

WAY OF THE WORLD

Auberon Waugh **Traffic policy**



- 1 AS A PART-TIME resident of Hammersmith, I cannot help wondering whether we are being told the entire truth about the bomb which exploded on Hammersmith Bridge at 4.35am on June 1.
- 2 We were immediately invited to suppose that the outrage was planned by Continuity IRA, a splinter group from the Real IRA, itself a splinter group from the Provisional IRA.
- 3 But as none of these groups claimed credit, it was hard to imagine what they hoped to achieve in exchange for all the trouble and expense involved, let alone the risk.
- 4 How was the explosion going to advance the cause of a Northern surrender to the Irish Republic, if we could only guess at the reasons for it?
- 5 What they did achieve was the closure of Hammersmith Bridge, and traffic chaos throughout west London. It has been reported that the bridge will remain closed for several weeks. Oddly enough, it reopened only at Christmas, after several months of traffic jams caused by a £3-5 million "refit".
- 6 Two days after the explosion, it is certainly true, someone telephoned the BBC in Belfast to claim credit on behalf of one or another of the republican groups, but this voice also warned of another bomb left in a dustbin in Bishopsgate.
- 7 After streets in the City of London had been closed for three hours, the packages were found to contain rubbish, but a reasonable amount of traffic disruption had been achieved. One cannot help wondering if this was the entire purpose of the call, and whether a government agency was responsible for it.
- 8 People may ask themselves why it is that under this Labour government motorists are seen as enemies of society. The observation applies not only in London, where there is a declared policy of discouraging the private car, but all over the country.
- 9 The lady in Wiltshire who was indignantly arrested for taking a sip of water when stationary in front of a red traffic light provides a clue. They want us all to ride bicycles, you see.

'The Weekly Telegraph'

Artists going public

Since at least the time of Lord Byron there have been artists who felt driven to give their energy, their name and even, in a few cases, their lives to the great causes of their age. This month two more public artists added their names to a roster of honour that already includes figures from Auden to Zola, taking in Havel and Hugo, Robeson and Rostropovich along the way.

Last week the pianist Daniel Barenboim was barred by Israel from crossing into the West Bank to give a recital in Ramallah. Mr Barenboim had played the last three sonatas of Beethoven to an audience in Jerusalem. The Ramallah “recital for peace”, in which Mr Barenboim planned to play the same programme, would have been a piece of bridge-building, the latest in a succession of Barenboim initiatives that have brought together young Israeli and Arab musicians. While this was happening in Israel, a panel of judges in India were enforcing their own piece of inartistic authority. In New Delhi the judges imposed a one-day prison term and a 2,000-rupee fine on the writer Arundhati Roy for criticising the court during its deliberations on the Narmada river dam project in Gujarat. The 1997 Booker prize winner has been a fierce campaigner against the human and environmental consequences of the project, and Ms Roy has often attacked the courts for stifling dissent over a plan that could displace more than a quarter of a million people.

Not all public artists get it right. For every Jane Fonda there is a John Wayne. In the end such artists may just be names written in water, of more interest to their admirers than to history. But theirs is a noble tradition all the same, and both Mr Barenboim and Ms Roy are the most recent embodiments of it.

‘Guardian Weekly’

De volgende tekst is het begin van Are These Actual Miles?, een kort verhaal van Raymond Carver.

Fact is the car needs to be sold in a hurry, and Leo sends Toni out to do it. Toni is smart and has personality. She used to sell children's encyclopedias door to door. She signed him up, even though he didn't have kids. Afterward, Leo asked her for a date, and the date led to this. This deal has to be cash, and it has to be done tonight. Tomorrow somebody they owe might slap a lien on the car. Monday they'll be in court, home free – but word on them went out yesterday, when their lawyer mailed the letters of intention. The hearing on Monday is nothing to worry about, the lawyer has said. They'll be asked some questions, and they'll sign some papers, and that's it. But sell the convertible, he said – today, *tonight*. They can hold onto the little car, Leo's car, no problem. But they go into court with that big convertible, the court will take it, and that's that.

Toni dresses up. It's four o'clock in the afternoon. Leo worries the lots will close. But Toni takes her time dressing. She puts on a new white blouse, wide lacy cuffs, the new two-piece suit, new heels. She transfers the stuff from her straw purse into the new patent-leather handbag. She studies the lizard makeup pouch and puts that in too. Toni has been two hours on her hair and face. Leo stands in the bedroom doorway and taps his lips with his knuckles, watching.

'You're making me nervous,' she says. 'I wish you wouldn't just stand,' she says. 'So tell me how I look.'

'You look fine,' he says. 'You look great. I'd buy a car from you anytime.'

