. Britain has Europe's most centralist administration. Even today's stagger towards the light is welcome.

YES We both believe that devolving power is a good thing. It helps strengthen democracy, achieve better value for money and will likely lead to higher quality public services. I accept that we are a centralised country, especially in the way we raise public monies. I agree that we should enable localities to raise more of their own money but we both agree that any move in that direction also needs a proper system for equalising resources between communities.

You also accept that the present government's school reforms involve centralising rather than devolving powers, showing an inconsistency at the heart of the government's approach. You say Labour was just as bad and I leave others to judge that.

You also accept that the cuts to local authorities are savage. The key difference between us is that I believe that those cuts mean that the devolution will inevitably fail and that the new mayors will simply take the blame for cuts without being able to demonstrate the benefits of devolution. You think this is a "stagger" in the right direction. I fear that any failure would simply take genuine devolution backwards, not forwards. And finally, I mentioned Prescott's attempt to introduce regional government because it was the closest the UK got to the German and American pattern of devolution you admire. People voted against it—and you can't ignore democracy!

NO It does not matter which party did what. All I know is that Osborne's Manchester devolution, however half-hearted, was the first attempt to devolve power to English local government for half a century. Labour did all in its power to kill it. What are now serious cuts in local spending and resources, at least a third in almost a decade, are worsening the quality of local services. Even the devolution of health and social care, with some discretion to raise council tax, is a desperately meagre response. This should not impede devolution.

Westminster is near silent on this, nitpicking at the margins and complaining about postcode lotteries, talisman for opposing local diversity and experiment. The reality is that MPs rather enjoy being de facto local mayors, showing they can get things done better through Whitehall than local councils. They have no interest in seeing power pass from Westminster to town and county halls.

The Prescott referendum in the north east was a classic example of this. He wished to set up an elected chamber to back up his regional outposts of central government. It was this version of top-down localism that the people of the north east rejected. Had he offered enhanced powers to Durham or Northumberland or Tyneside, he would have had overwhelming support.

British central government is dire, from its running of the NHS, to defence procurement, the prison service, farm payments, railway planning, tax collection and overseas aid. Everywhere in Europe the evidence is that local is better administered than central. Britain still rejects this. Central government is scared of local government and seeks always to cut it down to size. It sees it as an alternative seat of political power, and therefore disruptive.

Local devolution held the key to rebuilding a new Germany after the war, and holds the key to the separatist pressures building up in states across modern Europe. It was a rejection of localism that began the break-up of the UK, first with Ireland and now with Scotland. The David Cameron government's devolution proposals were a first glimmer of light in this gloom. They are under threat and need all the support they can get.

Margaret Hodge is Labour MP for Barking, Chair of the All-Party Parliament Group on Responsible Tax and former Chair of the Public Accounts Committee

Simon Jenkins wrote "Accountable to None: the Tory Nationalisation of Britain" and chaired the Commission for Local Democracy, 1995

Is localism just a cover for cuts?
Vote now at:
prospectmagazine.co.uk/theduel
Last month we asked *Prospect* readers:
"Should we give up dieting?"
They answered: **Yes** 60% **No** 40%

"Fortunately, we took human decency out of the equation here"

Speed data

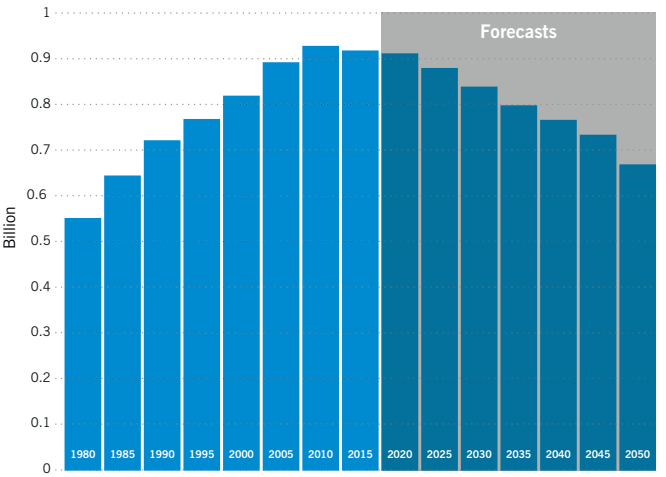
A world going grey

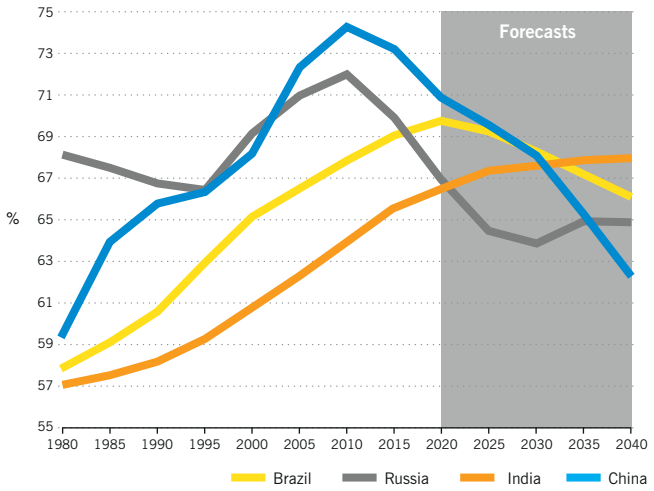
Western societies have long worried about getting old—but, in time, there will be a dearth of workers in their prime across the planet as a whole

DUNCAN WELDON

The workshop of the world is running out of staff:
China's working-age population is falling

You might have heard about the Chinese birth rate rising as the one-child policy formally ends. The small rise, however, doesn't dent the big picture—the Chinese are now getting on. That has less to do with any policy than the transformational rise in living standards over the decades. This raises life expectancy, and levels of education which, in turn, encourages proactive family planning. After the end of the ruinous Great Leap Forward in the early 1960s, there was a short-lived baby boom, but that demographic bulge is now working through the system, and tipping over into older age. The upshot? The Chinese prime-aged population (aged 15 to 59) has started shrinking: by 2050 all the growth since 1985 will have been reversed.



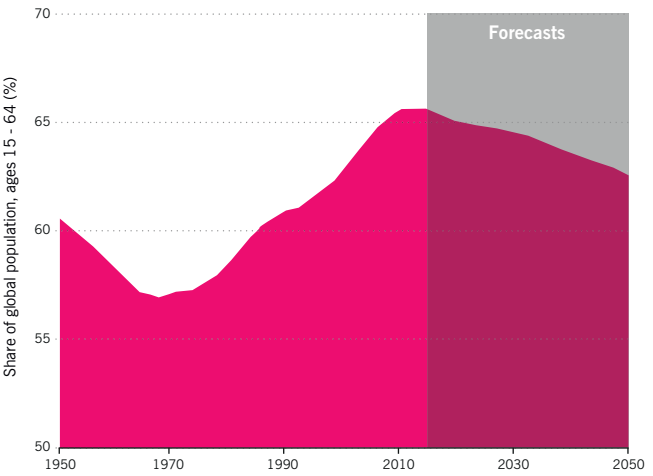


In workforce terms, the BRICs are sinking like stones:
Other emerging economies are heading China's way

The term "emerging economies" hopefully suggests that rising powers would take up the slack from a weary, ageing west. But two of the other much-vaunted BRICs are also headed China's way. The fear is widespread among the so-called economies of tomorrow that they may get old before they get rich. The proportion of Russians of working age has been on the slide for several years now—partially a legacy of the disastrous 1990s, and in Brazil the same ratio is on the cusp of sinking too. Among the four BRICs only India looks set to retain growth boosting demographics, and even there the pace of the expansion of the working-age population share is levelling off.

Older, everywhere:
Factor in the west, and the slide is really stark

Parts of the world are holding out, notably in sub-Saharan Africa and the wider Middle East, but the global picture now looks very different to even a few years ago. The ageing populations of the advanced economies and the larger emerging ones combines with past falls in the birth rate to mean that the share of total world population who are of prime working age has been falling since 2012. After a four-decade rise, the trend has reversed with that fall projected to last throughout the 2020s, 2030s and 2040s. A slower-growing global workforce will be a big challenge for the global economy.



Source: UN WPP 2015

A CALL FROM PALESTINIANS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UK:

"WE DEMAND HEALTH AND DIGNITY."

Life under Israel's military occupation means dealing with constant restrictions to the basic freedoms which should guarantee our health and dignity.

Our day-to-day movement is restricted by checkpoints and permits, we are denied access to adequate healthcare, and we are frequently at risk of being killed or injured in conflict or violent attacks from settlers.

THIS YEAR MARKS 50 YEARS OF THIS OCCUPATION AND 10 YEARS OF ISRAEL'S SUFFOCATING CLOSURE OF GAZA.

Health and dignity are not gifts to be earned; they are basic rights. They are not denied to us by natural disaster, but instead by a prolonged, man-made crisis; the longest military occupation in the world today.

INTERNATIONAL SUPPORT CAN HELP US ATTAIN THESE RIGHTS.

The UK Government continues to wield influence on the world stage, and has a historical responsibility towards the rights of Palestinians. It can, and must, support a brighter future for Palestinians based on humanitarian principles andinternational law.

PLEASE HELP US CALL ON THE UK GOVERNMENT TO SUPPORT PALESTINIAN HEALTH AND DIGNITY BY TAKING ACTION TO END TO ISRAEL'S OCCUPATION.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, AND TO JOIN OUR CALL, VISIT: MAP.ORG.UK/ACTNOW

WE DEMAND HEALTH & DIGNITY FOR PALESTINIANS

Follow MAP on
Twitter @MedicalAidPal
and
www.facebook.com/
MedicalAidforPalestinians

MAP
MEDICAL AID FOR **PALESTINIANS**
Registered Charity no: 1045315

Features

Taking liberties

Shooting the messengers

Trump rages at serious journalists who gave up on him before he began—reflecting a divided America whose two tribes have given up listening to each other

SAM TANENHAUS

The new American revolution, which began on 8th November 2016, when 63m people voted for Donald Trump, has been gaining momentum, as the Republican Party rallies round him, with even die-hard sceptics falling in line. But there are also growing signs of resistance—from the Democratic Party, from many among the 66m who voted for his rival and, most strikingly, from the "mainstream media," or MSM.

This last development is the most remarkable. For nearly a century, American journalism has prided itself, however fancifully, on its Olympian neutrality. No longer. A week before Trump's inauguration, the *Washington Post*'s respected media columnist Margaret Sullivan warned that "A hellscape of lies and distorted reality awaits journalists covering President Trump." She went on: "Trump will punish journalists for doing their jobs... Journalists are in for the fight of their lives. And they are going to have to be better than ever before, just to do their jobs."

She wasn't exaggerating. As President-Elect, Trump had waited a full two months after the election to hold his first press conference, a raw spume of blurtings. He dismissed intelligence findings that Vladimir Putin meddled in the election as "fake news... phoney stuff. It didn't happen." All the evidence suggests it did happen, and there is pressure on the Senate to investigate. Trump also urged Congressional Republicans to promote the new and better healthcare coverage he has insisted his administration will deliver in place of "Obamacare." In fact, no such new plan exists. Congress's non-partisan Budget Office has estimated that 18m people stand to lose insurance within a year if the programme is repealed. He refused to take a question from a CNN reporter Jim Acosta, instead berating him ("Your organisation is terrible... you are fake news.") The canards and inventions were instantly exposed, as one publication after another—the *Post*, the *New York Times* and others posted fact-checking reports.

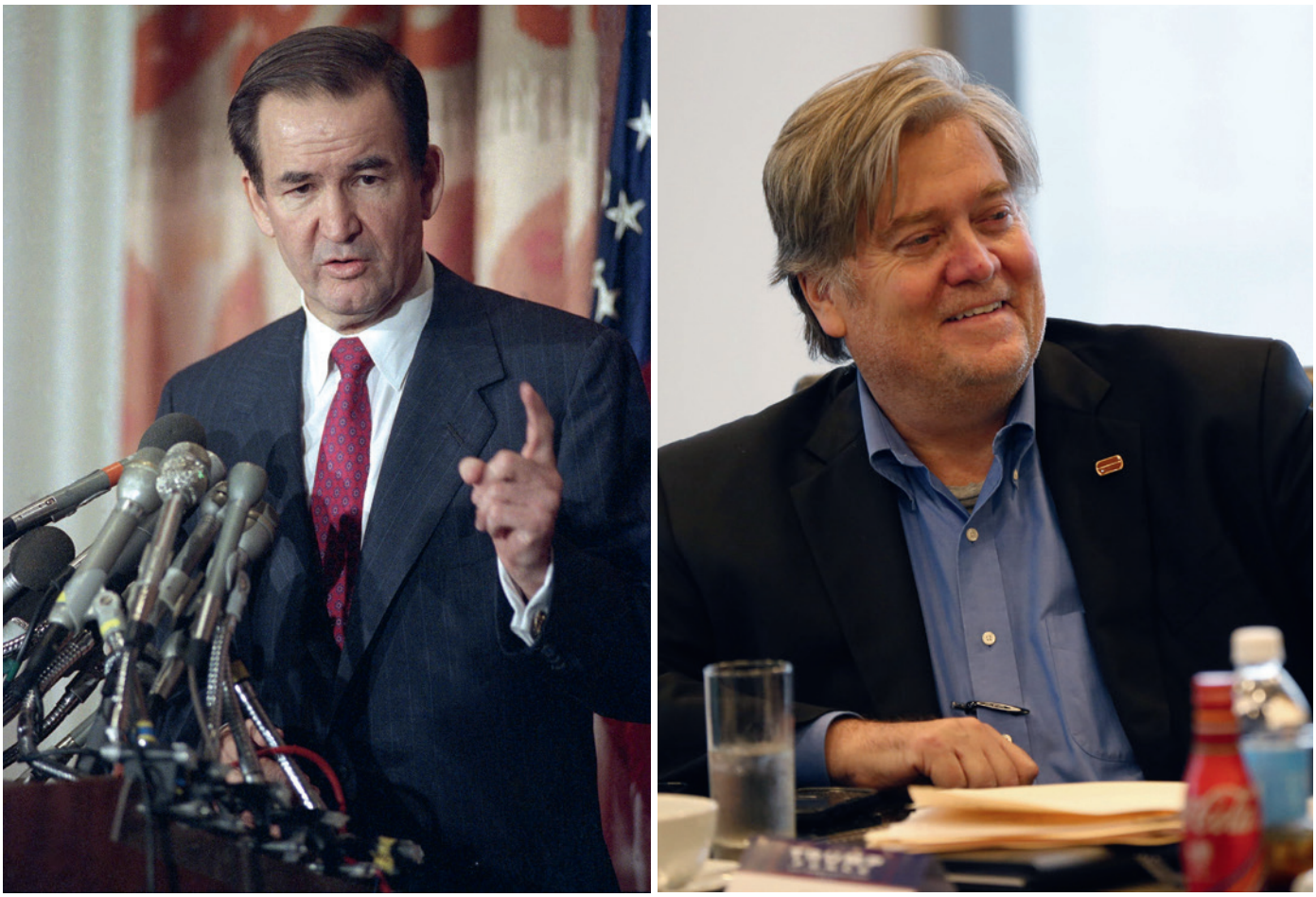
That was just the foretaste. Since then, Trump has been sworn in, and immediately flew into a tantrum over photos of his sparsely attended inauguration—cable television contrasted the sea of white space with Barack Obama's densely-packed crowd in 2009. Trump then forced his press secretary, Sean Spicer, to go before journalists and claim that the cameras had lied.

His preoccupation with crowd size—parallel to his fetish for poll numbers—originates in his years on television, where success is measured in ratings. It gnaws at him that he was not, in the end, the people's choice, and so he insists the reason he lost the popular vote to Hillary Clinton was that three million people voted illegally. It is a preposterous claim without a scrap of evidence to support it. And yet he belaboured the fantasy in a meeting with Congressional leaders, taking aback lawmakers who had expected a robust discussion of government business. Then again, when the subject does turn serious, and word comes of Trump's pet hope to re-open overseas "black sites" for "enhanced interrogation," that is, torture of suspected terrorists (see p52), the mind reels, and the sense grows that freedom in America is no longer a given.

The signature expression of the moment is "alternative facts." This term wasn't coined by a detractor but by a member of Trump's inner circle, his adviser Kellyanne Conway, in a wince-making botched television interview—its result was to catapult Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* to the number one spot on Amazon (the publisher says a 75,000-copy reprinting is on the way). What Conway meant was that Spicer wasn't exactly lying, or even objectively mistaken—he just has his own sources, as perhaps many of us do in the age of Facebook. The difference is that Trump, as king of social media, has actually mused about changing libel laws so he can punish journalists who dare to rely on facts inconveniently at variance with his own. The pattern is now fixed. Readers log into their news feeds expecting to see the word "lie"—used both by Trump and those covering him. The cloud of embarrassed apology that followed the election, when some of the country's most powerful journalists, including Dean Baquet, the *New York Times*'s Executive Editor, did public penance for getting so much so wrong, and vowed to do better, has evaporated, giving way to a second revolution: a new journalism of stubborn dissent.

"What's new isn't that we have a president who uses the media whenever he can," the *New Yorker*'s John Cassidy wrote. "It's that, simultaneously, he has made demonising the press a central part of his political strategy."

Sam Tanenhaus *is Prospect's US writer-at-large*



Left, Pat Buchanan, the "buoyantly right-wing" speechwriter for Richard Nixon who popularised the phrase "silent majority." Right, Stephen Bannon, who told a reporter that "the media should be embarrassed and humiliated and keep its mouth shut for a while"

Actually, it's not entirely new. Press-baiting was a leading pastime for Richard Nixon, whose presidency may provide the best guide to Trump's. Just as Trump relies on a ferocious and gifted ideologue, his chief political strategist, Stephen Bannon, who told a *New York Times* reporter, "I want you to quote me on this. The media here is the opposition party," so Nixon employed the buoyantly right-wing speechwriter Pat Buchanan, best remembered today for his own presidential campaigns in the 1990s, which presaged Trump's in their passionate attacks on immigrants, elites and foreign states.

But Buchanan entered history for the speeches he wrote for President Nixon (Buchanan popularised the term "silent majority") and his Vice President, Spiro Agnew. He reminisces about it all in a forthcoming book, *Nixon's White House Wars*. "In the battle to control America's agenda," he recalls, "the media were our true adversaries," exactly what Bannon meant when he said, "the media here is the opposition party." Nominally the opposition were Congressional Democrats such as Senator Edward Kennedy. "But more so were their media allies, who were the filter through which we had to go to reach the people. We saw the media as a distorting lens. Our objective was not to censor or silence them. That was impossible. What we could do was raise doubts about their motivation, veracity and wisdom."

Buchanan's deftest stroke was a belligerent speech he wrote for Agnew bluntly attacking the "big three" television news networks at the peak of the Vietnam War. The precipitating event was a speech Nixon had given the week before, outlining an ambitious new war strategy of "Vietnamisation." After the president was done, studio "experts" had jumped in, dissecting the new policy with "instant analysis and querulous criticism," instead of letting the public sift through it all themselves. This might seem familiar griping from a beleaguered White House. But Agnew went on to discuss the privileges of Nixon's tormenters: "Now what do Americans know of the men who wield this power?... Little other than that they reflect an urbane and assured presence, seemingly well informed on every important matter... [They] live and work in the geographical and intellectual confines of Washington DC or New York City... [and] bask in their own provincialism, their own parochialism."

The description has as much charge in 2017 as it did in 1969, and it applies equally well to print journalists (whom Buchanan attacked in a later speech) as television talking heads. The ingrained idea of "a media elite" is what gives Trump the upper hand in what he calls his "running war" with them. And there is just enough truth to make the label stick.

For weeks, Trump's cabinet choices were assailed for including so many "older white males." Now overall diversity in the *New York Times* newsroom is at 22 per cent, which may not sound too bad, but when Liz Spayd, the paper's new "public editor"—effectively its ombudsman—looked at those 20 or so reporters who actually covered the presidential campaign, she discovered "less diversity than you'll find in Donald Trump's cabinet thus far." From nine years as a senior editor there, I know that no one at the *New*

Donald Trump with family members—his business affairs offer "a stark image of America as a global banana republic"

York Times is happy about this: a diversity "mission" was adopted long ago, which despite mixed results had entirely laudable intentions. But such schemes frequently run into their own problems, and—very often—a backlash, too. Once editors begin doubling as minority recruitment officers, race becomes all they can see. Like Spayd, they gaze out at their colleagues and behold not a room of individuals but a sea of "blinding whiteness." In a tough time for newspaper recruitment, they begin asking themselves, as another *New York Times* editor said to me while weighing the merits of an applicant a few years ago, "if I hire one new white guy this year, should it be him?". This was refreshing candour—and there may be no better alternative. But such practices are what lead all those other Americans who feel that their own disadvantage is never addressed by any diversity programme—aimed, say, at graduates of large state universities or Christian colleges—to take heart from Donald Trump's snickering at "political correctness."

The reigning ideology of "difference"—with its pecking order of race, gender, sexual identity—in institutions such as the *New York Times* doesn't stop at hiring. It also spills over into reporting and news analysis and gives us, for instance, "Voices From Donald Trump's Rallies, Uncensored," the newspaper's video compilation of racial epithets gleaned from "over a year covering Donald Trump's rallies, witnessing so many provocations and heated confrontations." Much praised when it was posted, in August, it looks today like a prequel to Clinton's lethal "basket of deplorables" remark made a month later. Toss in the craving du jour for "big data" and eye-popping "graphics" and the result will be the strangely de-personalising score-card coverage of the 2016 presidential race in which 130m-plus voters were grouped into units labelled "colour," "gender," "income," and "education." By the end, the individual voter had been smothered in the ether of statistical collectivities: the "white working class," "college-educated women," the "Asian vote." A week before the election a new counter was placed on the board. We were told the 35m members of "the disability vote" might tip the scales, presumably away from Trump since he had grotesquely mimicked a disabled *New York Times* reporter, perhaps the ugliest moment in the campaign (though there were other moments nearly as bad). But this assumed, on remarkably little basis, that disabled voters form a single-issue unit—and of course, they don't. In fact they appear to be divided equally among Republicans, Democrats and independents—a mirror of the country at large. The bloc is not a bloc at all.

When Bannon, the former Executive Chairman of hard-right news website Breitbart, told a *New York Times* reporter after the election, "the media should be embarrassed and humiliated and keep its mouth shut and just listen for awhile," he had a point, just as Nixon's White House did. The difference is that Trump and company are less dependent on the MSM. They can reach their audience directly through their own mass-audience outlets—Fox News, talk radio, Breitbart, above all Trump's Twitter feed—and so frame their own messages on their own terms.

With remarkable agility Trump and his followers leaped on to the post-election crusade against "Fake News" and spun it to their own advantage. One minute it had been the *New York Times* publishing a solidly reported story on energetic, amoral fabricators, some operating as far away as Tbilisi in Georgia, spinning lurid untruths about Clinton; the next minute it was Trump's Fox News surrogate Sean Hannity gleefully announcing, "FAKE NEWS ALERT: *Washington Post* Misreports High Level State Department Resignations" after a columnist there excitedly sent out an "exclusive" on a "mass exodus" of Obama holdovers. Within hours it emerged they had been pushed out in a fairly routine house-cleaning. Just as the "left" can point to Trump appointees and say "just another white male," so the right can point to new examples of "media bias." It's a mug's game, and journalists will be well advised to move on.

Especially when there are bigger stories to tell, larger secrets to unravel. For instance, the mounting evidence, furnished by US intelligence, that the secret author of Trump's victory was very possibly Putin. A few Republicans have joined Democrats

"The Trump-Nixon axis gets one big thing right. There are two Americas, each driven by its cartoon idea of the other"

in calling for a congressional investigation. If it happens, and it is seriously pursued, journalists could break major news, via leaked documents and off-the-record interviews. Another fruitful subject will be Trump's risky handling of the Constitution's "emoluments clause," which forbids federal officials from accepting gifts from foreign governments. Trump has effectively made himself available for business, by declining to put his many holdings in a blind trust—the established practice, even for a non-billionaire like Obama. He instead handed the properties off to his grown children, who are already top executives in the Trump organisation; their dual roles as political advisers now make them the best-connected businesspeople in the world, with temptations on all sides. (Trump was indignant when Nordstrom, the department store chain, announced it was dropping his daughter Ivanka's clothing line, due to weak sales). The president's spanking-new Washington hotel, towering up from Pennsylvania Avenue, a few blocks from the White House, presents a stark image of America as a global banana republic, with entrepreneurs booking rooms at astronomical prices, and Trump cast in as Juan Perón, Argentina's former president.

Nixon is again the model here. His successful war on the media turned with Watergate, when the *Washington Post* team of Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein brilliantly uncovered a dark underworld of White House-directed crime. To this day, Nixon's supporters blame his downfall on media bias. But the key source was a Justice Department official, Mark Felt, forever remembered by his code name, "Deep Throat." The danger to presidents comes not from outside "critics," but from disgruntled people inside. And Trump's swaggering approach, combined with infighting that has already led to a binge of unflattering leaks, could undo him. No one knows this better than the provocateur Bannon, who in his Breitbart days fed his best scoops to the mainstream press instead of publishing them on his own site. "What you realise hanging out with investigative reporters," Bannon told *Bloomberg Businessweek*'s Joshua Green, in a profile published in October 2015, "is that, while they may be personally liberal, they don't let that get in the way of a good story." "And if you bring them a real story built on facts, they're fucking badasses, and they're fair."

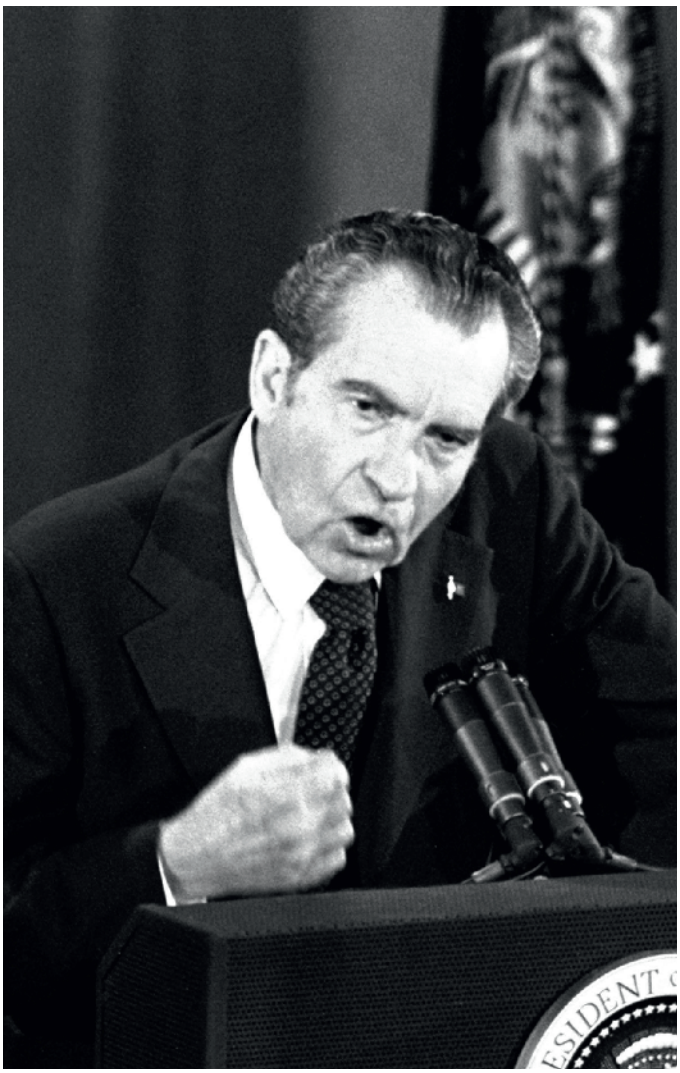
But they must also be careful. Although Trump the rogue is a big target, and a thin-skinned one, he is not so easy to wound. This truth emerged during the first major crisis of the new administration, his slapdash executive order banning immigrants from seven majority-Muslim countries together with any and all refugees from everywhere else—in blunt violation of American law, which ended a long history of screening on the basis of "national origin" in 1965. (See p7) Civil liberties lawyers instantly filed briefs in federal courts, and several judges blocked the order. But the damage had been done. Some travellers had already lost their visas. Trump defended himself, as he usually does, on Twitter, sounding hurt that the order was being described, accurately, as a ban. "Call it what you want, it is about keeping bad people (with bad intentions) out of country!"

It was a disturbing and even heart-stopping episode, complete with images of bewildered and fearful travellers, some fleeing danger in their homelands, others returning from abroad to resume well-established lives in the US. And there was the spectacle of American citizens thronging airports and courthouses in solidarity with the detainees. And yet polls showed a comfortable plurality was on his side (48 per cent to 41). To them, Trump was simply fulfilling his campaign promise of "extreme vetting" of refugees. Besides, the order was "only temporary," as one Trump supporter pointed out to the *New York Times*. Trump's detractors should "just take a breather," he added. "Take a little time out. Let's get the smart people in here and formulate a plan."

The calm words pointed up a curious reversal in the passions of American politics now that we have entered the age of Trump: the fresh currents of protest are coming almost entirely from the left. The opposite was true all through the Obama years, when the great dissident force was the Tea Party movement. Much ridicule was heaped on them at the time, presumed back-country Yahoos egged on by Fox News ranters, showing up angrily at "town halls" with concealed firearms or at rallies, wearing tricorns and waving crudely lettered anti-Obama placards. Today, progressives look back at them with new respect—as pioneering citizen-activists, "whose grassroots savvy I think the left is trying to replicate," as a distinguished journalist recently suggested to me. She added hopefully, "Some of the Trump opposition has a fervour that on the left we may not have seen since the 60s."

The message has reached Congressional Democrats. Some are poised to exact vengeance, remaking themselves as the combative "party of no," changing places with the Republicans whose "obstructionism" they heartily denounced only a few short months ago. It's a defensible tactic—and at times the only one available. "The duty of an Opposition is to oppose," Randolph Churchill said, long ago; and at the same time offer "opposition and criticism," as a hero of the American right, Senator Robert Taft, counselled. But if saying "no" becomes mere reflex, it could backfire. The public wants the government to work, no matter who is in charge. "We are embarked in a great natural experiment that will show whether the United States is a nation of laws or a nation of men," the political scientist ▶


GRIFF RHYS JONES AND LEE MACK
WITH MATHEW HORNE
KATY WIX AND RYAN GAGE
MOLIÈRE'S CLASSIC COMEDY
THE MISER
FREELY ADAPTED BY SEAN FOLEY & PHIL PORTER
DIRECTED BY SEAN FOLEY
GARRICK THEATRE | UNTIL 3 JUNE 2017



Tricky Dick: President Richard Nixon, whose war against the media prefigured Trump's own

Francis Fukuyama, no fan of Trump, recently pointed out. The election of Trump, "an American strongman... is actually a response to the earlier paralysis of the political system," the paralysis, that is, of the system's locked gears.

Indeed Trump, for all his many anomalies, fits into the pattern of change that began a quarter of a century ago, when the Cold War ended—and with it the unifying conceit of America as an anti-Communist beacon to the rest of the world. No subsequent cause has united the two parties, and the public, in so sustained a way. Clinton governed from the centre, tried to be heir to both Lyndon B Johnson and Ronald Reagan, but unleashed the furies of the right, energised by the culture wars. George W Bush briefly rallied the country after 9/11, and might have done it, but it all fell apart in Iraq. Obama tried a JFK-style technocratic "post-partisan" politics, and won two elections handily, but in the end seemed to hover too far above it all and failed to convert his own personal popularity into a lasting majority.

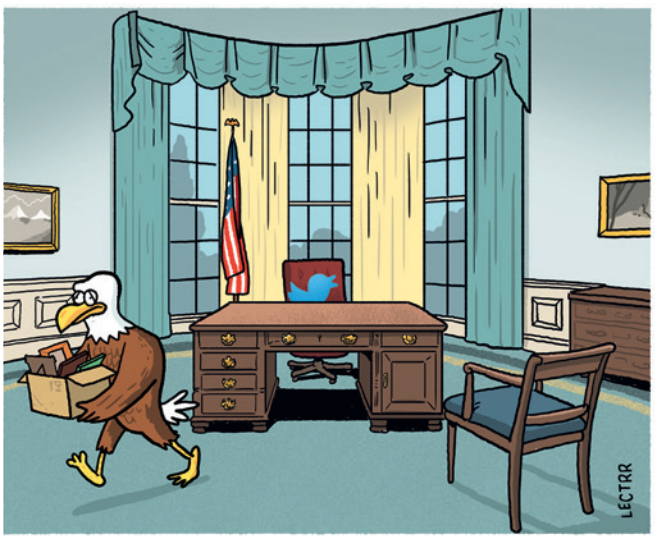
The trouble, in all these cases, wasn't just failures of programme and policy, but also something beyond each man's control: the incurable polarisation of the electorate, which is divided evenly but not amicably. The Nixon-Trump, Buchanan-Bannon axis gets one big thing right. There are—and long have been—two Americas, each driven by its cartoon idea of the other. Their mutual antipathy obscures much else and leaves us only with the see-sawing of power. Of the last seven presidential elections, the Democrats have won four, the Republicans three. Meanwhile, there has been a steady alternation of control in Congress. The Republicans now enjoy a majority in both houses, but it could prove as short lived as the Democrats' majority when Obama was elected in 2008. Then we would be back with the gridlock which will, perhaps, be America's natural lot until the grip of polarisation out in the country eases.

The only people who can unlock it are the ones we elect. And these representatives are also captives who serve at our whim. All this enlarges Trump, no matter how far he goes: blustering at allies like Australia and Mexico, making vague threatening noises to Iran, even as powerful adversaries like China and Russia lean back and take full measure of the opportunities he opens up for them. What they will discover, if they haven't already, is that Trump is the first truly post-Cold War president—the less hawkish of the two choices in 2016. It was Clinton, not Trump, who perpetuated the archaic myth of America as the "exceptional" and "indispensable" nation.

Which is not to say he can't do harm abroad—and at home. Americans are discovering, with a shock, just how much a president can do—and undo, thanks to the Caesarist reach of the office. Trump didn't invent this. It dates right back—"We elect a king for four years," Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of State, William H Seward, explained in 1860, "and give him absolute power within certain limits, which after all he can interpret for himself."

Lincoln himself would assume dictatorial powers under conditions far more perilous than today's. He had to be sneaked into Washington amid plausible rumours of a murder plot, following the secession of seven Southern states. He would soon order the blockading of the port at Charleston, South Carolina, and raise an army of 40,000 volunteers, and even suspended *habeas corpus*. He did each of these things with a decidedly non-Trumpian calm. Lincoln achieved his grand purpose, keeping the Union intact, but it came at the expense of his life ("*sic semper tyrannis*!" cried his assassin as he pulled the trigger) and sowed hatreds that continue to shape, or misshape, our politics to this day.

