



*From His Honour Judge  
Barrington Black*

Sir, At 7am today, the BBC announced that the police expected anarchists to demonstrate at the opening by the Queen of the New Tate Gallery.

I don't know what time anarchists wake up and set off for their daily anarchy, but I would wager that some, perhaps otherwise unaware of the possible activity, may have been tempted to go along to the Tate as a result of that announcement.

The purpose of such acts as committed last week may not have been primarily to damage monuments, deplorable as that was, but to gain publicity for some misguided cause. If this is so, then they have certainly succeeded.

After last week's demonstrations in Whitehall they were given valuable soundbites on the national news to explain the logic, if any, of their acts. After pleading guilty to criminal damage, the man who daubed Churchill's statue was, of course, entitled to speak in court; however, anyone with the slightest judgment would appreciate that he had nothing of value to say. By relaying his ramblings, the press merely provided him with a gratuitous platform, and have thus inspired others.

Yours truly,  
BARRINGTON BLACK,  
May 11.

*'The Times', May 12, 2000*

## Understanding art from its context

*From Lady White*

Sir, I have nothing but joy in the current spate of openings at several of our major museums and art galleries. But I am worried at the new displays at one museum — the Millbank Tate — in eschewing a chronological approach to the displays and concentrating on four thematic displays which occupy most of the gallery space. "Tate Britain" must, I suggest, soon return to being just that — a permanent exhibition of British art, displaying the major part of its collections in chronological order.

The gallery's primary purpose after all is to tell the evolving story of British art — and since the recent re-opening, it clearly does not do this as it should. As a teaching tool to children, students and foreign visitors it is now a failure.

Thematic displays can be challenging, but they should not be allowed to predominate in our national art collections. The history of art is a long story of development and social change: to understand it we need the occasional frisson of thematic displays, but we need even more the strong historical line throughout to give us a sense of what has gone past, to understand the present, and to anticipate the future.

Yours faithfully,  
ANNE WHITE.

*'The Times', May 12, 2000*

## Quizzed on television

# Pass marks

I'VE STARTED, SO I'LL FINISH, THE STORY OF MASTERMIND. By Magnus Magnusson, *Little, Brown*; 272 pages; £16.99

1 **H**ARDLY a pub in Britain does not have a quiz night and there can be few households without some version of "Trivial Pursuit". Being humiliated in front of your friends for not knowing the first name of the chief engineer of the *Starship Enterprise*, or being cheered for recollecting which father and son won Oscars for "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre", has become a national pastime. Mastery of useless information is a British obsession.

2 Who is responsible for this lamentable state of affairs? Passing on this question is not now permitted – it was Bill Wright, a BBC producer who was haunted by a wartime Gestapo interrogation. In 1971, he responded to the BBC's demand for a brainy television quiz by pitting one contestant at a time, spotlit and isolated in a sinister black chair, against an interrogator and the clock. Mr Wright exorcised his personal ghost, translating his name, rank and number responses as a POW into the introductory questions to each contender – name, occupation, and specialised subject. "Mastermind" is his masterstroke.

3 So compelling has been the format – the theme music aptly titled "Approaching Menace", the long walk to and from the chair, the camera angle tightening like a noose

around the contestant's face – that it attracted 10m viewers. Most of them could not possibly have been interested in, let alone actually answer, questions about such improbable subjects as "The Postal History and Philately of South Africa". Yet for 25 years absorbed they were, perhaps by the programme's classlessness (the winners varied from a retired ambassador to a taxi-driver), but more certainly by the tension which destroyed more than one participant. The programme was presided over throughout by Magnus Magnusson and his history marvels at the keenness of people to endure the ordeal, not least the contestant whose appearance caused him to be exposed as an unfrocked priest and bigamist.

4 His is more than a tally of winners and losers lightened by disclosures of edited-out bloopers and backstage secrets. It is an account of how a television quiz show, normally held to be the enemy of intellect, made braininess respectable. Though the BBC has decided to kill it off before it declined, it seems improbable that it will not be revived. Then, surely, somebody will take as their specialised subject, "The Life and Times of Mastermind, 1972-97".