'But you don't have money,' she says, peering into the mirror. She pats her hair, frowns. 'And your credit's lousy. You're nothing,' she says. 'Teasing,' she says and looks at him in the mirror. 'Don't be serious,' she says. 'It has to be done, so I'll do it. You take it out, you'd be lucky to get three, four hundred and we both know it. Honey, you'd be lucky if you didn't have to pay *them*.' She gives her a hair a final pat, gums her lips, blots the lipstick with a tissue. She turns away from the mirror and picks up her purse. 'I'll have to have dinner or something, I told you that already, that's the way they work, I know them. But don't worry, I'll get out of it,' she says. 'I can handle it.'

'Jesus,' Leo says, 'did you have to say that?'

She looks at him steadily. 'Wish me luck,' she says.

'Luck,' he says. 'You have the pink slip?' he says.

She nods. He follows her through the house, a tall woman with a small high bust, broad hips and thighs. He scratches a pimple on his neck. 'You're sure?' he says. 'Make sure. You have to have the pink slip.'

'I have the pink slip,' she says.

'Make sure.'

She starts to say something, instead looks at

herself in the front window and then shakes her head.

'At least call,' he says. 'Let me know what's going on.'

'I'll call,' she says. 'Kiss, kiss. Here,' she says and points to the corner of her mouth. 'Careful,' she says.

He holds the door for her. 'Where are you going to try first?' he says. She moves past him and onto the porch.

Ernest Williams looks from across the street. In his Bermuda shorts, stomach hanging, he looks at Leo and Toni as he directs a spray onto his begonias. Once, last winter, during the holidays, when Toni and the kids were visiting his mother's, Leo brought a woman home. Nine o'clock the next morning, a cold foggy Saturday, Leo walked the woman to the car, surprised Ernest Williams on the sidewalk with a newspaper in his hand. Fog drifted, Ernest Williams stared, then slapped the paper against his leg, hard.

Leo recalls that slap, hunches his shoulders, says, 'You have someplace in mind first?'

'I'll just go down the line,' she says. 'The first lot, then I'll just go down the line.'

'Open at nine hundred,' he says. 'Then come down. Nine hundred is low bluebook, even on a cash deal.'

'I know where to start,' she says.

Ernest Williams turns the hose in their direction. He stares at them through the spray of water. Leo has an urge to cry out a confession.

'Just making sure,' he says.

'Okay, okay,' she says. 'I'm off.'

It's her car, they call it her car, and that makes it all the worse. They bought it new that summer three years ago. She wanted something to do after the kids started school, so she went back selling. He was working six days a week in the fiber-glass plant. For a while they didn't know how to spend the money. Then they put a thousand on the convertible and doubled and tripled the payments until in a year they had it paid. Earlier, while she was dressing, he took the jack and spare from the trunk and emptied the glove compartment of pencils, matchbooks, Blue Chip stamps. Then he washed it and vacuumed inside. The red hood and fenders shine.

'Good luck,' he says and touches her elbow.

She nods. He sees she is already gone, already negotiating.

'Things are going to be different!' he calls to her as she reaches the driveway. 'We start over Monday. I mean it.'

Ernest Williams looks at them and turns his head and spits. She gets into the car and lights a cigarette.

'This time next week!' Leo calls again. 'Ancient history!'

He waves as she backs into the street. She changes gear and starts ahead. She accelerates and the tires give a little scream.

Talking 'bout their regeneration

Pop

Caroline Sullivan

- 1 All three surviving members have boyish figures, two are still blessed with luxuriant rock star tresses, and they can command £35 for a ticket in the furthest balcony. Bet the Who – combined age 165 – are congratulating themselves on failing to die before they got old. Alone of their 1960s peers, they are enjoying a stylish middle age unsullied by new albums or annual reunions, refusing to capitalise on the Britpop fixation with the 60s.
- 2 The excitement generated by two Christmas shows at the Shepherd's Bush Empire, London, scene of their most intimate concerts over the past 25 years, was epitomised by the man who spent most of the gig holding up a mobile phone to let a friend share the vibe.
- 3 Roger Daltrey, Pete Townshend and John Entwistle repaid the devotion with the ultimate compliment: a two-hour set consisting of the hits and nothing but the hits. No obscure album tracks, no excerpts – phew – from Townshend's

current six-CD Lifehouse project, just the sparkling jewels in their crown.

- 4 Liam Gallagher, watching stone-faced from the circle, might well have been calculating the likelihood of Oasis, who share more of an affinity with the rumbustious Who than they do with the Beatles, ever matching this band's tally of classic songs.
- 5 The answer is that they probably won't, unless they suddenly develop a political and spiritual consciousness that imparts deeper layers of meaning to his heat-seeking pop anthems. Townshend did just that in his day, and his songs retain an eternally youthful glint that's no less relevant now, even if the messengers are grey-haired and have to catch their breath between numbers.
- 6 That said, Daltrey sounded remarkably young; close your eyes during Substitute and The Kids Are Alright and he could have been the Mod peacock of the "maximum R&B" days. He seemed barely older on the hippie rallying cries of Won't Get Fooled Again and Baba O'Reilly, swinging his mike with a vim that must have cost him dearly afterwards.