Trump too seems capable of misshaping the republic, but for no cause greater than himself. That cause is now America's own, whether we like it or not. P



High crimes, low odds

You're never going to oust Trump using the law—unless the politics turns

URSULA HACKETT

President Donald Trump's business dealings, unhinged tweets and conflicts of interest, coupled with lurid sexual allegations and whispers of Russian links have led some to dream that impeachment could be just around the corner. The chatter started even before he took office, and by January's end half a million people had signed the "Impeach Trump Now" petition. It's all very wishful thinking.

Article II, Section 4 of the US Constitution states: "The President, Vice President and all civil officers... shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." The House of Representatives must vote upon an impeachment resolution and the Judiciary Committee conduct an investigation. If the House then accepts the impeachment charges, the action moves to the Senate, where a trial takes place. To convict an impeached president a full two-thirds of the Senate must find him guilty. The first of these steps (Committee investigation) has taken place three times: in 1868 (President Andrew Johnson), 1974 (Richard Nixon) and 1998 (Bill Clinton). The second (House vote and Senate trial), twice—for Presidents Johnson and Clinton, but not Nixon, who resigned before trial. The third (conviction) has never taken place.

In conscious opposition to the ancient maxim "the king can do no wrong," the Founding Fathers created a presidency that was not shielded from responsibility for wrongdoing. In early Constitutional drafts only treason and bribery were impeachable. One founder—George Mason—suggested adding "maladministration," but James Madison objected that this loose formulation would hand a weapon to politically-motivated enemies of the president. They compromised with "high crimes and misdemeanors." But Madison's fears proved well founded: impeachment has never truly been a legal process, and always a political one. The political battleground? Defining "high crimes and misdemeanors."

Unlike well-defined treason or bribery, the "high Crimes" test is entirely elastic. The President's supporters take a restrictive view, his opponents an expansive one. Presidents may wish things were clearer, and sometimes claim that they are. "You don't have to be a constitutional lawyer to know that the constitution is very precise in defining what is an impeachable offence," whimpered a besieged Nixon in 1974. But he was wrong: the Founders did not specify a list of specific offences, nor even require any actual criminal offence be proved. His successor, Gerald Ford, was closer to the truth when he claimed that "an impeachable offence is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be at a given moment in history." Impeachable "Misdemeanors" could include inaction, chronic ineptitude and abuse of powers, especially when aggregated into a pattern of behaviour. All this makes impeachment a fundamentally political act—defined in terms dictated by partisan actors—and thus, where those actors are sufficiently hostile, a more plausible outcome.

Partisanship thus becomes the dominant question. Both Johnson's and Clinton's impeachment votes split along party lines. Democratic Senator Robert Byrd stated at Clinton's trial that although he was certain the Democratic president had committed perjury, his vote would be cast in "the best interest of the nation." The chief check on partisanship is political calculation. During Democrat Andrew Johnson's impeachment proceedings, for example, Congressional Republicans—who had never approved of southerner Johnson's conciliatory approach to the former Confederacy—argued that he had violated the Tenure of Office Act by firing their ally, War Secretary Edwin Stanton. But Johnson was saved by crucial votes from individual Republicans who fretted that "the shock of impeachment" could damage their standing.

Impeachment efforts have always occurred when rival tribes control the White House and Capitol Hill. And the Republican Trump will not be impeached unless most members of a Republican House and a supermajority of a Republican Senate judge it to be in their own interests. Moreover, the sequencing of the electoral cycle in the Senate actually gives the Republicans a good chance to tighten their grip there in the 2018 mid-terms. Trump's many indiscretions did not prevent him winning the election nor, crucially, did they seem to damage down-ballot Republicans last year. The Republican primary electorate were not turned off by all the scandals, and polling suggests that the white evangelical Republican base has recently become more indulgent of public officials who commit immoral personal acts.

Partisanship and calculation, then, are all-important—not formal legal standards. But, just as Clinton's high approval ratings in a strong economy saw him survive his trial, could Trump's low personal ratings prove a trigger? Unlikely. Public opinion is only important insofar as it sways members of the Republican majority, and—in largely gerrymandered Congressional seats—it is Republican opinion that counts. Moreover, Congress almost always has lower approval ratings than the president: currently 19 per cent, worse even than Trump's 45 per cent. Congress is at a disadvantage. Media portrayals of Clinton's opponents as vengeful helped discredit their efforts, and Trump's conservative media allies would swiftly discredit potential impeachers.

In sum, impeachment is a risky game Republicans are most unlikely to play, barring some unimaginable political upset. The long odds are driving some despairing souls to study another corner of the Constitution, the 25th Amendment, in which they spot an opening for the Vice-President to conspire with lawmakers or Trump's own Cabinet to declare him "unable" to rule. The impeachment chatter was already a sign of desperation. But things are fast reaching a pretty pass when liberal America finds itself feeling comforted by wild notions of a Mike Pence coup. P

Ursula Hackett *is a lecturer in politics at Royal Holloway, University of London*

Excited by the challenges we tackle, inspired by the opportunities we see

For more information please contact:

Graham Joyce
Defence Delivery Director
graham.joyce@ch2m.com

Adrian Worker
Civil Nuclear Delivery Director
adrian.worker@ch2m.com

Jonathan Refoy
European Corporate Affairs Director
jonathan.refoy@ch2m.com

www.ch2m.com

EN0908151039LON

At CH2M, we help to lay the foundation for human progress by turning challenge into opportunity. We take on our clients' most complex infrastructure and natural resource challenges, and we solve them in new ways. We work in the water, transportation, energy, environment and industrial sectors. The defence and security arena represents a prime opportunity to deliver integrated solutions across these sectors.

We have 25,000 employees worldwide - including over 3,000 in the UK - who are passionate about improving the communities where we live and work. Our culture is based on respect, collaboration and entrepreneurship, and is grounded in our core priorities of ethics, safety, sustainability and corporate citizenship.

CH2M's Environment and Nuclear business group delivers complex, high-value nuclear programmes globally – safely, ahead of schedule and under budget. We provide innovative clean up, decommissioning, closure and hazard reduction solutions for the most contaminated nuclear sites and facilities. We ensure our decommissioning, waste management, waste fuel strategies and support service operations at civilian nuclear research sites in the United Kingdom and the United States result in reduced costs and improved schedule performance, quality and safety standards.

Leveraging our delivery experience in highly-regulated environments, CH2M collaborates with our clients to provide programme management and consulting services for some of the world's largest and most complex programmes through all phases: from concept and development, through commissioning, into service and finally disposal.

In addition, we provide specialist technical expertise in planning, permitting, licencing and engineering support.

- World-leading portfolio, programme and project management (P3M) expertise
- Responsive to complex stakeholder and supply chain relationships
- Conversant with commercial and public sector governance and financing
- Identifying and resolving capability shortfalls in collaboration
- Long-standing record in delivering in highly-regulated environments
- Transformational change management in partnership
- Leveraging technical innovation across the full project life cycle
- Mutually beneficial contracting models

Trumpeting a global trade war

The US underpinned the liberal economic order. So what now in a world of America First?

GEORGE MAGNUS

Often accused of being rambling or incoherent, in his inaugural address President Donald Trump did—for better or worse—have something substantial to say. He summed it up in the two-word slogan, "America First." To the uninitiated, this might have sounded like typical new-president waffle that might be forgotten as quickly as the "thousand points of light" of George HW Bush's 1989 inaugural. Those who know their American history, however, were not so easily soothed. For "America First" was also the slogan of the isolationists during the 1930s, the last time the world descended into a serious trade war. The question that can no longer be ducked is whether it could happen again.

On their path to the top, many presidential candidates—Barack Obama and Bill Clinton included—have aired anxieties about trade, but they have tended to cool their rhetoric pretty quickly on assuming office. They were bound to do so if the United States were to maintain the role it has had for the last 70 years, as the linchpin of the liberal trading order. No winning candidate, however, has adopted anything like the language of Trump, who has talked of the "rape" of America's jobs.

And as he stood in front of the Capitol on 20th January, he doubled down on that line. "Protection," he said, "will bring great prosperity and strength." He indicated that all his decisions on trade, taxes, immigration and foreign affairs would be made in the interests of American families and workers. In Trump's America trade is a zero-sum game in which only one party gains, and in which the interests of Americans as suppliers of products or labour are all-important, entirely dominating the interest they have as consumers.

Trump is an ugly new feature on the world's trading landscape, but he did not come from nowhere. In important respects he is a creature of his time. If the great contemporary political battle is between globalisers and the malcontents, then trade is the front line. Even before the remarkable events of 2016, world trade had been in trouble, mainly for economic reasons. Now, though, there is a new political cloud hanging over world trade, bringing in its wake greater protectionism and the real possibility of a full-on trade war.

Trump has quickly given notice that the US would withdraw from the 12-nation Trans-Pacific Partnership (TPP) free trade agreement, and seek to renegotiate the North American Free Trade Agreement (Nafta) with Canada and Mexico. He has made clear that he will punish countries that "violate" trade agreements. This is aimed largely, though not exclusively, at China, which Trump seems intent to weaken through trade issues. And the most immediate risk of Trump's protectionist stance is, undoubtedly, a trade war with Beijing. Everything depends on how far the US is prepared to go, and the extent to which the Chinese retaliate. The broader risk to the world economy is that we are losing America as the champion of an open, rules-based, regime of trade and investment, the role it has played ever since the Second World War.

All this formed the backdrop to Theresa May's trip to Washington to try and set in motion a quick-fire trade deal with the new president. Both leaders have their political reasons to look as though they will be able to pull off an artful deal. I'll come back to the detail of what that might entail. But while a post-Brexit Britain would like to reinvent itself a trading buccaneer, it is essential to bear in mind the depressing wider context for trade—with America, and beyond. As the UK prepares to leave the European Union, which is the biggest free trade area in the world, the May government's aspiration for "Global Britain" as a beacon of free trade is fundamentally hollow in the absence of a domestic strategy of economic mitigation.

Put the politics out of your mind for a moment: focus on the figures. World trade of goods and services was, until fairly recently, at the leading edge of globalisation. Between 1985 and 2007, trade grew at twice the rate of world GDP, but since the 2008 financial crisis, it has hardly managed to keep pace, at times even lagging behind. In the last five years, it has grown at about 3 per cent annually, which is less than half the rate of growth over the previous 30 years. There are few historical precedents in the last 50 years for such weak performance, and none for such prolonged sluggishness.

Last autumn the International Monetary Fund made the sanguine suggestion that around three-quarters of the slowdown in trade could be put down to passing "cyclical" factors. Yet the weakness of trade has been going on for so long, that it seems wiser to assume that structural factors are at work. What are these? Chronic weakness of business investment is one. The end in 2014 of the long commodity price boom, which had been boosting the value of trade, is another. Then there is China, for so long the world economy's engine, whose growth has been slowing since 2011. The previously phenomenal growth in complex global supply chains has also been levelling off: the

George Magnus *is an economist, and author of "Uprising: Will Emerging Markets Shape or Shake the World Economy?" (John Wiley)*

SAD! Trump's thoughts on trade are clear

proportion of China's imports that are taken up with parts and components, for example, has fallen from almost 60 per cent before the financial crisis to 38 per cent today. Its companies now produce more locally. Across the planet, ageing societies weigh on trade, because older consumers devote more resources to things like healthcare, which are generally locally produced.

Such factors incline some—like Barry Eichengreen, who wrote in *Prospect* recently ("Spinning beyond Brexit," November 2016)—to argue that we shouldn't necessarily be surprised or disappointed if "trade ain't what it used to be." While the pace of integration has slowed, he insisted, the state of globalisation will endure, so long as societies maintain a commitment to openness and interdependence. Thus Eichengreen maintained—after the Brexit vote, but before Trump's election—that the world was witnessing a recalibration of globalisation, and not a reversal.

Even before America's fateful vote on 8th November, Eichengreen's analysis of the outlook for trade—based on manufacturing processes and communications technologies, rather than brute politics—was arguably incomplete. In the wake of Trump, however, the whole idea of a temporary globalisation plateau is redundant.

Think about what Harvard Professor Dani Rodrik has called the globalisation "trilemma." Rodrik says you can only ever have two of deep economic integration, national sovereignty and democratic politics—unless you have trusted institutions to balance all three. The principal example of such balancing arrangements was the Bretton Woods system. Established in the years after the Second World War, it was based for many years on fixed-but-adjustable exchange rates that proved to be unsustainable during the 1970s. Today, it is self-evident that the institutions that we have to oversee such cross-border economic arrangements—such as the EU—are no longer strong enough to hold the rising demands for greater sovereignty at bay.

Just think of Brexit. For 52 per cent of UK voters and many European citizens, the trusted institutions check-box is empty. The third part of the trilemma, economic integration, is falling away. Martin Sandbu highlighted the political reaction against the globalisation narrative in *Prospect* ("The Shock of Free Trade," July 2016), singling out the cases of the US and Brexit in ▶

© JUSTIN SULLIVAN/GETTY IMAGES

Charged with turning societies upside down, global trade has been in a funk since the financial crisis in 2008

particular. Until we rebuild trust in our institutions at home and internationally, globalisation and trade will remain at continuous risk of unravelling. If you doubt it, look at what is already happening—and was already happening before Trump.

1. Protectionism is on the rise

Global Trade Alert, a monitoring organisation, reports that since it started work in 2008, over 6,000 protectionist measures have been introduced by G20 countries, with over 400 new ones in the last 12 months. Tariffs are no longer the main weapon—state aid or bail-outs, as well as trade defence measures such as anti-dumping duties have both been invoked at least twice as often. In the last two years, Obama raised tariffs on steel from China, India, South Korea and Taiwan. Soon after, China accused Japan, South Korea and the EU of dumping steel on the market and announced its own penalties. India applied anti-dumping duties on Chinese steel. The Obama administration has also bequeathed to its successor measures aimed at Chinese semiconductor producers.

2. Meanwhile, the liberalisation of trade has waned

The Doha round, the last truly *global* attempt to liberalise world trade, died in 2015, 14 years after it was launched, though it had been comatose since 2005. Its main focus was economic development in poorer countries. It wanted to liberalise agricultural trade especially. It soon became apparent, though, that exporters and importers of produce and crops saw liberalisation from unbridgeable points of view. The US farm lobby was unwilling to agree to cuts in agricultural subsidies without dramatic access to foreign markets than was on the table. On the other side, China and other emerging nations were unwilling to give ground.

For a while, it looked like regional and bilateral free trade agreements (FTAs) might pick up the slack. But according to the Design of Trade Agreements database, where there were around 30 FTAs per year in the 1990s, that slipped to 26 per year in the run-up to the financial crisis, and then—since 2010—just 10 annually. Admittedly, some of these recent deals were big, multi-partner arrangements, sometimes covering more than just tariffs—things like the product standards, rules of origin and public procurement rules which constitute the most important trade barriers. That said, thanks to Trump, two of the very biggest recent FTAs—the TPP, and the Transatlantic Trade and Investment Partnership (TTIP) between the US and the EU—will very likely soon be gathering dust.

3. There's even squabbling about the *form* of future deals

Some prefer regional deals, others bilateral agreements. Until now, multi-country regional agreements have been more powerful—capitalising on geography, supply chains and scale—rendering bilateral deals a side-show. At the end of 2016, the US had FTAs with 20 countries, among them Australia and South Korea, but none is as important as Nafta with Canada and Mexico. China has 14 completed FTAs—also including Australia and South Korea, and New Zealand too—but its most important agreements are with the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (Asean) countries. Currently, it is trying to conclude a new regional deal with 16 countries.

The new White House view, however, rejects this multilateral way of working, insisting that bilateral deals are now in and regional deals out. There is no economic logic for this, except perhaps for the faith that the US can use its size to secure better leverage one-on-one.

All of this is happening in a political context where the president is talking seriously about bespoke tariffs on Mexican goods of perhaps 20 per cent to pay for a wall to keep Mexican people out. The Republicans in Congress are considering a so-called border tax adjustment as part of US corporate tax reform, which would, in effect, represent a tariff on imports and a subsidy for exports. As a stealth tax on trade this would probably fall foul of World Trade Organisation rules. Nobody knows how far Washington will press the new protectionism.

> "There is already speculation that China is drawing up a list of companies in 20 US states that voted strongly for the president so they can tax them in retaliation"

The big picture, then, is not pretty. But there is particular reason to fear where the most important bilateral trading relationship of all is concerned—between the US and China. Over many months, threats have emanated from Trump and his people, including a possible 45 per cent tariff on Chinese imports.

Optimists hope that the economic interdependence between the US and China, the strong presence of businesspeople in the new administration and in the lobbying world may act as a moderating force. Yet the new president hasn't wasted time confirming his protectionist trade bias, or nominating like-minded people to head up the Commerce Department, US Trade Representative Office and National Trade Commission. In parallel, he has indulged in purely political provocations—such as speaking directly to Taiwan, which the US does not officially recognise in deference to Beijing—which do nothing to lighten the mood where trade is concerned. There is also a growing concern that the US may seek to challenge China militarily over its posturing in the South China Sea.

Even if the US pulled back from very high across-the-board tariffs, there are other potential areas of dispute. It's likely that investigations will soon be launched that could result in specific duties being imposed to force concessions from Beijing. After all, Trump's advisers believe that China has long pursued unfair trade through state aid and discriminatory rules and regulations that favour local companies.

There is little question that China will retaliate if the US pushes it too far. There is speculation that Beijing is drawing up lists of products and companies in 20 US states that voted strongly for the president so they can tax them in retaliation. Major US exporters to China such as Boeing could be targeted, as could American companies operating inside China. But exactly how hard China will hit back is unclear. At the crucial 19th Communist Party Congress to be held late this year, President Xi Jinping wants to make important constitutional changes that will cement his power. A distracted China might, to some extent, be prepared to bite its tongue to keep the economy on an even keel. But it would be naive to imagine that Xi will endure US provocation without any response at all.

While US-China relations are set to deteriorate, Washington is inadvertently doing Beijing's image a favour by changing itself from the guardian to gremlin of free trade. With its ambitious attempts to replace its spaghetti of bilateral deals in Asia with proper regional agreements, China may even attempt to pose to the world as picking up where the US left off. But could the notionally communist country *really* ever replace the US as the leader of the global trading system? Optimists point to Chinese initiatives: setting up the Asian Infrastructure Investment Bank, which may soon have 82 members; the pursuit of the One Belt One Road strategy that seeks to extend Chinese commercial and political influence around the world; and the near-completion of the 16-nation Regional Comprehensive Economic Partnership that brings much of Asia together. And indeed, Asian countries may look increasingly to China for economic and trade security.

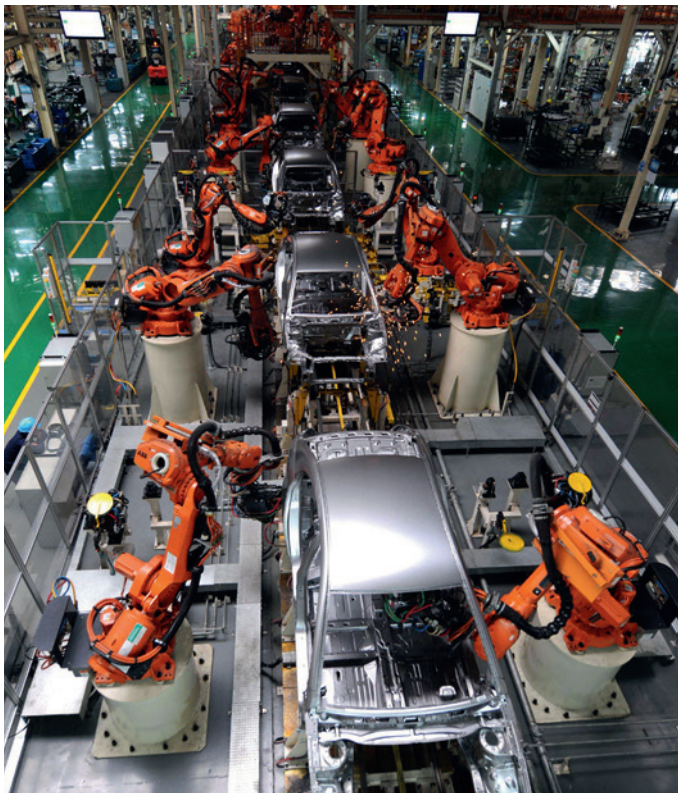
Australia has even suggested China could replace the US in the TPP. But that seems extremely unlikely: Beijing would never accept TPP stipulations governing state enterprises, labour standards, independent unions and intellectual property rights. Sure, China's eyes are firmly set on some form of Asia-Pacific trade arrangement, but Beijing will do this in its own way—setting most of the terms and the timetable, which could take years.

There are two more fundamental problems with the view that China can replace the US. First, the leader of globalisation needs to have willing followers, and a capacity for statecraft and diplomacy. It also has to be the recipient of trust, as well as the provider of generosity and shared ideals. China falls short of these criteria even though it can certainly act as a magnet for commercial marriages of convenience. Second, although China professes a belief in openness, it is anything but open at home. Its system of state capitalism restricts the activities of foreign firms and NGOs, and opposes human rights, internet freedom and "western values," including the rule of law. And because of a susceptibility to capital flight, it recently tightened capital controls that restrict the transfer of dividends and income.

If, as many at the global elite who assembled at Davos in January fondly imagined, Xi was really going to push China to become the new leader of globalisation, he would have given quite different signals from those that he actually did. Above all, he would have acknowledged that China would address the structural causes of its own trade surpluses; reducing them would benefit China as much as the world economy.

The logical flipside of those big trade surpluses is that China saves a lot—and thus exports capital. National savings are a high 49 per cent of national income compared with investment at about 46 per cent. Indeed if, as seems likely, China's investment rate now fades further then, if all else is equal, its trade surpluses will—as a matter of accounting—rise, not fall. Trump's protectionism could perversely help to swell the surpluses further, by weakening Chinese growth and so depressing its imports. That would mean even bigger Chinese capital outflows and, more significantly, capital flight.

Yet the one thing the world doesn't need is more Chinese capital. Rather it needs China to save less, and consume and import more. This would reduce the big surpluses, which should suit the Chinese people too—it is high time they were able to consume more, relative to the country's extraordinarily high rates of investment. Yet the government is reluctant to risk the ▶



Automated assembly in China. More parts are now home-made too

growth and employment consequences of this sort of upheaval in economic policies; instead, it drifts along with big surpluses, just as it does with a credit-fuelled model of growth which could soon prove unsustainable.

So the chances of the required change in direction are slim. Instead, US trade pressure on China will most likely cause Beijing to become more prickly, and still more resistant to the economic reforms that it needs. And so the world's two largest economies are likely to inflict economic pain on one another. Other countries are unlikely to be able to remain aloof—and few should be more concerned about the fallout than the UK.

The UK will soon, in this grim climate, begin the process of leaving the EU. As an exercise in damage limitation, it needs to sign new bilateral deals with far-away countries and markets. Some countries, such as the US and China, can bring strong leverage and powerful vested interests to bear. Some such as Australia and New Zealand are smaller and cannot compensate us for leaving the EU. Others, like India, are not even big fans of free trade, and have special interests they want to protect, and industries they would like to nurture.

May's Washington trip left no doubt about London's desperation to pursue a trade deal with the US, which is the UK's biggest trade partner after the EU. Trump encouraged her in this hope. Both politicians have a political point to make to the EU. A quick deal would be a totemic win for Brexit supporters, but for the economy, speed matters less than the terms. What Trump means by "America First" is "buy American and hire American." His administration will look to reduce the trade surplus with the US which the UK enjoys today. It will want access for its agricultural produce, pharmaceutical and financial services companies at a time when UK farmers, the NHS and the City are already facing various degrees of dislocation.

The more important question for the UK is whether the prime minister really can strike up a "bold and ambitious FTA with the EU" by 2019—two years after Article 50 negotiations start this year. Even assuming the government's timetable holds, negotiations will be affected by the looming French and German elections. There may not be a new German government until November or December. That would leave a good deal less than two years, not least because the European parliament would also have to ratify an agreement.

Even assuming negotiations go smoothly—which is unlikely—modern trade deals are complex and time-consuming. They span a vast agenda: market surveillance and conformity measures; agreements about customs, competition, intellectual property rights; dispute settlement, governance and arbitration procedures; and conditionality agreements covering human rights, and labour, environmental and health and safety standards.

In the best of times, striving for an agreement would be arduous enough. In the current fractious circumstances for trade globally, and especially in the particular and newly-charged context of UK/EU relations, it is—surely—not going to be possible to have a comprehensive FTA signed, let alone ratified, before the end of 2019. More time, in the form of a transitional agreement, will be needed, but both the UK and EU would have to agree to that. If this agreement proved elusive, or if the prime minister should live up to her threat to "walk away" in the event of a "bad" agreement, the UK would attempt to fall back on membership of the WTO. But sorting even that fall-back out would also take time—and require approval from all of 164 WTO members.

Back in a not so distant past—like that which existed between 1980 and 2007—trade was buoyant and becoming more free. There was opportunity aplenty for beacons of free trade. But we are today saddled with the very different world that we have got. As it is, the UK is condemned to seek its own way in the world in the age of Trump. It will need a properly thought out economic coping strategy. Trade will doubtless play a part. But we are deluding ourselves if we think that it is the be all and end all.

"We were going to build a conservatory but decided a nuclear bunker was the smarter move"

"So if I'm prime minister, we're going to change that system – and we're going to have not just consumers represented on company boards, but workers as well. Executive pay has more than trebled and there is an irrational, unhealthy and growing gap between what these companies pay their workers and what they pay their bosses."

Theresa May, 11 July 2016
Birmingham

"The prime minister admits that life is much harder for working people than many in Westminster realise. My offer to her is this: where we agree with your policy, we'll support it. If you want elections to put workers on boards, we'll welcome it. And if you're serious about tackling greed at the top, we'll work with you."

Frances O'Grady, 2 September 2016
Brighton

Read the TUC's detailed plans on how to get workers on boards and tackle top pay at **tuc.org.uk/workersonboards**

TUC

War of attrition

The right to abortion has long been under assault in many individual American states. Now Donald Trump's Washington is joining in the attack

DAHLIA LITHWICK

Throughout most of last year, reproductive rights activists could not have been faulted for believing they had won America's abortion wars once and for all. In February, Antonin Scalia, the Supreme Court's most vociferous pro-life justice, died unexpectedly, leaving a court often lodged at 5-4 on social issues in a new 4-4 equipoise. Hillary Clinton was ahead in the polls for the presidential election and it looked like she would soon be able to fill his seat and perhaps two others with pro-choice justices who would then control the court for decades.

Things looked even brighter in late June, with a surprising and resounding victory in the most important case on reproductive rights that the Supreme Court had seen in 25 years. Whole Woman's Health vs Hellerstedt, decided on a 5-3 margin, struck down onerous regulations in Texas that would have closed all but a few of the state's abortion clinics. In a definitive opinion siding with the besieged clinics, the court majority insisted that regulations claiming to promote the health interests of women needed demonstrably to help them, and couldn't just be pretexts for shutting down facilities. It was especially significant because it placed practical defences in front of the theoretical right to an abortion, which has been subject to a remorseless war of attrition in many states, almost since it was first established in the 1970s.

Pro-choice activists dared to feel as if the intractable fight over abortion was shifting in their favour. Such hopes were shattered in November, with the triumph of a billionaire thrice-married playboy who stood for the presidency on the laughable premise that he was a man of deep, conservative religious conviction.

To understand what is likely to happen next, a little history is useful. Ubiquitous 19th-century state laws forbidding abortion (mostly at "quickening," which happened later in a pregnancy) came under legal assault from feminists and other activists in the 1960s. Individual states began to liberalise and in 1970, New York became the first state to allow abortion on demand. Laws differed state by state when, in the famous 1973 Roe vs Wade ruling, the Supreme Court found a constitutional protection for abortion, depending on the trimester. This sweeping ruling was made on the strength of a right to privacy, controversially ruled to be implicit in the broader right to liberty of the post-Civil War 14th Amendment, which had been passed with an eye to the position of former slaves in the south. Reliance on that amendment, and the location of the right in a gauzy "penumbra" of other rights was a red flag to religious and cultural conservatives. Ever since, both groups have worked tirelessly, mostly but not exclusively at the state level, to chisel away at the implications of Roe.

Pro-life presidents like Ronald Reagan and George W Bush have come and gone without achieving a pro-life majority in the Supreme Court, but that doesn't mean nothing has changed. Anti-abortion state legislatures and administrations have tried their luck by imposing all manner of restrictions on the availability and affordability of abortion, and then waiting to see at which point the federal courts would say no. While dozens of state initiatives to restrict abortion ended up being struck down, pro-lifers did enjoy occasional success. In 1979, the Supreme Court ruled that states could require parental consent for minors and the following year, it held that Medicaid, the social health programme for families and individuals with limited resources, was not required to fund abortions, which restricted access for poorer women.

But a 1992 Supreme Court ruling—Planned Parenthood vs Casey—opened the floodgates, by upholding stringent anti-abortion practices in Pennsylvania, including mandatory waiting periods and providing women with "information" that was effectively propaganda. The way was clear for any state inclined to render abortion rights ineffectual to impose obstacles in the way of women exercising them. In 2007, Justice Anthony Kennedy went further in a case about so-called "partial birth abortion," suggesting that states had a role to play in protecting fragile women from regret, and opening the door to all manner of laws that purported to help them make better choices.

Over the last couple of decades, another wave of increasingly effective restrictions has aimed at closing down abortion clinics by imposing disproportionate building and health standards on them, efforts which have reduced the number of abortion providers in several states to just one. This is the wave of restrictions which last year looked as if it might be checked by the Whole Woman's Health case. But that expectation, like everything else about abortion rights in the United States today, is no longer guaranteed.

So what difference does the arrival of President Donald Trump make? His approach to abortion has been so fickle that you might hope there would be little consistent effect. Having said in 1999 that he was "very pro-choice," he indicated that he changed his views a few years later. By March 2016, Trump on the campaign trail suggested that women who have abortions should face some sort of legal punishment—then changed his position after public outrage, arguing that doctors should face sanctions instead. As the campaign wore on, his abject lack of qualification to be any sort of sexual moralist became starker. He suggested that sexual assault in the military was the inevitable result of allowing women to serve and then, of course, the notorious tape emerged in which he bragged about his own assaults on women. He looked to be poorly positioned as

Dahlia Lithwick *is a senior editor at Slate*

a moral arbiter of women's sexual choices. Or perhaps he was, in retrospect, perfectly situated to threaten punishment and control of women in a race against a female candidate.

None of the feminist backlash to Trump stuck, at least not sufficiently to thwart the electoral college victory which leaves reproductive rights exposed to his capricious whims. The first opening came when the death of Justice Scalia was followed by an unprecedented show of Republican obstructionism. The Senate has the constitutional duty to "advise and consent" to the confirmation of a new Justice, but on the very day of Scalia's death, the Republican majority baldly signalled they would not confirm a new judge nominated by Barack Obama. They insisted that Obama was a "lame duck" president without the authority to fill the vacancy. The opportunistic Trump endorsed this, urging that the Republican leadership must stop Obama with a strategy of "delay, delay, delay." Senate Republicans simply refused to hold a hearing for Merrick Garland, the moderate Appeals Court veteran Obama tapped to fill the Scalia seat. Democrats hoped this unheard-of subversion would harm Republicans in the voting booth. It did not and by autumn, some Senate Republicans were claiming that if Clinton won, they would hold open the Scalia seat for all four years of her term.

While neither the Supreme Court nor abortion have ever seemed central themes of the Trump world view, he had shored up his standing with the conservative base by picking a running mate who has long been an anti-abortion fanatic. When Governor of Indiana, Vice President Mike Pence played a central role in criminalising and incarcerating women who had abortions. He signed a bill requiring that foetal tissue resulting from abortion should be cremated or buried, with the woman who had the procedure expected to bear the costs of the "funeral." As the election loomed, Trump doubled down on his hardline anti-abortion stand—releasing a list of 21 prospective Supreme Court nominees that included vocal opponents of abortion, such as federal court of appeals Judge William Pryor, who has called abortion "murder" and referred to the outcome of the Roe case as an "abominable decision."

When Trump triumphed in November, the GOP also retained control of the Senate. They had campaigned on all-out war over the Supreme Court and had won. Within his first two weeks in office, Trump announced in a prime-time television ceremony that he had tapped Neil Gorsuch, a federal Appeals Court judge who looks to Scalia as his ideological lodestar. Trump says that he wants this new Justice to be confirmed by the Senate by April. While Gorsuch has said little directly about the Roe decision, he has been a passionate defender of religious groups who refused to abide by the contraception mandate of the Affordable Care Act, because they deem (despite medical opinion to the contrary) that many forms of birth control are abortions. Gorsuch has shown tremendous solicitude to the rights of conscience of these religious objectors, and has also written about the value of life in his extensive work on physician-assisted suicide.

In the near term, replacing Scalia with this likely pro-life Justice will not mean the end of legal abortion in the US. If the voting blocs from the Whole Woman's Health decision hold, there will still be a 5-4 majority for preserving the core ruling of Roe. But Ruth Bader Ginsburg, the court's feminist icon, is now 83, Anthony Kennedy, its centrist swing voter, is 80 and Stephen Breyer, a liberal appointed by Bill Clinton, is 78. Since 1960, the average retirement age for a Supreme Court Justice is 78. This means Trump may well leave the presidency with a 6-3 or even a 7-2 anti-abortion majority on the court.

Because Republicans still control the Senate, there is little Democrats can do to thwart a Trump nominee. Republicans are eight votes short of the super-majority of 60 that the Senate's rules require to close down a discussion, so there is still the possibility of a filibuster. To see it off the Republicans may need support from vulnerable Democrats in red states, where a pro-abortion stance could be a liability. Moreover, there are additional risks to a Democratic filibuster of the first Trump nominee. Republicans have the option simply to do away with the filibuster, by forcing a change to the standing rules by simple majority vote—the nuclear option. They have already pledged ▶

March for Women's Lives rally in Washington 1992, held as a response to the then-pending US Supreme Court case Planned Parenthood vs Casey

© MARK REINSTEIN/CORBIS VIA GETTY IMAGES

Donald Trump announces Neil Gorsuch as his Supreme Court nominee

to do so if Democrats unite to block Gorsuch. At that point, both sides agree, future battles over the Supreme Court will descend from merely ugly to all-out blood sport.

