

## Sainsbury joins shops rebellion

# Ministers refuse to act against Sunday traders

BY NICHOLAS WOOD AND ROBIN YOUNG

THE government yesterday rejected demands that it should act against stores flouting Sunday trading laws, but it promised to bring forward plans to reform the 1950 Shops Act.

Sir Patrick Mayhew, the Attorney-General, provoked furious protests when he told MPs that he would not intervene as it was "the responsibility of local authorities to decide their own course of action".

His refusal to act also drew condemnation from Marks & Spencer, which will remain closed on Sundays. Clinton Silver, its deputy chairman, said: "We had been hoping for a strong lead from the government either to condemn the law-breaking or to suspend the relevant section of the relevant act for the Sundays before Christmas to allow shops to open legally."

Sir Patrick announced his decision as Sainsbury, the biggest supermarket chain in

Britain, said it would join the movement led by Safeway, Asda and Tesco by opening 175 of its larger stores on three Sundays before Christmas. Gateway, also said it would open more stores on Sundays next month.

Angela Rumbold, the Home Office minister, pointedly refrained from condemning Sunday opening, but commended companies that intend to abide by the law. "I do not condone the plans of some major retailers to open their shops on Sundays before Christmas."

She said intensive talks had been held with interested bodies to discuss trading laws reform, but "at this stage the common ground is limited". The uncertainty over European Community law had also clouded the issue. "It is," Mrs Rumbold said, "our intention to bring forward proposals for reform once the legal position is clear."

Conservative, Labour and

Liberal Democrat MPs accused the big stores of trying to bully the government into abandoning existing laws. They also claimed that cash donations to Conservative party funds lay behind the government's refusal to act.

Stuart Randall, Labour's frontbench spokesman, said the government's "grossly irresponsible" stance would force others to break the law. "The government isn't going to enforce the law and that has serious implications for our democracy... Its policy is being dictated by certain large companies and there is some concern that some of those large companies are substantial donors to the Conservative party."

Sir Michael Neubert, Tory MP for Romford and a former minister, said that an attempt at large-scale law-breaking would have serious implications for the government. "It is imperative the law is enforced."

Sir Patrick said that the uncertainty surrounding the 1950 Shops Act and undertakings he would have to give to pay damages if he lost in the courts had made him decide that it was inappropriate for him to seek civil injunctions against traders.

The law was not, however, being suspended. "Local authorities can continue to apply for injunctions, more over any trader who trades on Sunday relying only on the present uncertainty remains liable to criminal proceedings," he said. "The enforcement of the law is a matter for me alone as the Attorney-General... not for the government."

Sir Patrick said that the House of Lords had acknowledged that the law was uncertain because of an apparent conflict between the Shops Act and Article 30 of the Treaty of Rome. The question has been referred to the European Court.

No local authority contacted yesterday was planning to take court action against stores. Cleethorpes borough council said, however, that it would investigate any complaints received from the public. The Association of District Authorities said that the law was unenforceable in its current state. The appeal court has ruled that local authorities taking out injunctions must bear responsibility for losses should they lose. The matter will be considered by the Lords next week.

Leading article and Letters, page 17



## Major rejects timetable on EC integration

By PHILIP WEBSTER AND IAN MURRAY IN BONN

JOHN Major accepted last night that he might have to go to the brink to secure a deal at Maastricht amid signs of deepening difficulties in his talks with European Community leaders.

In talks in Rome and Bonn with Giulio Andreotti and Helmut Kohl, the prime minister made plain that he would not go along with any plan for a binding timetable that committed Britain to automatic moves to European integration in the mid-1990s.

The Italian and German leaders were among the six Christian Democrat premiers who met privately in Brussels on Tuesday to consider the proposal. The idea, shrouded in confusion, appeared to be that in return for dropping references to a "federal goal" from the draft, Britain would sign up to moves towards political union that would automatically come into effect in a few years.

Senior ministers were preparing their backbenchers for a British signature on the economic treaty at Maastricht, if not the political union treaty. Norman Lamont said that while "we are not home and dry" he was hopeful. Douglas Hurd, the foreign secretary, said it would be absurd to throw away the gains Britain had made in the negotiations.

