

Engels (nieuwe stijl en oude stijl)

Examen VWO

Voorbereidend
Wetenschappelijk
Onderwijs

Tekstboekje

2004

Tijdvak 2
Woensdag 23 juni
13.30 – 16.00 uur

Resisting royal change

Buckingham Palace's expected announcement this week that the rules about minor royals making money from commercial activities are only to be finely tuned is a victory for the Duke of Edinburgh and a blow for common sense. The fine line between being a working royal and cashing in on connections should have been replaced by a clear-cut distinction, as the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal wanted. If Prince Edward and his wife wish to continue their business ventures, they should make their own way in the world without the props of monarchy to support them.

The Queen's advisers know this. Lord Luce, the lord chamberlain, wanted a more radical shake-up but Prince Philip's crusty influence has prevented it. Unless the young Wessexes take much greater care than they have done so far, the result will be another self-inflicted wound by the royal family and further damage to a battered monarchy.

Philip thinks the controversy is spurious and all got up by the media.

The Queen has shown herself open to change by accepting all these reforms and other breaches with the past. The royal yacht Britannia is dry-docked, saving millions. Buckingham Palace has become a summer tourist attraction, raising millions. Now the palace garden will be another crowd-puller when it is opened to the public. These changes have helped to rebuild a better image of the monarchy.

Why spoil these advances for the sake of a privileged couple on the periphery of the throne? The danger is that change will eventually be forced on the monarchy after another scandal involving a perceived clash of interests. So far Downing Street is keeping quiet but its occupants may be tempted to take a more active role. The Queen would do well to listen to her own advisers and her older children and take steps to end further conflicts.

The Sunday Times

Diary

When is a terrorist not a terrorist?



I'M GLAD TO hear that at least one newspaper editor, Max Hastings, has banned the use of the expression 'war on terrorism' from his pages. Elsewhere you will find it plastered on almost every page

of your favoured paper.

If journalists have any purpose in life it ought to be to try to distinguish propaganda from the truth. In this case 'war against terrorism' is a propaganda slogan promoted by governments, which on close analysis will be found to be meaningless.

War is something that can only be waged between countries. But it is the word 'terrorism' which causes most difficulty. Nor is there anything new about this. News agencies, the BBC and editors have for years been agonising about what to call those people who engage in bombings, kidnappings and assassinations. There was never any clear rule, but what it

usually boiled down to was that those thought to be 'on our side' or at least to have a good cause were likely to be called 'guerrillas' or 'freedom-fighters', while the rest were terrorists. The BBC, for example, would call the IRA terrorists but not the ANC in South Africa - even though they were engaged in exactly the same kind of operation.

During the Russian occupation of Afghanistan, groups like those of bin Laden who engaged in murderous attacks often on civilian targets were usually described by our media as guerrillas or freedom-fighters. It is only now that they have directed hostilities at the USA and its allies that they are 'terrorists'.

The results of these double standards have been to render the word virtually meaningless, one that is useful only for propaganda purposes. Or, as that battle-hardened journalist Robert Fisk put it in his book *Pity the Nation* more than a decade ago: 'Terrorism no longer means terrorism. It is not a definition, it is a political contrivance. "Terrorists" are those who use violence against the side that is using the word.'

The Observer

De volgende tekst is het begin van Death by Election, een detectiveroman van Patricia Hall.

ONE

HARVEY LINGARD CAME BACK TO Bradfield to die. His mind had been only half made up as he had battered his way through the crowds on the platform at King's Cross and slumped exhausted into a window seat on the busy 125 to Leeds. But as the train had sped arrow-straight across the flat East Midlands fieldscape the resolution had grown within him that he would not make the journey south again.

He slept fitfully through Peterborough, but most of the time he simply rested, eyes closed, pale eyelashes almost imperceptible against his skimmed-milk cheeks, as the train sped on into the hillier country, the Pennines now a series of undulating purple-grey humps on the westerly horizon as the 125 took the sharp curve into Wakefield and hissed to a halt amid the reek of hot brakes at the station perched precariously above the town.