*'The Economist', November 15, 1997*

**From:** M J Scott-Bolton,  
Stourbridge

**Re:** Pursuits that preserve the  
country

**Date:** 8 October 2000

THE discerning eye of Mr Bill Bryson could not possibly fail to appreciate that the making, and the saving, of our landscape is in great measure due to the English countryman's passion for field sports (review, Oct 1). Yet in his article "Your Country Needs You", field sports go unmentioned.

As a land agent I have had the privilege of managing 12,000 acres of lovely countryside over the last 43 years and I have come to the conclusion that the sporting interest and the non-political Game Conservancy between them have done more to preserve our countryside since the end of the last war, than any other body, certainly more than the National Parks and other "political" bodies – and at no cost to the public purse.

When the EU Environmental Sensitive Area Schemes were first introduced, I remember the Agriculture Ministry being very surprised that the heather moorlands that they wished to include in their scheme had been managed for the past 20 years in just the way they were proposing. I explained that we had simply followed the recommendations of the Game Conservancy to enhance the grouse shooting and thereby also to preserve the heather.



Email your letters to The Sunday Telegraph Editor:  
[stletters@telegraph.co.uk](mailto:stletters@telegraph.co.uk)

*De volgende tekst is het eerste hoofdstuk uit The House Gun, een roman van Nadine Gordimer*

**S**omething terrible happened.

They are watching it on the screen with their after-dinner coffee cups beside them. It is Bosnia or Somalia or the earthquake shaking a Japanese island between apocalyptic teeth like a dog; whatever were the disasters of that time. When the intercom buzzes each looks to the other with a friendly reluctance; you go, your turn. It's part of the covenant of living together. They made the decision to give up the house and move into this townhouse complex with grounds maintained and security-monitored entrance only recently and they are not yet accustomed, or rather are inclined momentarily to forget that it's not the barking of Robbie and the old-fangled ring of the front door bell that summons them, now. No pets allowed in the complex, but luckily there was the solution that theirs could go to their son who has a garden cottage.

He, she – twitch of a smile, he got himself up with languor directed at her and went to lift the nearest receiver. Who, she half-heard him say, half-listening to the commentary following the images, Who. It could be someone wanting to convert to some religious sect, or the delivery of a summons for a parking offence, casual workers did this, moon-lighting. He said something else she didn't catch but she heard the purr of the electronic release button.

What he said then was, Do you know who a Julian-somebody might be? Friend of Duncan?

He, she – they didn't, either of them. Nothing unusual about that, Duncan, twenty-seven years old, had his own circle just as his parents had theirs, and these intersected only occasionally where interests, inculcated in him as a child by his parents, met.

What does he want?

Just said to speak to us.

Both at the same instant were touched by a live voltage of alarm. What is there to fear, defined in the known context of a twenty-seven-year-old in this city – a car crash, a street mugging, a violent break-in at the cottage. Both stood at the door, confronting these, confronting the footsteps they heard approaching their private paved path beneath the crossed swords of Strelitzia leaves, the signal of the second buzzer, and this young man, come from? for? Duncan. He stared at the floor as he came in, so they couldn't read him. He sat down without a word.

He, she – whose turn.

There's been an accident?

She's a doctor, she sees what the ambulances bring in to Intensive Care. If something's broken she can gauge whether it ever can be put together again.

This Julian draws in his lips over his teeth and clamps his mouth, a moment.

A kind of ... Not Duncan, no no! Someone's been shot. He's arrested. Duncan.

They both stand up.

For God's sake – what are you talking about – what is all this –how arrested, arrested for what–

The messenger is attacked, he becomes almost sullen, unable to bear what he has to tell. The obscene word comes ashamedly from him. Murder.

Everything has come to a stop. What can be understood is a car crash, a street mugging, a violent break-in.

He/she. He strides over and switches off the television. And expels a violent breath. So long as nobody moved, nobody uttered, the word and the act within the word could not enter here. Now with the touch of a switch and the gush of a breath a new calendar is opened. The old Gregorian cannot register this day. It does not exist in that means of measure.