On political union Herr Kohl yesterday set out what he called a compromise in a speech to the Bundestag. He confirmed it was impossible to agree on the "federal goal". He had been quoted earlier as insisting, at the Christian Democrats' mini-summit, on a binding post-Maastricht timetable, with a step by step plan for political union, common foreign policy and pow-

ers for Euro MPs. But diplomats yesterday suggested that such views were closer to the stand taken by Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the German foreign minister, and stemmed from German foreign ministry briefings rather than Herr Kohl's office.

In the Bundestag Herr Kohl made clear that as far as he was concerned extensions of powers of the European parliament should only be introduced after the next European elections in 1994, with a further advance after the 1999 election. It was better to take two steps forward on this than none at all.

He said he preferred to have contentious subjects brought into the treaty through an "opening clause" which would stipulate that in five or six years time a particular subject could come under community competence. A German government spokesman said the chancellor would like an "evolutionary" process whereby the community automatically would become responsible for a particular area.

Britain might be prepared to go along with various areas being reviewed but without a predetermined outcome. For the compromise to work, both sides will need a different interpretation of what the "opening clause" means. The German chancellor wants to be able to claim that the inclusion of these subjects in the treaty means that he has succeeded in advancing political union. Mr Major needs to be able to show that the words do not bind Britain to agree a future take over by the community.

Parliament, page 7  
Compromises found, page 9  
Lamont hopeful, page 23



Escape: Khieu Samphan fleeing to an armoured personnel carrier as a rock is thrown at him



Revenge: the Cambodian leader after the attack

## Lynch mob attacks Cambodian leader

The return to Phnom Penh of Khmer Rouge leader Khieu Samphan almost ended in murder and has threatened peace moves, reports James Pringle

Khmer Rouge leader Khieu Samphan fled Phnom Penh after narrowly escaping with his life yesterday from a mob that ransacked his house and punched and kicked and almost lynched him.

At several stages, as stone-throwing crowds attacked the villa Khmer Rouge officials had moved into only the day before, it looked as if the man who wrote the blueprint for the fanatical Khmer Rouge revolution in which up to a million Cambodians died would himself perish.

Beaming and saying he was "very happy" yesterday morning when he flew in to the capital that his black-garbed Khmer Rouge troops forcibly evacuated in 1975, Khieu Samphan looked pale and exhausted and was nursing a head wound when he left seven hours later on a special plane.

Diplomats said the horrifying scenes of violence yesterday threw into uncertainty the Cambodian

peace process on which so many countries had made so much effort. Peace accords were signed in Paris on 23rd October. "This has not torpedoed the process, but thrown it into turmoil," said one envoy. "In a way, you can say the Khmer Rouge got what they deserved, but what does it mean for the Cambodian people? Say what you like about the Khmer Rouge, they have got to be part of the peace process or the war will continue."

As police of the Phnom Penh regime stood by doing almost nothing, part of a crowd of several thousand people shouting "Khmer Rouge assassins" stormed into the house and up the stairs just four hours after the 60-year-old Khmer Rouge leader arrived from Bangkok under the terms of the peace agreement.

As they burst into the room, the white-haired politician Khmer Rouge chief, who is, in fact, only a few

Continued on page 27, col 1

## UN agrees to police Yugoslav war zones

From JAMES BONE IN NEW YORK

THE United Nations Security Council took the first step yesterday towards sending a peacekeeping force to Yugoslavia, which its ambassador said could eventually involve 10,000 troops.

The 15-nation council unanimously approved a resolution drafted by Britain and its European Community partners backing efforts by Cyrus Vance, the UN special envoy for Yugoslavia, to arrange a peacekeeping operation in the war-torn country. But the resolution passed yesterday requires a further vote of authorisation by the security council before any troops are actually deployed.

Council members promised "to take appropriate action without delay" to send the peacekeepers if Mr Vance asks for them when he re-

turns from a third trip to Yugoslavia next week. But the council emphasised that no UN peacekeepers can be sent unless the warring factions adhere to the UN-brokered ceasefire agreement signed last Saturday.