From then on the train was constrained like a leashed whippet as it negotiated the curves and points of an apparently endless industrial townscape and slid reluctantly into Leeds. Harvey levered himself wearily out of his seat, hoisted his blue sports-bag with difficulty from the rack and followed his neighbours off the train, down the platform, and took the familiar sharp turn to the local bays where a two-carriage diesel stood filling the air with acrid fumes, ready for the sharp climb up to Bradfield.

The railway to Bradfield, he had always thought, was a triumph of optimism over common sense. The Victorian engineers had been undeterred by geography or geology, and had taken their tracks up precipitous slopes by way of cuttings and tunnels which might have made an alpinist blink. Harvey had always enjoyed this last twenty minutes of the ride to what he had come to regard some ten years before as his second home, and even now the first view of the town, from the brow of a hill where no self-respecting railway had any right to be, brought a faint smile of

recognition to his thin, bluish lips.

From that point on the driver had little to do but use his brakes to control the descent as the little train rattled and crashed downwards into the urban valley where the blue slate church spires of God and a few remaining black stone mill chimneys of Mammon still vied to see which could reach nearer to heaven. With his chin on his hand Harvey began to pick out the landmarks below: the town hall, an absurd gothic extravaganza in golden, recently washed Yorkshire stone; Crosslands mill, a rugged and smoke-black Italianate pile, empty and becoming derelict, its towering chimney lifeless for years now but still dominating the eastern slopes as it had once dominated lives in the huddled terraces which surrounded it; the four rectangular blocks of the Heights, the town's problem estate, known locally simply as Wuthering, and, so the sociologists had it, a text-book example of deprivation in three dimensions; and away to the west, on the first of the real Pennine slopes, a few glass and concrete facades, gleaming in the pale sunshine like splashes of molten gold amongst the darker, older buildings of the university which was his goal.

On the platform at Bradfield, Harvey Lingard hesitated. It was one thing to decide on the spur of the moment to come back to die, quite another if the home you returned to remained, and was likely to remain, oblivious to your arrival, with not so much as a welcoming cup of tea, still less a bed, to ease you towards the big sleep. For the first time, Harvey began to think that his trip might have been misconceived. Far better, he thought, to have stayed in the bustle of London and expire amongst concerned acquaintances. Neither here nor there, he thought bitterly, would he be likely to find the comfort of friends. Nor the devotion of a lover he had decided he could no longer bear.

It's not what you report, it's the way you report it



AS A child of the Sixties, I have vivid memories of news bulletins about Vietnam. Men in grey suits would stand in front of incomprehensible maps showing parts of the world I never knew existed and talked, apparently in code, about eighteenth parallels and troop escalations. My small appetite for news beyond Dover was further reduced by an approach which assumed an encyclopaedic knowledge of geography and vocabulary. Despite watching countless news bulletins, I remained blissfully ignorant of the history, context and politics of the Vietnam war.

I therefore have great sympathy with those who have argued within news organisations that television news needs to become more 'accessible'. Critics are wary of this term, accessibility, fearing a dumbed-down, unthinking approach to news which panders to the ignorance and laziness of the viewer. The argument goes that avoiding complex words or making few assumptions about viewers' background knowledge compounds the growing problem of an information McNugget society, in which everything has to be fed to the masses in bite-sized chunks. Why not make people work a little harder for their news?

The answer is, partly, that they won't. They will switch off, switch over or ignore the gobbledegook coming out of their sets. More importantly, the question itself suggests a certain journalistic hubris – an unwillingness (or inability) among journalists to work harder at making stories interesting and relevant to viewers. There is a difference between pandering to audiences and adapting sometimes very complex stories to a mass medium that demands good pictures and an engaging script.

This question of how stories are treated on television is different to the question of how stories are selected. The focal point of the research released this week on trends in TV news was the content of evening bulletins on the five terrestrial channels – in other words, the broadcast news agenda. Our conclusion was that over 25 years there has been a fairly consistent and healthy mix of light and serious content. But this positive conclusion came with a health warning: the combination of budget cuts in the face of growing market competition, plus a proliferation of news outlets that is stretching

resources still further, could have damaging consequences for the broadcast news agenda.

