

The meeting with Harry Bradbury at Malmaison, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 5<sup>th</sup> December 2014.

Our pre arranged meeting was to take place at Malmaison Newcastle upon Tyne just down the road from Five Quarter HQ. The C.E.O. Of Five quarter had publicly announced he would meet any groups who had any concerns about the process of Underground gasification which his energy company had plans to undertake. This opportunity had been taken up by various Environmental groups for the duration of this week. It was now Friday.

On our arrival we were cordially met by the PR man and escorted in the lift to meet the man himself. A Friends of the Earth group were just leaving and the PR man excused himself and gave his assurances that we would be left in the capable hands of Harry Bradbury who was present in the room. The meeting space was dominated by a huge round table graced with a centre piece of several carbon guzzling bottles of water.

On a side table there was a long oblong serving plate with an arrangement of neatly placed insipid triangular crust less sandwiches. For some reason I am always transported to The Importance of being Earnest when I see sandwiches cut like this. However, I digress. Neil, my husband negotiated his way around the table with his walking frame and situated himself opposite Harry. I sat with my back to the French doors facing the harbour.

Harry was the modicum of politeness. His spectacles dominate his facial features. At close proximity he does not immediately strike one as a Company Director. We shook hands and I introduced ourselves as representatives of Frack Free Cleveland. He offered us some sandwiches which we had to politely decline. Neil and I are vegan. On hearing this, immediately an alternative fayre was summoned and a rather nervous waiter knocked and entered to take our vegan order. I had already heard from another group member who had seen the C.E.O. earlier in the week that some of the energy obtained from the practise of UCG was to be used in the manufacture of clothes. I observed that Harry was wearing a rather gaudy jumper which looked like it could have been processed from some form of extreme energy. I was so pleased I was not wearing any oil based garments.

Mr. Bradbury explained how he had asked those with concerns to meet with him and requested that we ask him anything and he would be only too happy to respond and allay our fears about the U.C.G. process. The salads arrived and Neil asked his opening question. " what do you think will happen if we reach 4 degrees.....' Harry responded by launching himself into a permafrost and clathrates melting rant.

So far so good. This was his comfort zone. A carefully rehearsed piece written by a PR team to pre-empt any climate change related issues. I slowly munched my carbon intensive summer salad to be eaten in winter. My mind was beginning to wander I realized this was not a dialogue it was a soliloquy. He proudly told us he had been a Professor at Yale at the age of 29. I resisted the urge to kiss his feet. He then ran through alternative renewable technology. This so called dialogue was as fair as a boxing contest with one man blindfolded and his hands tied behind his back. I was beginning to become bored and my mind began to wander. A few times I tried to ask a question but his sentences did not have full stops they ran into another piece of his set prose. I looked at my watch he had been rambling on for 35 minutes with his own agenda. Neil must have been thinking the same and at the sound of Bio Mass he interrupted by saying' ..... yes I agree Bio Mass is not a good idea I know that. ....'

At this point as if the Jekyll and Hyde potion he had drunk for breakfast had kicked in, his tone completely changed. The calm comfortably relaxed narcissistic Harry became an extremely irritated ill tempered opponent. He raised his voice and accused Neil of not listening and in a rhetorical manner offered to say it all again as Neil was obviously not listening. In an outburst of socially objectionable phrases he said he was going to terminate our meeting. I have not seen anything so vaudeville since the Sex Pistols annoyed Bill Grundy on live TV. He refused to answer any more of Neils questions so instead I put mine to him.' What are your

views on carbon capture and storage.?.....' He offered to send me details of the enhanced oil recovery installations in the US. The subject turned to storing CO2 in coal Neil then asked if he could send him examples. This was like a red rag to a bull Mr. Bradbury called Neil an irritating prick, whilst, apologising to me for his outburst. In response Neil said'... well done you could not have done better to make my day...'

In a hasty retreat Harry gathered his coat and papers and left the room, leaving Neil and I standing like two lost souls amidst an abandoned salad and a platter of uneaten sandwiches meant for carnivores.

On leaving the building I pondered over the name of the restaurant Malmaison (Badhouse) thinking it really was true to its name.

I went to the car park and there in front of me at the parking kiosk was Harry again. Unfortunately I had no change and he said he would pay my car park fee if I left him alone didn't follow him in the lift and all other questions were to be directed to him via e mail.

I last saw him in the lift talking on his phone whilst I walked the stairs ruminating on the whole episode and then thinking in an upbeat way .....' that went well.....'

I did e mail him later with some more questions but as yet have not received any reply. I later discovered that his soliloquy had lasted 90 minutes to another group he had met during this week of UCG enlightenment. I also still owe him £2.70p car parking fee but I sent him a Frack Free Cleveland Christmas blob card instead. Oddly enough I have not received a Christmas card in return!!

Annette Hudspeth is a member of Frack Free Cleveland.

Happy Solstice and Christmas.x