This Julian now tells them that a magistrate was called 'after hours' (he gives the detail with the weight of its urgent gravity) to lay a charge at the police station and bail was refused. That is the practical purpose of his visit: Duncan says, Duncan says, Duncan's message is that there's no point in their coming, there's no point in trying for bail, he will appear in court on Monday morning. He has his own lawyer.

He/she. She has marked the date on patients' prescriptions a dozen times since morning but she turns to find a question that will bring some kind of answer to that word pronounced by the messenger. She cries out.

*What day is it today?*

Friday.

It was on a Friday.



## SEAN french

- 1 **H**as anybody famous come out of the “Fame School of Performing Arts” that Paul McCartney helped set up in Liverpool four years ago? And what about that football academy that the FA set up with great publicity in the mid-eighties? What percentage of its graduates have become Premier League footballers? Or even professional footballers in any division?
- 2 Some cultural academies might be dubious, while others – such as the Royal Academy of Music – are obviously necessary. Nobody can become a classical musician without long and rigorous training. Lots of people who weren’t writers have suddenly produced – in middle, or old age – a good book. No people have overnight, from scratch, become professional classical performers in middle age.
- 3 There are plenty of grey areas in the subject of teaching the arts. Simon Callow has argued that certain forms of training – especially in the voice – are essential for stage performance. In his biography of Orson Welles, he argued that – with all Welles’s genius – there were still limits as to what he could do on stage because he hadn’t gone to drama school. But Welles became a great screen actor and there are many examples of models, writers, sportsmen and producers becoming fine movie actors. In fact, stage training can be a disadvantage for the movies.
- 4 But about one thing I have no doubt. The establishment of a “National Academy of Writing”, reported in the *Observer* this week, is a really terrible idea. I don’t just mean that it shouldn’t be a priority, but that it is a bad idea in itself, a waste of money and of the time of everybody involved.
- 5 You hardly need to marshal contrary arguments, just observe the cloudiness of what people said in

favour of it. Melvyn Bragg said lots of people write to him asking for advice: “Hopefully, the academy will be able to take on that role.” Carmen Callil said the academy could assume the role once played by “great editors” in publishing houses who would help writers improve their work. Alan Plater, the TV scriptwriter, hoped the academy would raise the level of writing for television: “Whatever it was that gave us the great screenwriters like Potter, Bleasdale and Rosenthal isn’t there any more.”

6 These are matters to do with the structure of publishing, the new hierarchies in television management, the difficulties of getting an agent or a commission, but what have they to do with writing? The academy itself will have courses in lots of things that are not worth taking courses in: “poetry, research, biography, editing, reportage, criticism, lyric writing and translation”, as well as writing scripts for different performing media.

7 The only sensible advice given by a teacher of these courses would be: don’t do this course, do something more useful. My advice to a young writer would be to read a lot and try to learn what works and what doesn’t work. Writing, though, isn’t even as fair as that. Reviewing Laurence Olivier’s<sup>1)</sup> memoirs, John Carey observed how remarkable it was that he could have learnt so much great literature and still write so badly.

8 Perhaps the best advice to a young writer is: travel, learn something useful, do a weird job, so that if in the end it turns out that you are one of those people who can write, then you’ll have something to write about. And if it turns out in the end that you can’t write, well, at least you’ve got the weird job.

*‘New Statesman’, December 4, 1998*

noot 1

Laurence Olivier (1907–1989), a famous British Shakespeare actor



## Must Africa always be reported by chaps in cowboy hats?

MEDIA ♦ IAN HARGREAVES

When people of earnest goodwill debate the future of the Internet and its effect upon journalism, it does not take long before someone raises the question of the growing gap between the “information rich” and the “information poor”. What use can the Internet be to that majority of the world’s population which does not even have a telephone? What use can it be in Africa, which has fewer telephone lines than New York City?

16 it is clear that the net is starting to make an impact in the world’s poorest continent. Tanya Accone, one of Africa’s small but growing number of on-line editors, recently predicted that it would be “the great leveller of Africa”, enabling journalists to e-mail their way past censorship, and encouraging low-budget virtual publications for cheap distribution over the World Wide Web. 17 the rebels fighting the incompetent government of Congo have their own website, and many of Africa’s newspapers are available in some form or other on the net.