And as was the case with the Muslim ban and the wall with Mexico, Trump moved fast to dispel any doubts that his posturing on abortion rights was a ploy to win the evangelical vote. Interviewed just after the election by CBS's Lesley Stahl, Trump explained that the court, with his new pro-life appointee on it, would overturn Roe: "I'm pro-life. The judges will be pro-life."

Supreme Court experts differ on the likelihood that another Trump nominee or two could simply overrule Roe with the stroke of a pen. Some insist that it's highly likely. Others urge that Roe is an established precedent and has been for over 40 years, and that jurists concerned with institutional stability and integrity would be loath to make such a dramatic and partisan change at a court that relies on public acceptance. Many agree that the Chief Justice, John Roberts, who opposes abortion rights and usually votes with the court's conservative bloc, is first and foremost an institutionalist who might be disinclined to toss away a 40-year-old precedent just because he now has enough justices to do so.

This takes us back to Trump's post-election interview with Stahl, when he explained, quite correctly, what would happen if the Supreme Court overturned Roe: "It would go back to the states." And when Stahl asked whether that meant that in practice, that "some women won't be able to get an abortion?" Trump responded: "Yeah, well, they'll perhaps have to go, they'll have to go to another state." What Trump was describing is, as we have seen, the emerging status quo in some states, which have already made termination nearly impossible. More regulations could exacerbate that trend very soon.

The Guttmacher Institute reports that 334 abortion laws have been enacted by the states since 2010. In the days after the election, state legislatures rushed to enact new regulations on the premise that Trump's win had given them a mandate. Texas enacted an Indiana-style rule requiring that all foetal tissue resulting from abortion or miscarriage be cremated or buried. The Ohio legislature rushed through a bill, which Governor John Kasich has signed into law, that bans abortion at 20 weeks after fertilisation, with no exceptions for rape or incest.

The Supreme Court previously ruled that states cannot ban abortion pre-viability, which most experts set at about 24 weeks. For that reason, several of the 20-week bans being pushed have been struck down in federal courts.

Ohio also sought to pass a "heartbeat" bill, prohibiting any abortion after a foetal heartbeat is detected—which happens at around six to eight weeks, often before a woman even knows she is pregnant. Although Governor Kasich wouldn't go that far and vetoed it, many other state administrations now feel emboldened to turn the clock back to a time before abortion was legal, and—in the process—force the issue before the Supreme Court.

The new laws vary widely from mandatory ultrasound legislation in which women are obliged to look at images of their unwanted foetus, to forced scripts in which physicians must warn mothers of the often medically unproven dangers of termination, to 20-week bans and strictures on clinics. In all cases, however, the intent and effect is to restrict, by closing clinics, delaying abortions and inching the line of viability ever closer to conception. Whether the Supreme Court participates in that effort or merely bats those cases away is almost immaterial for women seeking to terminate a pregnancy in a state that will not allow it.

Before the original Roe decision, wealthy American women were able to procure abortions abroad—it was poor women who were denied choice. Now, even without an outright move towards overturning Roe, the right to abortion is being slowly neutered. Poor and minority women, once again, will bear the brunt: those who cannot afford to take time off work, or procure the necessary childcare to meet a 72-hour waiting period requirement—or, indeed, who cannot find the funds to travel hundreds of miles.

Some states have now used draconian regulation to push abortion service provision to the brink of extinction. Mississippi, for instance, staunchly defends its right to impose regulations that would shutter its last clinic, on the principle that women could just travel elsewhere. The states of Arkansas, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming—all geographically bigger than England—are likewise down to a single clinic each. Over one-third of US women of reproductive age currently reside in a county without any abortion provider. All this dovetails with Trump's theory that in the event of Roe being overturned, women can simply jet to some other fabulous jurisdiction to terminate their pregnancies.

Study after study shows that such a patchwork of regulations falls hardest on the women with the fewest resources. The case of Texas, where clinics were closed en masse when the state first imposed new restrictions in 2013 (the ones that were struck down in Whole Woman's Health), provides a natural experiment. By forcing doctors performing terminations to get admitting privileges at local hospitals, and demanding that clinics be retrofitted as ambulatory surgical centres, the law ensured that the number of abortion clinics dropped from 41 in 2012 to just 17 in 2015. In most counties the average distance to a clinic increased from 72 to 111 miles. As the *Atlantic* reported, researchers interviewed 20 women they met at abortion clinics across Texas in 2014: "The women faced steep hurdles at every turn, they found, from making the appointment, to getting to the clinic, to

covering the logistics for the multiple visits the state's laws required. The majority had to make several calls before they could find an open clinic, and one woman had to drive 300 miles to the nearest doctor. Many had to ask friends or relatives for gas money. One had her van break down, forcing her to take a 'combination of cab, city bus, and Greyhound bus,' to the clinic. Half the women were already mothers, so they had to ask someone else to watch their kids while they travelled."

Studies also show that while the official abortion rate decreased by 13 per cent in the year after the Texas law was implemented, the rate of abortions performed in the second-trimester rose by 27 per cent. Second-trimester abortions are more costly and complicated. There was anecdotal evidence of an increase in self-abortions and women travelling to Mexico for them.

Trump has also pledged to make abortion access more difficult at the federal level. His immediate promises, in a letter sent to anti-abortion leaders last autumn, include support for a federal ban on abortion after 20 weeks, and cutting off all federal funding for Planned Parenthood, the country's largest not-for-profit provider of reproductive services, if it continues

"Arkansas, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming—all geographically bigger than England—are down to a single clinic each"

to offer abortion services. He has also pledged to make permanent the decades-old Hyde Amendment, which restricts federal Medicaid funding for abortion. And in January, a federal "heartbeat ban" was introduced in Congress, which could even give him the option of signing into law a ban on terminations after six weeks. That would soon result in the Supreme Court ruling on the legality of what would effectively be an all-out federal abortion ban.

Then there are the potentially catastrophic effects of Trump's promise to repeal the Affordable Care Act—or "Obamacare"—under which health insurance providers are required to cover the cost of birth control. Religious employers have long been fighting against this part of the Act. But if Trump and Congress do repeal it, birth control will again become unaffordable to many Americans who will lose their health insurance. The extent to which the war on abortion has morphed into a war on affordable birth control cannot be understated. And as women lose access to affordable birth control, abortion rates may spike again.

The most imminent threats to abortion are not from Washington, but under the radar at lower levels of government and the courts. While all eyes are focused on the Supreme Court, that body only hears about 70 cases each year; a small proportion of the hundreds of thousands of lawsuits that make their way through the federal judiciary each year. The last stop for most are the federal appeals courts around the country. Trump arrives at the White House with over 100 judicial vacancies on the lower federal bench. Many are the result of the same Senate obstruction met by Merrick Garland this past year. If Trump's promises about the Supreme Court were any indication, he will soon attempt to fill those spots with stalwart conservative judges who will join him in his war on reproductive freedom.

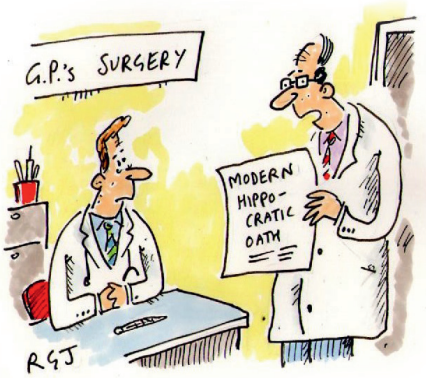
However, one of the untold stories of Obama's presidency is his impact on these lower courts. He appointed many progressive judges that have flipped most of the formerly conservative appeals courts to liberal. One study of the 13 federal appellate courts found that nine are now comprised of majority Democratic appointees, compared to just one when Obama took office. This explains why so many of the blatantly unconstitutional state measures have been halted by the federal judiciary.

For the moment, there is one layer of protection in the lower federal courts and seemingly five votes remaining at the Supreme Court. Whether this holds over time, however, will depend on how long Trump lasts—and how long he can thrive, rather than lose support, with his strident anti-abortion positioning.

Pro-choice groups insist there will be payback for the overreach from Trump and state legislatures. Polling suggests that public support for overturning Roe is at about 28 per cent, whereas 69 per cent of Americans say it should not be completely overturned. Progressive causes have reported massive gains in fundraising since the election; over 72,000 donations were cheekily made to Planned Parenthood in the name of Mike Pence, who will receive that number of thank-you notes from the organisation. Reproductive rights activists maintain that women will spearhead a backlash if Trump continues his attack.

Perhaps. The difficulty, however, lies in the "enthusiasm gap." Most voters may be mostly pro-choice, but more anti-abortion voters are fired up. At the election, voters worried about the composition of the Supreme Court skewed dramatically for Trump. According to CNN's 2016 exit polling, within that fifth of voters who prioritised the composition of the Supreme Court as a voting issue, 56 per cent voted for Trump, and only 40 per cent for Clinton. For decades, Republicans have been better organised and more motivated about the courts than Democrats. That religious Republicans overwhelmingly supported a man who boasted about committing sexual assault reveals how important the Supreme Court is for the religious right.

So the politics is fraught. And reproductive rights are subject to a multi-pronged attack—taking place in myriad forms, from both state and federal opponents who have been planning this single-mindedly for decades. Battles at the state level have yielded the greatest results in the past two decades. It is entirely possible that while all public attention remains fixed on the Supreme Court and Roe, the actual right to terminate a pregnancy will disappear, state by state, before our very eyes. P



"First do no harm, then do no home visits, no Saturdays, no Sundays, no extra hours..."

Brief encounter

Steven Pinker

Experimental psychologist

What is the first historical event you can recall?
I noticed my mother referring to "President Kennedy" rather than "President Eisenhower." That dates the memory to shortly after John F Kennedy's inauguration in early 1961, when I was six. The first discrete event I recall was the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962. We had the radio on over dinner, and there was a test of an air raid siren. I still can feel the dread.

What is the book you most wish you had written?
As I ponder the books I've savoured, I don't feel the covetous wish to have authored any of them. Much of the enjoyment in reading is hearing another person's voice, learning from that writer's insights. As soon as I imagine having written the book myself, I feel the pleasure draining away.

One bit of advice you'd give to your younger self?
Professional: master a range of demanding subjects while you have the time and brainpower—more mathematics, economics, languages; less psychology. Personal: if a life situation is unsustainable, better to change it with moderate pain now than with greater pain later.

What is your favourite saying?
From the 1st century BC Rabbi Hillel: "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? If I am only for myself, what am I? If not now, when?"

Where do you want to be buried or have your ashes scattered?
The mouth of the Pamet River in Truro, Cape Cod, near our summer home, where I proposed, in a tandem kayak, to my wife Rebecca Newberger Goldstein.

If you were given £1m to spend on other people, what would you spend it on and why?
Giving What We Can, a meta-charity inspired by the Effective Altruism movement, which calculates which charitable donations can deliver the greatest human benefit.

Would you rather have composed a great symphony, penned an important book or invented something that saves lives?
Are you kidding? Something that saves lives, no question!

What are the best and worst presents you've ever received?
Best: Rebecca treated us to an aerial tour of Cape Cod in a 1930s-style, open-cockpit biplane. Worst: most wedding presents. It's hard to write a heartfelt thank you note for a pickle-coddler.

What have you changed your mind about?
The improvability of the human condition. In defending the idea of human nature in *The Blank Slate*, I presented its dark and light sides, but overall it was a tragic vision. My shift is obvious in the title of a subsequent book: *The Better Angels of Our Nature: Why Violence Has Declined*.

What is the biggest problem of all?
Climate change won't be mitigated by personal abstemiousness, undoing the industrial revolution, or intermittent sources like solar and wind. The numbers are fearsome, particularly when you include the justifiable ambition of the rest of the world to get rich. Massive infrastructure changes, including new nuclear technologies, are needed to make the numbers add up.

Are people better today than 100 years ago?
Unquestionably! Rates of death from war, homicide and genocide are far lower, even if they're still too high. Globally, people are longer-lived, healthier, richer and better educated. Knowledge has exponentiated and is available to all. Technology allows us to experience the world's delights while staying in touch with our loved ones.

The last thing that brought you to tears?
Malala Yousafzai's 2013 speech to the United Nations General Assembly. If I had to pick a recent work of art, it would be *The Man Who Knew Infinity*, the film about the Indian mathematician Srinivasa Ramanujan.

An inspiring read for bright children…

From Stephen Hawking to Harry Potter, **AQUILA Magazine** *is designed for curious young readers of 8 – 12 years.*

What's special about AQUILA?
Well, you will not find any adverts or promotions inside – instead it is jam-packed with serious ideas. **AQUILA** makes complex ideas appealing and accessible to children; the magazine's editorial is both witty and intelligent, with the emphasis on mind-stretching fun. They will soon discover **AQUILA** feels more like a special club than just a magazine!

AQUILA's monthly topics are all written and researched by educational specialists, and the whole thing is beautifully put together with photos, diagrams and artwork by contemporary illustrators. Children can become involved in advanced concepts and even philosophy without noticing the leaps of understanding they are making.

Sounds too good to be true? Take a look online – the evidence shows that thousands of teachers and parents know a good thing when they see it, by recommending **AQUILA** to their friends and students.

…coming up in 2017
Chocolate, Maths in Nature, Harry Potter, Ancient Greece & The Elizabethans

March Issue: Mr Hawking's BIG idea

See sample magazine online

This month AQUILA investigates the life and space-times of the UK's science superstar!
AQUILA goes **black hole hunting** and investigates the concept of **space** and **time**. Children can make an amazing **time-travel gauntlet**, stretch their brains to the **outer limits** with **AQUILA**'s black hole-inspired puzzles, and read a great time-travel story.
PLUS: **Lucy Hawking** answers the question that we all want to know the answer to: what's it like to have a genius for a dad?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY ALL YEAR!

What could be more fun than a gift that keeps coming through the letterbox every month? If you wish the first magazine can be dispatched in time for the special day, along with your gift message. See more subscription options online at **www.AQUILA.co.uk**

Add-on AQUILA's gift pack
Gift pack comprises of the ***Mammoth Map*** and ***Passport Puzzles***.
The illustrated wall map holds clues to the mind-boggling puzzles. This item posts out with the first issue.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

☐ **£50 Annual Subscription**
Europe £55 Rest of World £65

☐ **£55 Annual Subscription with Gift Pack**
Includes Map, Passport and Subscription
Europe £60 Rest of World £70

My card No:
_ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _

Expiry date _ _ / _ _ Security code _ _ _

Or, make cheque payable to AQUILA.

Post completed coupon to:
AQUILA, 67A Willowfield Road, Eastbourne, BN22 8AP

Purchaser's Name .....
Address .....
..... Postcode .....
Phone number .....

Post AQUILA to:
Child's name .....
Address (if different) .....
..... Postcode .....

☐ Start ASAP ☐ Birthday Gift
Birthday Date .....
Gift message (20 words max) .....

Refund Policy – the subscription can be cancelled within 28 days for a full refund.

PR 17

www.AQUILA.co.uk Tel: 01323 431313

Take back control

We're being asked to pre-commit to a pig-in-a-poke Brexit. Here's how we can retain a free hand

JOLYON MAUGHAM

The marriage metaphor is apt. We have not yet taken even the first formal step. But already the decision to begin divorce proceedings with the European Union is clogged with past resentments, fears for the future, and the steady ambivalence that characterised the marriage. It was a finely balanced decision in June—and it remains a finely balanced decision now. The polls on support for "Leave" and "Remain" have barely shifted. But there is now pretty broad agreement that the time has come to trigger the separation.

So how do we make progress? The Remainers of 2016, and I am one, must start by putting aside expedient analyses of what the result of the referendum meant. It is true that it did not bind our parliament in law. But to make this point in isolation is to sidestep the democratic imperative of the result. We voted on whether to leave, and we collectively voted to leave. The fact this did not technically bind parliament does not imply that parliament can properly ignore it. And it is for this reason that I believe our parliament was in principle right to vote to trigger Article 50. And why, to answer a rather sharp question put to me by Al Jazeera, if I'd been an MP in a strongly "Remain" constituency, I hope I would nevertheless have had the courage to vote to do the same.

But putting aside expediency is something both sides need to do. The referendum left questions unanswered—and it simply denies reality to pretend otherwise. The ballot paper asked one question. No small print. And in asserting the right to read into the result what Brexit means, the government is the pallbearer claiming Grandpa would have wanted him to have the mahogany tallboy. The answering of the questions about precisely what the "Leave" vote means—profoundly important questions—is for our parliament. It is MPs who have a roving mandate from the people to answer them. Not a government whose manifesto was silent on them, being written before these questions pressed home.

Our parliamentarians knew this. They collectively could—and should—have demanded a meaningful role in shaping what Brexit means. That's why we put them there. Why we pay their salaries and expenses. They owe us. But many lied to deny it. Others rended their clothes, and bemoaned their awful moral dilemma. Then abdicated it. We have many fine politicians but collectively, if ours really is the mother of all parliaments, she'd be well justified in sending them all to bed without their dinners.

And what of the government? It resisted the principle that it is for parliament to trigger Article 50; it recognised it only when forced to by our Supreme Court; it then showed contempt for our constitution by producing a Bill that recognises the form but not the substance of the Supreme Court decision; it next guillotined the debate to meet an arbitrary deadline which had only been jeopardised by its own flawed decision to appeal; and it finally published its White Paper only after our sovereign parliament had voted. In all of these ways the government has failed the society it exists to serve. It has embedded divisions in our society, and transformed Theresa May's New Year call for unity into a bitter taunt.

So where do we now stand? We stand in a wild and uncertain world. Speaking before the referendum vote Donald Tusk, then President of the European Council, told *Bild* of his "fear Brexit could be the beginning of the destruction of not only the EU but also western political civilisation in its entirety." His words were widely mocked—but not by this writer. Since he uttered them, the UK voted for Brexit, helping to push Trump towards a presidency that, in a handful of days, has seen threats of war with Iran and China and an invasion of Mexico, a religiously motivated ban on immigrants, the beginnings of a breakdown of the rule of law, the handcuffing of children, a visit to Downing Street of a Trump adviser who has claimed the environmental movement was "the greatest threat to freedom and prosperity in the modern world," rule by illegal executive diktat, the weakening and foretold obsolescence of Nato, renewed fighting in the Ukraine, the defenestration of the acting US Attorney General, and a sharp increase (including from American billionaires) in applications for passports to the remotest place in the world with good coffee: New Zealand. My family and I, too, have renewed ours.

And it is into this world that we have slipped. We have cut our links with a union that has delivered peace to Europe and a very considerable measure of prosperity to us. We drift across the Atlantic towards a president who has told us he will put America first. This is madness.

We must have control. We must have a motor where we can, should we choose, pull the cord and return to a harbour that has kept us safe since the world was last at war. Our parliament may yet leave the harbour without testing the engine. It may yet rashly permit the prime minister to trigger Article 50 without understanding the consequences. But a case which—along with Green Party co-leader Jonathan Bartley, Steven Agnew, a Green member of the Northern Irish Assembly and Keith Taylor, a Green MEP—I am bringing in the Dublin High Court seeks to give us the power to travel back if we need it.

The effects of an Article 50 notification are not fully understood—and not only because May is still peddling a blind bargain, a Brexit pig-in-a-poke. We do know that, should we ask and the other 27 member states agree, we could remain. But it is brave to assume that two years of exposure to the negotiating skills of Boris Johnson, Liam Fox and David Davis will not generate even one hold-out. Besides, why should we choose for our fate to rest in the hands of the Parlament ta' Malta in Valetta or

Jolyon Maugham *is a barrister who specialises in revenue law with a predominantly litigation-based practice*

the Народно събрание (National Assembly) in Sofia? Better for us to have autonomy over our futures—better that we take back control, as I dimly recall someone may once have said. The preponderance of legal opinion is that we could, after all, decide to remain. That we could, having notified, withdraw that notification. But, given the magnitude of the issue, our parliament must know more than what the answer probably is. It must know what it *actually* is.

Whatever the answer is for the UK will also be the answer for any other member state that may opt to leave before rethinking. And this means that only the court to which we all subscribe can give an answer: the European Court in Luxembourg. It may be a foreign court, and some will hate it for that, but it is only the Luxembourg court that can give us control over our own destiny.

We access it via a national court. And it can't be one of ours. One of the complaints in the Dublin case is that the other 27 have breached the Treaty by excluding us from Council meetings

> "A world in which we have a chance to reverse a Brexit proposition that turned out to be damaging is better than the one we presently have"

before we've notified under Article 50. And that complaint can only be made by a court in one of those 27. The Irish court is the natural choice: we share an operating language, a legal culture and, because we've lived in the EU side-by-side ever since joining together, Ireland will be profoundly affected by our departure.

But whichever court we ask for the reference, it still ends up in the same place, the Court of Justice of the European Union (CJEU). The CJEU has signalled, gently, that it thinks this question requires an answer. While there is no certainty that the Irish Court will refer the question, if it does—with a modest tail wind—we could have a decision from Luxembourg before the summer. Or it may take a little longer. A ruling that we could unilaterally withdraw our decision would mean that the UK could—if it chooses—remain in the EU. That choice would come home to us.

If we win for the country the right to keep options open pending more evidence, we can begin to feel more optimistic. A world in which Brexit does not damage our nation's future is a good one. And a world in which we have a chance to reverse a Brexit proposition that turned out to be damaging is better than the one we presently have. So if we assume that the Court of Justice grants us this freedom, what happens next?

May promised that the government would "put the final deal that is agreed between the UK and the EU to a vote in both Houses of Parliament before it comes into force." Within minutes Davis—recognising what this commitment could mean—had sought to weasel out of it. Yes, he was trying to handcuff the electorate of 2019 to a decision made three years earlier. No, this is not how democracy works. But relax your arched eyebrow: it is parliament and not he, Davis, that is supreme. And if Luxembourg empowers our parliament by giving to it the option of remaining, then parliament—and not Davis—will choose whether to exercise that option. And when MPs come to vote on that final deal they will take the temperature of the electorate. And if the temperature is unhealthy—perhaps because the deal falls short of the government's White Paper promises or the "special relationship" feels like an abusive one, or living standards have declined or for many other reasons—they are very likely to draw legislation for a further referendum. One in which *both* choices are clear. The people will then know what Brexit means—instead of the promise of sunlit uplands, they will have an actual deal with the EU, or the lack of one. They will also know what the alternative is—the arrangement with which the country has lived since 1973. And if the mood on the continent is that it would be better for us to remain, it is perfectly possible that the EU will dangle concessions directly before the electorate. Indeed, Johnson foretold this possibility when he wrote almost exactly a year ago that "all EU history shows that they only really listen to a population when it says no."

Should we have that referendum, on the final deal or remaining, it will be unlosable. The conflicting interests—smaller state and bigger NHS; fewer immigrants and different immigrants; protecting domestic industries and opening up UK PLC to the world—that all combined to deliver the narrow "Leave" victory will never be able to coalesce around any actual, single position. The "Remain" vote will be what it always was—a unified vote for an imperfect Union that has delivered peace and prosperity. The "Leave" vote, too, will be what it always was—a hundred contradictory and half-formed and unplanned visions of alternatives. And it will splinter in a hundred different directions.

So I remain optimistic about our nation's future. But we must not forget this. Among us are many whose lives are meaningfully affected by the nature of our constitutional arrangements with our friends across the Channel. For those people the practical effects are profound, and we must not overlook that. For the rest of us, it is not a change to those constitutional arrangements that we fear. It is the jeopardy to the quality of our democracy. To the country we bequeath to our children. To our values of tolerance, progress and open enquiry. And to the dignity of those a fast-changing world leaves behind. But this jeopardy does not inevitably follow from any single change in our constitutional arrangements. These battles will not be lost. They will still be there to be fought—and they will still be there to be won. P

Don't care was made to care

The priority for fixing the NHS isn't more cash for hospitals, but supporting the frail at home

ANITA CHARLESWORTH AND THE HEALTH FOUNDATION TEAM

Cancelled operations, waits on trollies and heaving A&Es. This has been a long winter of discontent for the NHS. It would be rash for Theresa May and Chancellor Philip Hammond to bluster their way through the coming Budget with another demand for it to "do more with less." They need to act, but the place to start is not with the NHS itself, but with elderly care. Here's why...

1 More elderly, fewer being cared for (2009-2014)

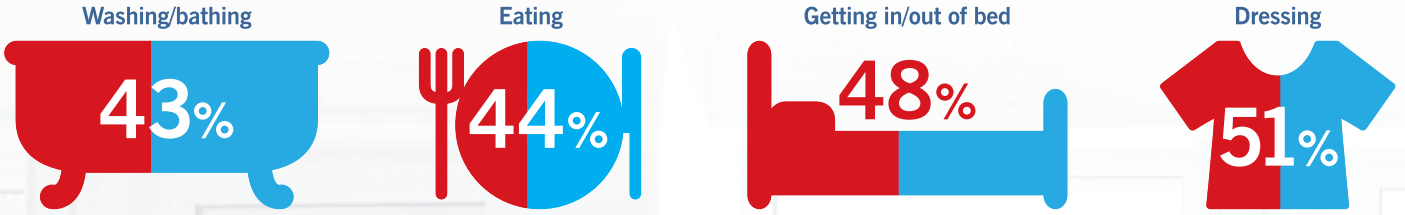
Increase in population aged 75 and over **7%**

Decrease in adults receiving social care **-25%**

Source: ONS, NHS Digital

2 Rationing is now biting on the desperately frail

Large and growing proportions of the elderly who have problems with specific daily tasks don't get the help they need



Source: Age UK analysis of ELSA data

3 The NHS is bearing the brunt

Deluged at the hospital door... NHS ...and packed with "bed-blockers" at the exit

Increase in emergency admissions under 60s **7%**

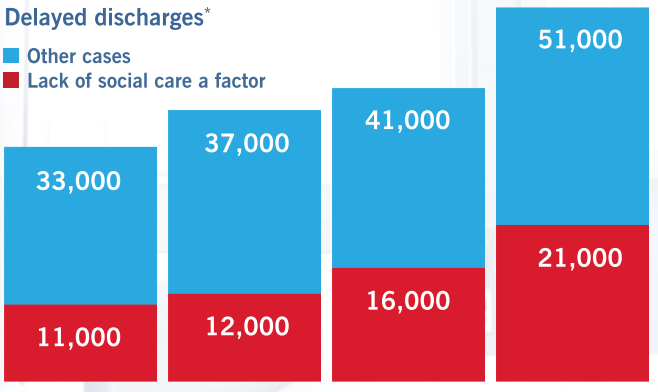
Increase in emergency admissions 75 and over **19%**

Source: NHS Digital 2009/10 to 2015/16

Year-on-year rise in delayed discharges where care a factor **42%**

Comparing monthly figures for Dec 2015 and Dec 2016

Delayed discharges*



* NHS cases where "transfer of care" is delayed

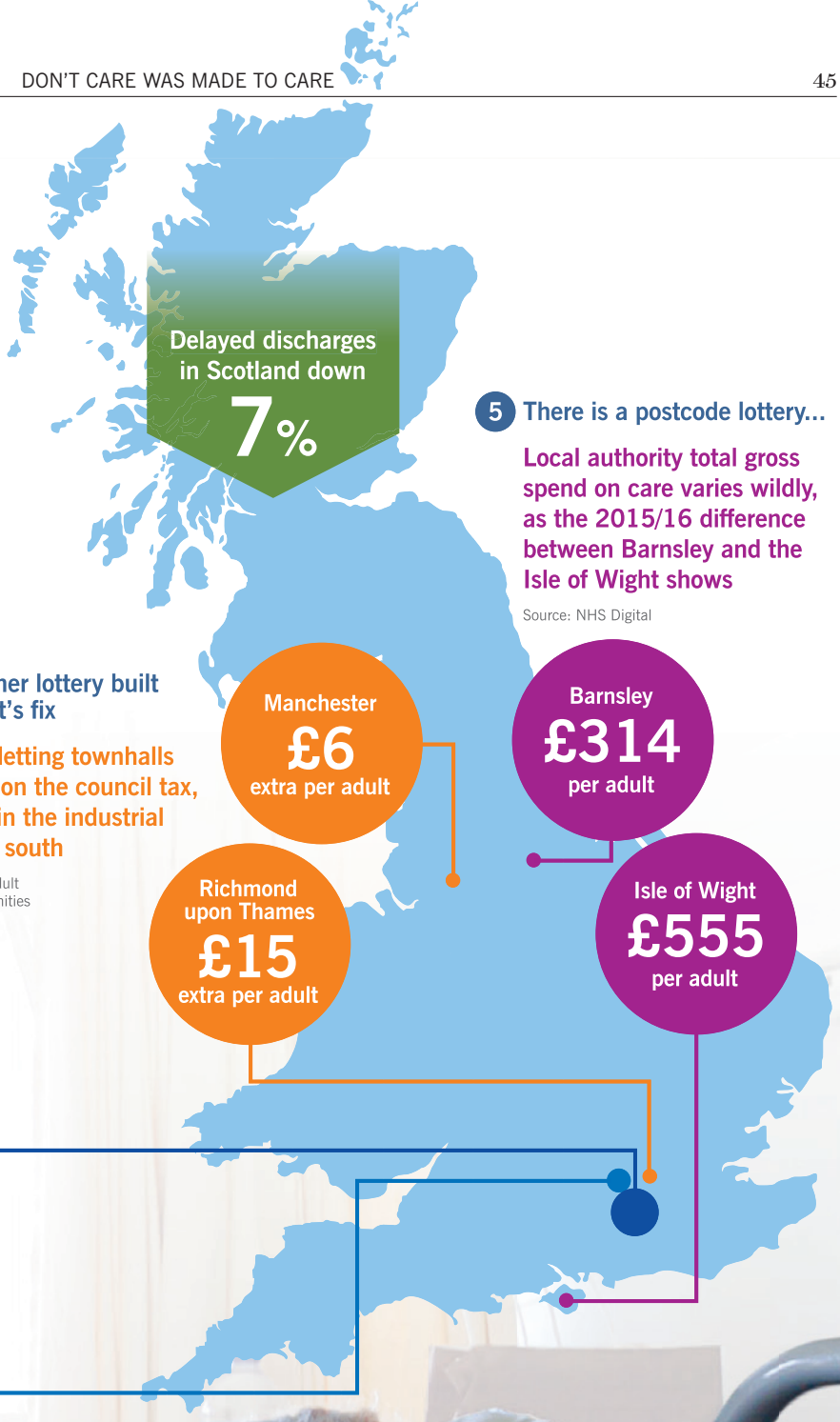
† April-Nov data for each year

Source: NHS England

4 The contrast with Scotland is shaming

Social care is more widely available north of the border, and free. Some NHS warning lights are flashing, but less brightly—for example, more patients are still being seen within A&E target times. These two things may be connected: delayed discharges in Scotland actually dropped 7% in the year to 2015/16

Source: ISD Scotland



5 There is a postcode lottery...

Local authority total gross spend on care varies wildly, as the 2015/16 difference between Barnsley and the Isle of Wight shows

Source: NHS Digital

6 ...and there is another lottery built into the government's fix

Whitehall is finally letting townhalls levy a care precept on the council tax, but this raises less in the industrial north that the leafy south

2016/17 precept revenue per adult
Source: Department for Communities

7 And the problem hits home at the top

In Surrey, where Chancellor Philip Hammond is an MP, the Conservative council has backed off an emergency referendum to raise council tax by 15% to fund care—but only after reaching a private understanding with Whitehall...

...in Windsor & Maidenhead, the Tory leader of Theresa May's own council has said many townhalls may soon need to look at similarly drastic options

May's way

The prime minister has clambered up the greasy pole in a stealthy style of her own. Don't imagine she'll be easy to dislodge from the top

ANNE PERKINS

Theresa May is the stealth prime minister. A year ago, few tipped her for the top. She was too old, too dry, too uncharismatic and far too reluctant to schmooze. Her victory was so unpredicted and unpredictable, her life story should be incorporated into the national curriculum as an example of the value of luck, self-belief and hard work. Throw in a political crisis, the absurd over-reach of rivals and a spooky calm under pressure, and you are close to working out how May won the prize.

Theresa May: The Enigmatic Prime Minister
by Rosa Prince (Biteback, £20)

It is six months since this long-serving, middle-of-the-road, cricket-loving Conservative—once characterised by William Hague as a "middle-order batsman"—launched her leadership campaign one morning and, before it was time to think about lunch, had become prime minister-in-waiting. Six months that have been increasingly punctuated by a low chorus suggesting, in the phrase so often applied to women, that she's not quite up to it. Yet, even after that excruciating hand-holding snap with the wild and distrusted new American president, no one seriously thinks she is at risk.

That is not only because—in truth—Donald Trump grabbed her hand, and she extracted herself as fast as she decently could. Nor is it because she enjoys a giddying lead in the polls over Jeremy Corbyn's Labour. Nor is it even because there is no obvious alternative PM surreptitiously marshalling support on the backbenches. It is, most fundamentally, because the course through the shoals and reefs of Brexit is still unknown. It is easy enough to criticise her. But the only coherent alternative to her newly revealed strategy of putting immigration controls ahead of prosperity and walking out of the single market (and probably the customs union, too) is the Liberal Democrat approach of denying the referendum conclusively settled the matter.

The distinctive aspect of May's conservatism, perhaps even of something that will one day be called Mayism, is the way she has placed the value of identity and community ahead of the needs of the economy. In the name of social cohesion, she will control immigration even at the expense of relations with our largest trading partner: the European Union. In the face of every grim economic forecast, she has remained unflinchingly true to tighter border controls, although her other ideas about, say, reining in corporate greed, have crumbled away. She has captured the meaning of Brexit so that it means what she wants it to mean. Unelected by country or party, this "Remain" voter has made delivering for the 52 per cent of "Leave" voters her purpose, her mandate.

***Anne Perkins** has been a leader writer, lobby correspondent and feature writer for the Guardian since 1997*

The daughter-of-the-vicarage concern for well being—in a sense that embraces more than purely material concerns—has been refracted through her past six years at the Home Office. It owes something, too, to growing up in rural Oxfordshire, *Lark Rise to Candleford* country; and something more, perhaps, to being a pupil in a grammar school when it turned into a comprehensive. Sometimes, May can look like the prime minister that the *Daily Mail* might have designed for its readers: the high-street heroine of the Brexit-supporting majority. The paper projects her as a 21st-century version of its greatest heroine, Margaret Thatcher, but any similarity begins and ends with the modest childhood, the ambition and the hard work. In many ways, with her intuitive concern for community, she feels more like a pre-Thatcherite figure, with her very traditional emphasis on community over commerce, albeit retooled these days to include a contemporary social liberalism. Her instincts are still more closely aligned to ordinary Tory members' views than to any abstract or theoretical construct.