'Guardian Weekly'

COMMENT & ANALYSIS

Patents and patients

Why are pharmaceuticals companies so often the object of criticism? After all, they are in the business of discovering the medicines that help save and improve the lives of millions. They employ some of the most gifted scientists on earth, who strain at the very limits of existing human knowledge to discover the medical treatments of tomorrow.

15, a campaign launched this week by Oxfam, the UK aid agency, which accuses drug companies of using patent rights to deny millions of people life-saving medicines – particularly to treat Aids – has struck a chord. It has unleashed a fury of media coverage in which pharmaceuticals companies are branded as grasping and ruthless – even evil.

Paul Herrling, the quiet and thoughtful head of research at Novartis, a giant Swiss pharmaceuticals company, concedes that his industry 16. “It’s absolutely true that the pharma industry, like any other human undertaking, has excesses and does things that you or I would not condone,” he says, pushing his bicycle through the research campus he runs in Basle. “But the biggest motivation when you talk to our scientists is that they can use their science to save lives.”

Mr Herrling believes the pharmaceuticals industry has a fundamental contract with society – to deliver new medicines. “We are the only element of society that can efficiently contribute new pharmacological therapies to society. Nobody else can do it.” But the 17 to which he alludes lies at the heart of public disquiet about the industry. For while the public, through its representatives in government, has implicitly signed up, many elements of the agreement make it feel uncomfortable.

At the heart of public disquiet is the industry’s monopoly status – the foundation of its fabulous wealth. The top 10 pharmaceuticals groups have a combined valuation of \$1,200bn and sales of \$150bn a year. The contract with society is as follows. Drug companies are encouraged to spend huge amounts of money on discovering new medicines. 18,

they are awarded a monopoly, known as a patent. While the patent lasts, for an average of about 10 years after a medicine is launched, no other company can produce cheap copies of the same drug.

The disadvantage of the arrangement is that the price of patented medicines bears no relation to the cost of manufacturing them. Drug companies claim that they operate in a competitive environment. But when a medicine finally goes off patent, generic manufacturers can charge a tenth of the price and still turn a handy profit.

Furthermore, the industry’s claim that it needs “super-profits” to undertake risky research investments is 19 by the huge amounts it lavishes on marketing. Glaxo-SmithKline boasts that it spends \$500,000 an hour on research and development. But it invests nearly twice as much in sales and marketing. It employs 10,000 scientists – and 40,000 salesmen.

None of this sits well with the image conjured up in Oxfam’s report of patients in the developing world dying for want of medicines. By defending its 20 in poor countries, it says, the industry puts the price of vital drugs beyond millions of poor people. Through its vast lobbying power, Oxfam accuses it of exploiting World Trade Organisation rules to “conduct an undeclared drugs war against the world’s poorest countries”.

The charity says patented medicines cost far more in countries that 21 international patent norms than in those that allow generic manufacturers to flourish.

“We know that making life-saving drugs more affordable isn’t the whole answer,” says Justin Forsyth, Oxfam’s director of policy. Mr Forsyth concedes the industry’s point that poverty and lack of healthcare infrastructure are even more to blame, as evidenced by a continuing lack of access in those countries to drugs that have long since lost patent protection. “However, the balance has skewed too far towards corporate wealth rather than public health,” he says.

Some in the industry are genuinely bemused at such accusations. One

executive from Merck, a respected US company remarked recently that food companies were not held responsible for world famine, nor water utilities for the absence of drinking water in poor countries. “Why is it the 22 of the pharmaceuticals industry to fund treatment of Aids in Africa? Since when?” echoes Joe Zammit-Lucia of Cambridge Pharma Consultancy.

The problem for the industry is that not even Oxfam is asking it to fund such an endeavour. Pharmaceuticals companies are being challenged to do something far more risky: to renounce their patent rights in certain markets. That is a frightening prospect for an industry for which patents are its very lifeblood. If it budges, even 23, it fears its prices will be undermined in the west.

The industry’s traditional line of thinking has been that abuse of patents, wherever it occurs, is theft. “Companies that make generic copies are like pirates on the high seas,” Sir Richard Sykes, non-executive chairman of GSK, told the BBC last week.

But that hardline view may be giving way to a more pragmatic approach. This week, Glaxo-SmithKline told concerned investors that it was 24 its policies on pricing and patent enforcement. Even before the Oxfam campaign broke, Jean-Pierre Garnier made it clear to colleagues that the access issue was high on his agenda. He was not happy, he said, being head of a company that sold 80 per cent of its medicines to only 20 per cent of the world’s population.

