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# WELCOME TO THE NEW WORLD ORDER

It may be better to live under robber barons than under omnipotent moral busybodies. The robber baron's cruelty may sometimes sleep, his cupidity may at some point be satiated; but those who torment us for our own good will torment us without end, for they do so with the approval of their own conscience.

*CS Lewis*

Evil men don't get up in the morning saying 'I'm going to do evil'. They say: 'I'm going to make the world a better place.'

*Christopher Booker*

No it doesn't involve sinister bald men with scars on their faces. Or white Persian cats. Or secret trap doors that drop you into the shark tank. Or deep, exultantly malevolent, echoing laughter that goes "Mwa ha ha ha ha haaa!"

On the contrary, the people who would like to deprive you of your democratic rights, wipe out a sizeable chunk of the global population, destroy Industrial Civilisation, and rule the planet according to their own agenda could hardly be more considerate or nice. They're doing it for all of us, you understand. Because they care. Because, unlike you or me, they have been granted the wisdom to realise that our ailing planet is on a fast track to hell and that only through radical intervention by an enlightened elite can it hope to survive the next millennium.

Or, as Aurelio Peccei once put it:

Phenomenal increases, rapidly approaching critical maxima, are happening in population, pollution, energy release, speed, automation and other areas revolutionised by technology. In the changed dynamics of these interacting factors lie the reasons why mankind is confronted with such an unprecedented complex of explosive problems. But we do not yet seem ready to realise that the time has come to plan and act on a scale and in ways capable of matching the new thrust and threat of events. Considering the situation in these broad and essential terms, we must recognise that very little is being done to redress it and set human fortunes on a sound and reasonable course. [Very] bleak situations will undoubtedly meet us during the next decades, unless a supreme effort is made now to get out of the present global impasse.

Peccei was the co-founder of an obscure organisation called the Club of Rome. If you want to understand how deep green ideology has managed to penetrate so far into modern Western culture, Peccei is your man. Peccei, and yet another man you might well not have heard of called Alexander King.

Peccei, a wealthy Italian industrialist, was an anti-fascist resistance fighter during World War II, captured and nearly tortured to death by the Nazis. Afterwards he worked for Fiat, then Olivetti, where he rose to become president. King was a distinguished Glasgow-born research chemist, who during the war had recognised the insecticidal potential of the moth-balling agent dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane, which he rechristened "DDT" and which went on to be used against lice and mosquitoes. It was a discovery that, as we shall see, he would later regret.

King first contacted Peccei in the mid-1960s, impressed by a speech Peccei had given, which oozed the kind of ecological catastrophism we saw in the previous chapter. On meeting,

they hit it off instantly because they shared a belief system that would form the ideological basis for a shadowy new organisation they decided to call the Club of Rome. These beliefs were:

1. That the planet was getting dangerously overcrowded;
2. That resources were fast running out and must somehow be conserved;
3. That economic growth was the problem, not the solution; and
4. Urgent action needed to be taken, through the creation of some form of pan-global authority, to deal with 1, 2, and 3.

Now it's possible that many of you reading this will share King's and Peccei's belief in the first two propositions. (Though not, I hope, by the time you've finished the next chapter.) Some of you—perhaps in a nostalgic nod to the abundant 90s when it was fashionable to think this way—might even agree with proposition 3. And yes, much though it pains me to imagine it, I expect there will even be one or two among you who aren't totally, one hundred percent averse to the New World Order alluded to in 4.

But it's OK, don't worry, I'm not going to get cross and accuse you of being stupid, muddle-headed, naïve, closet Marxists, or anything like that. All I'm trying to do is show how two men you've probably never heard of—King and Peccei—turned out to be stunningly successful and influential propagandists. Add 1, 2, 3 and 4 together, after all, and what you have is the blueprint for an eco-fascist tyranny so powerful and all-encompassing it makes Nazi Germany look like Mary Poppins' nursery. Yet King and Peccei managed to persuade people like you—and if not you, then definitely many of the people you know, like and respect—all around the Western world that such a belief system is eminently reasonable, sensible and benign.

How? The catalyst was the Club of Rome's first publication, a seminal 1972 book called *The Limits to Growth*, which was re-

markable for at least three reasons. First, it had one of those snappy titles which made you understand the message even if you hadn't read the book: that—duh!—maybe economic growth isn't such a great thing, maybe there should be, like, *limits* to it. Second, it sold at least 10 million copies, making it probably the most successful environmental bestseller ever. Third, it was the first book to make proper use of the eco-lobby's deadliest and most effective terror weapon: the scary computer model.

From a propagandist's perspective, the brilliant thing about computer models is that they can be made to "predict" whatever fantastical scenario you want them to "predict" while yet imbuing the exercise with a plausible but entirely spurious air of scientific authority. Not only are these models highly dependent on the quality of the information you choose to feed into them ("Garbage In; Garbage Out"), but (even today, let alone back in 1972) they are not advanced enough to capture the almost infinitely-layered complexity of the real world.

None of which is likely to have troubled the audience for *The Limits to Growth*. Computers were, after all, the hot new thing. The spiffy flow charts in the book, based on modeling by Professor Jay Forrester of MIT, seemed more than adequate confirmation of the book's thesis: that the planet was incapable of supporting economic and population growth on the scale it had experienced since the war; that therefore modern industrial society must come to an end. Some people knew right away that *The Limits to Growth* was a crock. Among these was John Maddox, editor of *Nature*, who in the same year (1972) published a counterblast called *The Domsday Syndrome*, in which he weighed in against "irresponsible exaggerations which may cause unnecessary public alarm and divert attention from really important problems".