For an illustration of why we should be worried, it is worth looking at research carried out in America by the Pew Research Center into American viewers' attitudes to television news. Their findings for April this year reveal that 62 per cent of viewers watch television news with remote controls in hand, and that 64 per cent 'only follow international events closely when something important or interesting is happening'.

In other words, bring on an item about elections in Zimbabwe or tensions in Bosnia, and millions of remote controls go zap; along with the disappearing viewers go millions of dollars of advertising revenue.

The Pew research also tells us how the networks can hang on to those fickle news audiences. The top three most closely followed story tapes were crime, health and sports news. This presumably explains why the average American bulletin consists of gory details of shootings and burglaries, followed by a glowing report on the local baseball team.

It would be complacent to assume that these findings are peculiar to America. We ought to recognise that serious, unfettered competition in broadcasting is a very recent phenomenon in Britain. As an already crowded marketplace becomes even more competitive, the pressure on commercial broadcasters to maintain peak-time ratings will be immense. If news bulletins come to be seen as the 'weak link' in evening schedules, how long will it be before someone has the idea of making stories more viewer friendly – in terms of selection as well as treatment?

A preoccupation with terrestrial TV news may seem bizarre in an age of online news and 24-hour news channels. But with a combined audience of nearly 20 million people, those bulletins offer a window on the world to people who would not seek out that information elsewhere. We should be worried if the business requirements of the broadcasting industry recast television news as *The Sun* with moving pictures.

Steve Barnett in *The Observer*

Nike and Gap were exposed on *Panorama* recently as having child workers stitch their products in a Cambodian factory, in breach of their employment codes.

They are not alone. A recent edition of *Business Week* exposed appalling conditions in a factory in Guangdong, southern China, which makes handbags for Wal-Mart. 11, the retailer has a code of conduct that appears to have been ignored by its supplier, and, as in the cases of Nike and Gap, the code is audited by PricewaterhouseCoopers.

These stories obviously reflect badly on all concerned, but they highlight several issues arising from globalisation that do not get the same attention as the international trade and finance aspects that attract the rioters and the headlines. First, conditions that appear appalling by western standards are endemic in developing countries. Second, codes of conduct will not stamp them out. Third, auditors face an impossible task attempting to certify the standards in contractors' factories.

These are the 12 projects such as the UK's Ethical Trading Initiative, which is backed by the Department for International Development.

The initiative exists to improve the conditions of workers in developing countries who make the products that appear on British shelves. Child labour is the headline-grabbing issue, but there are many others (see table). The initiative is now led by the unlikely figure of Yve Newbold. She used to be the Hanson Group company secretary and, because of that past, she may have the clout to persuade reluctant boards that they need to take seriously the 13 of their suppliers, no matter how far away these may be.

Publicity such as the *Panorama* programme, and other controversies dragging in companies such as Marks & Spencer, have shown it is 14 to get the attention of directors in the most vulnerable companies – the big-brand owners. After all, nobody with a fragile brand to protect wants to be exposed for using child labour in China or paying a pittance in Portugal.

But the question is how to ensure 15 are what they should be, and the ethical initiative is running a series of pilot schemes in Zimbabwe, China, Costa Rica and elsewhere to work out practical solutions.

It is tempting to think that the

Codes of conduct will not be enough to stop child labour and long hours. By Roger Cowe

answer is simply to pay more for the products. That would certainly help and in many cases would hardly be noticed, given the tiny proportion of the western selling price accounted for by the 16 of items such as trainers.

But price is not the only, or even the main, issue. This is a question of bridging the cultural divide between the kind of attitudes that existed in England at the start of the industrial revolution and those prevalent today. The battle for the ten-hour day for children and women went on for decades before it was won in 1847. Organising a strike was a criminal offence until 1875. That 17 the current employment conditions in Cambodia, Vietnam, the Philippines and other countries producing the west's cheap consumer products.

This is not to excuse such conditions, but to highlight the complexity of the issues – which has forced the Foreign Office into a rethink of its plans to tell British businesses how to behave abroad. Guidance on 18 was supposed to have been published months ago, but an initial draft was savaged by experts and campaigners.