At Novartis, Dr Herrling believes the industry should help repair its image by devoting a specified percentage of profits towards research into non-commercial diseases, such as malaria and dengue fever. If the industry continues to arouse public scorn, he says, it runs the risk of no longer being able to attract the finest scientific talent. “That would have disastrous consequences for society.”

David Pilling in the ‘Financial Times’

Where the winning is easy

London is the place for your libel case

Britain's judiciary has decided to unleash the wonders of English libel law on the world's press. The result of yesterday's House of Lords decision to allow Boris Berezovsky, the richest and most powerful man in Russia, to sue the US magazine *Forbes* in a libel trial in London will have disastrous consequences for free speech, both here and throughout the world. It is an absurd result and one which casts doubt both on the law lords' ability to understand human rights and on the way they decide matters of constitutional importance.

Berezovsky is an international public figure whose behaviour calls for the fullest investigation and the freeest comment. The most serious allegations about his greed and route to power have been made by such figures as George Soros. He disdains to sue in Russia: he will not sue in the US, where *Forbes* sells a million copies. Instead, he has now been allowed to sue in London because the magazine sold a few hundred copies

here. His motives are transparent: he wants to sue here because our libel law is loaded towards plaintiffs.

The decision to allow Berezovsky the right to restore his reputation in England puts at risk every foreign magazine which sends copies here. Publishers from *The New York Review of Books*, through *India Today* to the *New Yorker* may decide to withdraw copies from circulation in this country rather than risk the crippling cost of English libel actions brought by any foreign crook, politician or businessman.

The dissenting judgments of Lords Hoffman and Hope make compelling reading. British courts have no right or qualification to act as an "international policeman" restoring foreigners to a reputation they cannot protect in their home country. Yesterday's judgment may enrich the English libel Bar. The chilling effect on international publishers means that the rest of us will be infinitely poorer.

'The Guardian'

Measuring madness

THE TYRANNY OF NUMBERS
Why Counting Can't Make Us
Happy by David Boyle
 HarperCollins £14.99 pp236

BRYAN APPLEYARD

1 This is a strange book. Its thesis is straightforward enough: our obsession with counting and measuring has led us astray. Numbers tell us
 5 nothing, very little, or only what we know already. Of the complexities and nuances of life, they can say nothing; on the deep mystery of individual experience, they are silent.
 10 It is time, says David Boyle, to stop counting and start living – “We die a little,” he writes, “if we do nothing but count.”

2 What is strange is the way he makes his point. He hops between
 15 “historical interludes” and contemporary analysis. Each chapter ends with a “bizarre measurement” and a couple of weird statistics, for example, “Number of floppy discs BT
 20 believes can store a digital version of every experience in an 80-year life – 7,142,857,142,860,000.”

3 The point is to establish the sheer
 25 eccentricity of our numerical mania and to prove its cultural specificity. Far from being the platonic absolutes we think they are, most numbers are products of local
 30 prejudice. They shore up attitudes and opinions, and hide what they do behind a mask of hard, unarguable truth. We think they tell us more
 35 than they do. Learning that people around the world have sex 120m times a day seems, at first, hugely informative but, on second sight, it means absolutely nothing.

4 More seriously, numbers can de-
 40 lude us into adopting appallingly damaging policies. Boyle goes into the history of the measurement of national income, admitting that
 45 Keynes made brilliant use of the idea as a way of managing wartime resources. But this also led to the mad, post-war pursuit of economic growth as a single, simple quanti-

fiable figure. We believed,
 50 for example, that building as many homes as possible was an unarguable good. In fact, it meant we knocked down perfectly
 55 good houses and erected cheap, nightmarishly bad tower blocks. Quality was left out of the equation because it was not
 60 measurable. Keynes’s legacy was thus interpreted as purely numerical, even though the man himself was primarily concerned
 65 with immeasurable culture.

5 The central danger is the idea that “numbers are serious and words are not”. There is a contemporary fashion for appearing to be
 70 hard-headed by referring to some supposedly tough and incontrovertible statistic. And this again leads – although Boyle does not go into
 75 this – to apparently tough-minded views such as the conviction that the human brain is “just” a computer. In spite of the multiple failures
 80 of artificial intelligence and the unarguable truth that arithmetic is an inherently incomplete discipline, intelligent people still like to insist
 85 that, in the end, everything is number.

6 The truth is, as Boyle makes clear, that nothing is. Outside the
 85 realm of pure mathematics and inside the realm of human affairs, number is a strictly limited tool that has to be carefully balanced with
 90 other forms of insight if it is to be useful. With some sceptical ambivalence, Boyle covers the way in which, for example, companies
 95 have begun to take on more elaborate assessments of their performance than the mere profit and loss accounts.

7 There are now environmental
 100 audits, ethical audits and countless attempts to assess the happiness and well-being of employees. His scepticism is justified here because, all too often, such devices simply re-



Kerb crawling: what do numbers tell us?