May's political persona, to the extent that it is familiar, is defined by extreme caution, and reliance on a very small circle of allies. But there is another, more flamboyant, side of the public profile too: her style. In striking contrast to her manner of doing politics, she dresses to make an impact: primary colours, big necklaces, bright lipstick, as forceful in their message as her public demeanour is discreet. Her taste is not unerring, but it is entirely her own. This strikes me as an informative characteristic. Fashion is groupthink; style is something you do for yourself. With May, that is as true of her politics as it is of her wardrobe. It is just that it has been easier to overlook the integrity of her core beliefs and comment on her love of leather trousers, bold colours and, most famously, leopard-print kitten-heeled shoes.

The love affair with style began as a teenager, and a pair of lime-green platform shoes bought with money from her Saturday job. She describes them as her worst sartorial blunder; just like her dress and her politics now, the idea of the gawky teenager tottering on crazy platforms sits oddly with contemporaries' recollections of the young Theresa as solemn, well-mannered and precocious: a textbook description of an only child.

Theresa Brasier was born just as the Suez catastrophe began, in October 1956. Her parents were Hubert and Zaidee: Hubert was a south London grammar-school boy, a High Church Anglican who studied at a theological college in Leeds with strong traditions of Christian socialism and public service among the poor. Many of his college contemporaries remained celibate; Hubert was 36 before he married, 10 years older than his bride, Zaidee Barnes, who still lived at home in Reading.

That this upbringing, which Prince says is "hardcore Anglo-Catholic," still influences May is clear. It is there not only in her church-going; it also informs her sense of politics as a personal

Brought to heel: Theresa May's flamboyant sense of style contrasts with the rest of her character

mission. One former political colleague describes her "huge moral force." The influence of father on daughter, something that echoes Thatcher's paternal relationship, extended beyond religion, and their shared passion for cricket. When May was growing up, her father was always on call—she and her mother came second to his parishioners' needs. In some ways it sounds like the demands that weigh on a politician's household. By the time she was a teenager, the vicar's daughter was a signed-up Tory.

She was serious, and keen to get on—even skipping a year in school. There is said to be a family recording in which she stated her ambition to be the first woman prime minister. May went up to Oxford to read geography at St Hugh's College. She met Philip, her first serious boyfriend, before she was 20; they were introduced by Benazir Bhutto at a student Conservative Association disco. They were married by her father in his parish church near Oxford, in the autumn of 1980. She was not quite 24.

By this time, Zaidee was already stricken with multiple sclerosis and in a wheelchair. Barely a year after the wedding, Hubert was killed in a car accident. A few months later, her mother died. May, shy and not naturally a networker, was forced to rely on Philip, and on her own resources. Her self-belief and her sense of resolution can only have been strengthened by the impact of losing both parents so quickly. And her stoicism was on display when, in a rare instance of acknowledging her childlessness was not her choice, she said "you accept the hand that life deals you."

Perhaps the experience strengthened, too, the focus on the job in hand that is such a striking feature of the events of 11th July last year. May was about to launch her official campaign when she received a call from Andrea Leadsom conceding the leadership race. Leadsom wanted to announce the news herself, so asked May to keep it a secret until she did. May honoured that wish to the letter and told none of the small team of intimates who were with her—who included not only her right-hand woman, Fiona Hill, but also her husband—what had just happened. Instead, she stuck to her schedule, delivering her speech as planned. It set out for the first time the full extent of her distance from David Cameron's project, and introduced the divisive but brilliant Liberal-turned-Unionist politician Joseph Chamberlain as her model statesman.

Only after the speech, when the news was leaking out, did she tell her team: after a week of abysmal misjudgements from Leadsom, culminating in the assertion that motherhood gave her a stake in the future of the country that the childless May could never have, she was leaving May alone on the field.

At the age of 59 (10 years older than Cameron), after a fortnight of bizarre events that left more corpses in its wake than a Shakespeare tragedy, May was prime minister-elect. A decade after many thought she had peaked, she triumphed in a contest that was slated to be between two glamorous men: George Osborne and Boris Johnson. Instead, each in turn fell into the cracks in the ground opened up by Brexit. She emerged from the Home Office, dazzling Conservative MPs like Eliza Doolittle off to the ball, propelled by the long-forgotten but now newly compelling attributes of common sense and grace under fire.

That is the first thing to emerge from Rosa Prince's new biography: it was not May who suddenly changed, it was the whole political battlefield. And in that moment of shock and grief last summer, the traditional virtues that she had always embodied with the stubborn assurance of her cricketing hero Geoffrey Boycott, assumed an unexpected appeal. Yet it has sometimes felt, in her first six months as prime minister, that the woman in the colour-block dress who is now at home in Downing Street is somehow not the same May who had been Home Secretary since 2010. How could the angry, Brussels-bashing speech that she delivered at the Tory Party conference in October have been made by a ▶

Stealth fighter: Theresa May failed to become an MP in 1992 (left); in 2016 she became Prime Minister

referendum "Remainer"? How could this advocate of a sharing society, limits to executive pay and workers on boards have sat in Cabinet for the previous six years nodding through punitive laws against trade unions and swingeing cuts in benefits? How could this embodiment of old-fashioned English values appear enthusiastic about getting close to the vulgar New York playboy who has taken up at the White House?

Not all of the answers to those questions are given in Prince's biography. But there are unchanging themes. There is a consistency to her desire to be in control. She is hostile to anything that challenges that control—in particular, but not only, the European Court of Human Rights. You can see this run in a direct line from the story she once told at a party conference about being unable to deport an illegal migrant because he had a cat—a story based on what we now would call alternative facts—through to her long and ultimately successful campaigns to deport Abu Hamza and Abu Qatada to face terrorism charges abroad.

Latterly, her hostility to threats to British sovereignty has been transferred to the Court of Justice of the EU. Once again, in disregard of the economics, she insists that laws applied in Britain should be made in Britain by British judges, and will not deviate from that position even if it kills all hope of a formal trade deal, which could compel the UK to submit to EU law. As she said explicitly in her Lancaster House speech in January, "the public expect to be able to hold their governments to account very directly, and as a result supranational institutions as strong as those created by the EU sit very uneasily in relation to our political history and way of life." For "the public," it seems safe to substitute "Theresa May."

The power to make law is an inalienable matter; so too is control of borders. Security comes before liberty, and she can never—as deputy prime minister Nick Clegg discovered in the coalition years—grasp that ever-greater powers taken in the name of security, for example, powers to gather and store communications, might undermine the freedoms they are introduced to safeguard. But there is a flip side: she respects the rule of law. Her record at the Home Office is marked by visceral anger on behalf of people who have been betrayed by the state or its agencies—the Hillsborough victims, Stephen Lawrence's family after it emerged they had been spied on after their son's murder, victims of domestic abuse let down by police—these are groups who have cause to appreciate May's uncompromising defence of them.

This is a far cry from the savvy, focus-group metropolitanism of the Cameroons that May came to find so meretricious. It is partly a matter of character; but it is also, as Prince points out, because there is a gulf between politicians who ascend to power through contacts and serial jobs in ministerial offices (David Cameron's first job in politics was allegedly secured by a call from Buckingham Palace), and the rest—the MPs who come in by the tradesman's entrance, weathered by years in local government and the experience of fighting unwinnable seats.

As a young married couple in the 1980s the Mays, both working in well-paid City jobs, settled in the gentrifying fringes of Wimbledon, south London. Political pairs—think of the Blairs, Tony and Cherie—often choose one to fight for a seat and the other to earn the household keep. Early on it was clear to friends that the choice had been made, and that it would be Theresa who went into politics—even though Philip, unlike his wife, had taken one traditional step on the ladder by being elected president of the Oxford Union.

Thus it was Theresa May who in 1986 became a councillor, and ultimately deputy leader of the south London borough of Merton. After her own experience at a grammar school, a comprehensive, and fleetingly a private school, she was a natural candidate to chair its education committee as it re-organised its school system. Her caution saved the council perhaps £75m, after she resisted a plan to mortgage its housing stock just before the crash at the end of the 1980s. She fought two hopeless seats—North West Durham in 1992 and a by-election in Barking in 1994 that Margaret Hodge won—before being picked for Maidenhead, which proved safe even in the Tory Waterloo of 1997.

Sometime between becoming an MP and the party's third defeat in 2005, May woke up to feminism. Once again, practical experience—this time envying the solidarity and support networks of the 101 women MPs Labour had elected in their 1997 landslide against the experience of being one of just 13 on the Tory benches—influenced her. Then, as chair of the Conservatives in 2002, she told a stunned party conference that they were seen as the "nasty party." She could see the distance the Tories still had to travel to recover in popular esteem, but she learned the hard lesson that knocking the product wins no friends among its producers. (It was at this time that, having voted against the repeal of clause 28, she also changed her mind about gay rights).

> "Sometime between becoming an MP in 1997 and the third Tory defeat in 2005, May woke up to feminism and gay rights"

In 2005, she seriously considered standing for the party leadership as it embarked on yet another contest without a woman candidate. But she established she had close to zero support and, almost at the eleventh hour, declared for the moderniser Cameron. Five years earlier, May had come up with the idea to build an organisation to support women candidates. Now she sold Cameron on it and, with Anne Jenkin, founded Women2Win. Days after Cameron took over, Central Office provided an A-list of candidates to constituency selection committees; May's organisation had ensured that half of that list were women. At a stroke, scores of ambitious men were deprived of what they considered their legitimate future as Tory MPs for safe seats. No one could accuse May of currying favour with the activists.

But the transformation of the party that resulted has been extraordinary. A fifth of Tory MPs are now female; 30 per cent of May's first cabinet are women, many of whom began their Commons careers with support from Women2Win. In other words, May played a vital role in bringing the party into the 21st century.

All the same, there seemed little future for May in Cameron's Tory Party. A low-key suburban woman in her fifties had no place in the metropolitan glossiness of the Notting Hill set. In 2010, she had been quietly shadowing welfare, and it was only after she benefited from her former protégé Chris Grayling's eve of election campaign blunder on gay rights, she unexpectedly found herself Home Secretary in the coalition. Few thought it was more than an interim appointment. Certainly, no one would have anticipated that she would emerge stronger from Whitehall's legendary graveyard of ambition, a department that had just gobbled up and spat out four Labour Home Secretaries in as many years.

Prince expertly charts her course into the record books as the longest-serving Home Secretary in a century. Battles with the European Court of Human Rights fed hostility to Europe, although not all its institutions. She came to value common security initiatives like the European Arrest Warrant, and now intends to protect them from Brexit. The unsuccessful fight to protect her departmental budget against 20 per cent cuts today leaves her deaf to the desperate appeals for more NHS funding.

More puzzling was her unflinching loyalty to Cameron's net migration target (wrongly attributed by Prince to Damian Green: it came from Cameron himself) that fed the fateful sense that Brussels had disempowered Westminster, and Westminster was disempowering the voters. Prince describes an extraordinary row with an incandescent George Osborne protesting at the way that businessmen from China—on whose investment his economic plans depended—were treated by border officials. May's distaste for the Cameroons now took on a personal edge.

Another May emerges from this stage in her career. Unclubbable and seemingly shy, she builds a team to whom she stays extraordinarily loyal, and they to her. It is not only many of the current cabinet who formerly worked for her at the Home Office. The most intimate members of her Downing Street team, Nick Timothy and Fiona Hill, are both legendary tigers in her cause, prepared to sacrifice anything for her: Hill had to resign in 2014, collateral damage in the conflict between Michael Gove and May over alleged extremism in Birmingham schools. These are people who share her instincts and her brand of Conservatism. They are the people who now get the blame for the widely reported dysfunction between No 10 and Whitehall.

But she has become adept at courting newspapers, most particularly the *Daily Mail*. It was the *Mail* to whom she revealed in 2013 that, rather than dieting for a leadership bid as the gossip speculated, she had been diagnosed with Type 1 diabetes. It was the *Mail* who hailed her courage as she described the business of eating properly and coping with insulin injections in the middle of a hectic day. The cool relationship with the Cameroons grew chillier in inverse proportion to such PR successes.

Then there is the appetite for vengeance, first revealed in the long-running row with the Police Federation. The dressing down she gave the organisation's conference in 2014, when she accused them of showing contempt for the public, was repayment for a humiliation they inflicted on her in a protest at budget cuts at their conference in 2011. Fast forward to 2016, and a reign of terror that followed her arrival in No 10, during which Cameron's reputation, Michael Gove's career and Osborne's prospects were brutally put to the sword. If Angela Merkel really did stand her up at the Malta summit in January, she had better watch her back.

It is important to resist the sense that what has happened was always going to happen. With hindsight, it is easy to see what a good match May's instincts are for the mood of the Brexiteers—how she, the moderniser who remade the Tory Party, is the same person who is standing proudly beneath the Union flag on the front of the *Daily Mail*. Along with the champion of the cause of women in politics, there always co-existed an authoritarian defender of British sovereignty and identity.

May has been prime minister for an extraordinary six months. No biography can yet be anything more than a sketch of the story so far. Prince's book is readable, but hardly a settled verdict. There is too much on the horizon to anticipate either success or failure, or to create a definitive picture of the strengths and weaknesses of this woman on whom so much now rides. In this fractured new world of Brexit and Trump, only a fool would predict what will happen next. But Theresa May's career so far suggests it would be a bad mistake to underestimate her. P

Getting it together

Having teased out democracy's paradoxes, Amartya Sen is keeping his cool as politics runs wild

SAMEER RAHIM

Amartya Sen is an eminently reasonable man. Over six decades as an economist and political theorist—he won the Nobel Prize in 1998—the 83-year-old has kept faith with rational thinking. This is as much to do with personal experience as intellectual preference. As a boy growing up in Bengal, Sen saw a bleeding labourer stumble into his garden. He was a Muslim who had been stabbed by Hindus. "Aside from being a veritable nightmare, the event was profoundly perplexing," Sen wrote in his *Identity and Violence* (2006). It provoked revulsion, but also consideration. Through his career, even while working on emotive subjects like famine, poverty, justice and inequality, he has maintained a calm equilibrium.

When I spoke to him in London about the emotions unleashed by Donald Trump, Sen put things in perspective. "There is nothing new or extraordinary in his rejection of reason," he said, in the Bengali accent that western universities have never drummed out of him. "Even the French Revolution, which was so enormously well-backed by reason, led to a reign of terror." One victim was the philosopher the Marquis de Condorcet, whose theories influenced Sen's work on social choice. Under threat from the Revolutionary regime, Condorcet committed suicide in 1794.

The US president keenly targets his enemies—if only via Twitter. "He has managed to unleash a kind of thinking which drew more on prejudice than on cool reasoning," said Sen, with magnificent understatement. "And I would apply this to Brexit," he continued, "where some of the sentiments of hatred of foreigners came into the story in a big way." He quotes Thomas Jefferson: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Without it, democracy can be "taken over by forces that play up other things, especially hatred of particular communities."

His home nation India has recently taken a nasty turn in that direction. When the Prime Minister Narendra Modi was governor of Gujarat in 2002, he was accused of stoking anti-Muslim riots that led to 2,000 deaths. Sen took a stand against Modi in 2014, telling me with relish how he "flew from Boston to New York, New York to New Delhi, New Delhi to Calcutta, and took a car to my village to vote against Mr Modi's BJP candidates." His criticism drew a sharp response. He was due to be re-appointed Chancellor of Nalanda University in Bihar, but was unexpectedly rejected, apparently under government pressure.

Was it depressing, I asked, that both Americans and Indians were prepared to ignore the bigotry in favour of economic interests? "I don't really think the [economic] policies are that good," he replied, "but even if they were," irrespective of whether Modi was personally culpable or not, the "amount of bloodshed" in a state he controlled should be "taken into account." He cites two recent scandals involving Hindu extremists: the whipping of Dalits for skinning a cow, and the killing of a Muslim on suspicion of keeping beef in his fridge. "These are absolutely atrocious things that have no place in a secular, democratic India." Elections do not guarantee good government. "Democracy is not a ready-made solution for anything; it just creates an opportunity."

Sen's 1970 book *Collective Choice and Social Welfare*, which he has just updated and expanded, touches on deep problems in the theory of democracy. One of the starting points is the economist Kenneth Arrow's famous 1951 "impossibility theorem." The impossibility is designing a voting system that reliably aggregates personal preferences into coherent social choices. Something gets lost in the totting up, so that you end up either without a complete set of results, or with perversities—such as everyone preferring candidate A to B, but B nonetheless coming out on top, or with one voter effectively deciding everything, which doesn't sound much like democracy at all.

Sen gave it a twist, mixing formal logic with an eye-catching example. Enter two citizens, Mr Lewd and Mr Prude, and one copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. What should happen to it? Lewd is keen to read it himself, but would be even more thrilled at the idea of buttoned-up Prude having to do so. Prude, of course, thinks the book should go straight in the bin, but feels that—if someone must read it—then it would be better if it was his upstanding self, not a Lewd seeking cheap thrills. So what to do? A good liberal would want to allow Lewd his literary pleasure, and let Prude avert his eyes. And yet—if we count up the votes—both Lewd and Prude prefer Prude reading it. The example may sound contrived, but it points to a deep tension between liberalism and democracy. And Sen turned this field upside down, by integrating ethical complexities into economistic accounts of democracy.

Sen also argued that the "rational choice" presumption of everyone acting in their own economic interests was flawed. "It's the individual who is the agent of action," he told me, "yet it does make sense to think of social values. Not because there is an abstract entity called 'society'," but because "it is the collectivity of individuals that allows some understanding of what the social values might be." He finds it "much more attractive" to avoid the pretence that individuals are not "affecting each other's lives."

Sen characteristically explains his ideas using practical examples. He asks me to imagine being offered a plate with six oranges and an apple. Suppose I like apples more than oranges. But I decide not to take the last apple because I don't want to be inconsiderate to others. Or at least, not wanting to *seem* inconsiderate.

"You could say it's in your own interests [to be selfless], but you could also say it's not. Suppose you think, 'oh people will think I'm very greedy but what the hell, they might just think I did it

Sameer Rahim *is Arts and Books Editor of Prospect*

without thinking at all and I wasn't being greedy.' ... Even then I might do that on the grounds it might be the best way to behave."

It's similar to voting. "We know that it's extremely unlikely that my vote will make a difference, and yet we go to great trouble to vote. Why? Because we think we are doing something together... I don't vote by saying *I* voted for party A but *we* voted for party A."

During an election, competing notions of the good are on offer. Sen believes they can sometimes be of equal worth—there is no one absolute path to justice. In response to his friend John Rawls's influential and highly prescriptive *Theory of Justice*, Sen argued that a plurality of views is desirable—and he gave an example. Imagine three children, Anne, Bob and Carla, each of whom could lay claim to a flute. Anne is the only one who can play it; Bob, unlike the others, has no toys; and Carla has spent months making the flute. Who should get it? An egalitarian would give it to poor Bob; a libertarian to the budding craftswoman Carla; and a utilitarian to Anne, who would get and give pleasure by playing it.

"Democracy is not a ready-made solution for anything; it just creates an opportunity"

Each option has some merit. Sen's point is that justice is comparative, not transcendental. "Our ideas of justice may differ between one person and another," he told me. "I don't assume that ultimately everyone has one view of justice, one understanding of justice." That's all very well, but who gets the flute? And what do we tell the two left empty-handed? "We could contribute by generating public discussion: we can't go beyond that; they have to decide what they want to do." He adds with a chuckle that discussing how people should actually behave could make you "a party bore."

Sen didn't think much of the quality of debate during the Brexit campaign. "Public discussion is extremely important both preceding a referendum and, I believe, following a referendum. I take a view of democracy like that of JS Mill: democracy is government by discussion. I'm really quite shocked that one vote on the basis of a campaign in which many factors were distorted," and by "a small margin victory... should be taken to be the end of all argument, no further argument, the rest is just engineering," that is to say, a mere argument about practical implementation. He adds: "The shortage of public discussion is not to the credit of one of the oldest democracies in the world."

Sen's pluralistic vision of democracy is tied to his view that we all harbour plural selves. In arguing against fundamentalism in *Identity and Violence*, he wrote that: "we have to draw on the understanding that the force of a bellicose identity can be challenged by the power of *competing* identities." But we seem to be returning to a world where the dividing lines between various political, ethnic and social tribes are becoming sharper, with more antagonism, and less room for overlapping membership. The liberal thinker Mark Lilla argued shortly after Trump's election that "identity liberalism" had cleared a space for nationalist politics. I asked Sen whether Lilla was right.

"The article was right to say it is wrong to take refuge in identity politics—that is surely not what you want to do. I was delighted that somebody said that." On the other hand, he believes minority rights need special attention. As usual he takes the long view. In 1790, Mary Wollstonecraft wrote *The Vindication of the Rights of Men*—by which she meant the universal rights of mankind. And yet, says Sen, "she expressed opposition to the American Declaration of Independence and American revolutionary movement on the grounds that it didn't talk about slaves." He continued: "The metric of universal rights should also capture the rights of minorities such as African-Americans." In 1792, Wollstonecraft published *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*. "She was right to take on the special rights of women in the second book... It's a book that is profoundly important both for those interested in universal or any other kind of rights. So I wouldn't go against the special rights point of view when it is needed, but never forgetting that they stand on the solid rock of universal rights."

There is something reassuringly unflappable about Sen. Every comment is laced with a benevolent charm that makes clear he has already carefully considered your counter-arguments. He is intellectually sociable, and has a talent for befriending powerful thinkers. His books are full of politely phrased disagreements with other big names, giving them the feel of a genial seminar room.

On New Year's Day, Sen lost two close friends: the economist Anthony Atkinson and the philosopher Derek Parfit. He is visibly moved recalling Parfit, who was 74 when he died. "I mourn his death tremendously," he said. Parfit was "an enormously powerful thinker," he added, who tackled personal identity and meta-ethics with "excellent arguments." While at Oxford, Sen taught a course with Parfit with Ronald Dworkin and Jerry Cohen. He is the only survivor. "I am the only one to recollect what happened—the collaboration, the interactive teaching." He laughed quietly. "I shall miss those days as long as I live." Sen quickly gathered himself: there were more people to meet and ideas to discuss. As we said goodbye, another interviewer arrived. I left him to what he loves best, living life as a perpetual conversation. P

An expanded edition of "Collective Choice and Social Welfare" is published by Allen Lane

François Hollande honours Amartya Sen with the Légion d'Honneur in New Delhi in 2013

Playing in the shadows: Donald Trump has a strained relationship with the US security agencies

Spooked

Spies see everything, and they've seen everything before. Except Donald Trump

JAY ELWES

On December 13th 2003, John Nixon was taken out to Baghdad International Airport. It was nighttime. He arrived with a small group and together they passed assorted outbuildings until they came to a location a little way off from the main airport area. Nixon got out of the vehicle. "We were standing there waiting," he recalls, "and then someone from the military came by and said, 'OK. It's your turn.' So we walked in." He passed down a long hallway and stopped by a door. Somebody opened it. "And there he was, sitting there," Nixon told me. "I remember, I just couldn't believe it was him. I thought it was going to be him, but it still struck me very hard because somehow deep in the back of my mind I thought, 'we're never going to find this guy.'"

The man in the chair was Saddam Hussein. He had been captured earlier that night by special forces close to Tikrit, a city 90 miles northwest of Baghdad. The search for the former dictator had become frenzied. The war was going wrong and a desperate US government turned to its supposedly most trusted arm: the CIA. Nixon, after five years in the CIA, had become an authoritative specialist on Saddam: he would be the first intelligence officer to interrogate him. But the Iraqi leader was famous for his use of body doubles. So before any interrogation, Nixon had to work out whether the man in the chair was really him.

"I was looking for certain characteristics," he told me. "Tribal tattoos, and a scar from a bullet wound that he had suffered many years ago. To be honest, from the minute I saw him, there was no doubt in my mind. I looked at hundreds of hours of videotape of this guy over many years and pictures all the time. He was just sitting there two feet away from me." Listening to him today—in the context of Donald Trump's America—one wonders who would now make such a crucial identification in a world where the government had ceased to trust its spies.

Not that everything was rosy back in 2003, of course. The situation in Iraq was terrible. And among the sectarian bloodshed, the terrible destruction and the attacks on coalition troops there was another casualty—the reputation of the west's intelligence agencies. The coalition's (official) justification for war had been that Saddam had stockpiles of chemical and biological weapons and that they posed an immediate threat. Urged on by political leaders, western intelligence agencies the CIA included had endorsed that claim. But they were mistaken. Saddam had no such weapons, and as that fact became clear, the justification for the invasion drained away. So what went wrong, and who was to blame? Robin Butler, the former cabinet secretary who conducted the official British inquiry into the debacle, concluded

Jay Elwes *is Executive Editor of Prospect*

that the interpretation of intelligence "was stretched to the limit," and the spies' information was expected to do more work than it could bear. That is a fair summary, but it does not settle the bitter blame game between politicians and the spooks.

The eventual capture of Saddam was a victory of sorts, but it hardly compensated for the original intelligence failure. The backlash was severe, and it still endures. Spies mistrusted politicians and vice-versa, and each sheltered behind the failures of the other in an attempt to dodge responsibility for the claims made in the run-up to the war. This tension is dangerous—spies might not like politicians but can do nothing without them; politicians may mistrust spies, but their intelligence often provides the only available basis for rational policy making. And, before the relationship has had time to heal, along comes President Trump. He has both a deep dislike of intelligence agencies and an ambivalent view of their output. As he explained on Fox News in December, he does not intend to have a daily intelligence briefing, as is usual for US presidents: "I'm, like, a smart person. I don't have to be told the same thing in the same words every single day."

In late January, US special forces raided an extremist compound in Yemen. It was the first such covert action of Trump's presidency and 30 people, including women, children and an American soldier, were killed. Officials from the US military told Reuters that the Navy SEAL team assaulted a reinforced al-Qaeda base, "defended by land mines, snipers, and a larger than expected contingent of heavily armed Islamist extremists." Trump had approved the operation, "without sufficient intelligence, ground support or adequate backup preparations."

If Trump is unwilling to make full use of the intelligence at his disposal, then his ability to make decisions will be diminished and there will be more failures like the Yemen operation. It is vitally important for Trump to restore normal relations with his agencies. If he does not, there will be consequences not only for the US, but for its allies including the UK and, potentially, the global security order.

The relationship between government and its spies has always been complicated. In 1986, Michael Howard, the founder of the War Studies Department at King's College, London, wrote that, "the activities of the intelligence and security services have always been regarded in the same light as marital sex. Everyone knows that it goes on and is quite content that it should, but to speak, write or ask questions about it is regarded as bad form." The quip makes a serious point—intelligence requires governments if not exactly to turn a blind eye, perhaps at least to blink at the right moment.

"The point about secret intelligence is that it's information... that other people desperately don't want you to have and will go to almost any lengths to prevent you having," said David Omand, the former Director of GCHQ, the UK's secret listening service. "And the only way you can get that kind of forewarning information is essentially by stealing it." Since the Tudor period, organisations have been put in place by monarchs and governments, in Britain and elsewhere, to gather this information. "From that followed two inevitable consequences," Omand told me. "First, that there's a political risk because you have to use methods that you would not want in use in common society or ordinary society. And second you have got to keep how you are doing it secret."

This is the root of the ever-present tension between political leaders and their security agencies, which has—on occasion—burst out into open hostility. J Edgar Hoover, the fierce founding head of the FBI, openly detested John F Kennedy. Richard Nixon disliked the CIA so much that he refused to have any presidential intelligence briefings at all, leaving his deputies to deal with the spies. Harold Wilson was deeply suspicious of MI5 and MI6, which he suspected were trying to undermine him—quite possibly with good reason. So suspicion between spies and government is nothing new.

When 9/11 came, the interests of government and the intelligence agencies briefly snapped into lock-step. The so-called "War on Terror" relied heavily on intelligence sources for information on terrorist networks and extremist ideology—where governments and spies had once viewed one another with suspicion, now they fought side by side. Before long, they got too close.

George Tenet was Director of the CIA at the time of 9/11. "He did many good things at the agency," said Nixon of his former boss. "But one bad thing he did was that he created a culture of 'serving the customer.'" Tenet was the son of Greek immigrants, and his family ran a diner in Queens, in New York City. George used to work at the family business when he was a young man. "I think George ran the agency the way that his father ran that diner," said Nixon. "The customer is always happy. Make sure they like you and that you leave them wanting more. That is exactly how George ran the agency. That I think is where you start getting this culture of, 'we'll let the president decide what he wants to know and then we'll give him lots of it.' Unfortunately we stopped giving him what he *needed* to know."

The US and UK governments wanted evidence of WMD, so the spies supplied it. As Iraq's sectarian war deepened, George W Bush demanded daily meetings with intelligence officials, especially in the run-up to the surge of 2007, when five additional brigades of US troops, 20,000 men, were put into Baghdad and Anbar province to help put down the raging insurgency. This helped to quell the worst of the violence, but the damage to the relationship between government and the spies was already done. "I had high hopes for Bush," said Nixon. "I voted for him and I thought—this will be great for the agency, you know. We will do great things. And you know it was an absolute disaster."

The WMD fiasco was an example of political risk *in extremis*. The US and UK governments staked everything on WMD and lost. The result was a huge backlash against those responsible. "For years we've been kind of a piñata that politicians have been hitting repeatedly," said Nixon. "We've had to sit there and take it. The Bush and Obama years have been very rough."

When Obama came to office, he increased the US's use of Special Forces and drones to pursue targets, and the 2011 killing of Osama bin Laden was a moment of near catharsis for the intelligence agencies. But the memory of the misadventure in Iraq still hung over relations between government and the spies. When it came to Syria, the CIA faced a deep challenge, not just in the complexity of the situation, but in the lack of political focus. Hillary Clinton, then Secretary of State, was in favour of identifying and backing an insurgent group to confront Bashar al-Assad—an operation that would have been conducted by the CIA. But the intelligence community was divided. Some wanted to get involved while others, remembering Iraq, did not. The result was paralysis. Obama did not to intervene, and Russia took control of the Syrian war.

"I know a lot of agency people are really kind of disgusted with Obama and the way he treated [the CIA]," said Nixon. "It wasn't as painful as the neocons but it was a harmful sort of neglect," which revealed, "just how irrelevant the agency had become." ▶

However, Obama did act decisively in his decision to close down the highly-controversial detention units, set up by the CIA under George W Bush, known as "black sites." Here, detainees were held without trial, out of reach of the Red Cross and were not treated according to the Geneva Convention. They were tortured. Obama shut them down on his third day in office—but Trump made it clear during his presidential campaign that he wanted to open them up again and bring back waterboarding, a form of torture that simulates drowning. He also said he was willing to allow prisoners to be subjected to "a hell of a lot worse."

The torture question has long been inflammatory in politics. When CBS News published pictures in 2004 of hooded prisoners standing on boxes with wires attached to their fingertips in Abu Ghraib jail in Iraq—an installation jointly overseen by the US army and the CIA—global outrage ensued at what fast became the defining image of the depravity to which the War on Terror had sunk. Torture has been divisive in intelligence circles, too. Many were morally or practically opposed to the black sites and what went on there. Mike Scheuer—a former CIA operative who ran its Bin Laden unit before 9/11 and later acted as the unit's special adviser—used to be one. More recently, he has changed his mind. The drone and special forces warfare that he says has proved effective against al-Qaeda in Afghanistan and the tribal borderlands of Pakistan, "greatly increased the need for precise targeting information... therefore," he told me, "the captures and interrogations were pivotal." "The end of the rendition and interrogation programme made the acquisition of the same kind of detailed targeting information a rare occurrence."

What happens next is one of the gravest uncertainties confronting America's security state. Some Trump appointees are as cavalier as the President himself. When in 2014, the US Intelligence Committee published a report criticising the CIA's use of torture during the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, Mike Pompeo, Trump's choice to run the CIA, described it as a "liberal game." But James Mattis, Secretary of Defence, is against the use of torture. Trump has since indicated that he may defer to this view.

Despite this slim concession, the Trump era could make the recent past look like a breeze. He's not so much sheltering behind the spies as picking fights with them. In the week before his inauguration, rumours began to spread that Russian operatives had gathered compromising material on the President-Elect. Trump's response was to blame, not the Russians, but his own side. He accused the intelligence agencies of leaking damaging information in order to discredit him, and on Twitter asked, "Are we living in Nazi Germany?" When a dossier subsequently emerged setting out the lurid allegations in full, Trump told a press conference: "I want to thank a lot of the news organisations here today because they looked at that nonsense that was released by, maybe, the intelligence agencies, who knows, which would be a tremendous blot on their record if they did that." Several US security and intelligence agencies are still investigating Trump's links with Russia.

A few weeks earlier, on 6th January, the Office of the Director of National Intelligence published a report into Russian hacking during the presidential election. The report stated that, "Putin and the Russian government aspired to help President-Elect Trump's election chances when possible by discrediting Secretary Clinton and publicly contrasting her unfavourably to him."

In his response, Trump aimed for the weak spot, and hit hard. In a statement, he said: "These are the same people who said Saddam Hussein had weapons of mass destruction."

© REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

America's shame: the notorious image of Iraqi Ali Shallal al-Qaisi being humiliated at Abu Ghraib prison

The National Intelligence Council was founded in 1979 to act as a conduit between America's spy agencies and its politicians, and from 2014 until 20th January this year, its chairman was Greg Treverton. "It's hard to be happy with the current set of circumstances because there's just so much uncertainty," said Treverton. "There is a very large set of professionals in the intelligence agencies and they're prepared to do anything for a president that's legal. And so to set out to offend them, to diss them, that seems to me to be really kind of worse than stupid."

Treverton was talking not only about Trump's remarks about WMD and Nazi Germany, but about a speech at the CIA's headquarters in his first days after taking office. There, at Langley, Virginia, Trump stood before a wall dedicated to CIA employees killed in the line of duty, each death marked by a star. On the opposite wall, which he faced as he spoke, is carved the words: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Trump used the occasion to riff on the size of the crowd at his inauguration. "I looked out, the field was—it looked like a million, million and a half people," he said to an audience of CIA personnel and his own staff. "Honestly, it looked like a million and a half people. Whatever it was, it was. But it went all the way back to the Washington Monument." He assured them he did not have a feud with the intelligence community, and blamed the media for suggesting otherwise. "It is exactly the opposite," he told the gathering.

The speech was not a success. In a statement, John Brennan, who was in the process of stepping down as Director of the CIA,

said that he was "deeply saddened and angered at Donald Trump's despicable display of self-aggrandisement in front of CIA's Memorial Wall of Agency heroes."

"There'll be damage," Treverton told me. "And if what you do is not esteemed by the commander-in-chief, that's bound to have some effect on recruiting, I think." A loss of morale among America's intelligence community would certainly be welcomed by its adversaries, including Vladimir Putin.

