

Time to stop, think, and breathe in the summer air

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Most mornings, I awake with ideas teeming through my head and with a desire to write them as quickly as possible. There are days when I wish that were not the case, but I usually write them anyway.

This morning is not like that.

The papers are dull. There is little to add to what I've already said on the issues that are getting attention.

The columnists look as though they have struggled to find words to put on the page. When [Will Hutton in the Observer](#) thinks that Labour is doing just fine, except for the fact that it does not control the news agenda, but that it could still do so if only it found 'better words and ideology – and [found] them fast', you can tell even the Labour apologists are out of ideas.

And meanwhile, unnoticed, the struggle to survive continues in its differing ways for far too many, apparently not worthy of notice.

I draw attention to it, but think that this is the morning to take time to think. I might be back here later, but at this precise moment, my need is for a slow breakfast, slow observing, some deep breathing of the summer air, and then conversation that explores possibilities, some of which will no doubt come out of discussion after watching the National Theatre's live version of *Red* on their streaming service last night, which was exceptionally good.

That's enough words for now.