Although Britain supported the resolution it has said that its troops will not take part in the first UN peacekeeping mission in Europe.

Mr Vance is negotiating what he calls an "ink-blot" peacekeeping mission in which UN troops and police are sent to trouble spots, and not placed along Croatian borders as the breakthrough republic has asked, or deployed to protect Serbian enclaves inside Croatia as the federal government wants.

Soccer fans' militia, page 10

## Blakelock case pair go free

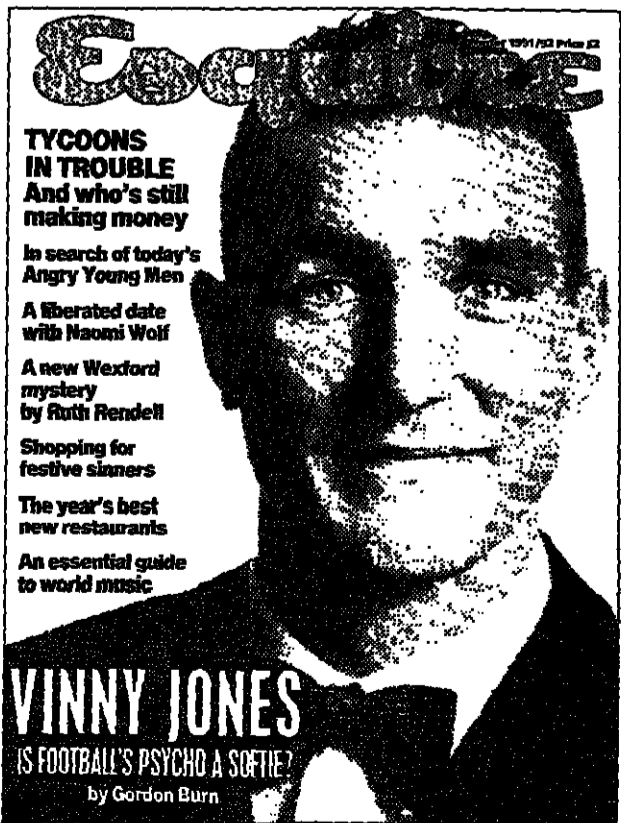
THE two men convicted with Winston Silcott of murdering PC Keith Blakelock six years ago were freed on bail last night to await the quashing of their convictions by the Court of Appeal today.

Engin Raghip, aged 24, and Mark Braithwaite, aged 23, were released by the court after counsel for the Director of Public Prosecutions told the judges that the prosecution would never have gone ahead had it known of the "apparent dishonesty" of Det Chief Supt Graham Melvin, who led the murder enquiry.

Raghip's wife, Sharon, later blamed the press, saying that it had put tremendous pressure on the court to convict the men.

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Letters, page 17

## A better title for VINNY JONES RUPERT MURDOCH RUTH RENDELL ...and YOU



TYCOONS IN TROUBLE And who's still making money

In search of today's Angry Young Men

A liberated date with Naomi Wolf

A new Wexford mystery by Ruth Rendell

Shopping for festive sinners

The year's best new restaurants

An essential guide to world music

VINNY JONES IS FOOTBALL'S PSYCHO A SOTHE? by Gordon Burn

OUT NOW

## 'Forgotten boy' brought into civilisation

By TIM JONES

THE forgotten boy rescued from the rat-infested house he shared with his mother amid dead and dying pets was last night sharing a room with her in a children's home as Surrey social services department tried to decide their fate.

As the boy, said to have long blond hair and an "angelic face", acclimatised perhaps for the first time to a clean environment with modern facilities, Graham Gatehouse the director of social services denied that his department was to blame.

Apart from his illegitimate birth being registered, no official records appear to exist to indicate that for 11 years the boy lived a strange and lonely life in the village of New Haw, near Weybridge.

Last night, while the mother and boy, described as "inseparable",



Saved: an RSPCA official holds two kittens from the house

began to adjust to a radically changed life. Mr Gatehouse said: "I strongly rebut any suggestion it is the responsibility of the social services department. If anything, it is a community responsibility in the wider sense of the word."

He added: "There is no evidence to suggest the mother and boy should

be split up although if that is necessary it will be necessary."

