HERE was the prettiest advertisement in this paper this week. It showed a fantastical pink castle with blue turrets set against a deep pink sky. "Imagine . . . " it said. "Imagine what it would be like if Disneyland was right here in Europe ... Just a dream?" Not just a dream: just an irresistible offer to become a shareholder in Euro Disneyland. To hell with being an H<sub>2</sub>Owner.

Who would not rather own a

whisker of Mickey Mouse? Anyone who has been to Disneyland knows that the place is less a dream machine than a device for extracting money. Even the sanest people leave in Minnie Mouse T-shirts or wearing hats with Goofy ears. The boredom of snaking in those endless queues can only be alleviated with candy and popcorn and ice cream. And the mistaken idea that the rides are free the cost of entry for three of us more than two years ago was

## A vote against pink-castellated Disneyfication

\$90 (£60 even at today's rates) -leads to crazed behaviour.

Hysterically sobbing children are forced on to rides as night falls because parents are determined to wrest every drop of pleasure from their outlay. For future shareholder this suggests profits as glittering as Tinkerbell's trail.

For a moment I was tempted. Then reason took over. Not only do I find the place sinister, think the very concept of Disneyland is a threat to civilisation as we in Europe know it. Forget the pink turreted castles and the power of the word "imagine". Disneyland is not about imagination and adventure at all. It is about control.

I learnt this when I went straight to Californian Disneyland from Boston. In Boston we

had marvelled at the stunning column of glass in the New England Aquarium that encloses a coral reef. The reef swarms with hundreds of spectacular fish. As we stood pressed against the glass, sharks and rays seemed to whirl about our heads in hungry perpetual motion.

In Disneyland there is a ride called something like 20 Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. You go in a submarine beneath the aquamarine waters of a clear coral-reefed lagoon. Fresh from our experience in Boston, we looked down at the red and golden coral in the blue water and queued eagerly for another glimpse of tropical magic.

What we got was sinking disappointment. We found ourselves face to face with a plaster fish on a piece of wire. Now the

## CHANGING TIMES

Lesley Garner

creators of Disneyland may declare this was not a rip-off because they never pretend anything in Disneyland is real. Indeed, as far as I can see, they go to enormous lengths to see that it is not.

Fake pirates yo-ho-ho at you in Pirates of the Caribbean (apparently Michael Jackson's favourite ride). Fake elephants squirt water over themselves in the lakes. Nevertheless, presented with a plaster fish hovering on a length of wire, I defy anyone not to feel that they have been had.

Avoidance of reality in Disneyland is as whole-hearted as the pursuit of the Holy Grail. It is a bastion of the family outing, and, on the days I was there, much appreciated by nuns. There is much to admire. There is no litter, no alcohol, no

unpleasantness. Americans who go to Disneyland escape from the squalor of motorised urban living. Their towns are approached by miles of motels, petrol stations and fast food joints. In Disneyland they find Main Street, just as grandpa knew it, except that

cute shops sell Mickey Mouse T-shirts and the Disneyland parade, with its maddening tune, regularly stomps along it, followed by cheery sweepers to

No dirt is allowed on a Disneyland street. Peter Pan may have said that to die would be an awfully big adventure but for terminally ill American children the adventure is a known quantity. In the last stages of their illness they get taken to Disneyland. It is the nearest place to Paradise that America knows.

Only a sour person could object to this, you might say, but in Europe we still have some of the real magic that Disneyland can only caricature.

There is something totalitarian about the unrelenting imposition of this vision. The plaster

fish, the puppets, the mechanical elephants are preferred to the real thing because they can be controlled. So can the people. The crowd control in Disneyland is awesome. Visitors are so snaked about that they never comprehend the real despairing length of their queue.