But Maddox was swimming against the tide. The groundwork was done by Carson and Ehrlich; the late Sixties and early

Seventies—with their oil crises, back-to-nature hippie values and drug-induced paranoia—were in any case fertile territory for grand universal theories of environmental apocalypse. With *The Limits to Growth*—perhaps the greatest piece of Seventies fiction this side of “Jaws” or “Chariots of the Gods?”—the Club of Rome established a vital bridgehead in its war on Western Industrial Civilisation.

One of the curious paradoxes about the Club of Rome is that it is at once highly secretive and brazenly transparent. On the one hand, its meetings are all held behind closed doors, with none of its minutes published; on the other, it has a friendly website—complete with remarkable list of distinguished members (see below)—and it regularly publishes books that quite unambiguously promote its doctrines.

Here is the most infamous Club of Rome statement:

The common enemy of humanity is man. In searching for a new enemy to unite us, we came up with the idea that pollution, the threat of global warming, water shortages, famine and the like would fit the bill. All these dangers are caused by human intervention, and it is only through changed attitudes and behaviour that they can be overcome. The real enemy then, is humanity itself.

The bit that comes later is also pretty sinister:

Democracy is not a panacea. It cannot organise everything and it is unaware of its own limits. These facts must be faced squarely. Sacrilegious though this may sound, democracy is no longer well suited for the tasks ahead. The complexity and the technical nature of many of today's problems do not always allow elected representatives to make competent decisions at the right time.

R-i-g-h-t. So what you're telling us, Club of Rome, is that you loathe humankind, that you applaud lying, that you don't be-

lieve in democracy and that you want to impose some kind of New World Order on us all, against our will?

What's weird is that instead of keeping this information hidden in a steel-lined inner sanctum accessible only to acolytes at Operating Thetan level or above, the Club of Rome is happy to lay out its agenda for anyone who's interested. Those quotes come from its 1993 publication *The First Global Revolution*, co-written by Alexander King and Bertrand Schneider—which was freely available in all good book stores and you can still buy online.

These people can't be for real, surely? That was my first reaction when I read those quotes. I thought: "Probably just some obscure bunch of Situationist pranksters. Or one of those crackpot fringe eco-fascist groups that says stupid things to grab everyone's attention but makes no difference to anyone because they've only got about three and a half members."

But you only have to look at the membership list of the Club of Rome and its sister organizations—the Club of Budapest and the Club of Madrid—to appreciate otherwise. If these Clubs are a joke, they must be an extremely high-level and sophisticated. Their membership (full, honorary, associate) includes senior diplomats, ex- and current world leaders, religious leaders, billionaire CEOs, scientists, pop stars, ex-wives of Rolling Stones and environmentalists including: Al Gore, Jimmy Carter, Vaclav Havel, Romano Prodi, Kofi Annan, the Dalai Lama, Jean Chretien, Mikhail Gorbachev, Bill Clinton, Peter Gabriel, Bianca Jagger, Paolo Coelho, Mary Robinson, Deepak Chopra, Daisaku Ikeda, Aung San Suu Kyi, Jacques Delors and not to forget, of course, Guy Verhofstadt, the former Prime Minister of Belgium...

It's possible, of course, that being such busy people none of these luminaries had time to bone up on what the Clubs actually represent. No doubt, too, there was some sort of cosy



gang-joining peer group thing going on. You can imagine Václav Havel saying: “Gabriel’s a member, you say? *The Peter Gabriel*? Bloody hell. *The Lamb Dies Down on Broadway* is my all time *favourite* album. Count me in!” And the Dalai Lama saying: “The ex-Prime Minister of Belgium? You’re kidding? I’ve spent my whole life *dreaming* of meeting the ex-Prime Minister of Belgium.”

There’s also an argument to be made that for all their dubious pronouncements, these Clubs are only talking shops where the great and the good (and their entourages) gather to enjoy agreeable lunches in delightfully civilised old buildings in beautiful cities. They put the world to rights over a glass or two of fine claret, before heading off back to their day jobs—as innocuous as your local Lions or Rotary Club.

And indeed when you read inside accounts of the Club of Rome, that is pretty much the *modus operandi*. “That evening the group was invited to Gvishiani’s suite in the Imperial Hotel in Vienna. He served his favourite fruit vodka,” runs an entirely characteristic sentence from *Memoirs of a Boffin* by J. Rennie Whitehead, who joined the Club in 1970 and attended many of its early meetings. Whitehead’s tone, throughout, is that of an agreeable, easygoing, gentle old cove who just happens to belong to a group of like-minded chums who possess bags of money, the highest level connections and the certain knowledge of exactly what needs to be done to save the world.

Only, the fact that “what needs to be done” involves depriving people of their democratic rights, destroying their livelihoods, preventing them from reproducing and stealing their every liberty seems to bother Whitehead not one jot. There is no apparent malice in him. He simply believes—in the manner of EU *fonctionnaires* and UN bureaucrats and Whitehall mandarins throughout the ages—that “the gentleman from the Club of Rome knows best.”

Discretion bordering on invisibility, power without responsibility were very much part of the original plan. As Whitehead has it:

[The Club of Rome] provided the climate in which new ideas were generated; it catalysed the meeting of researchers with common interests from different countries; it sought out interested funding agencies and helped negotiate funds for the newly-conceived projects; and it provided a forum for discussion and reports on progress. It was by adherence to this brilliantly simple “non-organisation” concept that Aurelio Peccei and Alexander King established and maintained the independence and the stature of the Club of Rome.

The Club of Rome is the Macavity the Mystery Cat of the global green movement. Its invisible paw prints are all over everything, but by the time you get to the scene of the crime, the sinister feline has vanished.