The boy's hidden life emerged after police had broken into the two bedroomed terraced house at the weekend to investigate theft claims. The boy was found lying in a bed next to his mother, aged 31.

Police were shocked by the filth

and squalor and Tony Glue, the RSPCA superintendent called to the scene, described it as the worst experience of his 20 years' service. He discovered 74 animals, 28 of them dead, with cages and hutches covered in excrement three inches deep. One guinea pig had been dead for so long it had mummified.

Mr Glue said: "It was very upsetting to realise that a human being could be capable of treating animals in this way." In the filthy yard, a stickler on the windscreen of a derelict car urges people to "help animals around the world".

Mr Gatehouse said once the boy had been born there would have been no need for further checks by the various agencies if the family doctor had been satisfied everything was in order. "People move about all the time and it would not be possible to

Continued on page 27, col 2

### TODAY IN THE TIMES

#### ROSES, ROSES



Joan Plowright lives on her memories of Browning and Tennyson in Mike Newell's *Enchanted April* - "a completely happy film" reviewed by Geoff Brown Page 15

#### THREATENED



The short-toed eagle is among 132 species or subspecies facing extinction in the polluted countries of the former communist bloc Page 12

#### LONG VIEW



There is no secret to long life, the experts say, even when you're already old. Simply give up smoking, improve your diet, take daily walks and remember that prevention is better than cure Page 13

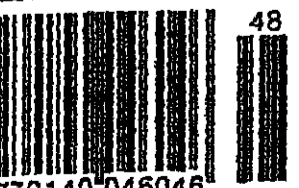
#### CHEQUE MATE



Carol Thatcher settled up yesterday when her failure to meet £32 in costs after a court ordered her to pay her poll tax was made public Page 3

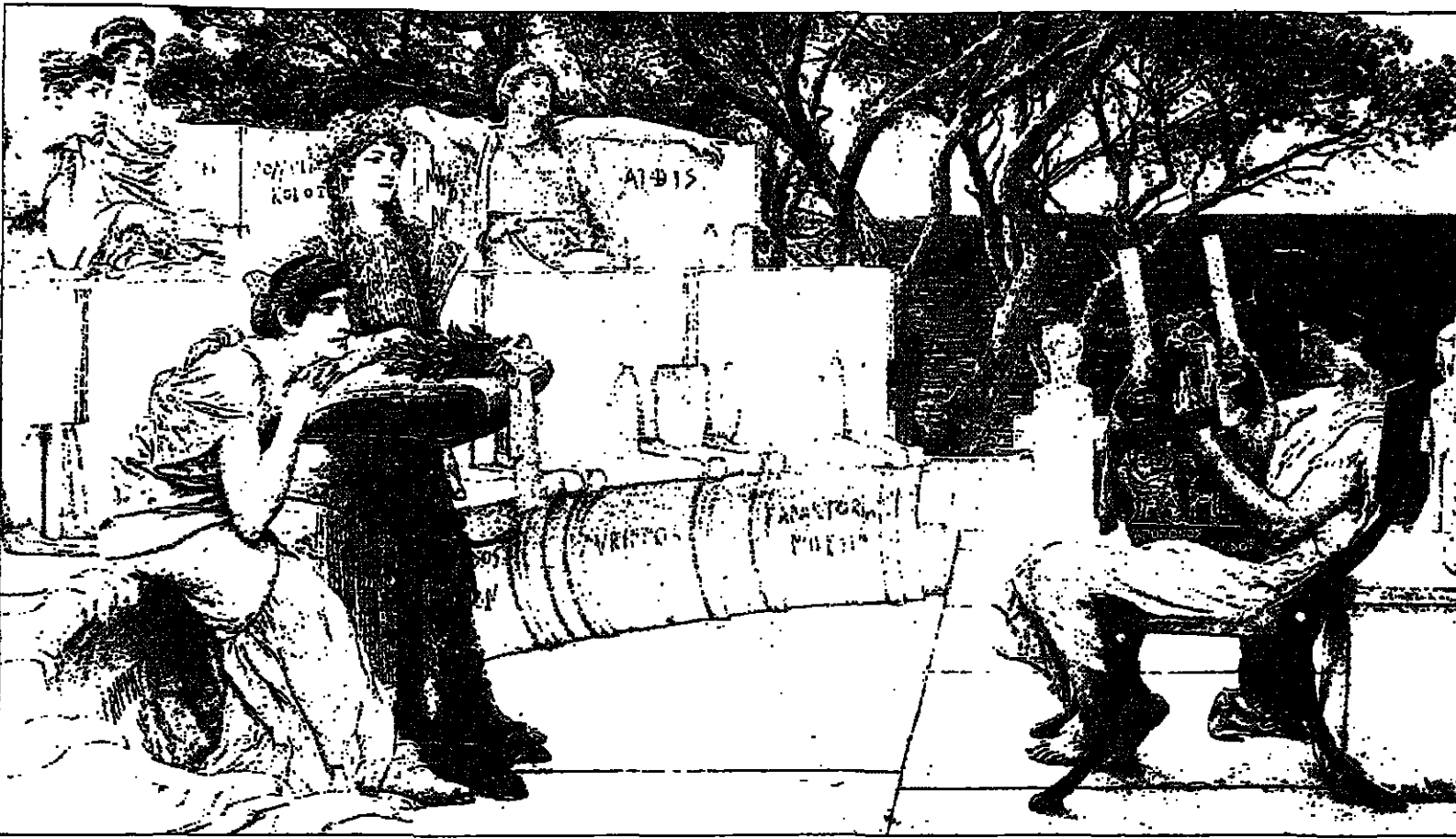
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16 pages of top jobs in today's appointments section, circulated in Britain