Intelligence is deeply embedded in US policy making, after 15 years of continuous war. "But now we've turned a corner into a pretty uncertain future where the politics of the relationship have gotten really pretty tense," said Treverton. "So far he's been an intermittent user of intelligence," he said. "But now he's responsible for what happens in Syria. It's a very complicated place. It's not something you can easily parse by watching television." He added: "He hasn't shown many signs of being very curious... He doesn't seem like much of a reader."

"It's the first time I remember an incoming president acting so disdainfully of the intelligence agencies," says Karin von Hippel, the former Chief of Staff to General John Allen, the special presidential envoy for the global coalition to counter Islamic State. "The intelligence agencies exist to support the principals,"

> "Trump could make the past look like a breeze. He's not sheltering behind the spies but picking fights with them"

explained von Hippel, who is now Director-General of Rusi, the London-based security and defence think tank. She warned that the problems could get worse, especially "if there's a morale issue or they think that the president is making decisions and not paying attention to the intelligence they provide."

A further problem stems from Trump's language. In a January appearance on ABC News, he told an interviewer: "I've spoken as recently as 24hrs ago with people at the highest level of intelligence, and I asked them the question: does it work? Does torture work? And the answer was yes. Absolutely." With this statement, Trump cast his spies into a legal jungle. George W Bush allowed torture in CIA black sites, but never called it torture. This provided his spies with a veneer of legal and moral cover—they could insist it was merely "enhanced interrogation." Trump's use of the word itself sweeps away any legal ambiguity. If he does press ahead with re-opening the black sites and if he does allow the use of waterboarding, CIA interrogators and those from other agencies will be using techniques that the US government has accepted—and admitted—amount to torture. The spies will be legally exposed. They will also know that once Trump has gone, another administration with very different views could take office. There could be personal repercussions—and political blowback. America's allies, including the UK, would be unable to participate in operations involving torture or other practices, for moral and also legal reasons (see Andrew Tyrie, p56.) Britain would be prevented from using intelligence derived from those operations and the ability of Britain to extradite suspects to the US would be diminished.

For British intelligence officials, Trump seems to be summoning the very worst of the War on Terror. Pauline Neville-Jones, the former Minister for Security and Counter Terrorism and former Chairman of the Joint Intelligence Committee called the president's remarks on torture "off the edge of the screen," and "extraordinary." While taking comfort in Trump's willingness to defer to level-headed advisers, his comments, she told me, were "extraordinarily destructive of America's reputation for standing for human rights and moral leadership." His words will not hurt the day-to-day intelligence work between Britain and America, she said. The problem comes when the UK wants to bring a suspect to court and needs the help of the US administration to get evidence from, say, Google or some other third party. "Then you are having to deal with and ask favours of an administration that is not in terribly good standing [with its own people]. That's the sort of thing it seems to me where it could become more difficult."

It's an increasingly common scenario. "In the good old days," says von Hippel, "you'd go to a smoky room and talk to people and get information, leave and write it up and send it back. These days people are tweeting and photographing." The great leveller is encryption. Once government had the monopoly on technology, especially communications technology, but that is no longer the case. Now, being able to cajole private organisations into sharing data is part of intelligence work. Now governments have all the more reason to keep to the moral high ground. Facebook would be unwilling to share information on a person if it put them at risk of torture.

Since 9/11, the relationship between spies and government has undergone profound change, but Trump is destabilising it as never before. Where Obama tried to break with the abusive practices of the War on Terror, Trump seems determined to resurrect them, while cutting himself off from expert advice. In January, he reorganised the National Security Council, the cabinet-level body that helps to set US security policy. He reduced the roles played on the council by the Director of National Intelligence and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and decreed that from now on, it would have a new attendee: Steve Bannon, his chief strategist and a founder of Breitbart News, a controversial hard-right website. Bannon, who has no security experience, will have a permanent presence on the body that determines US security policy. The intelligence agencies will not. (Trump's press officials have challenged this view of events.) The ban on people from certain Muslim countries entering the US bears the stamp of Bannon's thinking and was enacted despite its obvious chaotic consequences. Among these, it threatens the ability of US intelligence, and its allies, to work with counterparts in countries subject to the ban. Learning of Bannon's appointment, Susan Rice, the former National Security Adviser, called the decision "stone cold crazy."

For at least the next four years, the US's intelligence agencies will be expected to share their deepest secrets with Trump and because of Britain's continued commitment to cooperation, UK secrets will also be in his in-tray. Will he pay any attention?

Perhaps it was a relationship that was destined to be stormy—intelligence agencies are supposed to tell leaders hard truths, and Trump has a notoriously strained relationship with the truth. Even so, they must tell him what they know. And even if he does listen to what they say, might his indiscreet nature make the agencies hesitant about telling him secrets, worried that he might reveal them? "Absolutely," said von Hippel, "it's a very good point, especially if he's revealing secret information."

"I don't know if that's actually grounds to impeach a President," she said. "You should ask a lawyer that."

Silence in court

Open justice let the light in on rendition; secret rulings will prevent us learning those lessons

ANDREW TYRIE

In January, the Supreme Court ruled that a Libyan dissident, Abdel Hakim Belhaj, and his wife can sue the British state over their abduction and transfer to Colonel Muammar Gaddafi's prisons. This is a victory for transparency and rule of law. It shows that the British courts are prepared to hold those at the highest levels to account for "extraordinary rendition"—the programme of kidnap and torture launched by the US after 9/11, and facilitated by Britain.

The case will also be one of the biggest tests yet for the new rules on secret hearings. Under the Justice and Security Act of 2013, the courts could now hear evidence that is withheld from the Belhaj couple—and their lawyers—on national security grounds. The pair could be barred from most of the trial, and then lose the case without being able to challenge—or even hear—the evidence used against them. And they might only see a redacted version of the judgment. This does not sound much like British justice.

In theory, a "special advocate"—a security-vetted lawyer who sees the secret evidence—should keep the trial fair. But the challenges facing special advocates in their work are enormous. They can contest the government's argument that disclosing the evidence would harm the national interest, but they cannot call on independent experts. And—after viewing the material—they cannot talk to their client without permission.

Fifty-seven of the 69 advocates opposed the 2013 Act, calling it "fundamentally unfair" and "a departure from the foundational principle of natural justice." Unless all sides could see and challenge the evidence, they said, the courts could neither provide, nor be seen to provide, justice.

Faced with the new rules, another Libyan who has made similar allegations against the British government—Sami al-Saadi—decided to settle his case. As he put it, "I went through a secret trial once before, in Gaddafi's Libya. In many ways, it was as bad as the torture."

I had some experience of secret hearings—in a very different context—five years ago, when I appealed against the government's denial of my freedom of information request on the UK's role in rendition. Part of the hearing was held in closed court, due to its sensitivity. The judgment went against me. I was left with the impression that evidence which I hadn't heard had proved decisive.

Parts of the Belhaj trial may, no doubt, be highly sensitive. But there are established, and usually better, ways to handle this. For decades, the courts have been able to decide on a document-by-document basis whether to keep information concealed. When they do so, however, neither side can use that evidence. This keeps the trial fair, while keeping the most sensitive information hidden. As the Belhaj trial begins, the government should demonstrate that it will restrict the use of its new powers to an absolute minimum. Where evidence risks damaging the public interest, ministers should first seek to have it ruled out for both sides, instead of burying all the facts in secret hearings.

Everyone understands the need to protect the security services, but secret hearings are not the answer. This is not just my view. It is the view of many of those who work in this field. Before the new Act, a Supreme Court judge rebuffed the government's attempts to establish closed proceedings in another rendition case. He argued that "Evidence which has been insulated from challenge" could be worse than useless: it "may positively mislead."

The great claim made for secret courts before the legislation—by the then-head of MI5 and others—was that the intelligence services would become more accountable, instead of being forced to settle out of court to protect delicate information. But even if closed proceedings are used with scrupulous fairness, it is hard for anyone else to feel confident about this.

If the new rules had been in place a few years ago, the public wouldn't know much of what is now established about the UK's role in rendition. The distrust would only have grown. The public needs strong and effective security services—they do crucial work in difficult circumstances. And the public need to have confidence in them. Maximum reasonable disclosure—subject to a national security test—is the best, perhaps the only, route to restore this confidence.

President Donald Trump may restart the rendition programme. He has said that he wants to use torture as an instrument of policy. Moderate voices in the administration may restrain him. But anyone who thought that the UK's role in rendition after 9/11 could safely be allowed to fade into the past has been given a sharp reality check.

The full truth on rendition is now more urgently needed than ever. I have been pressing for it for almost 12 years. The prime minister has made some welcome statements. First, she assured me in the Commons that Britain would not sanction torture. Then, as she flew to meet President Trump, she referred journalists to "very clear" rules issued to British officials—known as the Consolidated Guidance. These state that the UK will not share intelligence where there is a serious risk of torture.

The prime minister's words are encouraging. The UK has a strong interest in a close relationship with the US. Its interest in justice cannot be permitted to become a casualty.

Sunlight is the best disinfectant. The Belhaj case has already dragged on for five years. The truth of these grave allegations against our intelligence services needs to be established one way or the other, and it needs to be established as openly as possible. Any failure to do so will undermine public trust and sap the morale of those on whom we depend for our security. P

Andrew Tyrie *is Conservative MP for Chichester. He is the founder and chairman of the All-Party Parliamentary Group on Extraordinary Rendition*


SUCCESS LIVES HERE
Business award achieved
Staff incentivised
Deal done
New business negotiated
Contract renewed
A Private Box at Club Wembley gives your business a space unlike any other. And once it's yours, you can do whatever you want with it – showcase products, hold amazing presentations or incentivise your staff – 360 days a year.
Whatever you choose, it's sure to get noticed.
For more information **privatebox@wembleystadium.com** or **020 8795 9546**
CLUB WEMBLEY
PRIVATE BOX

The vision thing

Roger Penrose is still defining the way we see the universe. But, in today's world of ultra-specialised science, could a thinker of such breadth ever emerge again?

PHILIP BALL

Scientists exhausted by the relentless demand to "demonstrate impact" and churn out peer-reviewed papers find ways of cheering themselves up. A popular consolation is to imagine reviewers' reports on Einstein's "grant application" for his work on special relativity, condemning his revolutionary thoughts as sheer speculation, devoid of any practical application, and worthy of no funding at all.

Lost golden ages are rarely as golden as we remember: back in 1905 Einstein wasn't funded either, but still working in the Swiss patent office. The rueful jokes do, however, make a valid point about the way conservatism and bandwagon-riding often dictate progress in scientific careers today. Now you need polish, pizzazz, and state-of-the-art facilities. Gone are the days when it was possible to conduct cutting-edge experiments, as Ernest Rutherford did, with little more than sealing wax and string. But something has been lost in the face of the incessant need to score CV points, create spin-off companies, and descend into ever-narrower specialisms. The greatest of scientists, like physicist Erwin Schrödinger, have often thought profoundly outside their own particular specialisms; others, like Francis Crick, one half of the pair who unravelled the mysteries of DNA and partly inspired by Schrödinger, had the versatility to switch fields entirely.

Many virtues of that vanished age, before the intellectually narrowing pressures on today's careers, are preserved in the person of the veteran British mathematical physicist, Roger Penrose—a theorist of black holes and quantum particles, sometime collaborator of Stephen Hawking, and an unlikely best-selling author. I met the 85-year-old don in the new Mathematical Institute at Oxford, where he is still cooking up challenging new ideas. You have to enter the building across a tiling scheme Penrose invented in the 1970s, which covers the courtyard in a pattern that seems to be orderly but can never quite repeat itself.

Although his insights are often fiendishly technical and expressed in eye-watering mathematics, Penrose is irrepressibly eclectic in his learning. He is given to mixing the insightful with the wildly speculative in a way that is almost unknown today, floating ideas that younger colleagues would never dare to—such as the notion that quantum mechanics might explain consciousness. Penrose shrugs off labels such as "maverick," pleading that he is "much more accepting of conventional wisdom than most of the others I know." It is hard to tell how much of this bemusement is real and how much a wry performance, but whatever it is that he seeks, it's neither approval nor modish notoriety.

Philip Ball *is a science writer*

His career has traced the remarkable arc of physics over the second half of the 20th century, a period during which the baffling intricacies of general relativity have moved from the mathematical fringe of his discipline to its heart, culminating in the discovery of gravitational waves last year (in which he played no small part). He is a representative of the now near-extinct generation—which included John Wheeler, Murray Gell-Mann, Philip Anderson and Richard Feynman—who launched themselves into an unfamiliar universe armed only with their wits and imagination. They thought about whatever they fancied, and found threads that hinted at a unified concept of reality. They all seemed to have something insightful to say about pretty much any problem in physics.

On meeting Penrose one wonders how on earth such a fruitful mind is formed, and whether it could ever develop in and among the intellectual silos of today. The most important thing is not exactly what he writes about string theory, cosmology and quantum mechanics in his latest book—*Fashion, Faith and Fantasy*—but that a book so wide and deep in its erudition could be written at all. If his successors cannot do the same, science will be all the poorer.

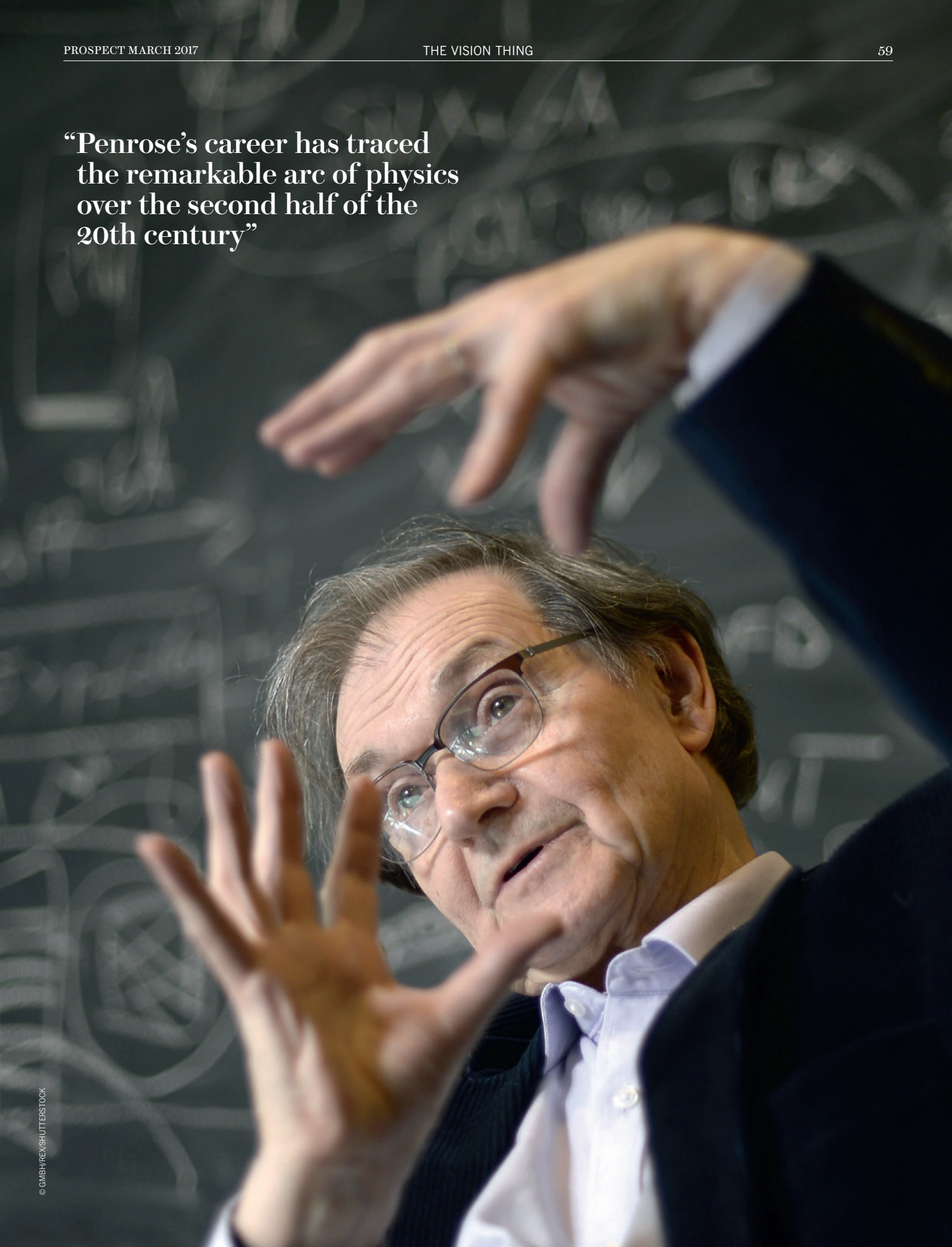
The eye's mind

Penrose hails from one of the great intellectual dynasties of the 20th century. His father Lionel was a distinguished psychiatrist and geneticist, his uncle was the surrealist artist Roland Penrose. Roger was one of four children; older brother Oliver became a theoretical physicist, younger brother Jonathan was British chess champion a record-breaking 10 times, and sister Shirley Hodgson is a professor of cancer genetics.

In this house there was no escaping mathematics. "I used to make polyhedra with my father," Penrose told me. "There were no clear lines between games and toys for children and his professional work." That, needless to say, may have been a mixed blessing: "He wasn't very good at relating to us in an emotional way—it was all about science and mathematics."

But if number games substituted for play in the Penrose home, one happy result may have been an almost playful quality of his approach to mathematics. His thinking is animated by a phenomenal visual sense of geometry. The sheer power of his mind's eye is, his peer Martin Rees, the current Astronomer Royal, suggested to me, his defining characteristic.

In all of Penrose's books, abstruse theories are illuminated by pictorial representations. He puts this visual sensibility down to his father, but his grandfather James Doyle Penrose was, like his uncle Ronald, a professional artist. In Roger, this ability manifests itself in an intuition of complex spatial relationships, which gave him an affinity for the Dutch artist MC Escher. While a graduate student, Penrose saw "an exhibition in the Van Gogh Museum by this artist I'd never heard of. I was ▶

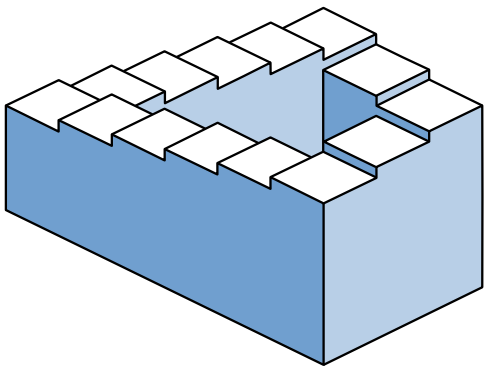


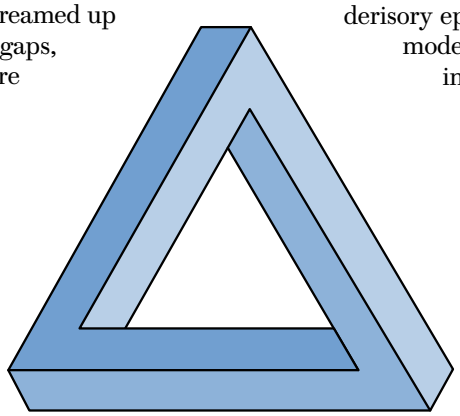
"Penrose's career has traced the remarkable arc of physics over the second half of the 20th century"

quite blown over. I came away and drew pictures of bridges and roads, which gradually simplified into the tribar." This is the optical illusion of an "impossible triangle," the corners of which make sense spatially on their own but not together.

Penrose worked on these illusory structures with his father, who devised a staircase that seemed to ascend forever around the perimeter of a square. They published their inventions in the *British Journal of Psychology*, and sent a copy of the paper to Escher, who wrote back enthusiastically and was inspired to make his famous lithograph of the endless stair.

Later, while in the Netherlands, "I telephoned him, and he said come along and have some tea," Penrose told me. "I expected him to be in a house with all these impossible staircases and so on, but it was very neat and tidy." He was deeply impressed with Escher's untutored intuition. "He said he was no good mathematically at school, but I suspect his teachers didn't appreciate his skill. His understanding of the geometry was remarkable." Escher's intricate designs, of interlocking lizards and birds morphing into fish, were evidently in Penrose's mind when, in the 1970s, he dreamed up those ingenious rhomboid tiles—without gaps, and yet also without repetition—which are on display outside his office today, and which also turned out to explain the baffling atomic structures of metal alloys called quasicrystals.





Top: The impossible staircase; above: the impossible triangle, or tribar

Penrose sets Escher's images to work in his new book to show how shapes and lines in space can be distorted by changing the underlying geometry of the coordinate system. (Think of how different the continents of the world can look when projected in different ways onto a flat map.) Get your head around this morphing, and you're one step on the way towards understanding Einstein's theory of general relativity, which explains gravity by considering how a distortion of spacetime—a four-dimensional "coordinate grid," if you like—produced by the presence of mass, bends the trajectories of objects and light waves moving through it.

This is difficult stuff, but things become clearer if you can—in Penrose fashion—find the right imagery. Imagine drawing parallel lines on a deflated balloon, then blowing it up and finding that they no longer seem parallel on the inflated surface. By deforming the underlying fabric, Euclid's rules of geometry ("parallel lines never cross") are rewritten. Such non-Euclidean thinking is vital to Einstein's theory, which rightly predicted that light rays are bent by gravity. The theory also predicted the expansion of the universe: an expansion of space itself, not unlike that inflating balloon. But Einstein, like most of his contemporaries believing that the universe was fixed and eternal (in a "steady state"), introduced a cosmological fudge to get around this apparent inconvenience.

Handling the geometric complexities of general relativity involves some fearsome maths, known as algebraic geometry. At Cambridge, Penrose studied that subject under the Scottish mathematician William Hodge. At that time, general relativity itself was far more likely to be studied in a maths than a physics department. Although Arthur Eddington had observed starlight being bent by the sun's gravity during a solar eclipse in 1919, in line with general relativity's predictions, even in the 1950s the theory really wasn't knitted into the mainstream of physics. Nobody knew quite what to do with it. Only for absurdly large masses did its account of gravity differ significantly from that of Isaac Newton, which had worked well enough for hundreds of years.

While an undergraduate, Penrose went to hear the great astrophysicist Fred Hoyle lecture on cosmology. Hoyle did pioneering work on stars and the formation of elements within them. But he remained an advocate of a "steady-state" universe, despite the growing evidence that the universe was expanding: he is said to have coined the term Big Bang as a derisory epithet. "He was describing the steady-state model and things about the universe accelerating," says Penrose of that lecture, "and I drew little pictures and convinced myself that what he said couldn't be true."

When Penrose asked his brother Oliver if his criticisms of Hoyle made sense, Oliver directed him to the Cambridge cosmologist Dennis Sciama. Thanks to the 2014 Stephen Hawking biopic *The Theory of Everything*, one can almost say that the rest is history: Sciama took him under his wing. Penrose is gently amused by the film, which shows Hawking arriving in Cambridge in the early 1960s to work under Sciama too. "There is somebody who doesn't look like me but is supposed to be me [Christian McKay], and he gives a talk, and in the audience is a starstruck Stephen Hawking," he says, "but in reality he wasn't there." Penrose adds, "The portrayal of Hawking was not so bad, but it wasn't good on all sorts of things technically."

Poor Hoyle never stood a chance against Sciama's brilliant protégés. Famously the young Hawking, already needing a stick for support, stood up during a lecture on cosmology given by Hoyle to the Royal Society in 1964, and pointed out an error. When a bristling Hoyle demanded how he knew, Hawking coolly replied that he had "worked it out." The contrast with Penrose, who went away to check his result, sums up the two men: Hawking brash and attention-seeking, Penrose uninterested in limelight or conflict. But whatever their differences, it was indeed Penrose's work that switched on Hawking to general relativity and black holes.

Roger Penrose views an Escher exhibition in Edinburgh in 2015

At Sciama's prompting, Penrose headed to a lecture in London by David Finkelstein, an American physicist who was working on an aspect of general relativity connected to black holes: stars that are predicted to collapse under their own gravity until they shrink to nothing, leaving only an infinitely dense point and a gravitational field so strong that not even light can escape. Such a point is called a singularity. General relativity seemed

> "His thinking is animated by a phenomenal visual sense. The power of his mind's eye is his defining characteristic"

to predict that it could occur, but many physicists in the 1950s considered it a mere mathematical quirk. Finkelstein showed in his talk how such a singularity might really exist. Penrose had his doubts but was nonetheless hooked. In 1959 he travelled to Princeton to work with legendary physicist John Wheeler, who is credited with inventing the term "black hole."

At around this time, black holes suddenly began to seem more than just a weird, even absurd, prediction of general relativity. Astronomers were discovering very distant objects which, while no bigger than a solar system, seemed to be emitting more energy than an entire galaxy. It was hard to explain that without some phenomenally dense thing such as a black hole. "Up to that point, general relativity had been the province of people fiddling around with mathematics," says Penrose, but now he and his colleagues were confronting actual "objects in which the theory seems to be playing a role."

Penrose was able to show that the conditions for the formation of a black hole were much less unlikely than previously thought—they could be real. When Hawking saw this work in the early 1960s, they began collaborating on gravitational singularities. The pair realised that you could think of the Big Bang as a collapse to a singularity in reverse: you start with a point of infinite density and then let it expand. In this way, they married ideas about black holes with the cosmological theory of the universe. The ramifications are tremendous: for one thing, it becomes possible to imagine entire new universes forming from black holes—so that our own universe could be just one among many.

The concept of a singularity—mass compressed into an infinitely small space—conflicts with the other foundational theory of physics, quantum mechanics, which insists that the fundamental fabric of nature is granular, and can't be condensed without limit into an infinitely small space. Black holes thus become more than astrophysical oddities: they force the issue of how to reconcile the 20th century's two great accounts of the way the physical universe works—general relativity and quantum mechanics. Penrose, whose first passion had been quantum physics, naturally had his own thoughts on the way to proceed.

Stringing along

Speaking to him about his career, you get no sense that there ever was any plan or direction—only interests and curiosity. When he published, it was not out of any professional obligation, only because he had something worth saying. Although his mentors obviously recognised his genius, there is a striking lack of urgency in how he progressed. His turn towards general relativity, once considered something of a backwater in physics, was professionally risky, and perhaps speculative, but that didn't trouble Penrose. "I just had various interests which weren't really directed at what I was supposed to be doing," he says. In science today, you need to know exactly what you are supposed to be doing—it has become something of a treadmill in which you must establish your niche and publish your findings often, ideally in top journals.

Reading between the lines in *Fashion, Faith and Fantasy* Penrose seems to be worried about such pressures. The particular "fashion" that he attacks is the attempt to unite relativity and quantum mechanics in string theory, in which all the known fundamental particles are considered to be composed of unthinkably small vibrating entities called strings. It's not string theory *per se* that Penrose dislikes but the direction it has taken, which requires extra "hidden" dimensions of space. To make it work, it seems that six or seven more spatial dimensions may be needed beyond the usual four of Einstein's spacetime. We don't experience these extra dimensions, the story goes, because they are tightly "rolled up," much as a three-dimensional garden hose looks like a one-dimensional line from a distance. But there is no evidence for extra dimensions, nor any plausible way of obtaining access to them directly: if you were to deploy the sort of particle-smashing experiments carried out at the Large Hadron Collider at CERN, the energies required would be so huge that the accelerator would need to be literally of astronomical dimensions. Many physicists object to string theory for this reason—it isn't verifiable, they say, and so oughtn't to qualify as science.

But Penrose, characteristically, has different objections. He has his "public" reason to doubt multidimensional string theory, but ▶

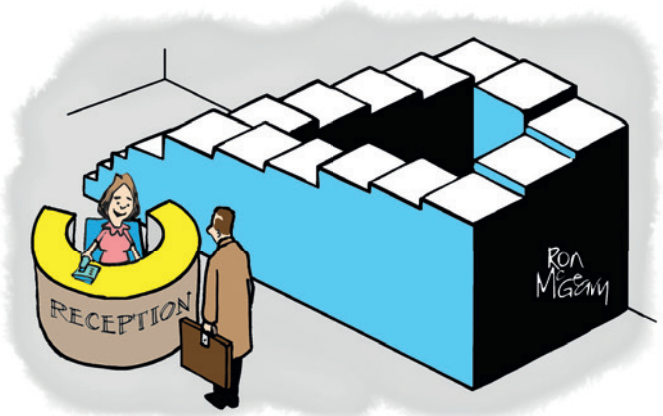
also, he confesses, "private" concerns—a way of saying that only one objection is technical, the other intuitive or even emotional. Technically, a universe with so many dimensions is hard to keep under control: it has so many ways to move and shake, that it's hard to see how things could ever be reduced to the orderly three (or four) dimensional world that we know. But the "private" reason, Penrose cheerfully admits, is that his own ideas about quantum theory would unravel if there really were this many dimensions. Those ideas, he says, fit together so beautifully that he just can't imagine nature wouldn't have made use of them. That sentiment

"The pressures facing today's young research scientists makes it hard for them to find the time simply to think"

echoes Einstein, who was once asked what he would have said if Arthur Eddington's eclipse observations had contradicted his theory. So much the worse for the experiment, he said: "I would have been sorry for the dear Lord, for the theory is correct."

String theory has often been presented as the only game in town, so the only way for a young fundamental physicist to get ahead becomes to buy into it. "Students wishing to do research into foundational physics, such as quantum gravity," Penrose writes, "are still mainly guided into string theory, very often at the expense of other approaches with at least as much promise." As this intellectual bandwagon rolls on, alternative ideas may be ostracised and become a recipe for career suicide. While science must be discerning and selective, it also needs to keep options open, especially when dealing with matters as speculative as those in string theory.

Was it ever thus? Perhaps: Einstein's special relativity faced scepticism and, absurdly, was never rewarded with a Nobel Prize. But the institutions and rewards in science today encourage conformism. A recent study of the topics chosen for biomedical chemistry research revealed a growing tendency to play it safe. All of this is exacerbated by the trend towards assessing achievement by tallies of how often your papers are cited. And the peer review process in both publication and funding is notoriously conservative, favouring work that fits solidly within a paradigm over anything disruptive.



"OK Mr Penrose, Please go straight up, Mr Escher will see you now"

COURTESY OF VANESSA PENROSE

One widely-used metric is the so-called h-index, which measures consistency of citation: if you have published 20 papers that each earn at least 20 citations, your h-index is 20. Even though this number is, by construction, bound to rise over the course of a career, Penrose's h-index is still nothing special today—which shows it is not a measure of everything that matters in a creative and influential scientist.

Worst of all, the career structures and pressures facing young researchers make it increasingly hard to find the time simply to think. According to several early-career scientists interviewed by *Nature*, the constant need to bring in grant money, to produce papers and administer groups, leaves little time to do any research, still less indulge anything so abstract and risky as an idea.

And if you are struck by the thunderbolt of insight, you'd better be right. The stakes are so high now that a misstep can leave you with a reputation for intellectual incontinence (if not incompetence). Yet no great scientist ever came up with a big idea without sticking their neck out, and most probably without first floating half a dozen other thoughts that proved to be wrong. Forgive the cliché, but failure is indeed the price of creativity. You want an example? Let's go back to Penrose.

Madness with method

His physics began with quantum mechanics, and he formulated his ideas here in geometric, topological terms. One of the fundamental properties of quantum particles is called "spin," which is somewhat—but not quite—like the familiar spin of a cricket ball. Spin is about "angular momentum," which in the case of a cricket ball basically means how fast the ball is spinning. Try and think about quantum spin the same way, however, and you find that the particle seems to rotate twice to return to where it started from: it's almost as if the object is spinning in twisted space. This motion can be described using mathematical objects called spinors.

Since the late 1960s Penrose has been developing a theory that literally adds a new twist to spinors, positing objects called twistors that reveal deep connections between quantum theory and the shapes of spacetime, and which he thinks might point the way to a theory of "quantum gravity," attaining the long-sought goal of rec-

onciling quantum theory and general relativity. It's a niche field, not least because it's so difficult. What most physicists associate with Penrose's work on quantum mechanics, however, is his allegiance to two related and unconventional ideas.

The least controversial is a belief that quantum mechanics as we know it might break down when confronted with gravity. He suspects that the reason we don't see the counter-intuitive properties of quantum particles—most notably the way they seem to exist simultaneously in two or more states, or "superpositions"—in the everyday world is that when objects get big enough to "feel" significant gravitational force, quantum mechanics needs modifying if it's to describe them. Because general relativity says that gravity is caused by masses bending spacetime, a quantum superposition of a large object—crudely, seeming to put it in two places at once—would have to superimpose two simultaneous structures of spacetime. That can't be countenanced, Penrose says.

So in the standoff between quantum mechanics and general relativity, Penrose thinks that the former will crack first. The trouble is, quantum theory as it stands has been repeatedly tested and never yet found wanting. This has led to a strong belief—the "Faith" of his book's title—that it must be correct without modification. But that faith wasn't shared by several of the theory's early proponents, including Einstein. The paradoxes that result when quantum-style descriptions are applied to objects of everyday size was what Schrödinger was illustrating with his cat.

So Penrose thinks that there is some real, physical "collapse" of a quantum superposition as objects grow big enough for gravity to become a significant part of the picture. It's still a minority view, although Penrose says experimentalists are very close to being able to test it—and he confidently predicts they will find discrepancies with the standard theory.

Penrose's thoughts about the collapse of superpositions led him to propose, on the basis of recondite reasoning, that quantum effects might be responsible for consciousness. Having put the idea forward in his 1989 book *The Emperor's New Mind*, Penrose and anaesthesiologist Stuart Hameroff went on to claim that protein strands in the brain called microtubules might host the superpositions of quantum vibrations demanded by their theory. Penrose thinks that the collapse of these superpositions could enable the brain to solve problems that are formally "non-computable," that is, uncrackable by any digital computer.

The details are vague and the biophysics unconvincing. Had virtually anyone else put forward this theory, they'd have been dismissed as a crank. One might say Penrose's eminence gives him licence, but this is the wrong way to see it. He concedes his ideas are "crazy," but they are not random speculations. They draw from the same well of profound feeling for the rules and the shapes of nature, guided by an uninhibited spirit of inquiry that has been lucky enough never to have to worry about job security, and is too free to obsess about prizes. (Hawking, in contrast, seems increasingly preoccupied with his Nobel prospects.)