Or has it? Probably the best analysis of the Club of Rome’s tangible effects on global environmental policy comes courtesy of a website called “The Green Agenda”:

While researching [...] and during my academic studies, I have come across many references to the Club of Rome (CoR), and reports produced by them. Initially I assumed that they were just another high-level environmental think-tank and dismissed the conspiracy theories found on many websites claiming that the CoR is a group of global elitists attempting to impose some kind of one world government.

I am not a conspiratorial person by nature and was faced with a dilemma when I first read their reports. But it’s all there—in black and white.

Indeed. Here, for example, is the Club of Rome’s Master Plan—and yes, amazingly, it really does call it a Master Plan—



from its 1974 publication *Mankind at the Turning Point*:

In Nature organic growth proceeds according to a Master Plan, a Blueprint. According to this master plan diversification among cells is determined by the requirements of the various organs; the size and shape of the organs and, therefore, their growth processes are determined by their function, which in turn depends on the needs of the whole organism. Such a 'master plan' is missing from the process of growth and development of the world system. Now is the time to draw up a master plan for organic sustainable growth and world development based on global allocation of all finite resources and a new global economic system.

Note that use of the word "sustainable." By the mid-90s it would become a commonplace, "sustainability" having entered the vernacular of every middle class household as one of those unimpeachably desirable life-goals you could only possibly disagree with if you were the kind of Neanderthal who didn't care whether your tuna fish was caught with skein nets or dolphin-friendly rod and line.

Few people who used the word had any idea of its origin or meaning. But it seemed to embody a multiplicity of equally wondrous concepts including:

- Make-do-and-mend, just like grandma did in the War
- Our marvellous new compost heap which Charlie will insist on peeing on—jolly disgusting if you ask me, but he read somewhere in some magazine that it speeds up the composting process.
- Fish, yes oh-my-god fish: aren't you worried about them? I am. We won't touch cod nowadays. And haddock's even more of a no-no. Unless it's Icelandic, of course, which is a blessed relief because I've tried Charlie out on mackerel and whiting and he's not having it. He says that when he was a child, fish like that were only good for crab bait.
- Chunky-knit, oiled woollen sweaters which will never go

out of fashion and jolly good too because we're so horribly wasteful as a society, don't you think? Me, I'm seriously thinking of giving up fashion altogether. For Lent at least. Though I do rather have my eye on those marvelous new pony skin numbers Emma Hope's doing. And I haven't yet told you about that new Marni coat... (Etc.)

Forgive me if I sound slightly cynical about the "s" word. Problem is, I *do* know what it means and how it entered the language, and I'm afraid it embodies an ideological principle that is far from nice: Sustainable Development.

Yes, Sustainable Development sounds like a good thing too—but that is only because we've been culturally programmed to think that way. We associate it with pleasant notions like wild flower meadows left to flourish and Icelandic waters teeming with cod (unlike the poor, overfished, never-to-be-restored Grand Banks), but in fact its underlying philosophy has much more to do with taxation, regulation and control.

As the Green Agenda website puts it:

It is an all-encompassing socialist scheme to combine social welfare programs with government control of private business, socialised medicine, national zoning controls of private property and restructuring of school curriculum which serves to indoctrinate children into politically correct group think.

This was certainly the context in which Maurice Strong used the "s" word in his role as Secretary-General of the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development when he wrote in a 1991 report:

Current lifestyles and consumption patterns of the affluent middle class—involving high meat intake, use of fossil fuels, appliances, home and work-place air-conditioning, and suburban housing—are not sustainable. A shift is necessary which will require a vast strengthening of the mul-

tilateral system, including the United Nations.

See how easy it is for an innocent word to mutate into something nasty? You thought “sustainability” meant desirable, manageable life-goals like giving your favourite old cardigan another year by patching up the sleeves, or paying over the odds for misshapen organic vegetables. As Strong understands it, however, sustainability is a concept that gives unelected bureaucrats from the UN the right to decide how much meat you eat, how much fuel you use, even how habitable your office is in the sweltering heat of high summer.

And Strong, unfortunately, is closer to the mark than you. That’s because of all the *dramatis personae* in our story—more so than James Hansen, Rajendra Pachauri, Crispin Tickell, Bert Bolin and perhaps even Al Gore—Maurice Strong is the man most responsible for turning the Green agenda into world-changing reality.

Maurice Strong was born in 1929 in Canada during the Great Depression, into a family with strong socialist leanings. His cousin Anna Louise was a Marxist and a member of the Comintern who spent two years in China with Mao and Chou En-Lai at the height of the Cultural Revolution. Her burial in China in 1970 was supervised personally by Chou En-lai. This family connection is partly why Strong enjoys such a close relationship with the current Chinese regime. It was to China that Strong scurried after being implicated in Saddam Hussein’s “oil for food” scandal. He now advises the Chinese government on climate change and carbon trading.

Young Maurice left home at 14 and quickly discovered he had two great gifts—the first for making money (variously as a fur trader, investment analyst, oil company VP, cattle rancher, landowner and most recently, as a carbon trader, all of which have contributed to his enormous personal wealth) and the second for social networking (before the days of Facebook), especially

within the orbit of the United Nations where he first worked in 1947 in New York, as a lowly assistant pass officer in the Identification Unit of the Security Section.

Strong's main interest, however, was—and has been for many years—the idea of global governance by a self-appointed elite. He spotted early on that quite the best way to achieve this was by manipulating and exploiting international concern about the environment. As he once put it: “Our concept of ballot-box democracy may need to be modified to produce strong governments capable of making difficult decisions, particularly in terms of safeguarding the global environment.”