According to a recent report from the Institute of Business Ethics, systems to ensure appropriate employment practices will take at least ten years to develop. In the meantime, companies such as Nike and Gap will continue to be exposed, in spite of their best efforts.

Sometimes, the only answer is to move production. For example, the DIY chain B&Q had to stop buying rugs from Pakistan because it was impossible to guarantee that children were not being exploited. 19 that is almost self-defeating, as is the sacking of child workers, who often end up as street prostitutes.

There is no shortage of codes (from the International Labour Organisation, for example) and no shortage of companies willing to sign up to them.

But a code is of no use unless it is enforced, and that is the tricky bit in an environment where there may be 20 what is actually happening inside factories. In countries where there are no birth certificates, it can be hard even to tell who is a child. And it is usually easy for a recalcitrant manufacturer to give the children a day off when the auditors come calling.

New Statesman

EMPLOYMENT ISSUES

- **Bonded labour** – workers forced to work to pay off debts to the employer
- **Forced labour** – prisoners forced to work against their will
- **Freedom of association** – includes trade unions linked to government, employers refusing to recognise unions, governments (for example, China) banning unions
- **Health & safety** – includes lack of enforcement of regulations, lack of training, poor sanitation or ventilation, excessive hours
- **Child labour** – globally, 120 million children under the age of 14 are believed to work full time
- **Wages** – legal minimum is often ignored; some operations can be exempt, especially in special economic zones dedicated to manufacturing for export
- **Discrimination** – can be reflected in different wage levels, exclusion from some work, denial of rights
- **Other exploitation** – illegal immigrants, in particular, can be exploited in the developed world, out of fear of being repatriated

Source: Institute of Business Ethics

Ian Traynor on a fowl export policy

Bush's legs rile Russia

FOR Muscovites of a certain generation Spam is the finest product America ever made. We might turn up our noses, but for starving Russians in the second world war the tinned ham and pork was a lifesaver.

Red Army soldiers wolfed it down. Moscow children devoured it. There were also Sherman tanks and US bombers, but it is Spam and corned beef that have left their imprint on the Russian folk memory.

George Bush's legs are the contemporary equivalent. Ten years ago, when Russia was immersed in another bout of hunger, the current US president's father inaugurated a food aid programme that flooded Moscow with chicken legs. The Russians are good at nicknames. The drumsticks instantly became famous as "Bush's legs".

Charity begins at home, of course. The aid programme was a huge boon to US chicken farmers. The aid soon became trade and what began as charity helped to crush the Russian poultry industry.

"Russia", the agriculture minister, Aleksey Gordeyev, complained this month, "is not a rubbish dump for poor-quality food."

He's living in a different country. I bought a bottle of Italian wine recently. Only after a couple of glasses did I notice something funny about the label and peeled it back to find the real label underneath.

There are very yummy chicken legs in Moscow, but they're not George Bush's. They're at the Riga market, alongside the pig's trotters, calves' shins and plump geese – good, fresh produce flogged by the babushkas from the countryside.

The problem is that these chicken legs are three times the price of the US drumsticks. The Americans send \$600m worth of poultry to Russia every year – half their worldwide exports – cornering up to 60% of the Russian market.

The Kremlin is crying foul. Moscow is mulling a complete ban, complaining the poultry is pumped full of hormones and antibiotics and is salmonella-prone.

But will Russia go hungry without Bush's legs? The biggest country in the world can't feed itself, importing \$14bn worth of food last year.

The answer, perhaps, lies in coming up with another madcap import of the kind that periodically erupts.

When demonstrations came into vogue here at the end of the democratising 80s, the riot police were at a loss. They lacked riot control gear. Imports again supplied the answer. Thousands of rubber truncheons were bought from Germany. The truncheons were instantly dubbed "the democratisers".