When Africa News Online (<http://www.africanews.org>), a web-based service which publishes news from more than 30 African titles from the *Sowetan* to the *Addis Ababa Monitor*, started up three years ago, it was able to network into only six African countries. Today it reaches 47 out of 54 countries, and is starting to pay worthwhile royalties to its member organisations.

All too obviously, this 18 Africa’s vast rural poor. You could argue that anyone with their interests at heart should concentrate not on either television or the Internet, but on radio. Africans own more radios than telephones and, unlike the Internet, the radio makes no demands on literacy and doesn’t involve call charges.

The one group that does have access to the Internet, however, is the continent’s own increasingly confident and well-trained corps of journalists. Judging by those who came to discuss the reporting of their continent at Cardiff University last week, they are communicating more effectively with each other and with the world beyond Africa as a result of the Internet, 19 the culture of press freedom as they do so.

Africans are certainly 20 the way we report them. Since the cold war, the western public has stopped taking Africa’s politics seriously and, without apartheid, there is a loss of moral

engagement, especially in America and Britain.

To African eyes, the west is fixated upon the televisual image of the white aid worker cradling a poor, sick African child, substituting what one speaker at the conference called a “tyranny of 21” for previous types of political and economic control. Professor Helge Rønning of Oslo University accused journalists not only of exporting clichés, but also of failing to question sufficiently the motives of the aid organisations that provide their air passage into disaster zones in return for emotive publicity. If journalists collaborated with business in this way, it would be “seriously questioned as a form of undue and unethical influence”, he said. Wilfred Kiboro, chief executive of the Nairobi-based Nation press group, urged 22 to open their eyes not only to Africa’s manifest failures, but also to its successes. Kiboro mocked the western chaps in cowboy hats and combat fatigues, with more pockets than there are days in the week, knocking off their pieces to camera just beyond the backdrop of a five-star hotel.



Too often the attempts to counter western media domination are ineffective. The Pan African News Agency, set up in 1983 by the Organisation of African Unity, is a creature of governments and it has suffered the fate of all such mouthpieces – it is not trusted. In an attempt to revive the agency, the OAU announced last year that it would be privatised, with the majority of shares sold to commercial African media owners. But so far only \$12 million of the

intended \$19 million has been raised. African journalists would like to see the agency in private hands, but doubt that it will attract the resources to displace the distorted foreign media agenda.

This may be too pessimistic. A privatised and properly managed agency may be able to construct sound alliances with other agencies, not all of which 23 Africa. As Mark Wood, editor-in-chief of Reuters, points out: in the last year, his agency filed 48,850 stories on Africa, of which 28,000 concerned business, markets and economics.

Wood is an Internet enthusiast – for Africa, he says, it is “24 waiting to happen”. The Internet is a technology beyond the absolute control both of African dictators and western media empires, but one that supports the principle of free and open exchange which underpins global capitalism. Ensuring it stays that way is one of the more useful things the west can do for Africa.

*‘New Statesman’, December 4, 1998*



# How politicians killed privacy

1 **A**re there now no limits to intrusion into the private lives of public figures? That Margaret Cook<sup>2)</sup> should wish, whether as therapy or revenge, to dish the dirt on the Foreign Secretary is entirely understandable, as even her former husband seems to accept. Whether a leading publishing house, as well as our highest circulation Sunday broadsheet, should print such intimate memoirs is quite another matter. Once, politicians could rely on a decent lapse of time before their worst indiscretions were made public, so that they could lick any wounds away from the media glare. In retirement, even in opposition, the victim can retreat to some secret hideaway for a few days, until the fuss dies down. In office, he must face cameras, Commons and colleagues, knowing that the audience will have at least part of its mind on his sexual performance and drinking habits. Most of the inside political gossip of the interwar years (fairly innocuous, by present standards) remained unrevealed until the 1960s, when diaries such as those by Harold Nicolson and "Chips" Channon were published. Now, a minister is hardly inside a chauffeur-driven car before the inevitable biography is published. Politics has become

25 showbusiness – just as royalty and sport did – and it is hard to see why anyone involved should, for reasons other than loyalty and honour, decline to perform. Charlie Whelan, for example, could earn far more for publishing intimate memoirs of Treasury ministers than he could ever hope to get as Gordon Brown's spin-doctor. Disgrace may itself prove to be a good career move, turning a politician into an overnight media star, as David Mellor and the Hamiltons found.