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# Classic Victorian values



Sappho and Alcaeus, by Alma-Tadema, transforming sex into high drama. Sappho listens enchanted to her chum reciting to the kithara

Among sophisticated people it is often assumed that "historical" painting and "historical" fiction (historical drama is for some reason generally excepted) are an irrelevance, a diversion from the pressing consideration of current reality, a cop-out from the business of interpreting modern life. This is nonsense: "historical" works often have a more direct communication with the life of their period, and more faithfully evoke it, than any work of mere contemporary reference. It would be fair to say that the classical paintings of Frederic Leighton, for example, tell us much more about the Victorian sensibility — about the Victorian spirit — than any work by the apparently realistic and up-to-date William Frith.

This is in fact the theme of Jenkyns's book which, subtitled "Victorian art and the classical inheritance", is concerned with 19th-century obsession. The culture of ancient Greece was everywhere — in the buildings, in the books, in the furniture, in the wallpaper, and even in the advertisements. In one poster for Becham's Patent Pills, two Hellenic ladies clasp hands in a tableau of Health-Crowning Beauty. There was very little of either beauty or health in most 19th-century cities, but although it is generally taken for granted that the great Victorian contribution to our urban architecture resides in the neo-Gothic, Jenkyns makes the perfectly just and persuasive point that the "basic vernacular of Victorian London is a kind of debased classical".

How did it happen? Or,

## Peter Ackroyd on a brilliant book about the Victorian sensibility to the Greeks, and ours to the Victorians

more generally, why is it that one age becomes vigorously attached to the life and art of a remote period? It must have something to do with a sense of appropriateness, or at least a need for appropriation —

Greek civilisation offered the single most convincing aspiration for the public representatives of the period, whether in the shape of businessmen, politicians or architects. To use a not very Victorian expression, it cleaned up their act. But there is a more private aspect to this pursuit of the past; and, as Jenkyns suggests, "The remoteness of Hellas from the modern world becomes an abiding theme in Victorian art and thought". It was remote, too, from the Victorians' fear of what they had become: to revive the Greeks was in a sense to revive an innocent adolescence spent in unseen translation and verification. In the reverence for a classical past there is also reverence and nostalgia for a golden childhood before the strife and struggle of the real world.