The writer Bill Bryson, in his very funny new book The Lost Continent, encountered the same queuing phenomenon in colonial Williamsburg. "I don't think I had ever seen quite so many people failing to enjoy themselves," he wrote. "The glacial lines put me in mind of Disney World, which was not inappropriate since Williamsburg is really a sort of Disney World of American history."

was the lobotomising effect of

cess I call Disneyfication. Disneyfication leads in America and why not in Europe - to small, preserved ghettos of cloying cuteness while the rest of the world goes hang. What does it matter what becomes of our world as long as there is

this unreal experience, the pro-

Bryson hit it on the nail when he said: "You would think the millions of people who come to Williamsburg every year would say to each other, 'Gosh, Bobbi, this place is beautiful. Let's go home to Smellville and plant lots of trees and preserve fine old buildings.' But in fact that never occurs to them. They just go back and build more parking lots and Pizza Huts."

So I am not sending for a Euro Disneyland "mini prospectus". I am voting against the ghettoisation of magic and What Bryson also observed for keeping imagination in the real world, where it belongs.

## Saving the Earth..and making money

Julia Hailes is a green 'realo' who advises business on how to be environment friendly. Nicola Tyrer reports

TN GERMANY there are two types of greens - the "rea-L los" and the "fundies". "The fundies are the purists who believe the only way to save the Earth is to dismantle industry. The realos' approach is to persuade industry to work with the environment. Of course

the realos are winning." The speaker is Julia Hailes. Twenty seven years old, a company director, home owner in well-heeled Holland Park, and co-author of the best-selling Green Consumer Guide, Hailes, who plays bridge and has been known to roller-skate to work, is as realo as they come.

It is a team Hailes is delighted to join, in spite of a scathing attack by fundies in the latest issue of the Ecologist. The magazine claims that, far from building bridges between environmentalists and big business, Hailes and her fellow thinkers, whom it derides as green yuppies or "guppies", have "delivered the green movement into the lap of the industrialist".

Hailes, whose Green Supermarket Guide comes out at the end of September, is unrepentant about nailing her colours to the mast of green consumerism. She is scornful of what she regards as the "holier than thou" stance of the other team.

"For them it's all or nothing. They see the dismantling of capitalism as the only solution, and insist that people must consume less. We believe in campaigning for products that are less damaging to the environment, but we accept that people are still going to want to buy things.

"The fundies believe in a few people doing a lot. We want a lot of people doing something. Which is going to benefit the Earth more, 50 million people switching to more energy-efficient washing machines and using environment-friendly washing powder, or one person

giving up her washing ma-

The Green Consumer Guide topped the best-seller lists for six months, and has made a tidy sum for Julia Hailes and coauthor John Elkington. Much of this has gone into setting up Sustainability, Britain's first environmentalist consultancy. Sustainability earns its money advising companies on how to modify their products so that they inflict less harm on the environment and on how to

acquire a greener public image. In the light of recent findings by Mori, the opinion poll people, that the average shopper is prepared to pay up to 10p in the pound for environmentfriendly products, this is obviously a nice little earner. It

'The fundies believe in a few people doing a lot. We want a lot of people doing something

could also be the source of the other side's hostility: Julia Hailes and her colleagues are unrepentantly Thatcher's children - ambitious, conformist, with a well-developed respect for success and the cash it brings.

Fundies tend to operate from grimy 19th-century offices adorned with the artwork of the protest industry; Sustainability's minimalist Holland Park HQ, on the other hand, dazzles the visitor with the light that streams through the architect-

designed glass roof and the variety of its hardware. The fundies are usually Left-of-centre and vote for the Green party. Julia Hailes believes the only way is to enter mainstream politics. She herself inclines to the

The opposition may argue that green capitalism is a contradiction in terms. But there is something disarming about Julia Hailes's candour. "The fundies say we are only interested in making money. That's not true. I want to save the Earth and make money. Besides, the industrial clients we advise would not regard us as very businesslike if we offered our advice for nothing.'

The biggest problem for the reader of her guides is understanding how Hailes and Elkington retain their impartiality when assessing the greenness of companies which after all are their clients. Hailes insists that this is not a problem.

"In our supermarket guide we are not lambasting anyone, not trying to get shoppers to boycott any particular company. We believe it is far more effective to be positive; to go to companies and tell them 'These are the steps you can take to make your product less harmful to the environment and if you take them there are commercial returns to be made."

If there is a divergence between preaching and practice - where, for example, companies build supermarkets out in the country while stating that they prefer urban renewal, the guide will not shrink from noting the discrepancy.