105 sult in the production of yet more numbers. And, in any case, companies often buy these ideas in the
 110 unstated belief that they will, in fact, feed through to the bottom line, and that is always just one number.

8 So what is to be done? Boyle writes of counting less and getting
 115 it right in order to get closer to “joy and humanity”. Doctors and economists, he says, can frequently see and understand a problem without
 120 measuring it. Such expert intuition is more valuable than costly accounting.

9 I’m sure he’s right, but I am less
 125 sure that he understands the scale of the problem. Numbers are powerful not just because they are persuasive, but also because we believe
 130 in little else. We are dubious about expert intuition and even more dubious about the quality and scope of our own feelings and insights. We worship numbers because, like
 135 God and the planet, they seem to be bigger than ourselves. But, unlike either, they are dependent on us. As such, they are to be as rigorously mistrusted as any other human artefact. Boyle’s book successfully stimulates mistrust. Whether it does anything to rekindle trust in ourselves is another matter.

‘The Sunday Times’

Anatomy Of a Tyrant

Marc Fisher

EXPLAINING HITLER

The Search for the Origins of His Evil
By Ron Rosenbaum
Random House. 444pp. \$30

1 **G**ERMANS visiting the United States often marvel at our obsession with Hitler — the endless wartime footage on the Discovery and History channels, Hollywood's many movies, the omnipresence of the Fuehrer in our pop culture. Why, Germans ask, do you fixate on Hitler, half a century after the war's end? To which the proper response must be, Why do you not?

2 Ron Rosenbaum has spelled out in compelling detail exactly why we do, and why we should. He has spent a decade studying who Hitler was and how historians and journalists and others have come to explain him, but, far more than that, Rosenbaum tackles the even harder question of why we explain Hitler as we do, what our various and conflicting explanations tell us about ourselves and our societies.

3 What's most remarkable about Explaining Hitler is how new it feels, because Rosenbaum, considering every major stream of fact, near-fact and utter fiction about the Nazi dictator, shows how the history of Hitler is the history of the postwar mind. The very concepts of responsibility, truth and meaning have changed dramatically in the past half-century: From deconstructionism to moral relativism and on to shifts in everything from parenting to governing, Western civilization has altered its way of looking at the world. That change stems as much from Hitler and the Holocaust as from anything

else, and Rosenbaum shows how our view of Hitler evolves along with our view of evil, personal responsibility and human nature. "What we talk about when we talk about Hitler," he writes, "is often not the Hitler of history but

who might have antagonized Hitler, turning him against the Jews and setting the world on the course toward Holocaust. There's the Jewish grandfather theory, and the Jewish prostitute theory, and the Jewish music teacher, and



'Hitler, is it war?' A caricature from 'Crapouillot,' Paris, July 1933

the meaning of evil."

4 An entire family of Hitler explanations focuses on the contemporary concept that there are certain conditions that make an individual less responsible for his actions. Thus, the endless speculation about whether the source of Hitler's evil was a missing left testicle or a case of syphilis or brutal corporal punishment at the hand of his father. "It is somehow more comforting to view Hitler as a monstrous pervert in his private life," Rosenbaum writes. "Then his public crimes can be explained away as arising from private pathology." Conversely, if Hitler is not a pervert, then he is one of us, within us, a truth too terrible to accept.

5 Then there's a class of explanations that search for some Jewish acquaintance or relation

even the notion that Hitler's niece, Geli Raubal, perhaps the only woman Hitler truly loved, spurned him for a Jewish lover. Rosenbaum is particularly dismissive of such theories, which he sees as an expression of the need "to find some Jew, any Jew ... to blame for the Holocaust".

6 Rosenbaum is frustrated that a half century of scholarship has distanced us from Hitler and especially from "a Hitler fully conscious of his malignancy". But with words and ideas that surprise, amuse and even elevate the reader, Rosenbaum has helped to restore Hitler to the historical record and remind us that the histories we write are as much stories of ourselves as of our past.

'The Washington Post'

Pigged out



1 **A**N INFINITE supply of organs would be
a transplant surgeon's dream. And some
surgeons think they have found a way to
make that dream come true: by husbanding pigs
5 not for their chops but for their hearts, livers,
lungs and even their neurons. This could
instantly solve the vexing shortage of spare
human parts – commodities that, in tribute to the
surgeons' success, are in increasingly short
10 supply. Seductive though such a solution may
be, it has a risk intrinsic to all seductions: the
risk of disease. For such "xenotransplants"
would be an open invitation for hitherto
unknown animal diseases to transfer themselves
15 to people.