Jenkyns has a different beginning, however, and his book opens with an account of those Greek revivalists of the early 19th century who wielded the Doric order with a suitably tribal frenzy. The battle was always between Greek and Gothic architecture —

**DIGNITY AND DECADENCE**  
By Richard Jenkyns  
HarperCollins, £20



Graeco-Victorian Richard Jenkyns

"two streams", as Jenkyns calls them, but in their proper context also evoking two separate views of Englishness. One was continental, the other indigenous: one modern and the other antiquarian, with the delicious vastness of Gothic reviving memories of Stukeley and Stonehenge. (In a sense, that battle is still going on.) Jenkyns himself puts the argument on a different level, and suggests that the passion for

rejuvenation reflected the "arrogance and diffidence" of a whole civilisation.

This is very much a cultural history, therefore, but one that re-examines all the conventional assumptions about that culture — the author points out, for example, that the respectable Victorians were not respectable at all, and that in their use of classical motifs and images they transformed sex into "high drama". It was in many unexpected respects "an age of liberation".

Jenkyns is also very good on the importance of sculpture in the first decades of the century, at a time when John Flaxman had a European reputation and significance that no other English sculptor (with the possible exception of Moore) can equal. He is now almost forgotten but, even though sculpture has become the invisible art of the last century, Jenkyns reasserts here its central importance — how, in those smooth marmoreal lines, Victorian artists gave pale but permanent form to the longings and aspirations of their period.

Here is a cultural historian who is not afraid of travelling from Bristol to Dickens by way of the Bank of England, from Lawrence Alma-Tadema to Isambard Kingdom Brunel, from *Iolanthe* to funeral

monuments. He is in search of that most elusive entity, the spirit of an age, and in the moment of discovery it is in Graecian dress — Jenkyns finds the shape of that remote culture in the appearance of a row of terraced houses no less than in the complexities of Ruskin's prose.

Of course it was not necessarily an unimpeded progress. The vogue for genre painting, and the temporary passion for anecdote or story, seemed to have quite displaced the grand neo-classicism of the 18th century, yet Hellenism came back: it came back because it was indeed part of the very fabric of the period. That is why Leighton's paintings are rather more interesting than those of Frith: his is a greater and more complex art because it deals with all the divided strands of the Victorian psyche.

Leighton in turn may fairly be said to lead to that late flowering of Victorian taste in the aesthetic movement, when Hellenism itself seems stunned beneath the weight of scented hot-house flowers: this was the Hellenism of Walter Pater and of homo-erotic fantasy, but it also represented a wilful or wounded blending of styles in which Greek and Gothic alike escaped the hard certainties of a Flaxman or a Pugin and came together at last. It is perhaps a form of decadence, an aspect of *fin-de-siècle*. And so the Greeks triumphed in the end. One last question remains: if the Victorians relied upon the Greeks, whom do we in turn rely upon? At the conclusion of his fascinating and instructive book, Jenkyns suggests that we have come to depend upon the Victorians.

# Death from maths

**HORROR**  
Anne Billson  
**THE COUNT OF ELEVEN**  
By Ramsey Campbell  
Macdonald, £13.95

author's ability to sustain a fever-pitch pace, and his familiarity with the wilder shores of pop culture, make for a roaring good read, as a broad cross-section of British society erupts into an orgy of irrational violence and sexual anarchy. The setting is the Somerset village of Alder, historically a hotbed of weird phenomena, and currently home to the Reverend Anthony Jago — a man of awesome paranormal powers — and the glassy-eyed minions of his personal peace-and-love cult, among whose ranks are salted away a couple of observant and a wary British intelligence.

The local population of rural types as from *Straw Dogs* is further supplemented by the punks, goths and hippies flocking in for the annual rock festival. As Alder's weird past reasserts itself, a visiting bookworm writing a thesis about the end of the world, sees Armageddon taking shape before his very eyes.

Needful Things, by Stephen King (Hodder & Stoughton,

£15.99). King's latest is another example of the destruction of a smalltown community — here it's Castle Rock, a location familiar from several other King stories. But while *Jago* is an old formula reworked by a fresh new eye, *Needful Things* plods over *déjà vu* territory; King has done it before, and done it better, in *Salem's Lot* and *The Tommyknockers*.

