



Voorbereidend
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Onderwijs

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Tekstboekje

New York-style crime crackdown ruled out

Ken Hyder

POLICE officers who carried out an experiment in New York-style 'zero-tolerance' on one of London's most heavily patrolled streets have concluded that it is not appropriate for Britain.

The operation, which involved arrests for relatively minor offences, focused on All Saints Road, Notting Hill, which has a reputation for drug dealing.

Supt Graham Sharp said: 'We would arrest people for making a noise — because late-night arguments between dealers were disturbing people — or for urinating in doorways. They would even get parking tickets.'

During a six-week operation, police stopped and searched 270 suspects and made 123 arrests. A number of cars without

tax discs were clamped. Supt Sharp admitted: 'A lot of the crime was displaced. That is all we will ever do because we don't have the resources.'

Chief Insp Moir Stewart said: 'Over 90 per cent of those arrested were from outside the area. If they were local, you would have had a riot. There were only two complaints.'

Supt Sharp added: 'My fear is that the approach of no tolerance to petty crime might lead to no tolerance of the public. If we were to introduce this style of policing to London, officers could consider themselves an elite and be short and abrupt with people. They would lose a lot of goodwill.'

*'The Observer',
June 6, 1996*

Dying to get onto the danger list

1 **A**ction Man may no longer be the coolest toy
in the cupboard, but in real life he's ram-
pant. Last week he could be found clamber-
ing out of hot-air balloons, surviving freezing
5 oceans, narrowly avoiding death. Sir Ranulph
Fiennes says that if you have to ask why men like
Richard Branson, Tony Bullimore and himself court
danger, you will never understand.

2 I think the question they raise is a different one:
10 what is worth dying for, if anything? Our children,
our liberty, a religious principle, or to be the first man
to circumnavigate the earth on a bobsleigh? There's
not much left to be heroic about. The great courage-
sapping causes are gone: there are no International
15 Brigades for young idealists to join, war has been
stripped of patriotic glory, even the cathartic satisfac-
tion of the war movie has given way to moral tales of
paralysed veterans displaying cynicism and
pacifist banners. From *Born on the Fourth of*
20 *July* to *The Regeneration Trilogy*, the message
is: save your courage for your own dreams,
nobody else's fights are worth it.

3 The appeal of the adventurer used to be
that he lived for a noble cause, was fearless
25 in its pursuit and utterly unconcerned about
the banal minutiae of life. But today, with all
the dragons slain and the continents map-
ped, he must think of his sponsorship deals,
his television series and *The Guinness Book*
30 *of Records* – anything which allows him a
reason to play Errol Flynn for the folks back
home.

4 The quest for danger is an odd one in a world
which, in many ways, has never been more perilous:
35 violent crime terrifies us all, the tensions of race,
nationalism and poverty all routinely explode in our
faces. But these problems won't serve the needs of
the conquering hero, who would not dream of har-
nessing his courage to Third World or inner-city relief
40 work, or even to journalism in war zones with shells
exploding all around. Too much competition. He may
raise money for charity, make an occasional contribu-
tion to science, but he is the apotheosis of the glori-
fied individual, the more single-handed the better,
45 because nothing must detract from his Boy's Own
achievement. Look at me, I fought the lions and
tamed the seas.

5 Branson's world-circling balloon trip, even its fail-
ure, has been called a mere publicity stunt, but he is
50 a natural taker of risks, an inveterate gambler on the

stock exchange and with his own safety and, as
such, a good figurehead for what the think tanks are
calling the 'risk society'. In the future there will be no
safety nets of state support, we must make our own
55 arrangements, see the creation of wealth become the
prerogative of the feisty chancer.

Branson is a modern take on the old frontier spirit,
when entrepreneurs were not techno-nerds but virile
gods who straddled the globe turning opportunities
60 into fortunes. In his ballooning, if not his jumpers, we
see the spirit that made the millions, and the egotism
which ignores the sobbing family, screws up its cour-
age and leaps off the edge.

7 And danger is the nation's burgeoning hobby. The
65 salary-man's weekend may be spent floating over the
South Downs on a plastic glider or, like the founder
of the Dangerous Sports Club, flying across the
Channel on an inflatable kangaroo 'to
escape humdrum life'. Sport's new con-
70 tender is the gruelling Ironman triathlon,
a gladiatorial feat of swimming, running
and cycling.