2 Transplant patients, of course, are already at
risk from diseases. Organs from corpses are not
always healthy, and the drugs that patients must
take to prevent rejection of their new organs
20 make them vulnerable to infections that those
with robust immune systems do not usually get.
But these illnesses are, at least, known human
illnesses, and are unlikely to unleash an
epidemic in the general population. Animal
25 diseases are not so predictable. Many viruses are
harmless in their regular hosts (and therefore
difficult or impossible to detect) but devastating
if they switch to a new one. And, while most
introductions of species – be they rabbits or
30 viruses – to new environments fail, it only takes
one success to decimate the local population of
vegetables. Or people.

3 Most of those interested in xeno-
transplantation are considering pigs, rather than
35 baboons or chimpanzees, because pigs are easier
and cheaper to rear, and because harvesting pigs
for organs is thought to pose fewer ethical

difficulties. But many of them also harbour an
erroneous belief that pigs, unlike primates, pose
40 a small risk of passing infections to people. This
belief rests on two (contradictory) pillars: first,
that parasites adapted to pigs would have a hard
time adapting to humans, and, second, that
because pigs and people have lived together for
45 so long, any parasites likely to switch have
already done so.

4 Neither argument is cause for comfort. Little
is understood about how diseases swap between
species, or the conditions that make it easy for
them to do so. Besides, organ transplantation
50 provides a new intimacy and longevity to the
association. People and pigs already share
numerous diseases – influenza is simply the
most notorious – and the most recent evidence
55 suggests that retroviruses (viruses that pigs
carry harmlessly within their genes) suddenly
become active and lively when put directly into
human cells. Viruses of this kind (they are
related to HIV, the virus that causes AIDS) are
60 adept at evolving and adapting to new hosts.

5 The science of xenotransplantation is still far
from being effective, yet a number of small
clinical trials are already under way. In
America, guidelines are due to be finalised
65 soon. As the science advances, the clamour to
allow xenotransplants will grow. Without them,
some patients will certainly die. But with HIV
and mad-cow disease both freshly arrived in the
human population, to allow any further
70 xenotransplants without a far clearer idea of the
potential risks – and a strong, international
system in place for monitoring recipients –
would be folly indeed.

'The Economist'

Tekst 11

In Place of Fear

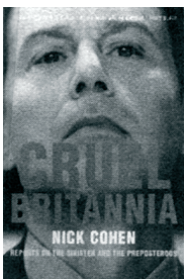


Aneurin Bevan, Quartet, £6.95 pbk

Talking of people who wouldn't have much time for the current government and in line with our policy of bringing NS subscribers classics which are in danger of fading from view, we have Aneurin Bevan's only major work. Despite being 40 years old, Bevan's call for a more equal society still sounds fresh today and his eloquence is still unmatched among Labour politicians.

Available at the special discount price of £5.55 plus p&p

Cruel Britannia

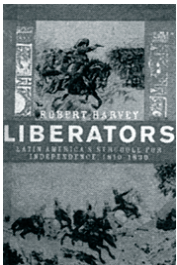


Nick Cohen, Verso, £10.00 pbk

A collection of Nick Cohen's best work, best avoided by new Labour supporters of a delicate disposition. Whether he is writing about the power of Murdoch or the privatising of the prisons, Cohen mercilessly attacks what he sees as the corruption and bankruptcy of the much vaunted "Third Way" and Blairism in general. No aspect of government policy is spared the coruscating Cohen treatment.

Available at the special discount price of £8.00 plus p&p

Liberators: Latin America's struggle for independence



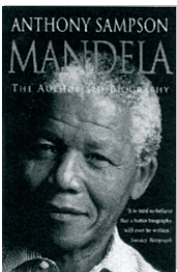
Robert Harvey, John Murray, £25.00 pbk

A breathtaking work which covers all the liberation struggles in South America in the first half of the 19th century. Familiar heroes like Simon Bolivar and Bernardo O'Higgins are joined by lesser known but equally courageous figures such as Francisco de Miranda and San Martin.

Between them they achieved astonishing military and political triumphs, but all died tragically. A quality recommendation for the summer holiday.

Available at the special discount price of £20.00 plus p&p

Mandela, the authorised biography



Anthony Sampson, Harper Collins, £9.99 pbk

Anthony Sampson has been a friend of Mandela since 1951 and his personal knowledge, manifold interviews and exhaustive research make this one of the most notable political biographies of recent times. Newspaper reviews of the hardback were so ecstatic it was almost embarrassing, but this is a genuinely readable volume covering every aspect of the remarkable life of a man most people have in their list of modern heroes.

Available at the special discount price of £7.99 plus p&p

Class in Britain

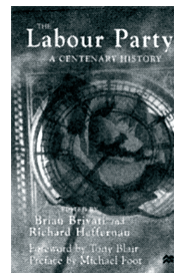


David Cannadine, Penguin, £7.99 pbk

More so than perhaps any other nation, the British are obsessed with class, and despite political rhetoric that we are becoming a "classless" society, societal divisions are alive and well. Cannadine's journey through three centuries of British history illuminates the truth of the "them and us" society which rules the way that people live their lives, even as we enter the twenty-first century.