Though it was the Club of Rome that invented the weasel concept of “sustainability”, it was Maurice Strong who made it real. As early as 1972, he chaired the first UN Conference on the Human Environment, which in turn led to his appointment as first director of the new UN Environment Program (UNEP). In 1983, he was handpicked by UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan to serve as a key member on the “World Commission on Environment and Development.” The Brundtland Commission (as it became better known, after its chairwoman, former Norwegian Prime Minister Gro Harlem Brundtland) produced a report called *Our Common Future*. Its central theme will no doubt be familiar:

Sustainable global development requires that those who are more affluent adopt life-styles within the planet's ecological means—in their use of energy, for example. Further, rapidly growing populations can increase the pressure on resources and slow any rise in living standards; thus sustainable development can only be pursued if population size and growth are in harmony with the changing productive potential of the ecosystem.

The idea that began a decade earlier as a twinkle in the eyes of Alexander King and Aurelio Peccei had finally been made

flesh. Few were capable of spotting at this stage that this oh-so-nice-looking, bonnie, bouncing, gurgling babe had a birthmark on its scalp that read “666”. But they might have got an inkling from the next paragraph: “We do not pretend that the process is easy or straightforward. Painful choices have to be made.”

To find out how painful, the world would have to wait till Strong’s report at the May 1992 Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro. This was Strong’s finest hour: the culmination of twenty years’ manoeuvring and positioning. Here, at last, he had gained sufficient clout to be able to persuade 179 nations to surrender their sovereignty by signing up to perhaps the most far-reaching and constrictive code of environmentally correct practice in the history of the world: a document known as Agenda 21.

Taken at face value, though, Agenda 21 is innocuous to the point of dullness—as you can tell from the first paragraph:

1.1 Humanity stands at a defining moment in history. We are confronted with a perpetuation of disparities between and within nations, a worsening of poverty, hunger, ill health and illiteracy, and the continuing deterioration of the ecosystems on which we depend for our well-being. However, integration of environment and development concerns and greater attention to them will lead to the fulfillment of basic needs, improved living standards for all, better protected and managed ecosystems and a safer, more prosperous future. No nation can achieve this on its own; but together we can—in a global partnership for sustainable development.

All sounds jolly agreeable. What kind of killjoy would you have to be not to want “improved living standards for all”, “better protected....ecosystems” and a “more prosperous future”? But then you reach that phrase “global partnership for sustainable development” and your antennae might just start to quiver. Would that be a polite way of saying “One World eco-

fascist government?”

It most surely would. Agenda 21 effectively puts an end to national sovereignty, abolishes private property, elevates Nature above man, and places a host of restrictions on what we've come to accept as our most basic freedoms—everything from how, when and where we travel to what we eat.

This is what Maurice Strong presumably meant in that chilling UN report about “unsustainable” lifestyles. In the bright new future envisioned by Agenda 21, your behaviour will be determined by the diktats of an enlightened elite over which you have absolutely no democratic control. Strong knows some of you might not like it. But if a world government dictatorship is the price we all must pay for saving our planet, then that is what needs to happen. As he admits:

The concept of national sovereignty has been an immutable, indeed sacred, principle of international relations. It is a principle which will yield only slowly and reluctantly to the new imperatives of global environmental cooperation. It is simply not feasible for sovereignty to be exercised unilaterally by individual nation states, however powerful. The global community must be assured of environmental security.

OK—you get the idea. Except some of you still aren't convinced because you're thinking

- a) Agenda 21 sounds way too much like Area 51, the place where “They” keep the bodies of the “Aliens” they found after the “Roswell Incident” in New Mexico, and must consequently be another of those conspiracies only nut jobs believe in. Or,
- b) that if a document signed as long ago as 1992 really were that much of a problem, you'd definitely have heard of it by now. Or,
- c) that no sovereign nation, no matter how many free *caipir-*



*inhas* its representatives downed at the Rio shindig, would have been mad enough to commit itself such a stringent and binding international treaty ... so I must therefore be exaggerating.

Well, I quite agree with you about a): Agenda 21 does indeed sound so villainous it couldn't possibly be for real, but this is just an accidental by-product of bureaucratic literalism. Its name originated simply because it represented an "agenda" for the 21st century. As for b) yes, I'm with you again. It is astonishing how little coverage has been granted to a document right up there in significance with the Declaration of Independence and Magna Carta (though with exactly the opposite effects).

And on c) what you must realise is that Agenda 21 is a wolf in sheep's clothing. The reason governments found it easy enough to sign is because it contains no legally binding obligations. But then, it doesn't need to, for its apparently voluntary codes can be enforced—and *are* regularly, scrupulously enforced—via a mechanism over which sovereign governments have little control anyway: the vast, labyrinthine, democratically unaccountable behemoth that is the United Nations.

One of the great mistakes many of us make with the dear old UN is to view it as an utter shambles of corruption, venality, muddled thinking, needless waste, political correctness and monumental incompetence. In our minds, it's an institution so ineffectual that its blue-helmets could do nothing to stop all those hapless Bosnians being massacred under their noses at Srebrenica. It's so wrong-headed that two of the member states on its Human Rights Commission are Libya and Sudan.

While this analysis is entirely fair and justified, it often leads to the misleading conclusion that the UN is nothing more than a glorified and highly expensive talking shop designed mainly to give Third World kleptocracies, obscure island states, Islamofascistic dictatorships and Banana Republics a slightly smaller

sense of grievance and inferiority.

But that's just the bickering, self-defeating apparatus of the UN General Assembly. There's another, much larger and more extended part of the UN that is considerably more effective and directed, and a lot more dangerous. It comprises bodies such as the Economic Commission of Europe (ECE)—a green activist wing of the UN that uses its \$30 million annual budget to campaign for “rational use of resources and sustainable development”; as well as the International Council of Scientific Unions (ICSU), the World Meteorological Organization (WMO) and the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP)—which between them were responsible for setting up the IPCC.