As evidence that their approach works, Hailes cites Varta batteries. Six months ago the company enjoyed less than a one per cent share of the grocery trade for batteries. Since banning mercury and cadmium and spending money on letting this be known, that share has



Portrait of an optimist: 'Look how fast CFC aerosols have disappeared,' says Julia Hailes

increased to more than 13 per cent. AEG, which is in the vanguard of producing more energy-efficient washing machines and dishwashers, reports a one third increase in sales over the same period last year.

Unlike many of the fundies, Hailes radiates optimism. "Who would have thought that consumers would not want chlorine bleached dioxin residue in their paper products? Look how fast CFC aerosols have disappeared."

Her optimism stems, one suspects, partly from her personality. A jolly, confident girl, she has the kind of healthy prettiness you associate with the captain of the school hockey team - and the slightly bossy manner that often goes with it. As she discussed environmental matters in the Holland Park wine bar where we met I was uncomfortably aware that the trio having a relaxed lunch at the next table felt drowned out.

"I was 21 before I got a proper job," she says. Between leaving boarding school and committing herself to a job, she moved between the contrasting spheres of Third World peasants and nicely brought up Sloanes; alternating extended stays in Central and South America with a Cordon Bleu cookery course, a stint selling

peted as improvement for the teddy bears in Harrods and a garret flat in Paris. exploitation by outsiders." Her job was in the informa-

tion department of a prominent advertising agency. She attributes how she feels now to a combination of what she saw in the Third World and what she learnt in advertising.

"I stayed on a farm in the rainforest. There was a lot of development going on along the coast. There was a total lack of planning, there were sewage disposal problems, you could see the problems it was bringing ... What was being trumpeasants was quite patently

Advertising, says Hailes, taught her techniques that have proved invaluable in her selfappointed task of getting industry to listen to the green voice. "It taught me how to research facts and to recognise the importance of image and perception; how important it is to get people on your side."

This is a lesson she feels the fundies have yet to learn. She met Elkington through an environmentalist foundation called

Earthlife, of which he was a trustee. When this closed Elkington, Hailes and another green decided to stay on and create Sustainability. The original trio has now swollen to

The Green Supermarket Guide presents a league table of greenness which contains plenty of surprises. Waitrose, seen by many enlightened shoppers as beyond reproach, turns out to be the only store too grand to fill in Hailes's questionnaire on attitudes and pol-

Picture: TONY PRIME other hand, sent a man out to Brazil to ascertain that its imported beef was not being reared on deforested land. The company has also taken on a man whose sole responsibility is to advise on environmental

This, says Hailes, is a sign of the times. "Last year they told us that as far as their customers were concerned, quality and convenience were the key factors. What made them move was the fact that after Green Consumer Week people poured in asking for things that were environment-friendly."

As evidence that the message is reaching the food industry, she cites the fact that two companies win the guide's top fivestar rating. Last year no-one won the accolade. She refuses to reveal their names before publication, but Tesco and Safeway seem to crop up regularly as goodies in her conversation with recycling facilities for glass and plastic containers and a wide choice of organic products in all stores. Sainsbury's, on the other hand, where Hailes had been shopping before we met, seemed less enlightened.

"I was staggered at the amount of unnecessary packaging they still go in for; processed cheese, with each slice individually wrapped in plastic; obnoxious boil-in-the-bag rice, pots of moisturiser in individual boxes."

In a green world some products would disappear altogether. Top of Hailes's list come air fresheners and aerosols in general. "The propellant takes up one third of the can, the can is non-recyclable. Where butane is used, they are highly flammable and contribute to

We could also do without batteries. "They take 50 times more energy to make than they provide. Using the mains is far more energy-efficient."

☐ The Green Supermarket icy. Marks and Spencer, on the Guide, Victor Gollancz, £4.99

## Morals and Maud in the garden

RE YOU Trollope?"
beamed a jolly, buxom Lady of middle years and deep voice. "I'm Folio. Isn't it

A pale, bespectacled young gentleman agreed that he was, indeed, "Trollope". Above him hung an early 19th-century portrait of a rake with flaming hair, raised collar and a red nose.