Guardian Weekly

THEATER

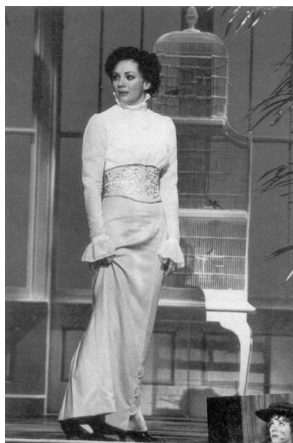
'My Fair Lady's' Facelift

The '50s musical strikes a chord in Blair's Britain

BY CARLA POWER

1 **I**S "MY FAIR LADY" a period piece? At first glance the Lerner and Loewe musical, now enjoying a sumptuous revival at Britain's National Theatre, seems anachronistic. Based on George Bernard Shaw's 1913 play "Pygmalion", the musical chronicles how, through the power of elocution, Eliza Doolittle is transformed from a common cockney girl to a society lady¹. The play's obsession with niceties like rounded vowels seems antique in a Britain where aristocrats like Guy Ritchie (better known as the man who married Madonna) mask their privileged roots by affecting gangsta slang.

2 Yet Trevor Nunn's marvelous new staging, which opened in London last month, makes the play seem fresh. Earlier Elizas like Julie Andrews and Audrey Hepburn had to disguise their cut-glass accents during the first few scenes, putting on faux cockney during Eliza's "squashed cabbage" phase. But Nunn cast Martine McCutcheon, a British soap-opera and pop star – and a genuine working-class actress – as his Eliza. Orchestrator William David Brohn has trimmed the swooping strings from Frederick Loewe's score; the result is a bolder, funkier sound, even for numbers like Henry Higgins's misogynist rant, "I'm an Ordinary Man". Choreographer Matthew Bourne makes the toffs paw and winny like horses at



Elocution:
Cockney comes easier to McCutcheon than it did to Andrews



Ascot, and rescues the cockney partying number – "With a Little Bit of Luck" – from cheeky cuteness by rendering it as a raucous garbage-can tap dance.

3 In some ways Britain hasn't changed much since the era depicted by Shaw. In economic terms, the Victorian story of Britain as not one but two nations – one rich, one poor – rings truer than ever. The gap between the incomes of the richest and the poorest has again begun to widen in the last five years. A 1999 study by the London School of Economics found that child poverty has increased dramatically since the 1960s: as many as one in three children live in poverty, compared with one in 10 in 1968.

4 But in so many other ways Britain has been transformed. Status consciousness has replaced class rivalry as society's driving force. Titles

no longer dazzle: stale chronicles of blue bloods are strictly for the blue-rinse set. The tabloid industry thrives on tales of aristocrats in rehab and royals on topless beaches. For the young, people like singer Posh Spice and her husband footballer David Beckham are the new royalty, envied not for their breeding but for their money and celebrity. The Duchess of York was reduced to doing Weight Watchers ads to keep her in the style to which she's grown accustomed.

5 What changed Britain? Compulsory education, immigration and a competitive job market have helped break down class divides. In 1926 the BBC set up a committee to standardize an "educated" English for broadcasters; today the deregulation of the airwaves has brought a host of accents – and languages – to British ears. The demise of heavy industry in favor of a service industry means that working behind a desk instead of at the coalface doesn't necessarily make you middle class. But while the old codes are fraying, the obsession with one's standing sticks: when the BBC added a "Check your class" link to its Web site last month, thousands of people jammed onto the site to do just that.

6 Thanks in large part to the media, a new sort of meritocracy has replaced the aristocracy. For the better part of the last year, the country has been gripped by "Big Brother," the TV show in which ordinary Britons are transformed into celebrities by living together on camera and periodically voting to evict one of their housemates. Last month the corollary show was aired: on "Celebrity Big

Brother”, a range of B-list TV personalities are confined to a house and humiliatingly evicted just like ordinary folks. In the whirl of the modern British status system, Eliza wouldn’t have had to bother with all those elocution lessons; she’d simply have auditioned for reality TV.