We have to be careful here. The danger is that, exposed to all these initialled UN offshoots, your eyes will glaze over and you'll drift into complacent indifference. But this, of course, is another of the UN's secret weapons, just as it is one of the European Union's. Either you're committed to the project, fully cognizant of and sympathetic to its aims, or you're so far removed from it that the whole damned thing might just as well not exist. In this way does the UN spread its tentacles, grabbing ever more power for itself and ever more control over your daily life—until by the time you become aware of what it's doing, you've left it far too late to stop it.

To give you a rough idea of the UN's spread, a 2004 UNEP study estimated that the UN system had over the years initiated 60,000 environment-related projects. Over a dozen UN agencies have their own environmental operations. Then there's the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC), a large umbrella group prioritising science and renewable energy, responsible for subgroups including Committee for Sustainable Development (CSD). The CSD, in turn, meets annually to monitor the efficacy with which member states are implementing—yes—Agenda 21.

But really it doesn't need to, for the apparently "voluntary" codes are enforced in such a way as to pass unnoticed by those outside the system. Those within the system include politicians, European Union and UN technocrats, green activists and environmental NGOs. Those outside the system are people like you and me. *We* don't know how Agenda 21 works because we are not meant to know.

This becomes clear in a 1998 UN discussion document, "The Future of Local Agenda 21 in the New Millennium". Here, a man called Gary Lawrence (former Director of the Centre for Sustainable Communities at the University of Washington, Chief Planner in the City of Seattle, and an advisor to the President's Council on Sustainable Development) outlines how best to outfox all those dangerous liberty-lovers who might seek to frustrate the noble work of the United Nations:

Participating in a UN-advocated planning process would very likely bring out many of the conspiracy-fixated groups and individuals in our society such as the National Rifle Association, citizen militias and some members of Congress. This segment of our society who fear "one-world government" and a UN invasion of the United States through which our individual freedom would be stripped away would actively work to defeat any elected official who joined "the conspiracy" by undertaking LA21. So, we call our process something else, such as comprehensive planning, growth management, or *smart growth*.

Note that Lawrence doesn't even try to deny the anti-democratic nature of this "UN-advocated planning process". His sole concern is how best to slip this one-world government agenda under the radar of any pesky concerned citizens. And the best way, he suggests, is through lies, deception and a form of Orwellian Newspeak in which once-innocent words are subverted to promote the controlling agenda of the left.

That phrase “smart growth” is a good example. You hear “smart” employed in its new meaning quite often by environmental propagandists and technocrats these days, as for example, in an interview on BBC Radio 4 in March 2011 with Steve Holliday, chief executive of Britain’s electricity connecting network the National Grid: “The grid is going to be a very different system in 2020, 2030. We keep thinking that we want it to be there and provide power when we need it. It is going to be much smarter than that. We are going to change our own behaviour and consume it when it is available and available cheaply.”

Traditionally “smarter” has tended to mean positive things like “more intelligent”, “better designed”, “sharper” or “quicker”. But not in this context. “The time when consumers were free to use electricity whenever they wanted is coming to an end,” Holliday is basically saying. “Now we must prepare ourselves for a new golden age of environmental righteousness, when power is rationed according to the whim of Big Brother.”

I hope you’re as dismayed as I am by the extraordinary contempt being shown here for the consumer. This guy is supposed to be an enabler: the corporate CEO whose job it is to make sure that customers get all the electricity they want whenever they want it. Yet now he seems to think his primary function is not serve consumers but thwart their desires, to act as a cross between a behavioral policeman and the Soviet commissar in charge of rationing during the next (state-induced) famine. How on earth did we get here?

Well, what you have to remember is that it’s now two decades since Agenda 21 was launched in Rio, three decades since the Bruntland commission advanced the concept of “sustainability”, and four decades since the Club of Rome invented it: more than enough time for those who believe in the Project to act, in true Gramsciite fashion, to infiltrate and take over the system.

Agenda 21 is enforced mainly at the local government level.

Here is how it works:

1. Local environmental activists create a Local Agenda 21 (LA21) lobby group. Spouting the mantra “Think Global, Act Local”, they urge their town/city/district council to sign up to the “voluntary” code of Agenda 21.
2. Often the council agrees, encouraged from within by the kind of “watermelons” who tend to be drawn to careers in “public service”. Around the world, 1,200 districts have signed up—from Finland to Zimbabwe (whose starving, tyrannised people, you might think, have more immediate pressing concerns than, say, introducing a low-carbon, sustainable transport system or greater gender equality in the workplace).

The biggest take-up has been in the U.S., where over 600 districts have signed up. And not just the usual suspects, like Berkeley, California, but even places in traditionally conservative states such as Dallas, Texas. Australia has 127 member councils, from Adelaide and Adelaide Hills through Indigo Shire and Knox City to Willoughby City and Wyndham City. New Zealand has 12, from Christchurch and Dunedin to Waikato Regional Council and Waitakere City Council.

3. The local government signatory is welcomed to the fold of ICLEI—Local Governments for Sustainability, the UN-funded pressure group responsible for promoting Agenda 21. (It was founded as the “International Council for Local Environmental Initiatives” but changed its mission and name in 2003.) ICLEI bestows accolades on the local government—such as its “Star Community Index” rating—for its efforts in advancing the valuable cause of sustainability. In turn, the local government entity can then boast about its achievements in publicity handouts, showing voters how sensitive and caring it is. These ratings also make it far more likely that the local council will receive grants and/or other financial inducements from any number of UN-, EU- or federal and state government-sponsored ini-

tiatives.

4. In return for attaining this shiny new green status symbol, the local council feels honour-bound to promote the "sustainability" agenda it has committed to (at least, on its website). This can take myriad forms: converting public transportation from diesel to biofuels (thereby subsidising corn growers, making food more expensive, and increasing emissions to the environment); issuing fines for incorrect recycling; penalising drivers of 4 x 4 vehicles with higher parking permit charges; and greater restrictions on car use generally. In the U.S. its effects are felt especially through town planning. Zoning regulations are changed to encourage "high-density" housing in town centres and to prevent suburban development on farmland.
5. And there ain't nothing you can do about it.