Needful Things is the name of a new shop on Main Street: its proprietor is a sinister, Mephistophelean figure, who provides each customer with what he or she desires most in the world, whether a baseball card or a cure for chronic arthritis. Of course, there is a price to be paid, and in the paying of it the town duly gets trashed. King writes with his customary verve, but the parade of citizens trooping in and out of the shop before coming to a suitably sticky end becomes a tad repetitive, and the showdown between Good and Evil is a ho-n-g time coming.

Darklands, edited by Nicholas Royle (Egerton Press, £3.50 p & p from 5 Windsor Court, 24 Avenue Road, London N15 5JQ). All the pros and cons of contemporary horror fiction are distilled in this slim but valuable volume. The pros are short stories — by established writers such as Stephen Gallagher and Derek Marlowe, and by interesting newcomers such as Julie Alkhus and Michael Marshall Smith — which do not slot easily into any pigeonhole, except that they are all extremely disturbing. That's the downside as well, because the big publishers have shied away from an anthology to which they can't attach a label, and the intrepid editor has been forced to publish it himself. He deserves support, for this is an excellent collection. Smith's story, in particular, is a *tour de force*.

# Going for Parnassus

HENRY Reed is the chap who sent up Eliot something rotten with his parody, *Chard Whitlow*:

As we get older we do not get any younger.  
Seasons return, and today I am fifty-five.  
And this time last year I was fifty-four.  
And this time next year I shall be sixty-two...

Robert Nye

**COLLECTED POEMS OF HENRY REED**  
Edited and introduced by Jon Stallworthy  
Oxford University Press, £20

Reed's other claim to fame is *Naming of Parts*, a poem that plays off military gun terminology against the activity of birds and bees and blossoms in a conscript spring. Amusingly sly, this has, like the Eliot guying, a deft dab of camp about it, and it comes as no surprise to learn from Jon Stallworthy's introduction to the *Collected Poems* that Reed was homosexual. Is it the evasion of this matter that makes the rest of his work so cleverly heartless? Or was Reed one of those bright unfortunates who only get identity by mocking others? An anthology of loose ends would seem to me a fair description of his serious "original" work collected here, while that joke about Eliot may be immortal.

The Eliot parodied by Reed is of course specifically the Eliot of *Four Quartets*, which is to say Eliot at his most Parnassian. I borrow that useful term from a critical distinction in one of Gerard Manley Hopkins's letters, where he divides verse into two kinds, the inspired and the Parnassian. The Parnassian, Hopkins says, can be

written only by real poets, but it is not in the highest sense poetry, being "spoken on and from the level of a poet's mind, not, as in the other case, when the inspiration, which is the gift of genius, raises him above himself". Parnassian, in other words, is what a poet writes when he tries to write a poem. The inspired poem comes at its own will.

Now John Heath-Stubbs strikes me as very much the complete Parnassian in his *Selected Poems* (Carcanet, £5.95), not least because he chooses to exclude from it that singular epitaph for himself which other readers will recognise as the man inspired: *Mr Heath-Stubbs as you must understand Came of a gentleman's family out of Staffordshire: Of as good blood as any in England! But he was wall-eyed and his legs too spare. This has been left out, no doubt, because it is too popular, but then the popular taste is not always wrong, and little of Heath-Stubbs, a classic-minded but romantic-spirited poet, seems as good.*

Patric Dickinson, about the same age but far less famous, appears not to write Parnassian at all, or not to publish it (which would be better still). His *Not Hereafter* (The Manselville Press, £3 plus 50p postage) is an elegant tall booklet, 19 poems which not a dud among them, all characterised by a confusion-cancelling seriousness which sounds inspired. I quote *Total Eclipse of the Moon* since it is short enough to give in full:

*The shadow of our Earth Is blown as a nightingale Singing of seed and birth No man can unforget.*

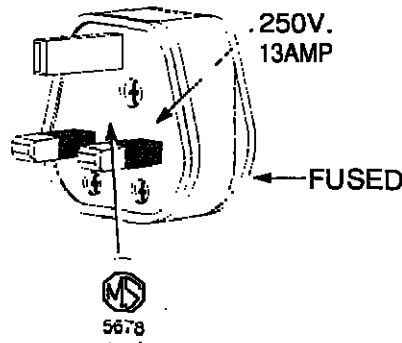
A moving observation, but something more because of the unanticipated magic which rhymes *nightingale* and *unforget*, and puts *humanhood* in place by doing so. Dickinson has never been a poetic show-off. His verse is clean, unobtrusive, and quietly original.