2 In three important senses, democratic politicians have only themselves to blame. First, they have turned politics into questions of lifestyle and personality. Candidates frequently use pictures of their spouses and children in their election literature, trying to project themselves as happy family men and women; they can hardly then complain if the press then reports that voters have been sold a false prospectus. It is all very well for Tony Blair to demand that we focus on the issues and policies, rather than on personalities. But when it came to the Bernie Ecclestone affair, and the suspicions about why Formula One motor-racing had been exempted from a tobacco advertising ban, it was the Prime Minister who, in effect, invited us to ignore the evidence and instead to trust his integrity. Image indeed has become central to modern politics not just in the packaging of policies, but also in the presentation of politicians, who are advised to lower their voices, change their hairstyles, adopt a more caring tone, and so on. The public may well think it is entitled to a glimpse of the person behind the image.

3 55 Second, since Cecil Parkinson resigned in the Sara Keays affair, the major parties have implicitly accepted press interest in private lives. It was, after all, a telephone call from Downing Street, warning of press revelations, that accelerated the collapse of the

60 Cook marriage. Even if Mr Blair's press



spokesman did not issue an ultimatum – choose between your wife and your mistress – that was exactly the choice that, according to precedent, Mr Cook faced.

4 65 Third, politicians presume to prescribe other people's behaviour more and more. This is a point of particular importance to the left because, to some degree, it is a consequence of a larger public sector. If the state pours billions of pounds into education, it may reasonably insist that parents do their bit towards ensuring that tax-payers' money is spent efficiently – by getting their children to bed early, for example, or by not taking family holidays in term-time. If a health service is financed from the public purse, politicians may advise that we shall all get better value if we smoke less, drink less and exercise more. This indeed is one of the foundations of new Labour philosophy, which contends that rights must be accompanied by responsibilities, and which is most clearly illustrated in this week's announcement of a pilot scheme under which all benefit claimants, including the disabled, must attend "single gateway" interviews. A bit of finger-wagging and hectoring is inseparable from a state that provides more than minimum services. But the more politicians indulge themselves in this respect, the more they lay themselves open to scrutiny of their own lives.

5 It would be absurd to defend Margaret Cook's revelations on such grounds – if anything, the Foreign Secretary is less censorious of other people's behaviour than most politicians. The point, however, is that the boundary between private and public is more blurred than those who call for privacy laws usually acknowledge, and that politicians are largely responsible for the blurring.

January 15, 1999

noot 2

Margaret Cook wrote a book about the breakdown of her marriage to Foreign Secretary Robin Cook.