It's the last part that makes Agenda 21 so scary, of course: the utter lack of democratic accountability. It's a little like returning home after a long holiday to your local church. You discover that it has been decorated with pentacles and that the vicar is now wearing a black cloak and preparing to sacrifice a goat where the altar used to be.

"What's going on?" you ask, in horror. "Well, it's what we all agreed on," says the vicar. "*When* did we agree to all this? No one asked me!" "We put a message on the notice board. We held consultation meetings for anyone who was interested. Did you not get a call from young Damien, on our steering committee? The general feeling was that Christian worship was too old-fashioned, patriarchal and Western for our younger members, and that Satanism was a more vibrant, diverse and inclusive way forward for the community."

"But I want the old church back. I liked the old church!"

"I'd love to help but I'm afraid it's out of my hands. You see, as a signatory of Agenda 666 this church is now statutorily committed to our new code of practice..."



Welcome to the passive-aggressive world of global watermelons—socialism hiding behind the guise of environmentalism. If you disagree with the “consensus” pushed through by the watermelons: tough. It serves you right for being such a freak.

And of course, this is why beneath their smiling, nurturing, consensual façade, the watermelons represent such a ruthless totalitarian outlook. All those zoning regulations, for example, and wildlife corridors—they may appear to be sensible gestures. But what about the interests of the farmers whose land they steal? What about all the property owners whose investment values fall and whose rights are undermined and/or stolen?

As for “eco-friendly” measures such as government-mandated recycling initiatives, and penalties for car use: what about those hard-working council taxpayers who have no objection to their money being spent on schools, street cleaning or regular bin collections—but not unreasonably draw the line at having it spent on policing their levels of ecological correctness? And what about all those people who have considered the evidence, and question the whole premise of global warming?

Sure, there’s a case to be made for some aspects of “sustainability”. But as free citizens, we surely ought to be able to vote for these things, rather than have them foisted on us by a handful of watermelons who know how to game the system.

Yet this is exactly how Agenda 21 operates. While paying lip-service to grassroots “people power”, it circumvents the democratic process entirely. You didn’t vote for all these stringent new rules and taxes; you don’t remember being consulted about them. Yet somehow, these values—which may be alien to everything you believe in—seem to have been absorbed by your local government, as if by osmosis, and now form the basis of policy decisions which will have a major impact on your life.

In an article for the website “Big Government”, James M. Simpson described it well:

In “*Sustainable Development*” [Marxists] have found a magic mantra. It has allowed them to insinuate *all* their socialist fantasies into our legal code, under our noses, with little or no fanfare, scant public debate and graveyard noises from our treacherously AWOL mass media, right down to the local level—*with our permission*.

Let’s be absolutely clear: this “sustainable development” is not the wholesome, cosily innocuous thing a succession of glossy magazine lifestyle articles have persuaded us it is. It is born of the pessimistic *Weltanschauung* (“worldview”) we see in such pieces as Teddy Goldsmith’s first editorial in *The Ecologist*, where he variously describes the human race as “parasites”, a “disease” and “swarming masses”; the *Weltanschauung* that led the Club of Rome to declare in a 1974 report—“Mankind at the Turning Point”—that “the Earth has a cancer and the cancer is Man”; the worldview that enabled Maurice Strong to describe the prospect of billions of environmental deaths as “a glimmer of hope.”

And inextricably bound with this *Weltanschauung* is a very specific belief as to how Earth’s problems must be remedied. Might this involve trying to make everyone wealthier so they can afford to pollute less and are tempted to breed fewer children? Nope. Might it involve making energy cheaper, so that fewer of the world’s poor suffer from fuel poverty? Nope. Might it involve making governments more democratically accountable so that people are freer? Nope. For all those green doom-sayers wedded to a belief in dangerous overpopulation and diminishing resources, the proposed solution is always the same: less freedom, less consumption, higher taxation, more regulation and bigger government.

Now at this point in the chapter, just when you think it can’t get any worse, I want to do the equivalent of the scene in the movie where the camera cuts away from the close up—and you

realise that the outcrop they're standing on is but a tiny promontory of a mountain so high and vast, amid a range so enormous it truly beggars your feeble imagination, utterly transforms your perspective and makes you go: "Wow! The wonders of CGI!"

I'm going to do this by introducing you (just briefly, for we're in danger of conspiracy shock overload here) of just a few more of the big names and organisations involved in promoting exactly the same One World Government agenda.

Let's start with Mikhail Gorbachev. Yes, that's right: dear Gorbby, with the endearing birth mark on his bald pate and the habit of performing folk songs at private fundraising soirees (I've heard him). The same man who did so much make the world a safer, better place when—in happy partnership with Ronnie Reagan and Margaret Thatcher—he helped bring about the end of the Cold War with Glasnost and Perestroika. Well, he's now involved with this conspiracy. Big time.

In 1991, he established the Gorbachev Foundation (motto: "Toward A New Civilisation") as "a think tank whose purpose is to explore the path that global governance should take as mankind progresses into an interdependent global society." Most of his green activism, though, is conducted through another organisation which he founded—Green Cross International (GCI)—which has 31 national affiliates around the world and whose honorary board members include former UN head Javier Perez de Cuellar, actor Robert Redford and media mogul Ted Turner. The organisation's stated mission is to "help ensure a just, sustainable and secure future for all." [Hmm. Now where have we seen that "s" word before?]