8 Publishing is bursting with intrepid
travel writers, currently led by Redmond
75 O'Hanlon's malarial trek through the
Congo, all clamouring for a virgin hell-
hole to call their own. Tourism's white-
knuckle specials include bungee jump-
ing for grandmothers, white-water raf-
80 ting for royals, and sky-coasting (susp-
ended by cable, you swing like a pendu-
lum at a vast height) package tours to

New Zealand.

9 At a time when our every timid thought is elevated
85 to the status of a phobia – flying, heights, speed and
the rest – it seems we're tired of our own ner-
vousness, preferring the aversion therapy of a serious
scaring.

10 The million-selling bibles of American pop psychol-
90 ogy tell us that we can conquer all fear, 'heal our
lives', get in that yacht and make our dreams reality.
The problem is that that reality may be Fiennes with
subzero kidney stones and Bullimore's frostbite.

11 As much as we applaud acts of valour, danger-
95 games often fail to reward their players with the eter-
nal glow of ambition fulfilled. 'Had we lived,' wrote
Scott in his journal, 'I should have had a tale to tell of
the hardihood, endurance and courage of my com-
panions which would have stirred the heart of every
100 Englishman.' The point is, of course, that they didn't.



**Lesley
White**

'The Sunday Times', January 12, 1997

Programmed to Win

Joseph McLellan

KASPAROV VERSUS DEEP BLUE:
Computer Chess Comes of Age
By Monty Newborn
Springer. 322pp. \$29.95

SOMETHING historic and traumatic happened in Philadelphia on February 10, 1996. For the first time, a computer playing under standard match conditions (two hours to make its first 40 moves) defeated a world chess champion.

The news that an IBM program called Deep Blue had beaten Gary Kasparov was prominently featured in the media and 12 people around the world – not merely those who regularly follow chess news, but literally millions who were interested in technology, in competitive activities or simply in humanity's position as the lord of creation. The game was carried on the Internet and attracted some 1,200 "hits" per minute.

The human race had been symbolically and collectively humiliated by an inanimate object, found second best in the faculty that we 13 – our ability to solve problems through applied reasoning.

Since the day when the legendary "steel-drivin' man" John Henry just barely won his competition with a steam drill and "died with his hammer in his hand," the human race has become used to the 14 of machines. Fork lifts can pick up heavier loads and automobiles can run faster, but we still enjoy weight lifting and footracing on our limited human scale. The important point, after all, is who sits in the driver's seat. 15 here we had an assemblage of wires and silicon chips taking the initiative, setting itself up in opposition to its creator and soundly thrashing him.

This was quite a departure from the exhibition in 1985 when Kasparov had played simultaneously against 32 computers and won all 32 games. 16, he had lost one game to a computer in 1994, but that was in speed chess, when he had only 30 minutes to make all his moves. Computers have a significant advantage at that speed, and nobody took that game very seriously.

But playing under standard world championship rules? That gets to the ego. Kasparov had summed up the problem in 1989 before beginning a match (which he won easily) against a predecessor of Deep Blue called Deep Thought: "I don't know how we can exist knowing that there is 17."

Monty Newborn, a major figure in the history of computer chess and an ideal choice to write this definitive study, thinks we had better get used to the idea:

"For the first quarter-century of progress in computer chess, computers were clearly inferior (to good human players). For the last five years, they have been battling on a relatively even footing with the top players, and the two combatants will probably remain fairly equal for the next several years. But the day is not too far off when the best players will no longer be serious competition. Computers will simply consider too many possibilities and set up positions that are too complex for 18."

So what? Is anyone bothered by the fact that a hand-held calculator can find a square root faster than any human? The answer is that if finding square roots were a competitive activity, as chess certainly is from the human point of view, some of us would be 19.

But not yet. Fortunately this game was only the first in a six-game match. Kasparov won the second game, partly because Deep Blue had technical problems, and for the remainder of the match observers enjoyed the remarkable spectacle of Kasparov gradually learning how to cope with this unique adversary. The final score was 4 to 2 in Kasparov's favour, but this does not reflect the 20 of the adversaries: Kasparov was better than Deep Blue but nowhere near twice as good. The six games between Kasparov and Deep Blue, with an extensive commentary that fills some 43 pages, are the heart of this book, but it offers much more than its title suggests. It will not quite tell you how to design your own chess-playing computer program, but it discusses the technical and philosophical aspects of this activity in considerable depth, as well as its history, beginning with the theoretical work of Claude Shannon and Alan Turing.