Available at the special discount price of £6.39 plus p&p

The Labour Party, a centenary history



Brivati & Heffernan, Macmillan, £19.99 pbk

Second to publish among this year's trio of centenary commemorations, this is a series of 26 chapters, written by Labour alumni such as Denis Healey, Clare Short, David Owen(!) and Angela Eagle, as well as academics such as Keith Laybourn. All aspects of Labour's 100 years are covered, including the Attlee years, local government and relations with the trade unions.

Available at the special discount price of £15.99 plus p&p

The Case of Stephen Lawrence

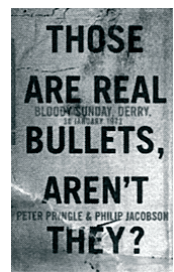


Brian Cathcart, Penguin, £8.99 pbk

Brian Cathcart covered the Macpherson inquiry for the *New Statesman* and this book opened the eyes of many to the shambles of the original inquiry into Stephen Lawrence's death. It has had an enormous impact on race relations in this country. Cathcart has now won the George Orwell prize for this book, and it will surely prove to be one of the books that everybody should own. With a new afterword by the author.

Available at the special discount price of £7.19 plus p&p

Those are real bullets, aren't they? (Bloody Sunday)



Pringle & Jacobson, 4th Estate, £12.00 pbk

Bloody Sunday was an iconic event in the history of the "Troubles", an army blunder which revived the flagging fortunes of the IRA. The inquiry which followed made matters worse by blaming march organisers when eyewitness evidence pointed the other way. Pringle and Jacobson were members of the famous *Sunday Times* "Insight" team and their original evidence, together with recently de-classified documents, make for a damning and compelling account.

Available at the special discount price of £9.60 plus p&p

Round about a pound a week



Maud Pember Reeves, Virago, £7.99 pbk

The latest in our series of classic re-issues, this is the famous record that the Fabian Women's group made of living conditions in Lambeth (like "a visit to Hades" they were warned) in the pre First World War period. Reeves had previously campaigned successfully for women's suffrage in New Zealand and moved the Fabian Society more forcefully behind the same cause in Britain.

This book shocked people at the time and will still give people cause for thought in the consumer society we live in now.

Available at the special discount price of £6.39 plus p&p

Rosa Luxemburg – An intimate portrait



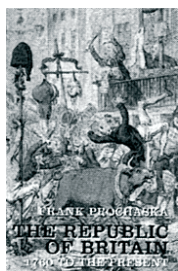
Mathilde Jacob, Lawrence & Wishart, £9.99 pbk

Rosa Luxemburg is a political hero to many, even if they do not share her revolutionary politics, and this memoir by one of her closest friends is a valuable addition to the books about her. Jacob was Rosa's main support during her First World War imprisonment and the book paints vivid first-hand portraits of Luxemburg, Karl

Liebknecht and others in the Spartacist leadership.

Available at the special discount price of £7.99 plus p&p

The Republic of Britain



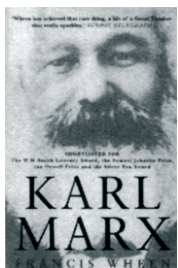
Frank Prochaska, Allen Lane, £20 hbk

Britain has a strange relationship with Republicanism. There were probably more people two hundred years ago who called for the removal of the monarchy than there are today. Why should this be so? Is there any hope for a British republic? Prochaska charts the history of the movement in this country and examines why an uprising, democratic or otherwise has never happened. Is it really

necessary now? One of the major political books of the autumn.

Available at the special discount price of £16.00 plus p&p

Karl Marx

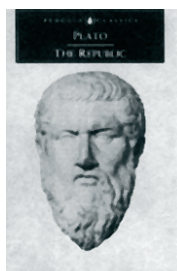


Francis Wheen, Fourth Estate, £8.99 pbk

Who would have thought that a biography of Karl Marx would become one of the publishing sensations of 1999? But this book topped bestseller lists and managed to make Marx lovable as well as credible. His impecunious, chaotic life was balanced by his loving family. His apparent political failure was justified by his reputation ever since. Most political biographies diminish their subjects, but Wheen has managed to humanise Marx in a remarkable way.

Available at the special discount price of £7.19 plus p&p

Plato's Republic



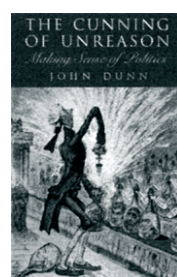
Penguin Classic, £2.99 pbk

The perfect accompaniment to Prochaska's book. Plato examined the nature of the state for the first time and tried to develop the perfect form of government by a series of rational arguments. His work has echoed down the centuries and is essential for anyone trying to understand politics and democracy. For Plato's arguments are not democratic and freedom not his first

consideration; indeed the state should seek to overcome human frailty in order to thrive.