7 “My Fair Lady” is fundamentally a play about

transformation and, as such, is perfectly in tune with the mores of Tony Blair’s Britain. George Bernard Shaw’s faith in the make-over and the fresh start is spookily similar to Blair’s vision of society. Blair may be a Third Way politician, and Shaw may have been a socialist, but they share a belief that the hardworking individual can triumph over

hidebound social systems. At the end of both Shaw’s play and the musical, there is a sense that Henry Higgins has created a misfit: a woman who can’t go back to her working-class roots, but is too independent to don the society-lady straitjacket. Pity she wasn’t born in Blair’s Britain: she would have fit right in.

Newsweek

noot 1

Eliza Doolittle was transformed to a society lady by Henry Higgins, Professor of Phonetics

1 **F**or some time now, I have been making comments on the black middle classes. They are becoming more and more vociferous and demanding, but are not as influential as they would like to be.

2 They distinguish themselves from the rest of the black and Asian community by education, and from the white middle classes by colour of skin only. They have attended schools (usually the better ones) alongside whites, qualified at universities with them, and become engaged in the same social and artistic pursuits. Yet they hold that, despite these similarities, they are discriminated against when they try to break the glass ceiling. They point to whole areas of power in society from which they are absent. The closer their social relationships with whites, the more explosive the issue becomes. After all, they can see no fundamental differences between themselves and white people. They have made huge efforts to reach this far. Burning with ambition, they are resentful that they have got so tantalisingly close, without hitting the target. One of their white allies suggested that Prince Charles should marry one of them. A ridiculous suggestion. Joining the royal family destroyed Diana and Fergie. I see no need for a black sacrifice.

3 In any case, race is not the only impediment to upward mobility. There are large numbers of whites who are equally well qualified and who do quite ordinary, nondescript jobs. Competition is fierce at the top, and black people are finding that they do not have the social connections to give them that extra push. Inevitably, they scream race and quote the Macpherson report with its catch-all phrase, institutional racism.

4 These people are very few in number, but they make a huge noise and write lengthy reports about the plight of blacks in general when, in reality, they are referring only to themselves.

5 Yes, they are entitled to the equality they crave; yes, they can do the jobs they identify as well as whites can. But they do not carry the political weight to influence major decisions. Their liberal counterparts in the white community may well be sympathetic, may even join them in a running social commentary on their plight, but nowhere is this a major issue among whites. Meanwhile, other blacks and Asians shrug their shoulders. Their attitude is that the black middle classes haven't paid their dues. In the countries we came from, the educated middle class

Middle class blacks no longer hang on the block



DARCUS howe

were expected to use their education to assist in the betterment of the less fortunate. Here, the first generation of successful blacks spent most of their time campaigning, mobilising and bringing to the attention of the rest of society the injustices we suffered. Supplementary schools in abundance, staffed voluntarily by blacks, took up the slack where the mainstream schools had failed.

6 These first examples of black success lived in the same communities, went to the same parties, ate the same grub, dressed in the same way and, in short, socialised with those black people who worked in ordinary jobs. They would hang with the brothers and sisters on the block, so to speak. Not any more; they have succumbed to the allure of greener pastures in a huge migration from the black communities. Thatcherite individualism seeped deep into the consciousness of those who claimed to oppose her.

7 And who can deny them their newfound freedom from what they see as the burden of community? But now they blame the black community they have left behind for its own difficulties: black boys are blamed for failing at school; crime and poverty are now separable; and we are called upon to comply with those who stop and search us, willy nilly.

8 95 It is their smugness that irritates: when they turn up to assist, it is always about charity, not about support and solidarity. The divisions in the black community are increasing by the day. The black middle classes cannot, in the political arena, depend on the votes of their fellow black men and women, or on their support in their own struggle for equality. It could have been otherwise.

New Statesman

JULIAN KEELING

Two of a kind

OPIUM: A PORTRAIT OF THE HEAVENLY DEMON

Barbara Hodgson *Souvenir Press*EMPERORS OF DREAMS: DRUGS IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURYMike Jay *Dedalus*

1 **N**owadays, opium is a fairly rare drug in England, perhaps because the profit margins from importing heroin are so much higher. I know this because, in the early 1980s, after I had
 5 outstayed my welcome in south-east Asia and returned with a powerful physical dependence on the drug, I sought help from my doctor. After prescribing me a controlled drug (as was my wish), he informed the Home Office (as was his duty). On
 10 our next meeting, he told me he had received an amused response from the Home Office, informing him that I was the first person to have been registered with them as an opium addict since the end of the 1960s.