21 there are nearly 100 games, tracing the development of computer chess skills from the mid-1960s to last year – including several games with a computer easily won by Bobby Fischer. Some of the early games must be among the most flagrant examples of 22 ever preserved in book form, but it is fascinating to watch computer programmers learning from one another and from their own mistakes, gradually refining their software and improving their hardware until their computer can consider millions of possible positions per second and seriously threaten 23. There is a certain comfort in observing the blunders perpetrated by early programs and even echoed as recently as Deep Blue's last game against Kasparov. At least for now.

'Guardian Weekly', April 13, 1997

Second Language for a Second-Class Life

COMMENT

Ellen Goodman

1 **WHAT WOULD** Henry Higgins¹⁾ make of this? 5
What if he went to teach a flower girl the King's English only to discover that her local school board had declared Cockney another language?

2 In Oakland, California, they are involved in a modern remake of the Pygmalion story. A school board faced with the failure of too many African American students has now decreed slang a valid and 15 different language. Using the dense vocabulary of Academese, the board members also called for classes to be taught partially in Ebonics 'for the combined purposes of 20 maintaining the legitimacy and richness of such language and to facilitate their acquisition and mastery of English language skills.'

3 By fiat, they have transformed black street talk into Ebonics and put Ebonics – offspring of 'ebony'²⁾ and 30 'phonics', first conceived in academic circles – on a par with French or Chinese. They have made 'I be' the linguistic equivalent of 'je suis'.

4 35 What do you say to a school board so desperate it has declared its students foreigners in their own country? Is it defeatism that says the poorest 40 black children in inner cities live in another country, where they literally don't speak the same language? What do you say to a community of parents 45 and teachers so torn between

the desire for respect and the desire for learning, that they, too, become 'bilingual' and start speaking in the language of these children?

50 The irony is that too many Americans are tongue-tied, 9 speaking only one language in a diverse world. But Ebonics is 55 a second language for a second-class life. It's a 'language' defined by people who did not get their Ph.D.s or their jobs speaking it.

6 60 Even proud Liza Doolittle was realistic enough to know she needed a verbal passport to a better life. When she came to Higgins for 'English' 65 lessons, it wasn't to become a Fair Lady but to work in a flower shop. She said, 'They won't take me unless I can talk more genteel.'

7 70 Like any American descended from immigrants, I know about language and culture. In the era when my father, the first American-born 75 child in his family, started school, many teachers were 'unencumbered' by sensitivity training. A sometimes stated goal of public schools in my 80 city and others was to 'Americanize' children from families overtly described as illiterate and superstitious, the 11 'refuse of their teeming shores'.

8 My father talked of college friends who were ashamed to speak German or Italian at home, ashamed of their 90 immigrant parents and ashamed of their shame. There was a lot of heat applied to the melting pot that we look back upon with such nostalgia. But

95 there was also a commitment, however ruthless, to preparing children to enter the new world. The community was committed to their collective 100 future.

I do not think you have to destroy a child's self-respect or respect for non-English parents in order to make its life better than theirs. Nor is it hard to understand why board member Toni Cook wants us to 'quit saying there's something wrong with a majority of the children.' But it will not do to set children aside from the main stream. Children who watch TV in their homes do not need a simultaneous interpreter. 115 Black English is not the language of Maya Angelou or Jesse Jackson. Ebonics is not the African English spoken by South Africa's Archbishop Tutu or U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan.

10 In school districts already stunningly segregated by race, Ebonics is now touted as a 125 tool for teaching what is called Standard English. But to validate slang as the 'real black talk' undermines the English lesson. It teaches that the 130 poorest inner-city culture is the 'real' black homeland.

11 In America alone, there are distinct dialects and speech patterns that go far beyond the 135 inner cities, ranging from the hollers of Appalachia to the down east reaches of Maine. But if you only speak your mother's tongue, you may only 140 lead your mother's life. Any child who wants to travel to a wider world needs to talk his way out.