Gorbby was also responsible, in collaboration with Maurice Strong, for the Earth Charter (2000). This is a collection of principles—described on Strong's website as "a widely recognised, global consensus statement on ethics and values for a sustainable future" and officially endorsed, natch, by the United Na-

tions—which starts out like a fluffy, New Age wish list (Principle no. 1: “Respect Earth and life in all its diversity”) but which turns out on closer examination to be yet another master plan for global, socialist eco-tyranny.

Principle 10, for example, asks that we “Ensure that economic activities and institutions at all levels promote human development in an equitable and sustainable manner.” Not just that, but also we must: “Promote the equitable distribution of wealth within nations and among nations.” And “Ensure that all trade supports sustainable resource use, environmental protection, and progressive labour standards.” And even: “Require multinational corporations and international financial organizations to act transparently in the public good, and hold them accountable for the consequences of their activities.”

And who will be defining and enforcing these progressive ideals? No one over whom you have any kind of democratic control. That’s because the aim of the Earth Charter is to eliminate national sovereignty and place us all under the control of a single “Earth Government.”

As Gorby himself said in a speech,

One of the worst of the new dangers is ecological....Today, global climatic shifts; the greenhouse effect; the “ozone hole”; acid rain; contamination of the atmosphere, soil and water by industrial and household waste; the destruction of the forest; etc. all threaten the stability of the planet... I believe that the new world order will not be fully realised unless the United Nations and its Security Council create structures... authorised to impose sanctions and make use of other measures of compulsion.

This is made explicit on the website of Dr. Robert Muller, former UN Assistant Secretary General, who declares, in the course of several long, imaginary dialogues between himself, God and Earth:

Please stand up, delegates of the world, hold each other's hand and let us swear together that we will accomplish this historical miracle before it is too late: to save this Earth, to save humanity with a new world order. All the rest is secondary. Let us strengthen and reform the United Nations into a United States of the World or a World Union like the European Union.

All of which would be easier to dismiss as the kooky ramblings of an eco-nut of no consequence if Dr. Muller hadn't been responsible for drafting and overseeing vast swathes of UN environmental policy. He is founder of the United Nations University of Peace (which he sited on a mountain in Costa Rica in honour of an ancient prophecy) where the original Earth Charter document is kept in a specially constructed "Ark of Hope", painted with panels representing the flora and fauna of the world "as seen through the images of the world's traditional artists."

Besides the Earth Charter, the Ark contains over 1,000 "Temenos Books" —handcrafted books "made by artists, schoolchildren, and citizens around the world, expressing their individual and collaborative prayers and affirmations for Earth." These regularly tour the world's schools and universities, spreading the message of a "just, sustainable and peaceful society."

Not only does the New Age religion of the New World Order have its own Ark, but also its own Tower of Babel. Or, if you prefer, its Rosetta Stone. It's called the Georgia Guidestones, and comprises five mighty granite slabs, each nearly twenty feet tall, that were created in 1979 at the behest of an "elegant gray-haired gentleman", Robert C. Christian (operating under a pseudonym). At first, Christian wasn't taken seriously by the local contractor he commissioned for the job. But when he mentioned that money was no object and produced his first cheque for \$10,000, all of this changed.

Since their erection on a hilltop in the U.S. state of Georgia in

1980, the Georgia Guidestones have attracted a deal of controversy. Given the “ten commandments” that are inscribed on the slabs, in eight different languages, this is not altogether surprising. The first, for example, gently hints that the majority of the human population should be culled:

MAINTAIN HUMANITY UNDER 500,000,000 IN PERPETUAL BALANCE WITH NATURE.

Even when the stones were erected in 1980, to fulfill this injunction would have entailed killing eight out of every nine humans. Today, it would involve executing closer to 12 out of 13. Not, of course, that the Guidestones put it quite so crudely. But you can guess their ideological bent from one of the other commandments: “BE NOT A CANCER ON THE EARTH” says one. Hmm. Now where have we heard that phrase before?

Among those who have been fingered as the mysterious “elegant gray-haired gentleman” is the media mogul Ted Turner. This seems unlikely. If he had grey hair in 1980, he’d surely be older than Turner is now. But the message of the Guidestones certainly chimes with Turner’s own deep green ecological views, particularly regarding the human race. “A total world population of 250–300 million people, a 95 percent decline from present levels, would be ideal,” Turner once famously said, having apparently temporarily forgotten that with five children of his own, he has done more than most to contribute to the “problem”.

Presumably that means he’d get on like a house on fire with the Duke of Edinburgh, who—in a foreword to a book called *If I Were an Animal*—wrote: “In the event that I am reincarnated, I would like to return as a deadly virus, in order to contribute something to solve overpopulation.” Perhaps too, Turner would have found a kindred spirit in the late Alexander King (who besides co-founding the Club of Rome, you’ll recall, was the man who popularised the use of DDT as an insecticide during the war). In his memoirs, King confided somewhat chillingly: “My



chief quarrel with DDT in hindsight is that it has greatly added to the population problem.” Yeah, Alexander. You and Rachel Carson both.

You’ll find quotes like this repeated endlessly on the internet, as often as not on conspiracy sites warning of the coming New World Order. This, of course, makes it much, much easier for their significance to be downplayed by green opinion-formers in the mainstream media: “Oh you don’t take that kind of thing seriously, do you? It’s just a bunch of 9/11 Truthers and Alex Jones nuts and right-wing fruitcakes, indulging in their c-r-azee conspiracy theories.”

So before we close this chapter, I’d like to address this issue in more detail. Perhaps we should start by trying to decide what, exactly, is a conspiracy theory. I quite like the definition offered by (green MSM opinion former) David Aaronovitch in his conspiracy-theory-debunking book *Voodoo Histories*. Aaronovitch says that a conspiracy theory is “the attribution of deliberate agency to something that is much more likely to be accidental or unintended.”