The two had arrived on Monday at the National Portrait Gallery for a Victorian evening titled Marbled Halls and Marbled Busts. It had been organised by the gallery with the Trollope and Folio Societies.

The Trollope Society, founded two years ago for devotees of the Victorian novelist Anthony Trollope, enjoys year, in the Reform Club library, it hosted a lecture called evening.

Soirées of 19th-century American literature and music have been held at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, DC, but this, declared the gathered company, was a first for London.

us. A glorious hall, it is crammed with portraits but dominated by two large tableaux by Sir George Hayter. One shows the reformed House of Commons in 1833, the other the divorce trial of Queen Caroline in 1820. Gold-painted chairs were arranged in an arc before two lecterns and a piano. When the performers entered they were greeted with the sort of crunchy applause one hears at

English county cricket festivals. The readings, taken from

Trollope's 48 novels, were given



Double entendre: Anthony Trollope is 'escapist stuff'

double entendres. Earlier this by Miss Sue Bradbury, editorial director of the Folio Society, and Mr John Letts, founder of Business and Bosoms: Some the 2,500-strong Trollope Soci-Trollopian Concerns. It was ety. She wore a scarlet skirt and packed out, as was Monday high-necked white top with a choker, tails, magenta cravat and a pair of specially-grown, grey, mutton chop whiskers. It evoked Dr Arnold of Rugby.

Between each reading was a musical interlude. Baritone Mr David Kirby-Ashmore, also in tails, burst with such vigour into The Regency Room awaited his opening number that one elderly lady's pince-nez popped off her nose in astonishment. This was MacDermot's War

> jingoism: We don't want to fight but by jingo if we do We've got the ships, we've got

Song, which gave us the word

the men, and got the money Other songs included Alice, Where Art Thou?, For Old Times' Sake, and the splendidly mawkish Shall I Be An Angel, Daddy? There was also the

fruity Come Into The Garden,

Maud, whose own double meaning was demonstrated by Marie Lloyd. She, of the opinion that licentiousness exists only in the mind of the audience, once sang the song to a bench of magistrates, with all the sly innuendo at her command. She turned it into the bluest of ballads. Are these the Victorian morals Mrs Thatcher would have us

Mr George Pazzi-Axworthy, a Lincoln's Inn solicitor, was enjoying the evening's social satire. "It has been said Trollope is a male Jane Austen. He was popular during the last war. It is escapist stuff." Elegant, and sprightly at 67, Mr Pazzi-Axworthy had been one of the first to arrive for the evening, and with his wife Eira had bagged the best front row seats. He gave me that most Victorian of vade-mecums, a personal

sional one", he stressed. Although few people in the room knew each other - no cliquey Bloomsbury gathering,

calling card. "Not my profes-

this - there was much common courtesy and chat. During the song See Me Dance The Polka (chorus: "a rollicking, rumping polka is the jolliest fun I know"), strangers turned to each other, grinned, tapped their toes and swung imaginary conductors' batons.

American accents were heard. Ms Lorraine Wood, 38, a native of New Mexico, had come with her husband Simon Nichols, 37. Ms Wood, a professional baroque oboist, enthused: "I love Trollope's humour, the way he pokes fun at the English middle classes."

Mr David Barter, 27, a chef from Hatfield, was alone. A former corporal in the Catering Corps, he joined the Folio Society in 1981. "I came here for an evening's entertainment," he said, fiddling nervously with a bright bow tie. "Not many of my friends come to this sort of thing, but I wanted to see what

Ten years ago, one suspects, an evening of Victorian readings and songs would have attracted but a handful, and the organising society would have lost money. With 150 tickets sold at £12 each, Monday evening will have made a modest profit, and given a temporary cocoon of Victoriana, gently self-mocking.

Furthermore, and unlike the theatre, it ended at the agreeable hour of 8.45 pm. Time, therefore, for a light supper at Mr Brunel's Great Western Hotel beside Paddington terminus, before alighting on the quick train back to Barset.

☐ The Trollope Society can be contacted on 01-720 6789

Quentin Letts

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