## Just how vital are your organs?

... but kidney doctoring is bad  
by Barbara Gunnell

- 1 A delicate business, medical ethics, and the International Forum for Transplant Ethics was wise to observe a long period of silence on the sale of organs for transplant after the Turkish kidney donor scandal of the Eighties. But time is a great healer (though less so if you've had one of your kidneys stolen), and the Forum now wants to re-examine the rights and wrongs of rich people buying the kidneys of poor people.
- 2 'Most people will recognise in themselves the feelings of outrage and disgust that led to an outright ban on kidney sales ... Nevertheless, we need better reasons than our own feelings of disgust ... if we are to deny treatment to the suffering and dying,' wrote members of the Forum in *The Lancet*<sup>3)</sup> last week.
- 3 Let's just recall the disgust and outrage that are not good enough reasons. A lucrative trade in the kidneys of impoverished Turks was exposed in our very own Harley Street<sup>4)</sup>. The gaff was blown when one poorly Turk had to carry his even more poorly compatriot out of the private clinic that had purchased their kidneys for £3,000 and resold them for at least 10 times that.
- 4 Called before the General Medical Council to defend their trade, doctors said they had thought all the impoverished Turkish donors they saw were volunteer relatives of the wealthy recipients, who, strangely, were Greek, Israeli, Libyan – every nationality but Turkish. 'One almost has to make an effort to be as unwitting as this. How many Turks
- 5 were going to come along not speaking the same language before you were going to ask the question?!' one member of the General Medical Council asked a doctor.
- 6 Unabashed, the dog now returns to its vomit.
- 7 'The best way to address such problems would be by regulation and perhaps a central purchasing system, to provide screening, counselling, reliable payment, insurance and financial advice,' write the ethical experts, concluding with a flourish that 'feelings of repugnance cannot justify removing the only hope of the destitute and dying.'
- 8 The logic here is a bit assailable (we could, for example, look for better ways of helping the destitute than dismantling them). None the less the doctors are right that a shortage of kidneys for transplant is causing suffering and death – as well as a substantial loss of profits, with an estimated 38,000 patients waiting for kidneys in the United States alone.
- 9 So what have we, the squeamish, to offer as a solution? Human rights considerations militate against regularising the illicit but flourishing trade in the organs of executed Chinese prisoners: livers for \$40,000, kidneys for \$20,000, guaranteed non-smoker lungs, etc. One might find the number of executions rising uncannily.
- 10 But consider: the destitute and dispossessed, with their inadequate diets and degraded environments, need both their poison filters. The rich, with their sanitised lives and Perrier water, can easily get by on just one. Doctors seem confident that removal is a simple risk-free operation. We suggest they lead the way – make donating a kidney part of the rite of passage for all doctors entering private practice.
- 10 No cash, no ethical dilemma.

'The Observer', June 28, 1998

noot 3

*The Lancet*: a British medical journal

noot 4

Harley Street: a London street with a large concentration of private medical practices

## CINEMA

### THE END OF VIOLENCE

120 mins, 15

Wim Wenders's new movie manages the impossible trick of being both dreamy and didactic at the same time: the entire cast walk around with a slightly dazed expression as if they have just been hit over the head with a very large concept. The concept is violence, in all its guises: a producer of violent movies (Bill Pullman) is kidnapped and repents his ways; a crime-surveillance expert, sitting amid video screens (Gabriel Byrne), meets a victim of political torture and so on. There's a student-essay utopianism to all this, but what stays with you are Wenders's images of human drift and electronic disconnection. When is he going to have done and make a film about the mobile phone? *TS*

### PICTURE PERFECT

101 mins, PG

It had to happen, what with the success of *Friends* and then that Wella commercial. With its beady eye for the freshest young talent, Hollywood has finally given over a starring role to Jennifer Aniston's haircut. It has a great time: it gets cut, styled, fiddled with and – when all else fails – it provides a handy cover for Aniston to hide behind when the movie gets too mortifying. Aniston plays a girl called Kate, who has everything – a New York apartment, a job in advertising, perfect hair – everything except a fiancé, so she invents one: the only bit of fresh invention in the whole film, and even he turns out to exist, the bore. The whole point about *Friends* is that they stick together: split one off from the pack and they merely end up looking lost and a little lonely. *TS*

### THE WINTER GUEST

109 mins, 15

The directing debut of Alan Rickman, an adaptation by himself and the dramatist Sharman MacDonald of her play set in a frozen Scottish landscape, is a mixed affair. Frances (Emma Thompson) is a recent widow, having difficulty in adjusting to her loss. Her 15-year-old son Alex (Gary Hollywood), neglected when his father was alive, is blighted by his invisible presence when he attempts a fumble with a teenage siren (Arlene Cockburn). Frances's mother (Phyllida Law), drifting through the outer reaches of Alzheimer's, meddles hamfistedly. As an extended exploration of relationships, it is all talk and goes nowhere. *GP*

### KISSED

78 mins, 18

The BBFC, while allowing the Canadian director Lynne Stopkewich's first feature into the cinemas uncut, has withheld a video certificate until it has assessed the press reaction. In certain tabloids, that will be all too predictable, since her film is a study of a necrophiliac – a girl who obtains a job with an undertaker to satisfy her desires. A living would-be lover soon realises he is facing unequal competition and there is only one thing he can do about it. Such a bald synoptic description is bound to evoke outrage in certain quarters. Yet this gently humorous film manages to present its disturbing psychology with understanding. If we are to have censorship by merit, a dangerous tendency, I will argue fiercely Stopkewich's film enhances the life-illuminating power of cinema and will corrupt nobody. *GP*

Tom Shone and George Perry



# Fluramon

## Instructions for Use

Fluoride varnish for stabilization of dental enamel. **Fluramon** contains highly effective ammonium fluoride and thus acts as prophylaxis against caries and hypersensitive teeth. **Fluramon** is colourless and therefore no discoloration of teeth occurs.