What’s useful about this definition is that it expresses proper contempt for many of the more idiotic urban myths of our time such as the one—which prompted a time- and money-wasting official inquiry—that Diana, Princess of Wales, did not really die as a result of an unfortunate car accident in a Parisian tunnel, but was bumped off by MI5, perhaps on the orders of the Royal Family, because she *knew too much* or she was secretly pregnant with Dodi Fayed’s illegitimate Muslim love child or...

Well, it’s a nonsense and was obviously a nonsense from the start. The British Royal Family hasn’t been in the business of bumping off awkward members for at least four centuries. The intelligence services are so hamstrung by political correctness these days they’re not even allowed to do “wet jobs” on evil, vicious enemies of the state, let alone well-loved and beautiful English princesses. And just suppose she had been pregnant

with Dodi's love child (which the inquest showed she wasn't): what would it have mattered, when the succession to the throne had long since been decided with the births of Princes William and Harry?

Sure, a deeper investigation might have been merited had it emerged that the brakes of the Princess's car had been tampered with, or that traces of ricin had been found in her body, or someone suddenly noticed on taking her to hospital that there was a huge stiletto between her shoulder-blades with Prince Philip's crest on the haft. But none of this transpired. Instead what emerged fairly quickly was that the driver of her car was drunk, that the car was going very fast when it crashed, that Princess Diana had chosen not to wear her seat belt: all indications, any reasonable person might conclude, that this was very much a case of cock-up, not conspiracy.

But just because conspiracy theories tend by nature to be more convoluted and less immediately plausible than the alternative explanation doesn't mean that they're all untrue. This is where Aaronovitch's definition—and his book too, for that matter—falls down. Built into it is a metropolitan liberal's sneery assumption that conspiracy theorists are all deeply deluded, socially inadequate, mostly sinister right-wing whackos, and that conspiracy theories never turn out to be conspiracy fact because, well, they just don't.

So where does that leave this chapter? Is it all just smears and innuendo? Did I pick as many big names as I could find on the internet—Mikhail Gorbachev! Robert Redford! The Dalai Lama! The ex-Prime-Minister of Belgium!—then trawl for a few scary quotes and loony-tune websites, and join the dots in a random way so as to concoct an entirely spurious web of intrigue?

I wish.

Look, when I began researching this book, I thought it was going to be about Climategate and global warming—not some

massive international plot to destroy Western Civilisation and replace it with a grisly New World Order based on rationed resources, enforced equality and the return of the barter system. The last thing I'd choose would be for such a conspiracy to exist because a) the thought is so depressing and b) it would run the risk of undermining the rest of my argument, by characterising me—at least in some readers' eyes—as a paranoid nutjob.

Unfortunately, though, the weight of evidence was against me. So brazenly open are the leading ideologues of the green movement about their plans for a New World Order, I'm not even sure that the word "conspiracy" properly applies. When you think of a conspiracy, you think of something clandestine, underground, hidden. But these "conspirators" are happy to shout their intentions from the rooftops. Whether it's Maurice Strong on his road to Rio, John Holdren calling for the "de-development" of the United States or Britain's Tyndall Centre urging a "managed recession"; whether it's a Friends of the Earth campaign leaflet, or a Club of Rome policy document, or a report published by the UN-sponsored Commission on Global Governance, the message that emerges is always the same. Economic growth must be reined in, resources rationed, personal liberties curtailed, wealth redistributed, private property abolished and a new era of—yes—"global governance" by experts and other unelected bureaucrats be ushered in. You don't need to be a conspiracy theorist to believe in the green movement's master plan for a New World Order: only to possess the basic ability to read and listen.

This is why I find it hard to be sympathetic when, say, a figure of the stature of the Prince of Wales flies with his entourage to Rio to tell a conference of businessmen that "We have only 100 months left to save the world from Climate Change". Or when, a few months later, he boards his biofuel-powered royal train to tour Britain, lecturing his future subjects on the need to

live “sustainably.”

It was just this kind of well-meaning idiocy that prompted me to write a catty denunciation of my future king in the *Spectator*. Like one of his predecessors Aethelred the “Unready”, I argued, Prince Charles is “unraed” — Anglo Saxon for “ill-advised”. But more than that he is spoiled, petulant, irresponsible and thick.

Not all my readers agreed. Some of the criticisms I got were pure snobbery — on the lines of “Who are you, you disgusting little oik, to be calling our future King a prat?” Others were on the similarly predictable grounds that Prince Charles is a nice, well-meaning chap, doing his best, and if he wants to talk about preserving scarce resources, and reducing carbon footprints and living more sustainably, well what’s wrong with that?

What’s wrong with it is that there are no-half measures in the modern green movement. To join it simply because you like trees, flowers and birdsong is the rough equivalent of joining the Nazi party in the mid-Thirties just for the smart uniforms, restaurant discounts and more efficient train time tables. Which is to say that the eco-fascistic elements are *not* optional extras. The anti-capitalism, the hatred of economic growth, the curtailment of personal liberty, the disdain for the human race, the yearning for a one-world government of rule by “experts” — these are all as integral to watermelons as *Lebensraum* and extermination camps were to Nazism.

I’m sure that the Prince of Wales, Ted Turner, Robert Redford, Leonardo DiCaprio, Deepak Chopra, Cate Blanchett and the rest of the green movement’s long, long list of celebrity useful idiots are awfully nice people once you get to know them. And I’m sure they have the very best of intentions. But I’m afraid the time has long since passed when ignorance or naivety could in any way excuse their support for so thoroughly malignant a cause.

In its self-righteous eagerness to save the world, the watermelons are ideologically committed to the path most likely to destroy the world. That's not nice. That's not caring. That's pure insanity.