Available at the special discount price of £2.39 plus p&p

The Cunning of Unreason



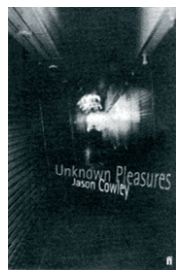
John Dunn, Harper Collins, £19.99 hbk

Subtitled "Making sense of politics" Dunn, who is the Professor of Political Theory at Cambridge University, tries to show all of us how politics works. Must it always be obscure, difficult and inevitably disappointing? Why should we bother to try and understand it at all? He attempts to show how abstract political concepts become concrete and whether an increase in such

knowledge can really help us to choose and deliver better. A fascinating read and a certain classic.

Available at the special discount price of £16.00 plus p&p

Unknown Pleasures



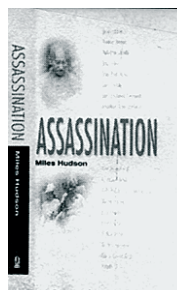
Jason Cowley, Faber, £9.99 pbk

A slight change of direction for the *New Statesman* book of the month selection. As literary editor, Jason Cowley brings *NS* readers the best reviews of the top titles every week, and now *NS* readers can devour his first book. A dark debut, it tracks the story of Joshua Winter's return to England to try and trace the father who disappeared twelve years previously. Deceptively

straightforward the reader is drawn into an increasingly strange and dangerous tale of love, murder and deception. One for the plane if not for the beach this summer.

Available at the special discount price of £7.99 plus p&p

Assassination



Miles Hudson, Sutton Publishing, £19.99 hbk

Miles Hudson examines how assassinations of famous figures have altered the course of history from Julius Caesar through to modern times. Did the perpetrators achieve their aims or did their actions backfire on them? Were existing leaderships strengthened or broken by the event? Assassinations by a lunatic or motivated by revenge are excluded, enabling a clear

conclusion about their political after-effects to be reached.

Available at the special discount price of £15.99 plus p&p

Mystery of Marlowe murder is solved

by Amelia Hill

THE DEATH of Christopher Marlowe is one of the most enduring mysteries of literary history. Now a new twist to the tale has been uncovered by an author who claims to know why the playwright was murdered.

Marlowe died at 29 in a tavern brawl. Historians have claimed his death was an accident, or a premeditated killing designed to protect a high-ranking member of the Elizabethan government. Some have even said the killing was faked to allow Marlowe to escape his political enemies.

New research, however, backs the theory that his death was ordered by the higher echelons of society – and claims to reveal the secret behind it.

Marlowe, a spy, counter-spy, atheist, homosexual and government critic, was fêted for his plays, including *Tamburlaine*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Edward II* and *Dr Faustus*. In the official version of his death, Marlowe was murdered in 1593 after spending the day smoking and playing backgammon with Ingram Frizer, Nicholas Keres and Robert Poley in Deptford, south London. Shortly after the four had eaten supper, Marlowe and Frizer quarrelled over who was to pay the bill. Marlowe grabbed Frizer's dagger, slashing at him wildly about the

head. Frizer drove the dagger into Marlowe's head, above the right eye. Death was instantaneous.

'It has come down to us as a brawl,' said Mei Trow, a scholar and author of *Who Killed Kit Marlowe?* 'Except it did not happen that way. It was an elaborate fabrication to cover up the murder.'

The truth, Trow maintains, was discovered in a document in the British Museum, indicating that members of the then Privy Council, the highest court in the land, were atheists – a heresy in Elizabethan law that was punished with execution.

Trow believes Marlowe discovered the truth about four Council members: William Cecil, Baron Burghley; his son Robert Cecil; Lord Henry Howard and Baron Henry Carey Hunsdon.

'Marlowe had evidence of their heretical and blasphemous views,' Trow said. 'Exactly how he found out we cannot know, but as the winter of 1592-93 turned into spring Marlowe was becoming ever more outrageous.'

In January 1593 *Edward II* was performed, slipping past the censor, despite a general acknowledgement that Marlowe had used the play to hint at his knowledge. 'The play's *Edward II* is clearly used to symbolise Elizabeth, while Burghley and the Cecil clan are represented by Gaveston,' said Trow. 'Could there



Christopher Marlowe's portrait at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge

be a clearer denunciation of the Machiavellians who ran Elizabethan England?

The four subjects of his taunts, Trow maintains, had to silence Marlowe 'because of what he knew'. Frizer, Keres and Poley were promised immunity from prosecution if they carried out the murder, a claim supported by the fact that all were cleared after a short trial and granted titles and positions of wealth and influence.

Trow said: 'Marlowe was a maverick, a rebel, a whistleblower. In the paranoia of the Elizabethan police state, great men bent the law to their own ends. Many suffered as a result; Marlowe was only the most famous of them.'

'The Observer'

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