### Efficacy:

**Fluramon** is a fast drying varnish, which adheres well to dry tooth enamel and dentine. This makes it possible to achieve intensive protection of the treated surfaces over a longer period of time, particularly of the sites of predilection of caries. **Fluramon** forms a watertight protective film insulating against thermal and chemical influences. Object of every use of **Fluramon** must be to retain fluoride varnish as long as possible on the treated surfaces.

The application of **Fluramon** is recommended for preventional treatment of hypersensitive necks of teeth and caries. **Fluramon** can particularly be applied at the margins of cavities after grinding of individual teeth, after fillings have been placed, especially when the etching technique has been applied, as well as after insertion of crowns, inlays and bridges.

Surfaces to be treated are cleaned and thoroughly dried with air.

**Fluramon** must be shaken well before each use. Solid particles must be well dispersed.

**Fluramon** to be dropped onto a brush, preferably on **Pele Tim** foam pellets and the surface to be thinly treated.

**Attention:** Layers, which are too thick, separate too easily. Varnish is to be diluted if necessary.

The varnish is allowed to be absorbed for 10 - 20 seconds and then dried with air.

With correct application and proper mouth hygiene **Fluramon** remains in place for several days.

The application of **Fluramon** can be repeated two or three times at intervals of 7 days. Surfaces should be dried and touched again. **Fluramon** must be as liquid as to run easily from the dropper after shaking. It may be necessary to dilute varnish with a few drops of the solvent provided. This solvent is also useful for cleaning instruments, etc.

### Presentation Fluramon:

Set 4 g + solvent	Art. No. 1001
clinic bottle 10 g	Art. No. 1002

### Supplementary indications:

**Pele Tim** foam pellets are the ideal carrier for all liquid and pasty preparations, instead of cotton wool, and preferably used for the application of **Fluramon**.

### Presentation Pele Tim:

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Size No. 2 medium ø 5 mm	approx. 1000 pellets	Art. No. 2253
Size No. 3 large ø 8 mm	approx. 500 pellets	Art. No. 2254
Size No. 4 v-shape 6 x 8 mm	approx. 500 pellets	Art. No. 2255



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# ‘Magic bullet’ of cyanide could kill cancer cells

CANCER PATIENTS of the future could be treated with a powerful “magic bullet” that attacks tumours with a cyanide cocktail derived from the cassava plant, scientists disclosed yesterday at the British Association’s annual meeting.

Researchers from Imperial College in London have devised a way of using cyanide, one of the most dangerous and fast-acting poisons, selectively to destroy cancer cells yet leave healthy tissue untouched.

The key ingredient of the therapy is an enzyme derived from the cassava plant, which converts a harmless sugar molecule into the poison. Scientists have attached the enzyme to an artificial antibody specifically designed to target tumour cells only.

**BY STEVE CONNOR**  
Science Editor

The idea is to inject the combination of antibody and enzyme into the site of a tumour and then flush the cancer with the sugar, which would cause cyanide to be released into the cancer cells.

Cyanide is such an effective poison because it interrupts the vital oxygen supply that enables living tissues to generate energy. “It suffocates you from the inside out,” Dr Deonarain said.

Because the poison cripples such an important part of a cell’s vital machinery, it would probably be impossible for tumour cells to develop a way of avoiding being killed.

*‘The Independent’, September 7, 2000*

# Web Guide

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### A Coleridge Companion

<http://aix1.uottawa.ca/~phoenix/ccomp.html>

Take an enlightened trip to Xanadu and discover the meaning behind Coleridge's pleasure domes at this online biography of the brilliant poet. The whole of John Spencer Hill's superb book is available here, complete with 18 accompanying plates. Chapters detailing the influences behind the epic poems Kubla Khan and The Ancient Mariner reveal the complex nature of Coleridge, including his crippling addiction to opium and his unique relationship with Wordsworth.