Applying the "We shall never see their like again" rhetoric to Roger Penrose should not be taken to imply that today's scientists are all feeble-minded bean-counters. But the significance of his career isn't merely as a sentimental bridge to a lost age. He is a living link to a time when science really was done differently: a time when young researchers could wander, wonder, blunder—and still succeed. A young Penrose would probably thrive in any environment; in today's world, however, he would have to do so in spite of everything else. P

Arts & books

Minuting the frenzy

In Whitehall one person above all has a ringside seat watching the shambles at the heart of government, finds *Sue Cameron*

The Official History of the Cabinet Secretaries
by Ian Beesley (Routledge, £90)

The Cabinet Office, 1916-2016: The Birth of Modern Government
by Anthony Seldon and Jonathan Meakin (Biteback, £25)

When Ivan Rogers abruptly resigned in January as Britain's ambassador to the European Union, the fallout reverberated throughout Whitehall and Westminster. His outspoken farewell letter to his staff urging them to continue challenging "ill-founded argument and muddled thinking," and never to be afraid of speaking truth to power caused outrage among right-wing politicians. They claimed it showed that Rogers had not been a politically neutral civil servant, adding that he had taken sides in the Brexit debate by suggesting that it could take the UK 10 years to leave the EU. There were demands that his successor should be someone who would take a hard Brexit line—possibly a politician.

Much fury ensued, with muttering about unprecedented chaos, but in reality the strains that showed were not new. The row raised the age-old dilemma about whether it is possible for mandarins to remain impartial in giving policy advice when they disagree with a government's political aims. Civil servants always say it is, while their ministerial masters sometimes doubt it. Mutual suspicion on this point has often led to strained relations, adding to the chaos and uncertainty that routinely lurks inside No 10.

One hundred years have passed since Maurice Hankey wrote in despair about "the scrambles of ministers to get their pet subjects discussed at Cabinet meetings... the endless rambling discussions with no one to give a decision," and "the humiliating and dangerous doubts of what the decision was, or whether there had been a decision at all." Hankey, a man with a passion for order and for power, became the first cabinet secretary in 1916, and held the post for 22 years. More influential than most ministers, it was Hankey who began to impose discipline on the political pandemonium during the First World War—but it was always an uphill fight.

Today the cabinet secretary is the most powerful official in Whitehall. On the face of it, the job has not changed much since Hankey's time. He must prepare the Cabinet agenda, suggest to the prime minister what points to raise in discussion and then record what decisions have been taken. Yet as well as serving the Cabinet as a whole, he is also the man always at the prime minister's shoulder offering support and advice. His office is generally nearby. Ian Beesley, the author of *The Official History of the Cabinet Secretaries*, reckons that the role is the fifth great office of state, after the prime minister, chancellor, home secretary and foreign secretary. Jeremy Heywood, who currently holds the post, says that the cabinet secretary is someone "who helps make things happen," a description that reflects Whitehall's growing emphasis on delivery as well as traditional policy-making.

> "One constant over the last 100 years has been the battle to stop prime ministers taking on US-style presidential powers"

Yet one can easily imagine Heywood wryly recalling Hankey's despairing words as he surveys the present government. The rambling discussions over Brexit, the skirmishes between Cabinet ministers pushing their pet visions of the UK's trading future and the doubts about policy decisions caused by politically appointed special advisers in Downing Street, who brief on the prime minister's behalf without checking with Whitehall. The miracle is that the 11 men who have held the post have managed to keep the government show on the road, and keep it democratic.

It was John Hunt, cabinet secretary from 1973-79, who admitted that government was "cumbersome," "difficult" and "a bit of a shambles," but who also insisted that it must be, "so far as is possible a democratic and accountable shambles." Hunt was famed for exerting an iron grip at a time when many feared Britain was becoming ungovernable. Reputedly, he was the model for the manipulative and over-mighty Humphrey Appleby in *Yes Minister*.

The Sir Humphrey image still resonates. Some feel that cabinet secretaries and other top civil servants wield too much power without accountability. Margaret Hodge, the former head of the Public Accounts Committee, argues that the mandarins should be more directly accountable to MPs. In contrast, former cabinet secretary Gus O'Donnell—who clashed repeatedly with Hodge during his time advising David Cameron—feared that if officials were forced to reveal private discussions with ministers, they would lose the confidence of their political masters. Instead, ministers would turn for advice to political appointees and the long tradition of an impartial civil service would be eroded. (The controversy over some of the highly political official appointments currently being made on the other side of the Atlantic demonstrates the downside of going too far in this direction.) Still, dealing with such demands for greater accountability and a higher public profile is changing the job of the modern cabinet secretary.

Their role at the apex of the British government is charted in two fascinating books, Anthony Seldon's *The Cabinet Office, 1916-2016: The Birth of Modern Government*, and Beesley's *Official History*. The first rattles along; the second, a mighty 700 pages covering the six men who held the post between 1947 and 2002, is packed with the kind of detail that will be invaluable to anyone interested in the history of Whitehall. Until now remarkably little has been written about the personalities or the power of these shadowy eminences. These books do much to illuminate the role of the cabinet secretary at the right hand of successive prime ministers and give a rare view of how the top of government really works.

One constant has been the battle to stop prime ministers taking on US-style presidential powers. David Lloyd George, the prime minister who brought in Hankey, also introduced a parallel group of personal advisers housed in a hut in the No 10 garden. The "garden suburb," as it was known, was a rudimentary prime minister's department, helping to initiate policy, write speeches and monitor other parts of government. Manned by the forerunners of today's special advisers, it was outside the direct control of Hankey. His misgivings reflected the conflict thrown up by the dual role of all British cabinet secretaries: on the one hand they must serve ▶

Two cheers for Sir Humphrey: the fictional cabinet secretary from *Yes Minister* played by Nigel Hawthorne (back right) was always at the PM's shoulder

At the heart of government: Gus O'Donnell (wearing a jacket) was at David Cameron's side as Cabinet Secretary

the *whole* Cabinet and safeguard the principle of collective ministerial responsibility against prime ministers who would prefer to go solo; yet they must also act as chief adviser and loyal confidante to the prime minister. It is a conflict that has broken out in Whitehall again and again over the last 100 years.

Not even the most senior people in Whitehall realised how fiercely the battle was being fought by Richard Wilson, Tony Blair's cabinet secretary between 1998 and 2002. Beesley reveals how Wilson "fired a broadside" at his own prime minister, saying that the Blair government had a "dangerous view that conventions are for wimps." In another note to Blair in 1999, described by Beesley as "one of the most powerful examples of truth unto power on record," Wilson wrote: "Do *not* try to use the policy unit to run the government; do *not* attempt to divorce permanent secretaries from their Cabinet ministers; do *not* be tempted by Napoleonic models, shifting resources... from the Cabinet Office to No 10; above all, do not spend too much time on foreign affairs. It is of course fun and much easier than domestic policy. But the FCO is only one of 20 departments and wins you the fewest votes." It was courageous stuff. It makes the supposedly outspoken comments of Rogers pale into insignificance.

Wilson, described by Seldon as one of the finest mandarins of his age, managed to keep collective Cabinet responsibility alive—but only just. He did it through the use of Cabinet committees and by firmly refusing Blair's offer to put him in charge of a merged Downing Street/Cabinet Office—a prime minister's department. Throughout all this, Blair's style of governing—relying on powerful political appointees and conducting business with the utmost informality—certainly

> "Richard Wilson fired a broadside at Tony Blair, saying his government had a dangerous view that conventions are for wimps"

accorded with Hankey's definition of chaotic. Described as a "running levée" held in Blair's den or in the Downing Street flat, meetings moved from one topic to another while courtiers came and went. Record-keeping became extremely hard.

Maybe that was Blair's intention. His refusal to be bound by Whitehall convention revealed itself early, when in 1997 he made "Orders in Council," which gave two political aides, Jonathan Powell and Alastair Campbell, powers to direct permanent civil servants—powers ordinarily reserved to ministers. Andrew Turnbull, Wilson's successor, reckoned that Blair and his advisers felt that Cabinet government and collective responsibility would "get in the way, hence the creation of sofa government." Seldon comments that it was as if "Blair wanted to wind the clock back to Lloyd George's suburb." Certainly, Blair's informal meetings on Iraq were not minuted and Wilson was excluded from nearly all of them. At the one Iraq meeting he attended just before leaving office in 2002, he was "startled" to find how advanced the plans were for the 2003 invasion. By the time Turnbull took over, it was too late. Had the conventions on Cabinet government been followed maybe British participation in the catastrophic war could have been averted.

Perhaps an even more spectacular failure was Suez. In the summer of 1956, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser seized control of the Suez canal. Norman Brook, the cabinet secretary, had urged that all efforts to reach agreement by peaceful methods should be exhausted before force was used. For 40 years, the key task of Cabinet secretaries had been to record the discussions and decisions of the Cabinet. But when it met to discuss war in Suez, Brook wrote: "Note not taken."

Ultimately, Anthony Eden had to resign. He had lied to the Commons in saying he had not known Israel would invade Egypt. Edward Heath, then Tory chief whip, recalled being in No 10 late in 1956: "Sir Norman Brook, the cabinet secretary, came through the door from the Cabinet room where he had been seeing the prime

minister, looking like an old samurai who had just been asked to fall on his sword. We paused as Brook said: 'He's told me to destroy all the relevant documents. I must go and get it done.'" Later cabinet secretaries criticised Brook for following these orders. Heath's description of his demeanour suggests he knew that he should not have put loyalty to his prime minister above commitment to the Cabinet. It was a rare lapse among the holders of Whitehall's highest office.

Margaret Thatcher liked to take key decisions at small meetings rather than letting them go to Cabinet or even Cabinet committees. Robert Armstrong, her Cabinet Secretary from 1979 to 1987, resisted the change but things reached such a pass that Nigel Lawson, her chancellor, came to see Cabinet as a chance to relax because "nothing important happened there." When Thatcher moved to introduce more personal advisers into No 10, a leader in the *Times* spoke of "an over-mighty premier" and referred once again back to "Lloyd George's garden suburb." As it was, Charles Powell, her private secretary, and Bernard Ingham, her press secretary, may have started out as impartial civil servants but by the end they were *her* men and immensely influential. She resisted all attempts to have them moved on, in line with normal civil service career planning.

As with other prime ministers, her imperiousness did her no good in the end. The Westland scandal (1985-86) damaged her badly. Michael Heseltine, her defence secretary, dramatically resigned from Cabinet saying, according to Armstrong's minutes, that there had been "no collective responsibility on the matter" and a "breakdown in the propriety of Cabinet discussions." Armstrong covered for Thatcher, appearing personally before MPs instead of Ingham or Powell—something it would be much harder for a cabinet secretary to get away with today. Yet after Westland, Armstrong reinstated Cabinet government and Cabinet committees. As Seldon says, this was one of his great achievements, though maintaining the status quo was "a constant battle."

Relief came when Thatcher was ousted and replaced by John Major. He and Robin Butler shared not only a love of cricket, but also a belief in consensus. Tellingly, Seldon writes: "History can judge the seven-year Butler-Major relationship as one of the most effective of the 100 years."

When not fighting to curb presidential ambitions in their prime ministers, cabinet secretaries really have overseen some remarkable transitions in policy—despite initial misgivings about their neutrality by incoming governments. Brook, thought to have been a Tory who disapproved of nationalisation, oversaw the radical changes brought in by Clement Attlee's post-war Labour government, including a programme for widespread public ownership. O'Donnell was cabinet secretary to Blair and then to his rival Gordon Brown, before acting as midwife to a Tory-led coalition under Cameron.

Sometimes cabinet secretaries have been impartial almost to a fault. Hankey was such a stickler that he told George V he "made a point of not voting," so as to keep a "detached point of view." When in 1931, the King told him that he really ought to vote for the national government, Hankey asked: "Is that a command, sire?" Told it was, Hankey replied: "Very well, sire."

They may have been impartial but to some degree all cabinet secretaries have exercised power. They often play a crucial part in reshuffles—Brook, for example, was beside Harold Macmillan when he sacked seven of his Cabinet in the night of the long knives in 1962. Yet their influence can be almost imperceptible. How do you decide where good bureaucratic housekeeping ends and command and control begins? What could possibly be sinister about preparing the Cabinet agenda and writing up the minutes?

Hankey boasted that he sometimes wrote the minutes on the train from Surrey *before* Cabinet had actually met. Long before he became prime minister, Harold Wilson had been a statistician in the civil service. He recalled Edward Bridges, the then cabinet secretary (1938-1946), saying he had not been able to make head or tail of the discussion in Cabinet. He gave Wilson his notes and ordered him to write the minutes, saying: "This is your subject. You know what they ought to have decided presumably. Write the minutes on those lines and no-one will ever question it." Nor did they. As the Whitehall ditty goes: "The great ones have gone to their drinks and their dinner/the Secretary stays getting thinner and thinner/Wracking his brains to record and report/What he thinks that they think they ought to have thought."

Yet between the power plays, what sticks in the mind from these books are the everyday stories. It is John Hunt before the Tokyo summit, writing to say that no, Thatcher would not require 20 Japanese karate ladies as bodyguards. There's the ageing Wilson having to be given brandies to sustain him through PM's questions. There's Norman Brook moving the placements round the Cabinet table because Heath couldn't stand the glares of Enoch Powell.

Henry Kissinger once said that what the British cabinet secretary did was to make ministers appear better than they could possibly be. In the age of the internet, 24/7 media and fake news that may be too tall an order. If they can carry on making things happen while reining in prime ministers and ensuring that civil servants can, without fear or favour, speak the truth for the next 100 years, they will be doing well indeed.

Sue Cameron is a political writer and broadcaster

Emma Crichton-Miller Recommends Art

American Dream
British Museum, 9th March to 18th June

In 1960s America, print-making underwent a revolution. Stimulated by the vibrant visual culture of this confident world power, a young generation transformed the medium into a fine art. This landmark exhibition features 200 prints from 70 artists, from the woodcut "Stowage" by the African-American Willie Cole, to Claes Oldenburg's three-way plug etching. Major artists of the last 50 years—from Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Louise Bourgeois, Donald Judd and Andy Warhol to Kara Walker and Ed Ruscha—are featured.

Flags I. **Colour screenprint by Jasper Johns, 1973**

Howard Hodgkin: Absent Friends
National Portrait Gallery, 23rd March to 18th June

Howard Hodgkin, known for his richly coloured abstract paintings, is an unlikely focus for a gallery devoted to portraits. But he has been painting portraits for decades. What interests him is not a physical likeness, but the emotional colour of his friends, and the elusive impression their presence makes on him. This show includes 55 portraits from 1949 to the present, including Peter Blake, Gillian Wise, Patrick Caulfield, David Hockney, Philip King and RB Kitaj.

That Continuous Thing: Artists and the Ceramics Studio, 1920–Today
Tate St Ives, 31st March to 3rd September

Tate St Ives reopens with a show by multimedia artist Jessica Warboys. Concurrently, *That Continuous Thing: Artists and the Ceramics Studio, 1920–Today* focuses on three 20th-century episodes: the exchanges of Bernard Leach and Shoji Hamada; the Californian "clay revolution"; and the experiments of London-based potters in the 1970s and 80s.

Sorry, I don't feel your pain

Sharing in other people's woe might seem the right thing to do, but it can lead us to make bad decisions, argues *David Edmonds*

Against Empathy: The Case For Rational Compassion
by Paul Bloom (Bodley Head, £18.99)

The Empathy Instinct: How to Create a More Civil Society
by Peter Bazalgette (John Murray, £16.99)

"Being against empathy is like being against kittens," writes the psychologist Paul Bloom. Let's at least agree that nobody can object to kittens. Even the new Twitter-obsessed occupant of the White House—a man who demonstrated his empathetic skills during his election campaign by publicly mocking a disabled reporter—briefly followed a Twitter account devoted to photos of cute felines.

The trepidation many Americans feel about the future (especially women, African-Americans, immigrants and Mexicans) makes the arrival of two new books about empathy especially timely. Superficially, the books share much in common. They're chatty, pacy and readable. They cover similar territory; they even draw on the same quotations, including this from US President Barack Obama: "The biggest deficit that we have in our society and in the world right now is an empathy deficit"; and, from a radically different perspective, Joseph Stalin's famous line: "When one man dies it's a tragedy, but when a million die it's a statistic."

Yet the books come to very different conclusions. Bazalgette takes the more common role of kitten-enthusiast, while Bloom adopts the more original and provocative stance of kitten-slayer. The latter's book is a sustained polemic against empathy.

Philosophically speaking, both authors are followers of the 18th-century Scotsman David Hume, but Bloom prods us in the direction of Hume's German contemporary, Immanuel Kant. Kant wanted to ground morality in reason. Hume insisted that reason was the slave of passion: reason alone gives no cause to act unless we are also moved by sentiment.

But what kind of sentiment? Hume deployed the term "sympathy." The word "empathy" did not yet exist, but it's the modern concept closest to his meaning. There are lively disputes about how best to analyse the notion of empathy. If Hume is right, though, and some version of empathy is required as the foundation for morality, then this would explain—and justify—the incredible range of books on the subject.

One recent development has been the rapidly expanding science of empathy. We hear from both authors about the pioneering work of Italian neuroscientist Giacomo Rizzolatti. In his laboratory in Parma, Rizzolatti spotted something remarkable. When a macaque monkey performs an action—say reaching for a raisin—the same brain neurons fire as when the monkey sees the same action performed by a fellow monkey. These so-called "mirror neurons" provide some insight into how human empathy operates. When I see you accidentally hit your head, I flinch automatically. Mirror neurons seem to account for how I sense your suffering so immediately, offering a biological explanation for instinctive fellow-feeling.

Various studies in the same field have been undertaken by the American social psychologist C Daniel Batson. In one study, quoted by Bloom, Batson exposed subjects to a story of a brave and bright 10-year-old girl called Sheri Summers. Sheri has a fatal disease and is on a list awaiting treatment. But others are ahead of her because they have a higher medical priority. Batson offered his subjects the chance to move Sheri to the front of the queue. One set of subjects was told to take an objective perspective, while the other was told to imagine the situation from Sheri's point of view. Many more people who were asked to be empathetic wanted Sheri to be given priority, even though this would mean needier children having their care delayed. Empathy, in this case, has been profoundly unhelpful.

This hints at why Bloom is an empathy sceptic. To appreciate his position, it helps to know exactly what he means. The empathy that interests him is what he calls "emotional empathy." This is narrowly defined as thinking about the world as you believe someone else does. When President Bill Clinton told an Aids activist who was heckling him that "I feel your pain," he was showing empathy in Bloom's sense—claiming to literally feel the man's suffering. I remember going to A&E when my eldest son had a high fever, and finding his pain almost overwhelmingly distressing.

Bloom wants us to be wary of such emotional empathy. It's dangerous, he believes, for several reasons. One is that it operates in what he calls a "spotlight" fashion. It feels the pain of one person we can see, but ignores that of anyone outside that spotlight. Empathy directs us to value the health of little Sheri Summers above the weightier interests of other children. A related problem is that we can only realistically empathise with a small number of people: hence Stalin's claim that to him a million deaths were a mere statistic.

You might recall how in 2010 the world was gripped by the plight of 33 Chilean miners trapped underground for 69 days. Around 100 times as many people are killed in traffic accidents each day around the world. Yet almost all these deaths go unreported. The Chilean miners were easy to empathise with—for one thing, we became familiar with their back-stories, their names, the names of their wives. But knowing these facts can distort how we fairly distribute resources and attention.

My favourite study from the Bloom book is relevant here. It involved two groups being given $10 and then offered the chance to donate as much of this amount as they wished to someone else, who had nothing. The donation would be anonymous and the subjects knew nothing about the potential recipient, other than a randomly chosen number. One group drew the number first, and then determined how much they would give; the other decided how much to give and only then drew the beneficiary's number. Those who drew the number first donated 60 per cent more than those who donated first. Apparently, just having a number was enough to make the other person less abstract, so triggering enhanced empathy—and more charity.

Bloom doesn't question the notion that empathy can prompt generous thoughts and actions. His objection is that, more often than not, it triggers improper thoughts and actions. A turning point in George HW Bush's election campaign in 1988 was the story about murderer Willie Horton. Horton was released on furlough in Massachusetts, the state of the Democratic challenger, Michael Dukakis. He went on to rape a woman. The programme under which Horton was freed was shown to have saved lives overall (by reducing recidivism). But it was impossible to empathise with the unknown beneficiaries, and natural to empathise with Horton's victim.

More objectionable than empathy's irrationality, claims Bloom, is its moral bias. The evidence is overwhelming that you are more likely to feel empathy for other people like you. Manchester United supporters are more likely to feel empathy for other United supporters than for fans of Manchester City. British people are more likely to feel empathy for Brits than foreigners. White people are more likely to feel more empathy for other white people.

Of course, the extent to which it is acceptable—indeed desirable—to favour some people over others raises profound philosophical issues. Bloom thinks it neither plausible nor admirable to be entirely impartial. But while he believes that some partiality is justified—he doesn't understand why anyone would send their child to a bad state school if they could afford a good private education—in general empathy bamboozles us. It occasionally generates right actions, but ▶

Michael Coveney

Recommends Theatre

My Country; a work in progress
National Theatre, 28th February to 22nd March
"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right, and always successful, right or wrong." So said a 19th-century naval officer, Stephen Decatur, in a toast. Rufus Norris, the National Theatre's artistic director, who wants the NT to be "truly national," senses a deep disaffection in the country that goes beyond Brexit. So, in the days following the European Union referendum, he sent a team of interviewers around the UK to gauge the mood. The resulting vox pops have been shaped into drama with poet laureate Carol Ann Duffy, and will tour extensively after this season on the South Bank.

Limehouse
Donmar Warehouse, 2nd March to 15th April
A divisive left-wing leader at the head of the Labour Party, a Conservative PM battling with her Cabinet… sounds familiar? Steve Waters's new play is set in 1981 in the East End home of David Owen one fateful Sunday morning. There follows a fictional re-imagining of what happened as Owen welcomes his fellow conspirators Shirley Williams, Roy Jenkins and Bill Rodgers, above. Waters has written fine plays already on environmental issues and Occupy London. Director Polly Findlay makes her Donmar debut.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Harold Pinter Theatre, 22nd February to 27th May
After knocking 'em dead as Momma Rose in *Gypsy*, Imelda Staunton takes on another monstre sacré: blowsy, drunken old Martha, wife of George, a history professor who has invited a new colleague on campus and his airhead wife round for drinks. Edward Albee's 1962 Broadway classic packs poignancy with its punches, three lacerating acts labelled "Fun and Games," "Walpurgisnacht" and "The Exorcism." Conleth Hill is not-so-gorgeous George, Luke Treadaway and Imogen Poots sacrificial lambs to the slaughter.

“Speak French, Spanish or Italian as they are ***really*** spoken”

Now you can improve or maintain your French, Spanish or Italian with the bi-monthly audio magazines, *Bien-dire*, *Punto y Coma* and *Tutto Italiano*.

Bien-dire, *Punto y Coma* and *Tutto italiano* are all published six times a year from France, Spain and Italy and include a glossy magazine packed full of lively, topical and original articles and in-depth interviews in French, Spanish or Italian to give you the inside track on French, Hispanic or Italian culture. Key words and phrases are glossed into English on the facing page. The articles, in turn, are narrated on the accompanying 60-minute audio CD to enable you to improve your listening comprehension and understand French, Spanish or Italian as it's really spoken. In addition, every feature is graded for difficulty so that you can assess your progress with each issue.

If you now want to be able to speak like a native, a subscription to *Bien-dire*, *Punto y Coma* or *Tutto italiano* will inspire, motivate and help you to achieve fluency.

Key Benefits

- Speak French, Spanish or Italian with confidence by learning the language as it's *really* spoken
- Improve your vocabulary and listening comprehension
- Improve your knowledge of French, Hispanic or Italian culture
- Lively, relevant and up-to-date, authentic content
- Take advantage of on-going, portable and flexible learning

SPECIAL OFFER
£51 Saving!

Subscribe Today to either *Bien-dire*, *Punto y Coma* or *Tutto italiano* for a year for just £89 (normal price £99) and you will receive an extra issue, worth over £16 for FREE, and a FREE electronic dictionary bookmark worth £24.99 - a combined saving of £51!

Order TODAY By calling
0800 141 2210

Outside the UK call
+44 117 927 2236

Or order by visiting our website:
www.languages-direct.com/PR117

Subscribe Today!

☐ **01.** Please send me a year's subscription (6 bi-monthly magazines and 6 accompanying audio CDs for £89) to ***Bien-dire*** **French Audio Magazine** + 1 Extra FREE Issue and a FREE French-English electronic dictionary!

☐ **02.** Please send me a year's subscription (6 bi-monthly magazines and 6 accompanying audio CDs for £89) to ***Punto y Coma*** **Spanish Audio Magazine** + 1 Extra FREE Issue and a FREE Spanish-English electronic dictionary!

☐ **03.** Please send me a year's subscription (6 bi-monthly magazines and 6 accompanying audio CDs for £89) to ***Tutto italiano*** **Italian Audio Magazine** + 1 Extra FREE Issue and a FREE Italian-English electronic dictionary!

Cheque: Cheque enclosed for £89 (payable to Languages Direct Ltd) ☐

or Card: Please charge my credit card for the sum of £89 only Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ Amex ☐

Card number: _____

Expiry date: _____ Card CVV Code: _____

First name: _____ Last name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode Country

Telephone: _____ Email: _____

Please send your completed order form together with payment to:

Languages Direct Ltd

FREEPOST RSKB-KSKR-LYLU, Bristol BS1 6UX

Delivery: Your first issue should be with you within 10 days of receiving your order.

Outside the UK send to:

Languages Direct, Spike Island, 133 Cumberland Road, Bristol, BS1 6UX, United Kingdom

60 day money-back guarantee

If for any reason *Bien-dire*, *Punto y Coma* or *Tutto italiano* is not for you, just let us know within 60 days, and we'll refund your subscription in FULL, and you can keep your first issue. If at any time later you decide to cancel, we'll refund you the cost of any unmailed issues.

To see our full range of excellent language learning materials visit **www.languages-direct.com**

Media Ref: PR117

usually leads us astray. His solution, crudely put, is "more reason, less feeling."

Not that we should try to create a world stripped of sympathy. Far from it. But to the extent that our actions are motivated by sentiment, that sentiment should be compassion. We should care about others but not necessarily share in their suffering. Compassion allows us to take a more bird's-eye view.

These ideas mesh with those that inspired the Oxford-based Effective Altruism movement, whose most prominent supporter is the philosopher Peter Singer. The movement encourages the use of evidence and reason to dictate how best to allocate charitable donations. It urges us not to be fooled by those photos of doe-eyed children that grace the covers of charitable leaflets: instead, crunch the numbers. Head not heart. How would your £20 be put to best use; how could it do the maximum good?

It's not just charity. Good parenting also requires compassion rather than empathy. If we cared too much about the short-term mood of our children, we would not impose the discipline that is in their long-term interests. To be a decent parent involves sometimes saying "no" to that demand for a first, or second, lollipop. We want doctors, likewise, to have compassion for their patients, but not to share their pain. For that would interfere with their ability to make rational judgements. (Book critics who felt too keenly the reaction of an author to a bad review could not properly do their job.)

Bazalgette's pro-empathy book is less assured than Bloom's, and more hastily compiled. The reader's confidence is undermined by his description of the famous Stanford Prison Experiment from 1971. In this experiment, subjects were divided into prisoners and prison guards and over a period of time many of the guards began to behave appallingly. The man who led the experiment was Philip Zimbardo, whom Bazalgette refers to five times (as well as in the index) as Lombardo. Even the most empathetic reader will be annoyed at such a howler. Other descriptions of studies appear to have been culled from newspaper cuttings, but again small errors have crept in.

Bloom has been an academic psychologist all his professional life and so his fascination with empathy is hardly surprising. More puzzling is why empathy engrosses Peter Bazalgette, famous for bringing to our screens *Big Brother*—hardly a model of compassionate television—and more latterly Chair of the Arts Council (he is now Chair of ITV). The answer appears to be a mission to defend the arts.

"The power of arts and culture to cultivate empathy," he writes, "means they should be a fundamental part of education and training for people of all ages." Bazalgette offers many examples of artistic endeavours that have made us more empathetic. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe persuaded many Americans that slavery was an abomination, he says. More far-fetched, he asserts that *Big Brother* helped its audience empathise with housemates who were gay or transsexual.

We live in a utilitarian age, where regrettably it is not enough for the arts to be valued in and of themselves; they must also justify themselves through their consequences. Perhaps they boost the economy. Or perhaps, as Bazalgette would have us believe, they boost our levels of empathy. Almost "all of us have the capacity for empathy but we need to learn to exercise it. The arts help us do this."

Of course not everyone down the ages has agreed that art makes us better people

> "Don't be fooled by those photos of doe-eyed children on charity leaflets: instead, crunch the numbers. Head not heart"

in real life. Rousseau disliked the theatre because he thought the audience watching the play basked in its tender sensitivity, and then ignored injustices in the world outside. Coleridge, in a 1795 lecture, chastised those who cried over novels but were indifferent to slavery.

Should we, as Bazalgette advocates, exercise our empathy muscles? Or should we, as Bloom submits, allow them to atrophy? Using identical pieces of evidence, the authors reach conflicting conclusions. They're rather like Brexiteers and Remainers, who contrive to present the same piece of information as evidence to bolster their respective cases.

But there is a third way to think about empathy that drives a middle path between these two approaches. The contention of the Nobel Prize-winning psychologist Daniel Kahneman is that the brain has two systems: one is fast and emotional; the other slower and more cognitive. For the most part, the fast system serves us well, especially as we do not always have time to think. But it occasionally leads us into blunders, which the slower system is useful in correcting.

It is hard to believe that we would be better off without empathy. But empathy on automatic pilot is morally unreliable. What surely is required is a co-pilot: reason. This is a slower, manual system: one that can step in when empathy has pushed us in the wrong direction—and steer us back on course.

David Edmonds is a senior research associate at Oxford University's Uehiro Centre for Practical Ethics. His most recent book is "Philosophers Take on the World" (ed OUP)

Alexandra Coghlan

Recommends Classical

© CARL THORBORG

Ruby Hughes & Friends: Heroines of Love and Loss
King's Place, 8th March
Celebrate International Women's Day with a concert by four female composers. Hear the secular music of Barbara Strozzi and Francesca Caccini—sensuous songs and skilful operatic arias that represent the best of the Baroque age—alongside the sacred works of nuns Lucrezia Vizzana and Claudia Sessa, charged with spiritual passion and emotional intensity. Ruby Hughes, a soprano combining smoky warmth with period purity, is joined by lutenist Jonas Nordberg and cellist Mime Yamahiro-Brinkmann, above, for a concert celebrating the achievements of some of classical music's boldest women.

NHK Symphony Orchestra Tokyo, Paavo Järvi
Royal Festival Hall, 6th March
Under chief conductor Paavo Järvi, Japan's NHK Symphony Orchestra has honed its signature sound into something special—sweet and pliable in the strings, all burnished warmth from the brass. In this rare London concert, the orchestra will perform Toru Takemitsu's elegiac *Requiem* for strings alongside Mahler's Sixth Symphony—a work written at the happiest time in his life, but whose nihilistic vision of pain would prove cruelly prophetic.

Pavel Kolesnikov & Orchestra of WNO
St David's Hall, Cardiff, 19th March
One of the most thoughtful and mature of the new generation of pianists, Pavel Kolesnikov is quickly establishing himself as an artist who has something new to say. Here he joins the superb orchestra of Welsh National Opera to tackle Mozart's stormy Piano Concerto No 20. This sits alongside Dvorak's Seventh Symphony, which broods on tragedy but ultimately chooses the path of light, and Suk's ecstatic Serenade for Strings.

Dance of the intellect: Anthony Burgess

Unearthly powers

His critics accused him of being a mere entertainer with highbrow airs. But Anthony Burgess was one of the most astonishing writers of the 20th century, argues *Kevin Jackson*

It is 100 years since the birth of the man who, at his confirmation into the Catholic Church, took the name Anthony, patron saint of lost causes, to become John Anthony Burgess Wilson. Forty years later, the Manchester-born writer began to be known under the name "Anthony Burgess"—created, as he said, by pulling the cracker of his full name at both ends. In the 1970s, he became world famous thanks to the notoriety of Stanley Kubrick's slick and meretricious film of his 1962 novel *A Clockwork Orange*—an ambiguous triumph for Burgess, since he regarded the book, most of which he had dashed off in three weeks, as a squib.

Burgess was perhaps justified in feeling resentful of the book that made his reputation. His career—and it is very hard to write about him without reaching for superlatives—is of quite astonishing range and diversity. He is much more than a man of one novel.

Yet his posthumous reputation remains in the balance. Most writers suffer a period of decline in fashion a few years after their demise, and in many instances this leads to oblivion. After Burgess's death in 1993, writers who admired him—including Martin Amis, William Boyd, AS Byatt and Gilbert Adair—remained loyal, but among sceptics it has become received critical wisdom that Burgess was a gimmicky, flashy, show-off talent. For some, he was not a real novelist—he was simply an entertainer, though one with highbrow airs.

One of the difficulties in making a fair assessment of Burgess is his enormous output across many genres. He published about 60 books, including novels, biography, autobiography (the two volumes *Little Wilson and Big God* and *You've Had Your Time* are hugely entertaining), translations of opera libretti, original libretti for musicals, an epic poem, literary criticism, music criticism, plays, studies of linguistics, coffee-table works, tales for children, polemics against censorship and a collection of sonnets.

That would be a respectable lifetime of work for 10 authors, but still it is only a fraction of his output. Burgess also wrote screenplays for television—*Jesus of Nazareth* (1977) was his most successful—and for film. He wrote and presented several

documentaries; at least one of them, his short black-and-white tribute to his hero James Joyce, is a masterpiece.

He produced a mountain of journalism varying from hastily drafted political columns for the tabloids to his witty book reviews for the *Spectator*, *Independent* and *Observer*, which for the last five years has run the Anthony Burgess Award for best article on an artistic subject. A polyglot, he was fluent in Malay and created the prehistoric languages for Jean-Jacques Annaud's 1981 adventure film *Quest for Fire*. He also had a popular touch: from the 1970s, he was a regular performer on chat shows, most notably with Michael Parkinson in the UK and Dick Cavett in the United States.

> "Burgess managed to use the most recondite of materials to create fun for a mass audience. On top form he was incomparable"

Enough? Well, there's more. From his teenage years in Manchester, Burgess regarded himself primarily as a composer. Although he was almost 60 before he heard an orchestra playing one of his works (his Third Symphony), he composed music in the few spare moments his career allowed him—in airports and hotel lobbies, in green rooms and recording studios, or at home in the evenings while his wife watched noisy television.

His music was composed in the outdated idioms of Vaughan Williams, Delius and Holst. Some of it is unremarkable but at its best—for instance, in his setting of Thomas Nashe's poem "A Litany in Time of Plague"—it is both ingenious and heart-piercing. Since Burgess's death, the American conductor and composer Paul Phillips has had Burgess's compositions performed, recorded and published. Phillips has also published the first major study of Burgess's music, *A Clockwork Counterpoint*—which is also the best critical study of the writings, since Burgess's prose and poetry were shaped in profound ways by music. His novels *Napoleon Symphony*, a homage to Beethoven's Third, and *Mozart & the Wolf Gang* are the most obvious instances.