'Guardian Weekly',
January 5, 1997

noot 1

Henry Higgins: character in *Pygmalion*, a play by G.B. Shaw. Higgins, a professor of Linguistics, teaches Eliza Doolittle, a cockney flower girl, to speak 'proper' English. The musical *My Fair Lady* was based on *Pygmalion*.

noot 2

ebony: very dark tropical wood

Why justice is unjust

Anthony Julius

praises an
examination of
our legal system

**In the Name of the Law: The
Collapse of Criminal Justice**
by David Rose

1 TWO KINDS of people are injured by crime: the victims of crime, and those unjustly accused of those crimes. They may each be injured or shamed; they may lose their property or their jobs. They will experience pain and distress; they may never recover from their subjection to criminal or state power.

2 The support they will receive is likely to be similarly patchy. Victims of crime may find that the crimes against them are never investigated; their injuries may not be adequately compensated. Victims of wrongful prosecution may find that the evidence against them is manufactured; the lawyers defending them may be incompetent or indifferent to their predicament – or both.

3 One of the state's primary duties is to protect the lives and property of its citizens. This means securing them against *both* crime and wrongful prosecution. These are two aspects of the same duty, if only because every time an innocent man is convicted, the true offender goes free. Criminal-justice systems that work will shield the innocent while convicting the guilty.

25 Is ours such a system?

4 Not according to David Rose. Indeed, it is so unsuccessful that while the innocent are routinely convicted, the guilty equally routinely avoid trial. His outstanding book spares neither police, prosecutors, defence lawyers, nor judges. His concern at the numbers of the wrongly unprosecuted and the wrongly convicted distances him both from the Left (which

worries more about the latter) and the Right (which worries more about the former). Both the 'retreat from prosecution' and the convictions, he insists, are miscarriages of justice.

5 These numbers are so high, he argues, that the system is in crisis. David Rose's diagnosis of its defects is compelling. And his proposals for reform? Among others: a new constitutional settlement, the simplification of the laws of evidence, the codification of the criminal law, and a 'transformed prosecution service'. These proposals, Rose accepts, in a melancholy comment, 'lie beyond the far horizon'. Even the modest proposal of research into jury decision-making would require amending legislation which the present Government shows no interest in pursuing.

6 Reformers of the criminal-justice system have to face up to four uncomfortable truths. First, no structure performs up to its blueprint. Second, any system which depends on people to run it will be put under strain by corruptibility and incompetence. Third, no structure can withstand infinite pressure: the war against terrorism, and the sheer numbers being processed, are in part responsible for the present crisis, and the solutions to these lie beyond reform of the criminal-justice system itself. Fourth, the system cannot be addressed as a problem in isolation. Its defects are in certain respects the defects of our society as a whole.

7 It is the great merit of David Rose's book that it does not flinch from these truths: 'if criminal justice is collapsing, it is only part of a deeper social palsy'.

8 Though Rose is now a journalist, he is a historian by training; the book consists of very much more than mere stitched-together news articles. But because he is a journalist, he knows how to tell stories that resonate. He has the imagination to relate individual cases of injustice to a system that is overall in crisis. He gives detailed accounts of that system's many scandals.

9 There is also a fascinating chapter about Rose's experience shadowing the Kilburn police: the disillusion of officers of all ranks with English criminal justice is compellingly demonstrated. The case he makes for the link between crime and social deprivation seems to me to be unanswerable. The fact that the Crown Prosecution Service gives cost precedence over justice is devastatingly exposed. If there is one book that any incoming Home Secretary should read, it is this one. It is a fine work.

Anthony Julius is a partner at Mishcon de Reya solicitors.

'The Sunday Telegraph', February 11, 1996

All your life you're dreaming

Peter Parker tags along on some nocturnal excursions

The Tiger Garden: A Book of Writers' Dreams edited by Nicholas Royle, *Serpent's Tail*, £9.99

1 **A** sure way of making people's eyes glaze over is to announce: 'I had the most extraordinary dream last night'. Yet to the dreamer these nocturnal excursions *are* extraordinary. They both suggest a life beyond the commonplace and reveal imaginative powers many people would be unable to access when awake. Writers might be thought to have a particularly interesting library of dreams and, more importantly, ought to be able to recount them with skill.