2 15 Perhaps because opium is perceived to belong to the past (although it still grows wild all over the country and is present in several over-the-counter medications), and because we are no longer confronted with the miserable realities of its harmful
 20 side effects, it is no longer perceived as a threat. In this way, it has become romanticised and glamorised – descriptions of it are invariably wreathed in a smoke of nostalgia and longing. It is just this sort of view that *Opium: a portrait of the heavenly demon*
 25 plays on and, in turn, furthers. With its seductive cover of black and gold, its lazy, ill-informed text and endless, lavish illustrations of silk-clad maidens and wise, wizened old Chinamen lost to their dreams, this book seeks to present opium in the best
 30 possible light, as if it were a lengthy advert sponsored by some opium growers' association. What troubles me about this kind of titillating drug pornography is how it neatly sidesteps any contentious issues, avoids mention of withdrawal
 35 and addiction, and dismisses the first opium war with China – one of the more shameful and hypocritical episodes in our colonial history – as being caused simply by "misunderstandings". As well as enhancing the drug's image by associating it
 40 with the exotic "East", it lends opium credibility by quoting from all the usual suspects: De Quincey, Cocteau, Baudelaire, Coleridge, Wilde and William Burroughs. The author makes the mistake of suggesting that these writers' works were created
 45 because of, rather than in spite of, their drug use, overlooking De Quincey's amusingly snobbish claim that "if a man whose talk is of oxen should become an opium-eater, the probability is that (if he is not too dull to dream at all) he will dream about oxen".

3 50 My contempt for books such as this arises precisely because they are so effective. After a couple of hours reading it, I was on the point of overlooking my years of suffering, harm and struggle and almost booking a one-way ticket to the
 55 Laotian jungle, there to reside on a teak bed surrounded by jasmine flowers. It is these dreamy



Le Petit Journal (1903), reproduced in *Opium*

and languorous notions of the drug that the fashion house Yves Saint-Laurent hopes to draw on – and cash in on – by naming one of its perfumes *Opium*.
 60 As Mike Jay points out in his excellent *Emperors of Dreams*, it is hard to imagine it marketing "Heroin" quite as successfully, "with its entirely different evocation of inner-city misery, addiction and low-life squalor".

4 65 The distinction between the two drugs is, in any event, bogus – they do the same job. It is only their image that separates them, an image that was entirely reversed at the end of the 19th century: opium was the one with the bad reputation, the
 70 devil that was destroying the fabric of our society and the harbinger of a sinister Chinese plot to take over the world. Heroin was new, clean, efficient and, above all, medical. One of the original claims for the drug was that it would prove an effective
 75 treatment for opium and morphine addiction.

5 Intelligent, witty, cogent and a bit pissed off, *Emperors of Dreams* is one of the best books on drugs that I have come across, and should be
 80 mandatory reading for anyone concerned with drug legislation. It places the discovery and use of drugs in the context of the prevailing post-Enlightenment and Romantic thinking as well as scientific discovery, against a background of the period's social, racial and economic history. Focusing on six
 85 drugs – nitrous oxide, cocaine, ether, opium, cannabis and mescaline – Jay builds up a picture of a world in which drugs were much more freely available, but where problems associated with them were much less evident.

6 90 I am convinced, like Jay, that the American-led, neo-imperialist "war on drugs" is a dangerous and doomed folly, and that the current drug laws need gradual, if not radical, overhaul. A possible side effect is that opium will regain some ground from
 95 its more potent chemical cousin, and that others will come and join me on that Home Office list; it is getting awfully lonely.

New Statesman

Tekst 10

For Solar Power, Foggy City Maps Its Bright Spots

By DEAN E. MURPHY



SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 23 – High above the streets on rooftops flat and wide, nearly a dozen sun-gazing contraptions are shedding new light on this city's foggy reputation.