Last Checked 06-Jul-2000

### Bible Gateway

<http://Bible.gospelcom.net/>

Search for favourite psalms or find biblical verses relating to a wide range of topics with this American search engine. Seven different versions of the Bible, including the King James and the New International, are accessible in 10 languages; although the full range is only available in English. Entering a keyword or chapter brings up a quotation or a full-text passage. Swift and simple.

Last Checked 14-Jul-2000

### Bodleian Library

<http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/>

Four centuries of books are housed in Oxford University's official library and this site is an invaluable companion to its many visitors. With so many specialist areas, including law, philosophy and Japanese, it's advisable to check out this site for things like library procedures, maps, opening times and useful contact numbers, if you're a first-time visitor.

Last checked 08-Aug-2000

### Bohemian Ink

<http://www.levity.com/corduoy/index.html>

Pushing back the parameters of writing, and experimenting with the unknown are explored at this new-wave site. It describes itself as an online review of the history and future of experimental literature and poetry. There is a good search engine and a platform for new writers to gain entry into this elite club. An excellent resource for contemporary literature.

Last Checked 29-Sep-2000



## Book-A-Minute

<http://www.rinkworks.com/bookamminute/>

What with all those newsgroups to visit and emails to send, there's precious little time these days to wade through entire works of literature. Here's a site that saves you the bother. The condensers-in-residence trim the books down to essential plot and meaning, so you'll feel dazzlingly well-read in a matter of minutes. Jane Austen's entire oeuvre is dispatched in a couple of dozen words, and you even get the chance to vote for the next literary victim.

Last Checked 08-Sep-2000

## Books Unlimited

<http://www.booksunlimited.co.uk/0,5917,84425,00.html>

Simple design and engaging content are hallmarks of the Unlimited sites. Additional to reviews and features from The Guardian and Observer newspapers, 150 author profiles span centuries and genre, from Geoffrey Chaucer to Anne Rice. Top 10s also provide a fascinating insight into celebrity reading tastes. Users can read extracts from new books, or compete in the Poetry Playoff and Haiku contests. Highly recommended.

Last Checked 08-Sep-2000

## Bulfinch's Mythology – The Age of Fable

<http://www.showgate.com/medea/bulfinch/>

Discover the Midas touch by clicking on this magnificent site and transporting yourself into the magical world of Mythology. For the Ancient Greeks and Romans, these fabulous tales formed the foundations of their religion. References to them can be read in countless plays and novels. This is a superbly-presented site: a growing table of contents on the front-page links to the stories, which are accompanied by some lovely black and white drawings. A joy to read.

Last Checked 06-Jul-2000

## Burning Press

<http://www.burningpress.org/bphome.html>

An electric collection of literary projects displayed in the global window of the Internet. There are five headings, all of which encourage audience participation in the form of contributing work and comments about the existing content. If you can get past the Net jargon (words like vizlit, micropresses) there are some fascinating ideas and thoughts, not to mention some wonderful writing. It is a little out of the ordinary, so get into lateral-thinking mode.

Last Checked 29-Sep-2000

## Charles Dickens Page

<http://www.fidnet.com/~dap1955/dickens/index.html>

A doorway into the world of Charles Dickens, one of the most entertaining writers in English and a literary heavyweight into the bargain. Offering an interactive map of Dickensian London, the content is accessible and substantial. Features on Dickens' portrayal of Christmas and his visit to America are supplemented by a timeline and quotations.

Last Checked 08-Aug-2000

## Essays of Sir Francis Bacon

[http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/mike\\_donnelly/bacon.html](http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/mike_donnelly/bacon.html)

The complete essays of the great 16th century philosopher, writer and poet, Sir Francis Bacon, have been electronically realised on this pared down site. Such topics as 'Cunning', 'Anger' and 'Riches' are available here in black and white, complete with glossary of archaic terms. An excellent resource for both the scholar and enthusiast.

Last Checked 25-Jul-2000