Even the most sceptical of Burgess's detractors would have to concede his industry. But even this has been used against him. "Incontinent" was a word I recently heard a literary scholar use, and even in his lifetime he became used to jokes about the publication of "this week's novel by Anthony Burgess." His own suspicion was that he had violated an English code of good form. Serious novelists—he was thinking above all of EM Forster—should produce no more than a handful of well-wrought tomes, preferably moderate in size.

In some ways he agreed with his critics. Joyce only wrote a handful of books in a hard-working lifetime. But Joyce had patrons who indulged his genius. Burgess was also quietly proud to be a latter-day Samuel Johnson, a professional writer—defining "professional" as making enough money to pay your rent and bills and have enough left over to buy gin.

Burgess began writing in earnest at the age of 43, in 1960, when he was incorrectly diagnosed as having a terminal illness. His initial ambition was to make enough money to leave to his (first) wife, and he wrote or rewrote five novels in what he thought was his final year. He did not die and he could not find a job; so he kept writing.

But Burgess was not merely an unremitting slogger; he was also a prodigy of imagination and inventiveness. There are some duds in there, for sure, but on top form he was incomparable. There are at least 10 thrillingly high peaks in the Burgess mountain range and they all have one thing in common: the quality Ezra Pound called "the dance of the intellect among words." From his student days in Manchester, Burgess was fascinated by linguistics—his primer *Language Made Plain* is still worth reading—and he probably knew more about the material reality of language than his contemporaries. Most decent novelists create their own worlds of people, places, emotions and events; but not so many create worlds of words.

Burgess achieved this time and again. *Nothing Like the Sun*, his novel about the love life of the young Shakespeare, is composed in a delicious synthesis of Elizabeth idiom and obvious anachronism. His minor satire *One Hand Clapping* is composed in a sociolect of scrupulous meanness, derived from nightly viewing of ITV in its early years. And *A Clockwork Orange* is narrated in "Nadsat," a futuristic teenage argot derived mainly from Russian, with jiggers of Roma, Cockney and Malay. (Orang means "man" in Malay.)

True, and unlike in the documentary form, there is probably not a single book that could be called his definitive masterpiece. The closest he came was his attempt at an airport blockbuster, *Earthly Powers*—shortlisted for the Booker Prize, but pipped in 1980 by William Golding. It's a comic but also imposing and gripping account of the 20th century as narrated by a minor novelist (loosely inspired by Somerset Maugham). As AS Byatt shrewdly observed, it is at once a parody of the blockbuster novel and an outstanding achievement in that disreputable genre.

Burgess's favourite of his own novels was the now little-read *M/F*—standing, among other things, for male/female, the musical notation for very loud, the initials of its narrator, and a well-known term of abuse. It ▶

Francine Stock Recommends Film

Elle
On release from 10th March
Paul Verhoeven, director of *Basic Instinct* and *Showgirls*, has never shirked controversy. At 78, though, he has come up with a stunner. Isabelle Huppert (pictured below) plays the boss of a video-game company who is raped by an intruder. How she responds is shocking, the Hitchcockian twists executed with relish. The value of this kind of knowing game is an issue that keeps the film alive to the end. And if there's an actor who can carry off a provocative comedy about violence against women, it's Huppert.

The Salesman
On release from 17th March
A Tehran couple move into a new flat that reveals a sinister dimension. Like many of Asghar Farhadi's films the exact nature of what has happened in *The Salesman* (now Oscar-nominated) is mysterious. Emad is playing Willy in a production of *Death of a Salesman* in which his wife Rana plays Linda. This doubling of roles is occasionally cumbersome, but the real strength here is the shifts in power driven by fear of shame and humiliation. Gripping to the end.

Certain Women
On release from 3rd March
In a Montana town, a lawyer, property developer and rancher negotiate tricky situations from workplace negligence to night-school crush. Director Kelly Reichardt reveals the forces that delineate the experience of women—played here by Laura Dern, Michelle Williams and newcomer Lily Gladstone. Meditative, atmospheric and moving, *Certain Women* shines with its beautifully observed moments rather than relying on a driving narrative.

Slick and meretricious: the poster for Kubrick's adaptation of Burgess's *A Clockwork Orange*

is a fast-moving and funny novel about a young man's adventures around the globe. It is based on a work by Claude Lévi-Strauss about the Algonquin nation, which Burgess reviewed. This is typical of Burgess: using the most recondite materials to create fun for a mass audience, using Lévi-Strauss's incest taboos to make a sexy romp.

Burgess's talent was superabundant. So why were many critics scornful and so many readers unwilling to give him a chance? Burgess thought the answer was snobbery. No doubt he was touchy on this point and yet he was not always wrong. Throughout his life, Burgess felt like an outsider. As a Mancunian born and raised, he believed that he was looked down on as an upstart provincial by the literary establishment.

As a Catholic (lapsed but still attached to its culture and ritual), he looked on Britain as a land occupied by Protestants; he was more at home in Malta or Italy, hearing the Angelus, watching robed priests stroll the streets. Many of his novels are, like Graham Greene's, oblique dramatisations of theological quandaries. He never forgot the agony of losing God during his adolescence.

As a son of what he described as "the lower-middle class"—bullied by poor, rough boys, ignored or sneered at by the slightly more posh—he chafed against the British class swindle. Hence his sympathy for another northern novelist of humble origins, DH Lawrence. Like Lawrence, he escaped to other countries; like Lawrence, his reputation has suffered its ups and downs recently, especially downs.

The accusation that he was merely an entertainer was an insult to which Burgess had become accustomed. Popular entertainment was, he shyly bragged, in his blood. His mother, who had died of influenza when he was an infant, had been a music-hall singer, "The Beautiful Belle Burgess," while his father had earned pocket money accompanying silent films as well as playing the piano in pubs. The novelist, he declared, had to be first and foremost someone who gave pleasure. Burgess could manage darker tones as well—the passages about supernatural evil in *Earthly Powers* are chilling. But most of his enduring work is heavily spiced with ingenious humour.

The whirligig of time can bring vindication. After a decade or so of comparative neglect, Burgess's reputation has begun to grow. In fact, in certain respects it is now higher than it was in his lifetime. At roughly the same time that Paul Phillips launched his project to establish Burgess as a serious composer, the establishment of the International Anthony Burgess Foundation in Manchester began to re-assert his status as a major author. Mainstream publishing houses have brought quite a few of his works back into print, both as paperbacks and hardbacks.

The Vintage imprint has recently published new editions of *Earthly Powers*, the Malayan Trilogy (*Time for a Tiger*, *The Enemy in the Blanket*, *Beds in the East*), the novel about Christopher Marlowe *A Dead Man in Deptford*, the complete Enderby novels and the sprightly biography *Shakespeare*. Penguin have kept *A Clockwork Orange* and other novels in print.

Some of his books will always be caviar to the general. But, in his centenary year, he is a stubbornly enduring presence, and new generations are waking up to what they have been missing. The greatest British novelist of the 20th century? Others may doubt it, but I believe so. Certainly he was one of the most ingenious, learned, fecund, moving, original and sheerly entertaining writers of his time. A vast lode of delight is out there, hidden in plain sight, waiting to be mined.

Kevin Jackson is a writer, editor and film maker. His short film, "A Quincunx for Sir Thomas Browne," is on show at the Royal College of Physicians' exhibition "A Cabinet of Rarities" until late July

"A reboot of a remake of a reimagined sequel. Now that's what I call original!"

Can they kick it?

When rap music first burst on the scene, it was surprisingly wholesome. So what changed, asks *Alex Dean*

We Got it from Here... Thank You 4 Your Service
by A Tribe Called Quest

Hip-hop has won the 21st century. No other cultural form has been as influential on pop music, fashion, youth culture. It has even penetrated politics. When Barack Obama was president, he regularly invited rapper and producer Jay-Z to the White House. Donald Trump has even got in on the act, hosting singer Kanye West at the (suitably bling) Trump Tower. Fortunes have been made and millions of records been sold. The music that dominates today's streaming sites is the direct descendant of hip-hop—which is now equally popular among white and black listeners.

Despite its success, though, many people think of rap music—the most successful element of hip-hop culture—as misogynistic, materialistic and violent. A musical form driven by furious energy and creative vigour has been overshadowed by its content, which often seems to conform to the worst stereotypes of aggressive masculinity.

It's not hard to see where rappers have got their bad-boy image. One of the most popular albums of the noughties was *Get Rich or Die Tryin'* by 50 Cent, which described—even celebrated—his life as a crack dealer on the streets of New York. (At my school there was a rumour—since confirmed—that 50 Cent's speech was slurred because he had a bullet lodged in his tongue). And then there's Eminem, the white rapper adopted by hip-hop godfather Dr Dre. The best-selling rapper of the 2000s, Eminem set out to define himself—or at least a character very similar to him—as a violent maniac. "Kim" is more hate song than love song, in which the rapper imagines killing his ex-wife in the woods. (He was also accused of hijacking black culture for his own ends, much as Elvis Presley stole from Little Richard and other black artists.)

But rap music hasn't always been so violent. Long before songs about "bitches" and "bling" conquered the world, rappers were exploring politics and parties—the whole range of human experience. As unlikely as it might seem, until fairly recently rap was pretty wholesome. So what changed?

Among the hip-hop artists who have taken up the mic over the past 30 years, A Tribe Called Quest, who released a new album at the end of last year after an 18-year silence, stand out as one of the most innovative. The New York group first came on the scene in the early 1990s wearing coloured shirts, conical hats and baggy trousers. They looked silly—and often sounded it. It was all part of their charm. ▶

Back in the day: Jarobi White, Ali Shaheed Muhammad, Q-Tip and Phife Dawg

Neil Norman Recommends Opera

Die Meistersinger von Nürnburg
Royal Opera House, 11th to 31st March
Wagner's only mature comic opera is also one of his most contentious. With a final sequence that celebrates German nationalism, it can present a dilemma for modern observers. David McVicar's Glyndebourne production was well sung but sidestepped the politics. One can assume that in his final production as Director of Opera at Covent Garden, Kasper Holten will be determined to explore every aspect of the story as well as its magnificent music. With Bryn Terfel as Sachs and Antonio Pappano wielding the baton, Holten's production, which draws on London's artisan guilds for inspiration, is not to be missed.

The Winter's Tale
English National Opera, 27th February to 14th March
One of Shakespeare's most avant-garde plays offers huge scope for interpretation. English National Opera's composer-in-residence Ryan Wigglesworth has created a new opera that explores the quasi-mystical story of the eventual redemption of the jealous Leontes. Olivier Award-winning actor Rory Kinnear is in the director's seat. With a cast including ENO luminaries Iain Paterson, Sophie Bevan, Leigh Melrose and Susan Bickley, this is one to watch.

Snow
The Bussey Building, London, 20th February to 3rd March
The Opera Story is an enterprising new company that promises to bring "immersive opera" to unusual venues. Their debut production is a three-act opera based on the Snow White story. Each act is created by a different composer (Lewis Murphy, Lucie Treacher and Tom Floyd). It promises to break down traditional barriers—for the adventurous opera-goer this might be worth a punt.

Picking up the mic: from left, Jarobi White, Q-Tip and Ali Shaheed Muhammad, the three remaining members of A Tribe Called Quest, whose new album is *We Got it from Here... Thank You 4 Your Service*

As told in the 2011 documentary *Beats, Rhymes & Life: The Travels of a Tribe Called Quest*, the group's members went way back. Q-Tip (real name Jonathan Davis) and Phife Dawg (Malik Taylor) grew up together in Queens, New York, having met—most wholesomely—at church aged four. Q-Tip and Ali Shaheed Muhammad (the third member) met at high school. Jarobi White joined part-time, and the four began performing together in 1988. Initially just called Quest, on impulse one evening they introduced themselves as A Tribe Called Quest. The longer name has stuck.

In 1990, they released their debut album, *People's Instinctive Travels and the Paths of Rhythm*. It was brilliantly unusual. They rapped about holidays gone wrong ("I Left My Wallet in El Segundo"), and their dietary habits ("I don't eat no ham and eggs 'cos they high in cholesterol"). They sampled Indian sitars. Naturally, there were songs about girls, but they were surprisingly courtly—one is described as having "elaborate eyes." And when they did get freaky, their advances didn't simply reflect traditional patterns of male sexual dominance: Q-Tip promises to kiss a girl "where some brothers won't."

Sensitive issues are tackled with wit. On "Pubic Enemy," there is a parable about the spread of sexually transmitted diseases. "The fair maiden in the royal bedroom/Caught the king scratching." The king's mistake, we learn, is that he "wore the crown but not the 'jimmy hat.'"

The most popular song on the album—and arguably of all their music—was "Can I Kick It?" On a beat which incorporates the looping bass line from Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side," Q-Tip and Phife Dawg perform call-and-response with a crowd: "Can I Kick It?" they ask. "Yes you can!" the crowd responds. The single made it into the top 20 in the UK.

The song was arguably an example of pointed cultural re-appropriation: Reed's original contained the offensive line: "All the coloured girls go 'doo do doo do.'" Tribe's

> **"If A Tribe Called Quest inherited a whimsical delight in words and beats, then other groups like NWA went down a political path"**

lyrics also anticipated the victory of David Dinkins as Mayor of New York, the only African-American to hold the position.

The group's second album, *The Low End Theory* (1991) was a fusion of rap and jazz. Music critic John Bush declared it "an unqualified success, the perfect marriage of intelligent, flowing raps to nuanced, groove-centred productions." Then came *Midnight Marauders*, just as impressive. The group released two more albums—both of which were reasonably well-received, but not to the same extent—before their 18-year hiatus began in 1998.

"Keeping it real" was an important part of early rap music. The form emerged in the early 1970s in the troubled areas of the Bronx as a new form of authentic black expression. The new Netflix documentary *Hip-Hop Evolution* traces its origins back to Kool Herc, a New York DJ who noticed that the crowd enjoyed the parts of funk music known as "breaks," in which all instruments drop out leaving only the drumbeat. His audience went wild and began performing stunts—hence the term break-dancing. A friend of Herc's, Coke La Rock, performed something resembling a rap over the top of the music: "Hip, hop, you don't stop" and "Hotel, motel, you don't tell, we won't tell."

The distinctive linguistic patterning of rap has multiple sources: the call-and-response preaching style in black churches; the 1960s "Last Poets" who performed songs on street corners with consciousness-raising titles like "When the Revolution Comes" and "Black People, What Ya'll Gon' Do?" And of course the rhythmical taunts Muhammad Ali directed at his opponents.

If A Tribe Called Quest inherited their whimsical delight in words and beats, then other groups drew on their explicitly political message—especially in the 1980s, when black communities began to suffer during Ronald Reagan's war on drugs.

NWA ("Niggaz With Attitude") formed in Los Angeles in 1986. Their music was unlike anything that had been heard before. It was driven by anger at police attacks against African-Americans in Compton, the ghetto that in the late-1980s had become infested with crack cocaine. It was the crucible for what we now call gangster rap. NWA released powerful songs like "Fuck tha Police" and "Parental Discretion Iz Advised." The group's fierce debut album, *Straight Outta Compton*, went platinum. The music industry was stunned that such explicit music—both in terms of its language and its politics—could appeal to young white audiences. The controversy,

the obscenity, the raw power of the music was bracingly, terrifyingly, new.

Watching F Gary Gray's successful 2015 biopic about NWA, also called *Straight Outta Compton*, it is striking how genuinely radical it was. African-Americans were rising up against the overwhelmingly white police force under which they had suffered for years. In 1992 that rage spilled out on to the streets after four white police officers, caught on camera beating black motorist Rodney King, were acquitted by a jury. NWA's music was the sound track to the riots.

Later rappers seem to have inherited the stylish brutality of NWA's music but left behind the social criticism and political anger. By the mid-1990s, rap's main subjects were guns, money and girls. The gang culture plaguing black communities was peddled as a sexy lifestyle designed to appeal to the white market. For example, New York's Big L, who released the bestselling *Lifestylez ov da Poor & Dangerous*, rapped about shooting people in Harlem. The canny moguls of hip-hop saw their chance. And an art form that grew out of the inventive drive of the black community re-packaged itself as a cheap thrill for suburban audiences.

There are still glimmers of the ingenuity that made A Tribe Called Quest so scintillating: 29-year-old Kendrick Lamar, in particular, is a master wordsmith, whose lyrics are engagingly mature. But many of today's stars have made fortunes rapping about shooting people, assaulting women and selling drugs. Take Gucci Mane, a 37-year-old from Atlanta. You get the flavour from a recent *New Yorker* article: "Each time Gucci Mane gets out of jail, he likes to go to the recording studio." His recent song "Aggressive" is far from easy listening: "We crazy and violent and they can't teach us / Preachers couldn't reach us but the hoes gon' greet us." The video, in which Mane goes to a club and showers strippers with dollar bills, borders on self-parody.

One of the biggest singles of the last few years was the rap-R&B record *Trap Queen*, released in 2015 by Fetty Wap from Paterson, New Jersey. (The video has more than half a billion views on YouTube.) Gangster themes feature prominently. Many other popular rap artists, like Mozzy from Sacramento, write music conforming to the same trend.

What explains the dominance of gangster rap over its funnier, more enlightened cousin? Perhaps part of the answer is that violence sells records. But while explicit lyrical content doesn't always make for comfortable listening, it is, in one important sense, more comfortable for the mainstream. Bluntly, it gives white audiences what they might stereotypically expect from young black men. Which is why when Obama played with the Jay-Z lyric, "I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one," at the White House Correspondents' Dinner—signalled in *Hip-Hop Evolution* as the moment rap music had been thoroughly absorbed by popular culture—some of us weren't cheering at the flavour of rap that had gone mainstream.

A Tribe Called Quest's new album *We Got it from Here... Thank You 4 Your Service*, gives us a glimpse of the path that rap could have gone down. It is just as varied as their older work, which makes it an invigorating listen. Indeed, the whole thing fizzes with energy—18 years' worth. As a Tribe fan, it feels like a privilege to hear Q-Tip and Phife Dawg tag-team rhyming once again.

All four original members appear on the record, even though Phife Dawg died in March last year from diabetes complications. (He nicknamed himself "Funky Diabetic.") His verses were recorded months before his death and this fact alone guarantees the album classic status among Tribe fans.

But the album stands on its own merits. The group still has a knack of making bizarre combinations work. "Thank You 4 Your Service" mixes dub reggae with old-school jazz, electro with Elton John-sung choruses. The rapping is as punchy as ever. Yet *We Got it from Here* serves as more than a reminder that rap can be fun. The music isn't always upbeat. On the chorus to "We The People," Q-Tip impersonates—on the way to taking down—Americans intolerant of gay people and Muslims. Systems of oppression are as much their theme as partying.

Behind the scenes there were serious tensions. As the 2011 documentary revealed, creative differences kept the group silent for so long. When Phife Dawg received a friendly text from Q-Tip before he was going for an operation, he looked genuinely surprised that he was wishing him well.

People are complicated, and Tribe cover the full range of human emotion. Their music is important because it is written and performed in three dimensions, with different impulses and competing styles. This is the true corrective to the rise of empty gangster rap: not music which is unthinkingly positive, but complex, thoughtful music, which reflects the paradoxes of the people making it.

Alex Dean is Assistant Digital Editor at Prospect

Anjana Ahuja

Recommends Science

Computing for the future of the planet
Royal Society, London, 2nd March
While computing power has transformed our world, the global population is on course to top 9 billion by 2050—and the future is looking unsustainable. What if machines could be harnessed to reduce our environmental impact? There could be networked sensors around the globe, able to deploy accurate, timely information about resources. And, as with internet shopping, could shifting more of our lives online conserve the planet? Andy Hopper, head of Cambridge University's Computer Laboratory, delivers this year's Bakerian lecture, a top-class annual exposition on the physical sciences that dates back to 1775.

British Science Week
Venues countrywide, 10th to 19th March
See science buskers in Reading, learn to make archaeological sketches in Leicester or watch short films inspired by quantum physics in Glasgow—these are the kind of events that take place during the 10-day nationwide fest of British Science Week. Keep an eye out for low-key local events, such as demo days in primary schools, where kids can have hands-on experimental fun. There is also the opportunity to join the citizen science project Penguin Watch, to catalogue pictures of penguins and their habitats. Some places, such as Sheffield and Cambridge, will be holding concurrent science festivals; the former is bound to pull in punters with an event entitled "Brewing Beer: Science, Art or Magic?" If you like your ale, you already know the answer.

Books in brief

Europe's Last Chance: Why the European States Must Form a More Perfect Union

by Guy Verhofstadt (Basic, £18.99)

You might not expect many "Leave" voters to buy a book that carries its federalist heart so unabashedly on its sleeve. Least of all if its author is running to be president of the European parliament and is a Brexit negotiator, whose appointment Nigel Farage called a "declaration of war." But, whisper it, Guy Verhofstadt's book might have much to delight critics of the European Union. The former Belgian prime minister mercilessly dissects what he calls "an undemocratic, inefficient, and wasteful European Union." He rounds on the EU's inadequate response to a catalogue of challenges: the refugee crisis, Russian antagonism, the turn to illiberalism in Eastern Europe, the eurozone crisis and its crippling effect on Greece, its incapacity to "shape the future" in digital, energy and capital markets. It is a candid, if at times broad-brush, analysis.

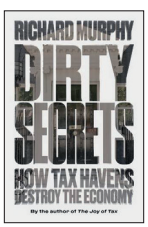
Yet this is where a Leaver's sympathy will likely end. With customary gusto, and no shortage of personal anecdotes, Verhofstadt lays the blame for the EU's failings squarely at the door of ever-reticent member states—and the "delusional spirit of nationalism [that] still haunts the continent." He pleads for a new constitutional moment, a sweeping institutional rebirth.

Verhofstadt may well be right that the status quo is unsustainable; and a potential disintegration would be disastrous. But at a time when public disillusionment with politics—particularly of the liberal, supranational kind—is at an all-time high, his remedy will be a hard sell. Which ultimately makes this political battle cry a disheartening read.

Uta Staiger

Dirty Secrets: How Tax Havens Destroy the Economy

by Richard Murphy (Verso, £12.99)



Spirited and resolute, Richard Murphy has for decades been a leading voice on the left arguing for international tax reform. He fizzes with ideas about how policy-makers should organise policies on an international scale—and his target is invariably tax havens.

His latest book, *Dirty Secrets: How Tax Havens Destroy the Economy*, argues that if we manage to stamp out tax havens, the rewards will be bountiful: inequality will fall, and so too the cost of capital. Regulation, markets and even democracy will function better.

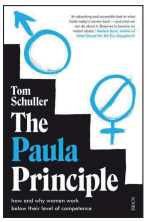
Possibly at the publisher's behest, the book is cast as a response to last year's Panama Papers scandal, the biggest ever leak of secret offshore data. But its scope is far wider. The threat posed to the global economy is bigger than the grubby dealings of individuals hiding assets or evading tax. It extends, Murphy explains, to other non-criminal—but equally pernicious—behaviours, not least through currently legal tax avoidance.

Dirty Secrets rattles through 20 years of tax reform efforts, focusing on moves by the OECD and the EU. Each one is judged a flop—and the cost to the global economy, especially developing nations, has been huge. Murphy's solution, one he has expounded before, is "unitary taxation" across the world. This would strip corporations of the power to artificially shift profits across borders in order to lower tax. Instead, a set formula would ensure that groups pay tax according to wherever their economic activity takes place. And tax havens will be no more.

Simon Bowers

The Paula Principle

by Tom Schuller (Scribe, £14.99)



"Every employee tends to rise to the level of his incompetence." So runs the wisdom of *The Peter Principle*, the 1969 sensation that suggested that workers are promoted through the ranks of organisations until they reach a level beyond their ability.

In *The Paula Principle*, Tom Schuller examines the evidence that women tend to work below their level of competence: in most developed countries, women outperform men at all levels of education—including university, in-work training and skills development—yet this does not translate into greater professional advancement. For Schuller, this indicates a problem "in the way we reward competence"—an obstacle to equality as well as a waste of human capital.

Literature on women at work has become a crowded marketplace over the past few years. Though Schuller's analysis is careful and nuanced, much of it covers old ground—and not always as engagingly as the issue has been covered before.

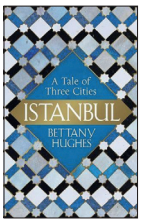
Where he shines is in his solution, arguing that the gap can only be closed if all of us—but especially men—rethink our approach to professional life, abandoning the relentless pursuit of vertical career paths in favour of "mosaic careers." These might include more sideways steps, part-time work and breaks.

The path to equality thus far has involved women converging on traditionally male employment patterns, Schuller argues: now is the time for men to move towards traditionally female ones—to improve equality and work-life balance, and to make better use of our resources.

Jessica Abrahams

Istanbul: A Tale of Three Cities

by Bettany Hughes (W&N, £25)



Bettany Hughes's sprawling, 600-page love letter to one of the most inspiring cities on earth was a decade in the making, as befits a book covering millennia's worth of history in impressive detail. Images of Neolithic footprints, 4th-century mosaics, medieval tapestries and 19th-century Ottomans are scattered throughout the text, which starts from the first evidence of human habitation in 800,000 BC and runs to the modern republic. Wisely, she decides not to get into a spat with Turkey's authoritarian leader.

Powerful political women—the 6th-century Byzantine Empress Theodora, for example, or the 16th-century Ottoman Valide Sultan, Nurbanu—feature in a history ostensibly dominated by sword-wielding men. Hughes does not shrink from the distasteful aspects of patriarchal power, like fratricide among the Ottoman sultans, or indeed of daily city life, such as the disease-ridden hammams. She embraces the horror as well as the beauty of Istanbul's past, and as a result our understanding of the city is correspondingly rich.

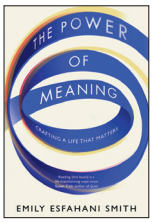
Hughes is a meticulous historian who understands the power of stories which exist beyond historical fact—ancient myth and salacious contemporary rumour. "The settlement we now call Istanbul has always been as resonant in the landscape of the imagination as it has in real historical terms," she writes in one of her concluding chapters.

The book's subtitle is a reference to Byzantium, Constantinople and Istanbul—

the three names by which the city has been known—but in actuality Istanbul's history bleeds across terminology, ideology and the centuries of its eclectic rulers, as Hughes admirably proves.
Alev Scott

The Power of Meaning

by Emily Esfahani Smith (Rider, £14.99)



Everyone wants to be happy. But our cultural obsession with happiness is wrong. What makes for a good life is not happiness, but meaning.

So argues the writer Emily Esfahani Smith in an intelligent page-turner that mobilises a wide range of social-psychological data—including a vast recent study into suicide by Shigehiro Oishi and Ed Diener—and ideas from the likes of Aristotle, Friedrich Nietzsche, William James, Émile Durkheim, Viktor Frankl and Albert Camus, to make the case for a major cultural re-orientation towards meaning.

The discussion is organised around four "pillars of meaning": belonging ("connecting and bonding with people in positive ways"); purpose ("having a mission tied to contributing to society"); narrative (redemptive sense-making); and transcendence (experience of loss of self and of connection with the wider world).

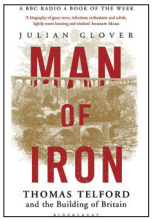
These orientate the reader in illuminating ways. Studies show that a single fleeting feeling of connectedness can bring about lasting positive transformations in a person's attitudes to nature, other people and their own mortality and suffering. Should feelings of transcendence be induced routinely in the penal system, healthcare or education? The book's persuasiveness lies partly in the interest of its concrete proposals.

Esfahani Smith writes that the "beauty of the pillars is that they are accessible to everyone." It would be naive to think that meaning can replace all other dimensions of wellbeing, but in a world that seems caught between pure hedonism and divisive sectarianism, the book mounts a timely challenge. And fear not: if you look out for meaning, happiness will look out for itself.
Naomi Goulder

Man of Iron: Thomas Telford and the Building of Britain

by Julian Glover (Bloomsbury, £25)

It was a life led in ceaseless motion. In Julian Glover's superb new biography, Thomas Telford is seemingly always on endless coach journeys, striding across a Scottish hillside, rushing to attend a meeting, drafting plans or scribbling letters by



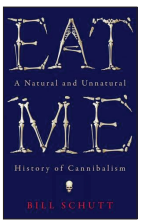
lamplight in some rough roadside inn. Well into his seventies, he remained on the road, dashing between dozens of projects. The results of this whirlwind energy are astonishing: the bridges, aqueducts, docks and thousands of miles of road provided the infrastructure that connected Britain in its moment of industrial takeoff.

A record of Telford's engineering achievements could fill an entire book. Glover's biography, however, provides a surprisingly intimate portrait of a complex, self-educated man and a depiction of a Britain humming with innovation. Big, burly, somewhat scruffy, Telford was an affable and entertaining fellow who inspired confidence in seemingly implausible schemes. There were other talented engineers, but, for Glover, Telford rose far above them because he could "paint on a broad canvas the great scope of a project and its national purpose... He had that gift that politicians still seek today: of vision, the ability to make a series of actions lead up to a greater whole."

For all his charm and likability, Telford was a lonely, inscrutable figure. Always in a mad flurry of activity, he had no significant man or woman in his life, and until he was quite old, no permanent home. Glover has a wonderful way of describing the engineering marvels; but what delights is his skills as a biographer, rescuing from neglect the man behind the image. "His was not a normal life," writes Glover. "A shifting spirit ran through him, like a restless iron shadow."
Ben Wilson

Eat Me: A Natural and Unnatural History of Cannibalism

by Bill Schutt (Profile, £14.99)



In 2003, the American Film Institute polled its members to find the 50 greatest screen villains. Hannibal Lecter was number one. Anthony Hopkins's performance as a psychopathic cannibal is seared in our minds—and popularised Thomas Harris's trilogy of novels. It also turned the taboo subject of humans eating humans into a fascinating, if gruesome, topic of discussion.

Bill Schutt's new book, *Eat Me*, attempts to understand how cannibalism fits into the world around us, to work out where it came from and why it began.

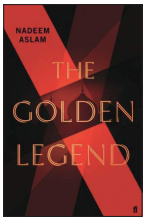
A research fellow at the American Museum of Natural History, Schutt is primarily interested in cannibalism among animals—covered in the opening chapters. Sand Tiger Sharks, one of the few shark species not to lay eggs, eat their siblings in their mother's oviducts until the greediest shark has no rivals.

Schutt explores cannibalism among humans, charting its history from our Neanderthal relatives—whose remains show the same humanoid teeth marks as those found on animal bones from the same period—to the modern era where we find out that ground mummified remains were still on sale for medicinal purposes in Germany in 1908. This quirk has been attributed to a mistranslation of the word *mumia*—meaning both dried corpses and a tar-like adhesive substance. But human organs were still a delicacy in China until the 1960s.

While *Eat Me* is entertaining and enlightening on the story of this once unspeakable subject, Schutt is let down by a somewhat sensationalist conclusion that global warming may play a part in increasing incidences of so-called survival cannibalism—I guess only time will tell.
Chris Tilbury

The Golden Legend

by Nadeem Aslam (Faber, £16.99)



Once upon a time there was a country called Pakistan, dreamt up by secular intellectuals as a refuge for Muslims. According to its creation myth, Pakistan was also meant to be a democratic homeland for minorities. But in reality, Hindus and Sikhs were driven out; now Christians are the victims of terrorism or persecution in the form of blasphemy laws.

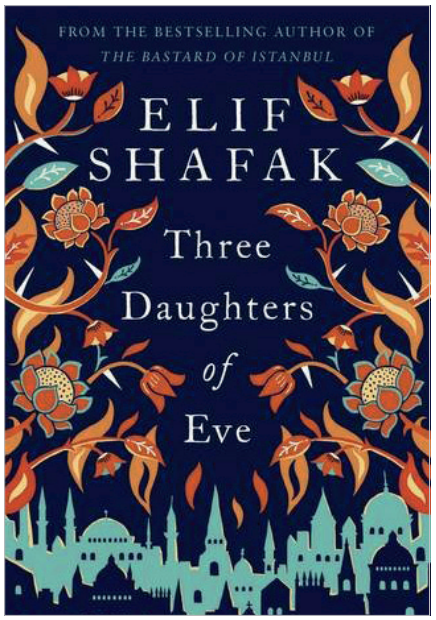
This is the history that Pakistan-born British novelist Nadeem Aslam has chosen to fictionalise in his new novel *The Golden Legend*. "History is the third parent," Aslam writes, and one of its children is Nargis, his heroine. An architect who lives with her husband (also an architect) in Zamana—a fictional city whose name ("time") nods to the novel's theme—they are literally building the nation Jinnah dreamed of. But violence and intolerance sees Nargis's husband murdered and her Christian friends persecuted. They flee to an island where they find safety in a mosque Nargis had built.

Aslam tells his story with the symbolism of a fable. The island had plans for a church—never realised, like the vision for a free Pakistan. There's also an old book Nargis is weaving back together—a source of hope, revealing Aslam's belief in art as the antithesis of violence. Calling his story a "legend," Aslam seems to be mindful of the childishness of this view. Fantasy—like the original dream of Pakistan—is a refuge, when no one lives happily ever after in reality. Still, readers would do well to take refuge in this well-told and surprisingly uplifting tale.
Tanjil Rashid

Events

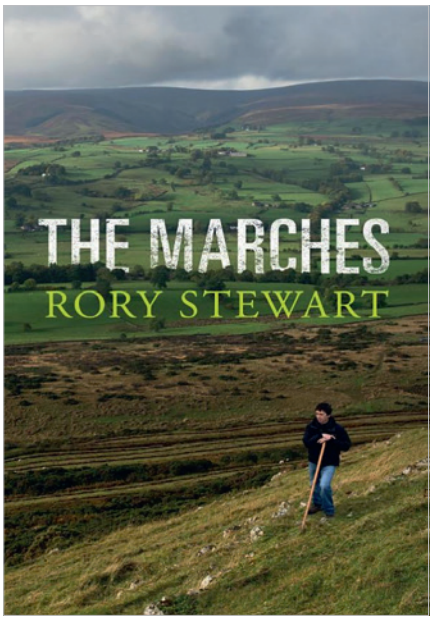
Prospect Book Club

The *Prospect* Book Club meets every third Monday of the month (excluding bank holidays) at 6.30pm at 2 Queen Anne's Gate, London, SW1H 9AA. To book tickets please visit prospectmagazine.co.uk/events



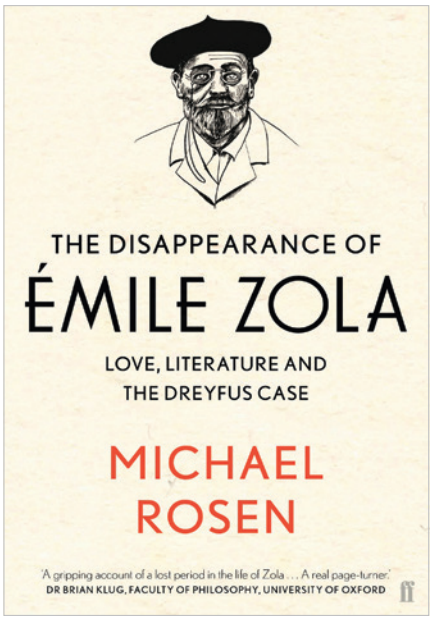
Monday 20th February 2017

Elif Shafak is one of Turkey's best-known writers. The acclaimed author of 10 novels, Shafak is also a women's rights activist and a frequent commentator on international affairs. Her topical new novel, *Three Daughters of Eve*, follows three women who are grappling with identity, Islam and feminism. Shafak will also be talking about recent events in Turkey and whether the country's democratic future is in peril.