2 Nicholas Royle had the clever idea of inviting over 200 writers to send him accounts of their dreams. No one was paid and all royalties go to Amnesty International, an organisation which spends much of its time attempting to alleviate waking nightmares. 'In a bid to retain the atmosphere of the dream,' he writes, 'I have allowed those dreams scribbled down in haste to remain... as a result, there will be infelicities of language, there will be syntactical shortcuts, there will be liberties taken which these writers would not dream of taking in fiction.' The problem with many contributions, however, is not that they have been dashed off but that they lack style. With some notable exceptions, there is not a great deal here that is interesting as *writing*. This might not matter if all the contributors were celebrated figures: even the hastily scribbled dreams of Doris Lessing, Will Self, Christine Brooke-Rose, Michael Ondaatje, William Wharton and Hilary Mantel would be worthwhile. There are many more well-known writers here, but an equal, if not greater, number of names unfamiliar outside genre fiction. One would think that writers of SF, fantasy and horror



Tiger visions by Nicholas Royle and John Oakey

would be particularly good at dreams, but this proves not always to be the case.

3 In the wonderful introduction to *Behold, this Dreamer!*, his classic 1939 anthology of dreams and related subjects, Walter de la Mare warned that 'waking recollection' of a night's travels into unknown realms 'is difficult to translate into those obstinate and artificial symbols, words'. Some of Royle's contributors (Nicholas Freeling, Giles Gordon) try too hard, some hardly at all. Fortunately, others have overcome the difficulty triumphantly. Desmond Hogan's recurring dream of Nazi persecution and ghostly children has been made into a beautifully shaped short story; Liza Cody's vision of a hospital where the uniquely warm blood of Sephardic Jews is drained into a central-heating system in order to coddle the premature twins of the Empress of China is very well recounted and authentically bizarre; Patrick McGrath's four sentences about falling into the carcass of a chicken the size of a house is alone worth the cover price.

4 Jack Kerouac's observation that 'the fact that everybody in the world dreams every night ties all

mankind together' provides Royle with an apt epigraph. It is reassuring to learn, for example, that even famous people dream of famous people. Robert Browning, Paul McCartney, Eric Cantona, Tony Curtis, Anthony Burgess (with boyfriend), Picasso and Dvorák (duetting) and Salvador Dalí all put in an appearance. Michael Carson and Bernard MacLaverty dream of royalty, while D.J. Taylor dreams of A.S. Byatt, who is unable to return the compliment, dreaming instead of Iris Murdoch. (By way of compensation, Taylor appears in the dreams of the editor).

5 Contributors relive unfortunate episodes from their past. Louis de Bernières returns to Sandhurst; Jonathan Coe is still playing keyboards with The Peer Group. Suspiciously few admit to any sexual episodes – not even Fiona Pitt-Kethley.

6 'Dreams, alas, resemble far too frequently a tale told by an idiot', wrote de la Mare, 'signifying even less than the literature he may reserve for his noonday.' While *The Tiger Garden* reveals less of the creative processes than its publisher claims, it is nevertheless an oddly beguiling, and beguilingly odd, collection.

*'The Independent',
December 7, 1996*

Twinned questions of life and death

THE birth of Siamese twins has set off the usual high-principled, low-compassion debate among the morally inclined. The pro-lifers declare that the parents, Melanie and Brian Astbury, had every right to choose to continue with last week's birth for all the expense, the pain and the likely demise that this might bring.

This is dangerous self-indulgence, retort the rationalist opponents of knowingly bringing the handicapped into the world. What seems fine as an initial gesture can only bring pain to the children and heartbreak to the parents. In the brutal terms of the limited resources of the NHS, they are likely to prove a continuous drain on the system. Better to abort the moment the defects are seen on the scanning machine.

It would be heartening to say that one side is right and the other wrong. But it is not that simple. In the old days, a woman would carry a child to term not knowing what fortune might bring in the way of perfection or handicap. Now scanning can tell months in advance what may be wrong with the foetus. In the same way, technology can also ensure continued life after birth where once a malformed child would not have been expected to survive. The definition of what is or is not a severe handicap is being changed by the year, never mind the prediction of mortality.

It is easy to say, but still worth repeating, that the medical profession is woefully ill-educated on these ethical questions. A government-sponsored committee of the great and the good could be set up to air the questions and guide (but not direct) physicians in grappling with them. But this does not answer the central question of the ultimate responsibility of deciding for life or death. For that, society must look to the patient or, if he or she is too young or handicapped to decide, the nearest relation should be the final arbiter. It makes the final decision no easier. But ambiguity and ambivalence come with choice and are the lot of our times.

the Observer

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