

EU-turns, or Captain Kirk's guide to Brexit

Many years ago, in the pre-satnav era, a colleague told me of his success in the Advanced Driving Test. As an "Advanced Motorist" he would be able to negotiate a discount on his car insurance. Did I fancy it? I asked what it entailed. "Finding your way to somewhere by following the road signs," he said. Easy – I do this all the time. "Oh, and doing a commentary on your own driving." "What do you mean?" "I'm approaching a roundabout now and I can see that an oncoming vehicle is turning off to the left, blocking the car approaching from the right, so I'm clear to go. That kind of thing". "Stop right there," I said. I don't care how big the discount is, I could no more do that than fly to the moon." Of course I knew what he meant, and negotiated many a roundabout in just that way – and the other way round in France. It isn't the doing, or the describing, it's the describing while you're doing. The two parts of my brain will just not work at once. Driving is one of those things you do by instinct, like falling in love or telling a joke. You may be able to rationalise it afterwards, but try to explain it while you're doing it and you'll come a cropper.

What has this to do with the EU? I'm coming to that in a roundabout way. T