Not even his most rhetoric-besotted fans would claim the same for Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Twenty-five distinguished translators, including John Updike and the Poet Laureate, do their best to English this noisy Russian's *Collected Poems 1952-1990*, edited by Albert C. Todd with the author and James Ragan (Mainstream, £18). Yevtushenko went on record long ago as resenting being discussed as a political personality, and these versions certainly justify that resentment by establishing him as a vigorous artist of the hit-or-miss school.

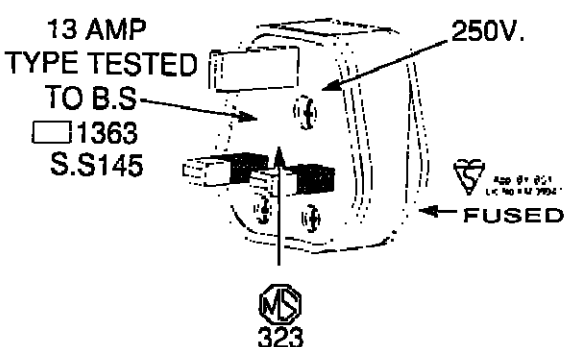
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# Metroland with love

AT LAST a truly eclectic architectural guide. Even the great Pevsner was partial, in his case to abstract Modernism and against post-Edwardian revivalism. Bridget Cherry's taste is one of unrestrained tolerance. And nowhere is tolerance more needed, or more rewarded, than in *London 3: North West*. A greatly extended edition of Pevsner's Middlesex and outer London volumes, the latest in the Penguin Buildings of England series is a masterpiece of modern topography.

The revision of Pevsner's early work in London is not easy. Boundaries have changed, buildings have vanished, and a huge amount of new architecture has appeared. Already, the cities of London and Westminster and London south of the Thames have met the challenge. This third volume (to be followed by the North East) sets a new standard in thoroughness and scholarship.

Kensington and Chelsea, Regent's Park, Chiswick and Syon come easily. The coverage given their palaces, museums and monuments is workmanlike. Pevsnerian and familiar. Where Cherry comes into her own is in the outer reaches, in Hounslow and Brent, Hillingdon and Ealing. Here the old Pevsner concept of a "perambulation" takes on novel adventure. There are 13

index references to the North Circular Road: at the junction with the M1, "elegantly curving slabs of tinted glass 1973-5 by R. Seiferl and Partners, see also Neasden". Boxing the compass round Heathrow embraces the glorious tithe barn at Harmondsworth, the friendly little church of Cranford, the Norman doorway at Harlington, and the medieval wall paintings of East Bedford.

Neasden is defended against *Private Eye*: "very modest sets of railway workers cottages" just one window wide, though the best it can offer is The Grange local museum "unhappily stranded on a roundabout just south of the North Circular". The jewels of inter-war commercial architecture, the Hoover and Pyrene factories, are lovingly and closely described.

Best of all is Cherry's careful charting of the pattern of 20th-century development, as speculative builders spread out from the villages of Harrow and Pinner, Isleworth and Uxbridge to carpet Middlesex in suburbia.

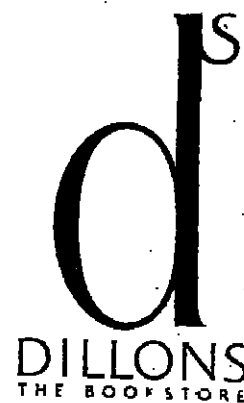
Much of this was as good as anything the garden city movement produced in Hertfordshire and elsewhere. Metroland acting as worthy successor to the grand estates of North Kensington and Brompton (also in this volume). A splendid book.

Simon Jenkins

**THE BUILDINGS OF ENGLAND**  
London 3: North West  
By Bridget Cherry and Nikolaus Pevsner  
Penguin, £25

# Pocket Wine Book for pocket money.

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