Resembling lunar probes on spindly legs, the machines are equipped with sensors that measure solar energy. Readings are transmitted by radio to the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission, where engineers plot them on a computerized "fog map" of the city.

The Solar Energy Monitoring Network, as the rooftop system is known, is the backbone of an unusual effort to transform San Francisco into the country's largest municipal generator of solar power and other renewable energy.

Using the information the monitors gather on where the sun shines and how long, the utility plans to position solar panels around the city that it says will add 10 megawatts of solar power to the electricity grid over the

next five years. That is about as much solar power as is now generated in Sacramento, the municipal leader nationwide. On average, 1 megawatt is enough electricity for 1,000 homes.

The long-term hope in San Francisco is to increase solar generation an additional 40 megawatts – enough to meet about 5 percent of the city's peak electricity needs – by installing photovoltaic panels on dozens of publicly owned structures, including schools, parking garages, covered reservoirs and even the municipal sewage plant.

"It is certainly remarkable," said Terry M. Peterson of the Electric Power Research Institute, a research consortium in Palo Alto, Calif., supported by utility companies. "But any time you do something for the first time, you incur risk. If things don't go well, and costs come in higher than expected, or the systems don't perform as expected, it will have a bad effect."

By mapping the sunniest and foggiest neighborhoods, officials in San Francisco are looking to increase the odds for success. So far, municipal buildings around Golden Gate Park have been ruled out, while the piers along San Francisco Bay are considered promising. The fog map and solar data are being made available on the Internet (www.solarcat.com/sfsolar/main.htm) for businesses and homeowners interested in installing their own solar energy systems.

The New York Times

YOUR HEALTH

Don't Ignore Heart-Attack Blues

How an anti-depressant may make someone's heart condition better

By Sanjay Gupta, M.D.

1 **O**NE OF EVERY FIVE people who suffer a heart attack gets severely depressed. While that may seem unsurprising – certainly a brush with mortality, being rushed to the hospital and having to take a bucketful of medications could throw anyone for a loop – there's growing evidence to suggest that something more complicated is going on. Men and women who have clinical depression, for example, are twice as likely to suffer a heart attack later on, while coronary patients who become severely depressed are three times as likely to develop further heart problems or die. Yet doctors often seem reluctant to treat depression in their heart-attack patients for fear that anti-depressant drugs might interfere with the lifesaving benefits of cardiac medications.

2 Now comes word that at least one popular anti-depressant doesn't seem to make a heart condition worse and might even help to improve it. Researchers from the U.S., Canada, Italy and Sweden reported in last week's *Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA)* that sertraline, better known by the trade name Zoloft, caused no more complications

in depressed cardiac patients than did a placebo. Indeed, patients on Zoloft experienced 20% fewer adverse cardiovascular events than those who took the placebo. One other advantage: unlike older anti-depressants called tricyclics, Zoloft does not seem to cause irregular heartbeats.



But the study, paid for by pharmaceutical giant Pfizer, maker of Zoloft, included only 369 patients and so was too small to say for sure whether that apparent benefit was the result of a statistical fluke.

3 Zoloft is one of a group of anti-depressants called selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs) that work

by keeping a neurotransmitter called serotonin from attaching to certain biochemical receptors in the brain. But serotonin receptors are also found in lots of other places. Blocking these receptors in the bloodstream appears to reduce formation of artery-choking clots by preventing the aggregation of blood cells called platelets. In essence, SSRIs seem to perform double duty – as mood lifters and blood thinners.

4 Plenty of questions still need to be answered. "The study may have been too small to uncover all the drug-to-drug interactions with Zoloft," says Dr. Allan Jaffe, a cardiologist at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., who wrote an editorial that accompanied the *JAMA* report. In addition, he says, "the patients did not receive the anti-depressant until one month after their heart attack, so it is unclear how safe it is immediately afterwards." One

thing is sure: if you have recently had a heart attack and are depressed, you are not alone. At least now there's an anti-depressant that may be safe for your ailing heart.

Dr. Gupta is a neurosurgeon and CNN medical correspondent

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