Monday 20th March 2017

After writing books about walking in Afghanistan and his time as a governor in Iraq, MP and government minister Rory Stewart turns his attention closer to home in *The Marches*. This is the beautifully written account of travelling with his 90-year-old father along the border between Scotland and England, he by foot, his father by car. *The Marches* is a moving personal memoir, one that discusses the meaning of family bonds on a father and son's final trip together.



Monday 24th April 2017

Michael Rosen is the author of the best-selling children's book *We're Going on a Bear Hunt* and since 1998, the presenter of Radio 4's *Word of Mouth*. In his new book he reveals the true story of the 19th-century French novelist Emile Zola's escape to London in the aftermath of the Dreyfus case. It will be an opportune time to discuss the case as France will be going to the polls to elect a new President and with National Front leader Marine Le Pen expected to do well.

Future dates of *Prospect* Book Clubs taking place throughout 2017 are as follows:

• 22nd May • 19th June • 17th July • 21st August • 18th September • 16th October • 20th November • 18th December

Life

Leith on language

Sam Leith

Rebooting liberalism

What's a liberal? The question is coming to seem, as liberals like to say, "problematic." Now being a liberal myself—a "wishy-washy liberal," a "member of the metropolitan liberal elite"—I'm ever more concerned as to what the word means. It's a political problem wrapped in a linguistic one.

My late grandfather, for instance, stood twice for parliament in the 1940s as an "old-style Liberal." The old style, be it said, would not be completely recognisable to the new style. He loved Margaret Thatcher, abhorred homosexuals, claimed to admire Jewish people but resisted letting them into his golf club, and described himself as a "racialist, rather than a racist." I don't imagine he'd have seen eye to eye on all that much with Tim Farron.

Nick Clegg, a former occupant of Farron's unenviable chair, recently wrote of a global pushback against liberalism:

"The rush to condemn liberalism is everywhere," he complained. "'Liberal' has long been a term of abuse rather than praise in the US, especially so in the era of Tea Party Trumpism. Then Theresa May declared herself against '*laissez-faire* liberalism'. Shadow chancellor John McDonnell, like many on the Left, fulminates against the 'neo-liberal straitjacket' and the Brexit press never misses a chance to give 'liberal luvvies' a good kicking […] Perhaps the most alarming condemnation was the recent outburst from Alexander Dugin, Vladimir Putin's ideological mentor: 'We need a Nuremburg trial for liberalism, the last totalitarian political ideology.'"

If we've got to the stage where liberalism and totalitarianism are regarded as the same thing—the former, at least notionally, being in some way associated with freedom and the latter, um, not—isn't the word in need of some sort of reboot? Indeed, if the former leader of the actual Liberal Democrats can conflate neoliberalism, *laissez-faire* liberalism and luvvie liberalism in the same paragraph, I'd suggest the term is in strong danger of becoming meaningless. Certainly, Clegg's own list of liberal values—"individual rights, internationalism, democracy, fair treatment and equality before the law"—seems, to put it charitably, a little general.

As Clegg rightly points out, in a country where "liberty" comes right between "life" and "the pursuit of happiness" on the national shopping list, the word "liberal" is now uniformly used as a term of abuse. Liberals call themselves "progressives"; it's their opponents who call them "liberals" or, more illiberally, "libtards." The Trump victory saw a lot of Twitter eggs with Pepe the Frog (a popular internet meme) logos fantasising about drinking "liberal tears" from mugs designed for the purpose.

At the root of all this is the old, old schism between economic liberals and social liberals. For reasons that seem to me theoretically obscure, these two find themselves, as a rule, on opposite sides of the barricades.

Your dinner-party luvvie liberal, for instance, will spend a lot of his or her time fulminating against "neoliberal" policies, which he or she will likely equate with fascists. Your bonk-eyed Ayn Rand neoliberal type, on the other hand, will tend to spend a lot of his or her time fulminating about "illiberal liberals": no-platforming free-speech-suppressing snowflakes whom he or she will likely equate with fascists. President Donald Trump, being neither economically nor socially liberal, at least squares that circle.

When I say theoretically obscure, I mean that it's on the face of it hard to square enthusiasm for the free movement of capital with mistrust of the free movement of labour, or vice versa. If you're a believer in the individual's absolute rights over his or her body, isn't it then tricky to decide that the state should intervene aggressively in his or her economic affairs? Or, for free-market social conservatives, vice versa. But here we stray into deeper waters.

In any case, the division has sharpened noticeably in recent months and years—particularly over issues such as free speech. And it has been further confused by the twist put on it by "neoliberalism"—originally a badge of honour but one soon repurposed, like "neoconservatism," as a boo-word.

The point I make, finally, is a linguistic one more than a political one. But as everyone knows, politics depends on being able to name things properly. And I think we're in a pickle. I want to say we need a liberalism worthy of the name. But before that, we need a name worthy of the concept. In the spirit of reclaiming terms, how about social liberals start calling themselves "cucks," economic liberals call themselves "swiveleyes." And "old-style liberals"? Grandpa will do fine.

Life of the mind

Anna Blundy

The talking cure

My teenaged son phoned me up on his way home from school last week. I was in rural Iceland and walking back to my little hut in a blizzard, having just been for a swim in a hot, eggy outdoor pool and watched a group of women in bikinis doing aqua aerobics in steam and snow. Their instructor, shouting through the snowstorm from the side, was in full ski gear. I felt a very long way away from the boy calling.

He had a bad cold and told me he felt dizzy and his legs didn't work properly. He sounded OK so I wasn't worried, but I said he should get home, have toast and watch telly from under the duvet. "You feel a bit wobbly," I said. "People quite often say they feel a bit wobbly when they're ill or upset." He was pleased with this and agreed that "wobbly" was exactly how he felt. Then we chatted about school and lava fields until he got home.

This is already turning into one of those annoying shrinky essays I hate. Therapist relates the details (always fictionalised anyway) of a very disturbed patient and then tells us the brilliant interpretation he/she offered after which the patient was completely cured. Yuh.

Anyway, it occurred to me that when we are trying to comfort or calm someone we offer interpretations in quite a psychotherapeutic way without knowing it. Or, rather, that psychotherapeutic interpretations are an extension of the way we (in the best circumstances) speak to each other already.

When we have words to describe our emotional state, things immediately feel more manageable. Obviously this is easier said than done. I have a patient who has no idea whether or not she likes or dislikes types of food, people, physical sensations, whether or not she is really in pain—she has no vocabulary for this stuff. Defining what it is we hate and fear in President Trump and writing it on a sign feels therapeutic, especially when we find we are not alone. (Whether or not it has any effect on the man and his activities…).

On my first visit to a psychotherapist in 1989, I told her about the chronic hypochondria that kept me awake at night and the feeling of impending doom that overwhelmed

me at dusk (early afternoon in an English winter). At the end of our session she told me I was suffering from "existential angst and chronic separation anxiety." I didn't really know what this meant and I still don't. (Separation anxiety is one of those shrinky phrases that is overused to the point of meaninglessness), but I was pleased to have a name for my terrifying symptoms.

One can (and many do) go a lot further with this. Jacques Lacan and Jacques Derrida wrote extensively on how language distances us from our real thoughts and feelings in an almost defensive way (the fact that it makes us feel better to have named something, perhaps is even indicative of that), and the "*différance*" of Derrida has a lot in common with the "unthought known" of Christopher Bollas—that is, the moment between feeling and its expression that psychoanalysis tries to capture.

However, when someone says "I've got a terrible headache," and we say "You're probably very stressed," or "You must be tired after all that work/travel/whatever," we're trying to repackage something into a digestible form that will make the symptom of the sufferer more bearable. This (as opposed to "Take a paracetamol" which would be the equivalent of "Here's some anti-depressants") is perhaps the basis of psychotherapeutic interpretation.

Matters of taste

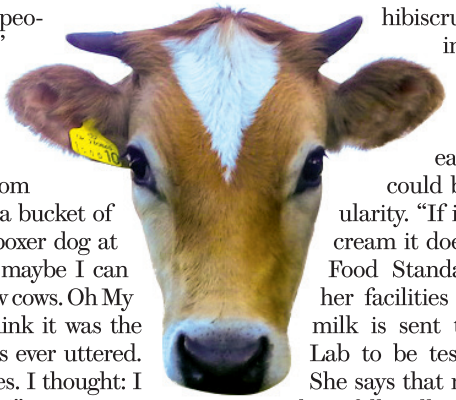
Wendell Steavenson

Cream of the crop

Fiona Provan is 52 years old. It's taken her a long time to get where she wanted to be. "I'm a bit different!" she laughed. Provan grew up in Hertfordshire, the daughter of a vet. "Very James Herriot." A pastoral childhood, but not bucolic. Her father was "a very bad tempered Scotsman, a scary man." At school she was naughty and got locked in the closet. Depression first hit when she was a teenager. What to do with a girl with a large purple birthmark and no O levels? She told the careers officer she liked animals and was concerned about the environment. She ended up at the Cordon Bleu cooking school and took on a few restaurant jobs. She married young, to "my best friend really." They moved to a Suffolk smallholding. Three kids. Several years. "Then I had my head turned."

Divorce, bad relationships. "A terrible terrible time." Provan scrabbled, moved from one rented cottage to another, on housing benefit, volunteering, doing odd jobs. "Always a bit out there, the eco warrior." Campaigning against animal testing, the destruction of the rainforest, industrial agriculture that had destroyed the countryside. "Frustrated, tired of banging my head against a wall… I can't do a meaningless job. I have to have a reason, a purpose."

With a few thousand pounds left over from the divorce she bought a food van and sold burritos and fajitas at farmers' markets and festivals. A friend lent her a few Red Poll cows, an old East Anglian breed. She had Bonnie, her "house cow" that she kept for milk. The food van was popular, the cows lifted her spirits. She created a Suffolk picnic pasty, "people went bonkers for it!" She sold homemade milkshakes.



"One day in 2009 a light bulb switched on. I was walking back from milking Bonnie. I had a bucket of milk in my hand, my boxer dog at my heels… I thought: maybe I can make money out of a few cows. Oh My God. Micro Dairy. I think it was the first time this term was ever uttered. Tears came into my eyes. I thought: I can't believe it! I've got it!"

I met Fiona on New Year's Eve. Clear Suffolk skies, frosty winter fields. We waved off the horses and hounds of the Somerleyton Hunt and went for a walk. A sign on the road said "REAL MILK" and we followed the arrow down a track into a courtyard full of Red Jersey cows and calves. In a shed to one side a cow was being milked and there was Fiona, grinning. She encouraged us to meet the cows and we clicked through the gate. The cows turned their heads and trotted over to say hello. We patted and petted and the cows nuzzled and butted us back.

"That's Tulip," one of the milkmaids pointed to a handsome calf, "she loves being scratched." Tulip stretched out her neck and batted her impossibly long eyelashes.

"You know I haven't had a day of depression since I opened my dairy." Fiona told me.

Walking back up the lane, we drank the milk straight from the bottle, creamy and delicious, whole, complex and satisfying.

Raw milk is milk that has not been pasteurised. Demand is soaring. When Fiona started her Calf at Foot Dairy six years ago there were only 100 producers of raw milk in the UK, now that number has doubled.

Pasteurisation—heating to 71 degrees centigrade—kills most bacteria in milk. When introduced in Britain and America in the 1920s, it stopped the transmission of tuberculosis via milk and became a cornerstone of public health. But homogenisation—a mechanical process to break up fat globules and suspend them in the milk—is simply a way for the dairy industry and supermarkets to turn out a standardised product with a longer shelf life. Most milk sold in Britain is homogenised, a tasteless bastardised emulsion.

Regulatory authorities remain leery of raw milk and caution against drinking it, especially children, pregnant women and old people. In December over 60 people became ill from campylobacter after drinking raw milk sold by a dairy in Cumbria (none were hospitalised). Provan says she is "hygiene paranoid" in her dairy. She keeps her cows "off the muck" with plenty of straw strewn in a mound in the yard, and sluices down their feet so they can't kick up clots of dirt when they come in for milking. The udders are washed with hibiscrub, an antiseptic used in hospitals, and they do a "four squirt test," tasting and checking the milk from each udder for clots that could be a sign of any irregularity. "If it doesn't taste like ice cream it doesn't get bottled." The Food Standards Agency inspects her facilities twice a year and her milk is sent to the National Milk Lab to be tested every two weeks. She says that none of her customers have fallen ill, and "you're more likely to get sick from bagged lettuce than raw milk," but that, as with any food, there are no guarantees.

There is plenty of anecdotal evidence to suggest that non-homogenised milk is less likely to upset the lactose intolerant, and that non-pasteurised, raw milk has more nutrients, but official studies are inconclusive. For Provan, raw milk is a niche that allows her to sell her milk as premium product, ("It costs £3 a litre and is the most expensive in the country!") and keep her herd in a humane and natural way. She is passionate that her cows suckle their calves until their natural weening time. "Otherwise you are drinking milk from a depressed grieving animal." Male calves are slaughtered at eight months and she sells their veal on site. "It's part of the cycle," she said. "Although I'm a vegan in my heart." She has about 35 cows, she likes to keep the older females around even if they can't milk anymore, as matriarchs of the herd.

Last year the dairy made a profit for the first time. But the economics are tenuous. She is a tenant and has had to move her herd three times (one move was crowdfunded), she must pay rent and buy in hay and grass pellets which are "royally expensive." She is happy, her cows are happy and make milk which makes other people happy.

"You can see it in their face when they taste it," she said. "They go quiet and they look at you, almost hypnotised, misty eyed. And I say, 'you were back there, weren't you?' And they nod and say, 'I was a child again, sitting on the bailer with the milk churns.' They can't quite believe that a taste can take them somewhere."

Wine

Barry Smith

Delights of the Douro

When you think of the Douro Valley you probably think of port. The fortified wine is the main product of the terraced vines that grow on the steep slopes above the river. Historic as this association might be, these are no longer the only wines of note coming from the Douro Valley. The last 20 years has seen the growth of impressive reds and whites in this sweltering region. Most notable are the occasionally French-style wines of the Dutch winemaker, Dirk Niepoort.

Niepoort began working for his family of port producers, creating a lighter, fresher style. But his desire to create wines resembling those he admired led him in new directions. It took nerve, self-confidence and considerable amounts of skill, but his winemaking knowledge and command of several European languages have made him an impressive presence in the world of wine.

The results are spectacular. Niepoort is able to mimic the characteristics of Bordeaux, Burgundy and the Rhône by using technique and local grapes. The adventure began with his 1991 Redoma, a Bordeaux-style wine made from Tinta Amarela, Tinta Roriz and Touriga Franca. I tasted this wine with him on a recent visit and it has stood the test of time. Earlier we sampled his tribute to white Burgundy named Coche, after renowned Mersault winemaker, Jean-François Coche of Coche-Dury. The golden richness of the wine with its voluptuous notes of white peach and pear were balanced with a citrus finish, showing the elegance and precision of the best white Burgundies. Yet this was made in the Douro from scarcely known grape varieties such as Rabigato, Códega do Larinho, Arinto and as the notes say, "others." How is it done?

Niepoort uses old vines planted on the slopes at altitudes of up to 700 metres. This allows the vines to cool at night, keeping their acidity and freshness. At the same time, the wine undergoes a long malolactic fermentation in used French oak barrels to develop creamy notes.

The passion Niepoort has for Burgundy is evident but the daring is equally clear. To attempt to make fine Burgundy-like reds and express the ambition with names like Charme is bold, but entirely appropriate. The old vines provide a silky texture, and the long and careful maceration ensures the extraction of fine but elegant tannins. The result is a suave, complex wine with tart acidity balanced with ripe cherry fruit.

Niepoort also has a keen attachment to Riesling, and has planted vines that produce low-alcohol wines that remain full of flavour. Elsewhere, he produces a sweet Riesling Doczil that comes close to some of the finest showings of this grape in the Mosel. Once again, he understands the grape and its best expression; a skill he has repeated again and again for a wide range of grapes and wine styles. His foray into Rhône wine-making is in evidence in a wine from the Maria Izabel estate. The Quinta Maria Izabel Tinto has a nose that suggests a young Croze Hermitage. A core of tart damson fruit leads the palate away from the Rhône. The 2014 Maria Izabel Branco is white Burgundy in all but name; a feat that isn't achieved every year. The 2015 has too strong a honey note to suggest Côte de Beaune. Nonetheless the results are remarkable.

They say that a wine often resembles the personality of the winemaker, generous or austere, opulent or lean. So what is it about Niepoort that we find in his wines? He has a quick, agile mind, and is meticulous in the vineyard and the winery, pushing himself and his team further than they think they can go. The labels range from the intriguing to the irreverent. Cartoonists from different countries have designed storyboards for his perforated postage stamp clusters on the bottles of his Fabulous range, including one wine called "drink me." He is deadly serious about his obligation as a wine maker. His wines challenge and often delight. They are one-offs like the man who made them, a pioneer of fine-quality Douro wines, bound to keep the wine world guessing.

DIY investor

Andy Davis

Cashing in on Defined Benefit

The logic of being a DIY investor is clear: I want to make my own decisions, I have a reasonable sense of my own ability to tolerate risk and I always prefer to put money into investments I have thought through for myself, rather than pay someone else to do the thinking for me.

Well, almost always. Recently, I've seen a series of stories about people who have chosen to cash in final salary pensions that provide a guaranteed, inflation-linked income for the rest of their life (and often their spouse's life as well), in return for a lump sum that they can transfer into a personal pension and draw on as they like. My former colleague Martin Wolf, the *Financial Times*'s Chief Economics Commentator, announced in January that he had done so, largely because of the sum on offer in exchange for giving up his life-long guaranteed income was so large.

The attraction of cashing in so-called Defined Benefit pensions has increased as interest rates have fallen. This is because pension schemes calculate the amount of money required to pay final-salary pensions by looking at the income they will receive from high-quality bonds. The lower the yields on these bonds, the more money the pension scheme will need to invest in them to generate the income they need to pay the pension. As bond yields fall the so-called "transfer value" of these final salary pensions therefore goes up, increasing the sums that must be paid to those who opt out.

But even though these transfer values have become extremely high and I continue to believe it's in my interests to take my own investment decisions, I'm not tempted. It's undoubtedly true that taking a transfer can make a lot of sense in certain circumstances. For example, if you are close to retirement and in poor health, having access to a large amount of cash could well be a better option than a guaranteed income that you might not need for very long. Equally, if you don't have dependents who could benefit from your pension rights after your death, it could make sense to withdraw your money.

But neither of those conditions applies in my case. Instead, I would have to decide what to do with a sum of money that would have to sustain me and my wife for the rest of our days. How would I invest it with the same confidence about the outcome as I would have if it were sitting in a final salary pension scheme? I find that question simply too daunting to answer.

Investing is difficult. The outcomes depend on luck as well as skill. And once you give up a final salary pension promise there is no going back. Reading about those who have taken that step, the aspect of DIY investing that is most important to me becomes clear: the ability to choose which risks I take. A great deal of my family's financial security already depends on my decisions; increasing their exposure is not a risk I'm comfortable with. And in admitting that, I've found the outer limits of my appetite for DIY investment. P

"Someone call the office and see if we can get a fresh carrot"

TANNERS RECOMMENDS

We have championed Douro wines for many years and are delighted to see they are starting to gain more column inches.

Tanners Douro Red 2014

Our Tanners Douro Red epitomises this emerging region, it is deeply coloured with an inviting nose of black fruits and a touch of spice. Smooth ripe cherry and blueberry, with spicy mint and a lovely structure.

£8.95 per bottle
£47 when you buy 6 **SAVING £6.70**

Tons de Duorum White 2015

There are also some stunning whites made in the Douro, this wine has intense tropical and citrus fruit aromas, with floral notes. A refreshing mineral streak balances the palate beautifully.

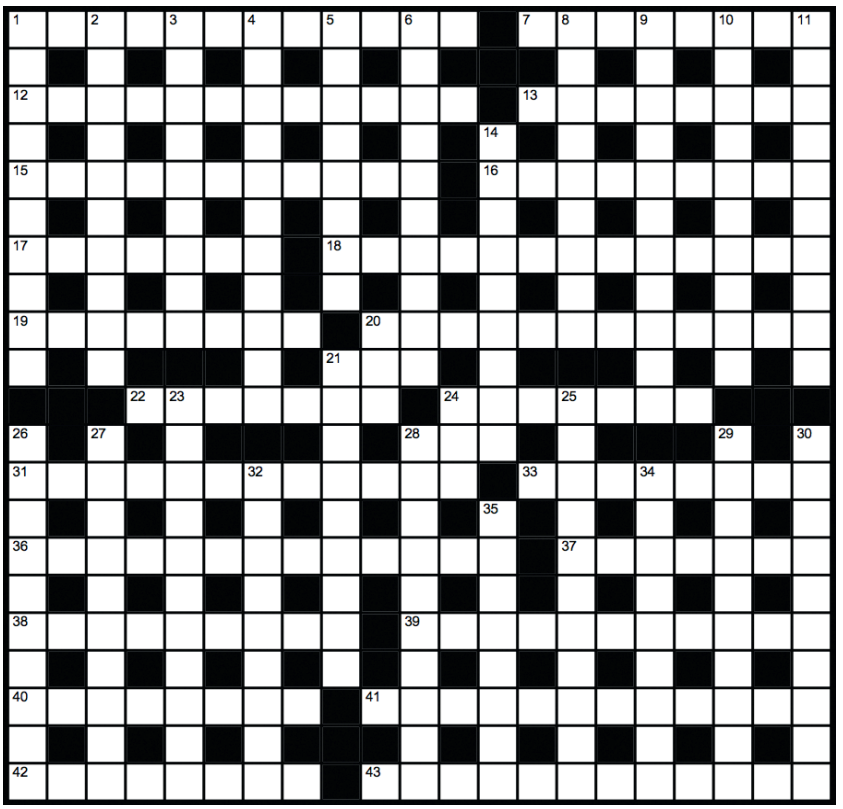
£8.60 per bottle
£45 when you buy 6 **SAVING £6.60**

Please quote **PROSPECT** or enter it at our online checkout to receive these special deals.

To order call 01743 234455 or go online www.tanners-wines.co.uk

Offer expires 31st March 2017.

The generalist by Didymus



ACROSS

1 Things or people of outstanding quality (12)
7 Fountain of Boeotia at the foot of Mount Helicon which imparts poetic inspiration (8)
12 The Flanders Mare (4,2,6)
13 Of a duct or artificially made opening (8)
15 The first immunisation developed against polio (4,7)
16 Chief garrison town and army training centre in Hampshire (9)
17 Milton's "span" (7)
18 The Wisden Cricket Quarterly magazine (13)
19 The 14th century in Italian art (8)
20 Ben Elton's BBC comedy series, starring Rowan Atkinson, set in Gasforth police station (4,4,4)
21 & 20 Down Surname of the novelist who wrote *The Borrowers* (6)
22 Composer of the operas *Saul and David* and *Maskarade* (7)
24 Earth measurement on a large scale (7)
28 & 24 Down A nocturnal South American wild cat similar to an ocelot (6)
31 Inspector Morse's police force (6,6)
33 Instrument placed on the nose of a restless horse to keep it quiet (8)
36 Served with a mixture of simple, seasonal vegetables as a garnish for meat (1,2,10)
37 Irish girl's name which means "dream" or "vision" (7)
38 Official governmental recognition of a consul (9)
39 Gun dog with a flowing silky red coat (5,6)
40 Wherein to find a pansy's love! (8)
41 Tenor stringed instruments with sympathetic strings (6,6)
42 Tortillas fried until crisp and served with beans, minced meat and vegetables (8)
43 The science of the interpretation of Scriptural exegesis (12)

DOWN

1 Baroque mansion, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire (10)
2 Writer of the "Shetland" series of detective novels featuring DI Jimmy Perez (4,7)
3 Third largest city in Tennessee where the Everly Brothers lived during the 1950s (9)
4 Colourless quartz (4,7)
5 Laxative (8)
6 Diatomaceous earth (10)
8 The City of London's only secular stone building dating from before the Great Fire (9)
9 Nickname of the 3rd Foot, nowadays the 2nd Battalion, the Queen's Regiment (11)
10 The Muse of lyric poetry (10)
11 It links Cheriton with Coquelles (10)
14 Principal ferry port of northern Spain and capital of Cantabria (9)
20 See 21 Across
21 Robert Owen's model community, now a UNESCO World Heritage Site (3,6)
23 Dried root used as an expectorant, purgative or emetic (11)
24 See 28 Across
25 US statesman who helped to formulate the Marshall Plan and to establish NATO (4,7)
26 A skilled campaign planner (10)
27 Trifling compositions? (10)
28 Synthetic analgesic which acts like morphine, much used in childbirth (10)
29 Squirrels, in Italian (10)
30 Royal Botanic HQ in Richmond-upon-Thames, another UNESCO World Heritage Site (3,7)
32 Painter of a panoramic view of a town (9)
34 Terrifying vampire in FW Murnau's classic 1922 silent movie (9)
35 The vane of a feather (8)

Last month's generalist solutions

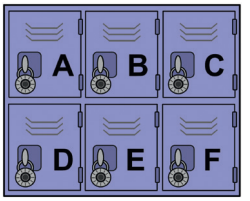
Across: 1 Tír tairnigiri, 8 Gamines, 12 Big Easy, 13 Lapsus linguae, 14 Scapa Flow, 15 *Abide With Me*, 16 *Forsyte Saga*, 17 Abernethy, 18 Ellison, 20 *Killing Fields*, 23 Düsseldorf, 25 Lake Placid, 29 Éamon de Valera, 32 Abysmal, 33 Pensacola, 35 Prolegomena, 37 Bridgewater, 38 May beetle, 40 *Little Russian*, 41 Evejars, 42 Mantuas, 43 Steve Redgrave.

Down: 1 Tabes, 2 Ragman Rolls, 3 Ataraxy, 4 Royal fern, 5 Illywhacker, 6 Implacable, 7 *I Puritani*, 8 Golden eagle, 9 Munnion, 10 Neuchâtel, 11 Scenery, 16 Freddie, 19 Stein, 21 Islay, 22 Sedilia, 24 Diet of Worms, 26 A la normande, 27 Comment ça va?, 28 Vespertine, 30 Munjistin, 31 Anastasis, 32 Acetylene, 33 Pabulum, 34 Angelou, 36 Overegg, 39 Elsie.

Enigmas & puzzles

Phoney statements

Barry R Clarke



Six friends Apple, Babble, Crumble, Dibble, Earwig, and Frizzle each had their own school locker with their initial on it (shown). Someone had stolen Trudge's mobile phone and hidden it in their locker. All six friends knew which one of them had it. When questioned, each made a statement about the location of the missing phone in relation to their own locker position.

(1) Apple said "a column to the right."
(2) Babble stated "this row."
(3) Crumble claimed "a different row and column."
(4) Dibble said "the last column."
(5) Earwig said "not the other row."
(6) Frizzle asserted "a different column."

The problem was, exactly four of them were telling the truth.

Which two were lying?

Last month's solution

The total number of guests at the party is 27.

The calculation can be written as C×A + D×B = E×A + F×B. This leads to (C–E)/(F–D) = B/A which can be used to check alternatives. Since D is greater than A which is greater than F (given), then E must be greater than C for B/A to be positive. Also, neither D, A, nor E can be 1, and neither A, C, nor F can be 6. To produce two different digits A and B, (C–E) and (F–D) must be different. This considerably reduces the number of alternatives, and some experimentation under these conditions reveals that the only calculation that works is 1×3 + 4×6 = 5×3 + 2×6 = 27.

How to enter

The generalist prize

The winner receives a copy of *Red* by Michel Pastoureau. Having already turned his eye to blue, black and green, Pastoureau now presents the fascinating and sometimes controversial history of the colour red.

Enigmas & puzzles prize

The winner receives a copy of *The Vaccine Race* by Meredith Wadman which charts the epic and controversial story of a major breakthrough in cell biology that led to the creation of some of the world's most important vaccines.

Send your solution to answer@prospect-magazine.co.uk or Crossword/Enigmas, *Prospect*, 2 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1H 9AA. Include your email and postal address. Entries must be received by 3rd March. Winners announced in our April issue.

Last month's winners

The generalist: Kevin Jenkins, London
Enigmas & puzzles: David Coward, Bristol

Download a PDF of this page at www.prospectmagazine.co.uk

The way we were

The special relationship

Extracts from memoirs and diaries, chosen by *Ian Irvine*

The war of 1812 between the United States and Britain in fact lasted until 1815. In 1814, after watching the British bombard Baltimore (following the burning of the White House), Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." Its third verse is often now omitted:

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,/That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion/A home and a country should leave us no more?/Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution. /No refuge could save the hireling and slave/ From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

"Hireling" refers to German mercenaries and "slave" to 6,000 freed slaves formed into the Corps of Colonial Marines to fight their former masters. With peace, the US demanded the return of its "property." Britain refused and most slaves settled in Canada. After arbitration by the Tsar of Russia $1.2m was paid in compensation to the slaveowners.

In November 1861, during the Civil War, the Trent Affair threatened war between Great Britain and President Lincoln's government. A Union warship had seized two Confederate envoys en route to London from a Royal Mail ship, RMS Trent. Friedrich Engels wrote to Karl Marx:

"Have these Yankees gone completely crazy to carry out this mad coup? To take political prisoners by force, from a foreign ship, is the clearest *casus belli* there can be. The fellows must be sheer fools to land themselves at war with England."

Public opinion in the North was cock-a-hoop at British humiliation. The Philadelphia *Sunday Transcript* crowed: "If [Britain] has a particle of pluck, if she is not as cowardly as she is treacherous, she will meet the American people on land and on sea, as they long to meet her, once again, not only to lower the banner of St George, but to consolidate Canada with the union."

The *Times* correspondent in Washington overheard the Secretary of State, William Seward, stating that: "We will wrap the whole world in flames."

British public opinion was outraged and Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, wrote to Queen Victoria: "Great Britain is in a better state than at any former time to inflict a severe blow upon and to read a lesson to the United States which will not soon be forgotten."

Plans were made to invade Maine from Canada and blockade Northern ports. But after a stock market crash and a run on the banks, Washington caved in to British demands and the two envoys were released.

"We cling to a phrase with undertones of Churchillian nostalgia"

On 10th May 1940, Winston Churchill became Prime Minister, the day Germany invaded France. His son Randolph came to Downing St and found him nearly naked shaving in a silk undershirt:

"'Sit down, dear boy, and read the papers while I finish.' After two minutes, he turned and said: 'I think I see my way through.' He resumed shaving. I was astounded and said: 'Do you mean we can avoid defeat?' (which seemed credible) or 'beat the bastards?' (which seemed incredible). He flung his razor in the basin, swung around, and said: 'Of course I mean we can beat them.'

'I'm all for it, but I don't see how you can.'

He dried and sponged his face and turning round to me, said with great intensity: 'I shall drag the United States in.'"

On 7th December 1941, Churchill learnt of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. He later wrote:

"Now at this very moment I knew that the US was in the war, up to the neck and in to the death. So we had won after all! How long the war would last or in what fashion it would end no man could tell, nor did I at this moment care. We should not be wiped out. Our history would not come to an end."

In August 1945, the US suddenly ended its wartime Lend-Lease arrangement. To avoid a "financial Dunkirk," John Maynard Keynes went to Washington. He expected a grant in view of the UK's contribution to the war, especially lives lost, before US entry in 1941. A loan was the best that he could obtain. Frederic Harmer, Keynes's assistant, observed:

"The pro-British line always needs defending in this country, the anti-British never… It isn't that there is underlying hostility to Britain; on the contrary there is very great friendliness. But their history starts with the War of Independence and it colours all their thinking. They must be able to show that they haven't been outsmarted."

Another of Keynes's staff noted: "A visitor from Mars might well be pardoned for thinking that we were the representatives of a vanquished people discussing the economic penalties of defeat."

In December 1962, the Skybolt crisis erupted at a US/UK conference in Nassau. The US tried to remove the British independent nuclear deterrent by cancelling the Skybolt missile, promised to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan by President Eisenhower in 1960. The same month, Dean Acheson, former Secretary of State, made a speech at West Point:

"Great Britain has lost an empire and has not yet found a role. The attempt to play a separate power role—that is, a role apart from Europe, based on a 'special relationship' with the US, on being head of a 'commonwealth' with no political structure or unity or strength—this role is about played out...

"Of course a unique relation existed between Britain and America—our common language and history ensured that. But unique did not mean affectionate. We had fought England as an enemy as often as we had fought by her side as an ally."

In 2015 Christopher Meyer, UK ambassador in Washington 1997-2003, observed:

"We cling to a phrase, which, with its undertones of Churchillian nostalgia, sentimentalises a relationship towards which the Americans have always been notably unsentimental. As a very senior State Department official said to me just before Jack Straw's maiden visit to Washington as foreign secretary in 2001, 'if we don't mention the special relationship in our speech of welcome, we know you Brits will go ape shit.'"

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON

PERSONAL MATCHMAKING

Established 1984

Best Customer Service - UKDA 2016

Abi Jude
Senior Matchmaker

+ 44 (0)207 224 1001
www.drawingdownthemoon.co.uk

KEEPING BRITAIN TRADING

ABP's network of 21 ports handle around **100 million tonnes of cargo** every year.

Our ports connect British businesses to global markets and support **84,000 jobs.**

Together, our ports generate **£5.6 billion for the UK economy.**

Hull	Southampton	Port Talbot
Goole	Teignmouth	Garston
Immingham	Plymouth	Fleetwood
Grimsby	Newport	Barrow
King's Lynn	Cardiff	Silloth
Lowestoft	Barry	Ayr
Ipswich	Swansea	Troon

ABP | ASSOCIATED BRITISH PORTS

www.abports.co.uk

Keep in touch