

Engels (nieuwe stijl)

Examen VWO

Voorbereidend
Wetenschappelijk
Onderwijs

20 | **01**

Tijdvak 1
Woensdag 23 mei
13.30 – 16.00 uur

Tekstboekje

**PAPERBACK OF
THE WEEK**

By Jonathan Bouquet

JACK MAGGS

Peter Carey

Faber £6.99, pp328

This is an immediately comfortable book. A coach pulls into an inn in London. From it alights a darkly swathed stranger who verbally abuses a porter, deposits his trunk and makes his way into the 'sulphurous corruption' of London. Such images sit happily with the reader, for we are at once into the kingdom of Charles Dickens, the greatest chronicler of Victorian London. Maggs inveigles his way into the household of Percy Buckle, a bumptious little upstart, once a grocer, now a man of substance, and comes under the influence of Tobias Oates, journalist, novelist and amateur criminologist. Bit by bit, Maggs's history emerges; bit by bit, his quest, too, is revealed. But the plotting is not what detains you; it is, rather, Carey's eye for the sharply observed vignette – Mercy Larkin, a fellow servant in Buckle's household, is introduced to prostitution by her mother, a stranger taking her virginity in a brutal assault in a doorway; Maggs (nicely redolent of Magwitch in *Great Expectations*) comes under the malign guardianship of Silas Smith, a Fagin-type figure, who uses Maggs to gain entry into country houses by pushing him down chimneys; Maggs being made to see the prematurely-aborted foetus of his first child lying in a cesspit. Carey too has a wonderful ear for Dickens-like names – Mrs Halfstairs, Captain Crumley, Emily Tudball and Wilfred Partridge, the thief-taker who comes to a deliciously bloody end. Admirers of *Oscar and Lucinda* will find *Jack Maggs* a delight; those new to Carey's work will be swept along on a tide of ebullient writing.

To order a copy of Jack Maggs for £6.99 with free postage and packing, call Observer Interactive on 0500 500 171

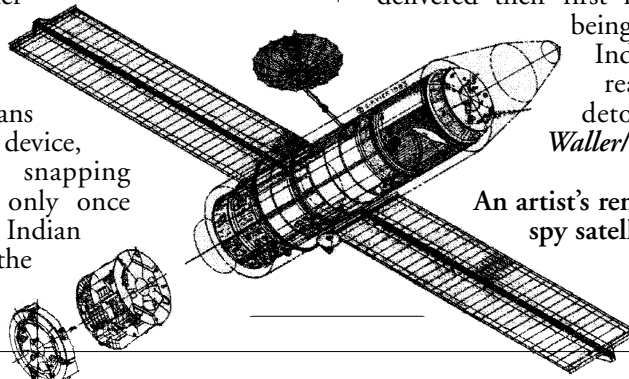
'The Observer', May 31, 1998

THE TWO \$1 BILLION-APIECE KH-12 SATELLITES the Pentagon has in orbit are like Hubble space telescopes pointed back to earth. From 264 km up, their optical sensors can snap clear photographs of objects no larger than a paperback novel on the ground. The two Lacrosse satellites, same price tag, with solar-power panels that stretch 45 m, have radar-imaging cameras that can see through clouds and even the dust storms that swirl around India's Pokhran test site. In a crisis, at least one of the four birds can be positioned over a target 24 hours a day, sending photos that can be on the President Clinton's desk within an hour.

But the fast service doesn't happen "if your consumers aren't asking for it," says John Pike, an intelligence analyst at the Federation of American Scientists. With the U.S. Administration convinced that India had no plans to explode a nuclear device, the satellites were snapping photos of Pokhran only once every six to 24 hours. Indian scientists, who knew the satellites' schedule,

concealed their preparations so the photos CIA analysts scanned in the weeks before Monday's blasts showed what appeared to be routine maintenance.

Satellite photos taken of the site six hours before the blasts finally revealed clear evidence of the preparations. They were beamed back to the National Imagery and Mapping Agency in Fairfax, Virginia. But the agency was on a routine schedule for processing photos from India. Congressional investigators will now probe whether that Pentagon agency was paying too much attention to foreign military bases instead of political targets like India. CIA photo analysts got their first glimpse of the incriminating shots when they strolled into work Monday morning. By the time they delivered their first report that Pokhran was being prepared for a test, the Indian government had already announced the detonations. —By Douglas Waller/Washington



An artist's rendition of the American spy satellite known as the KH-12

'Time', May 25, 1998

Bio bias

I WAS interested to read in 11 October's issue ("Genetic food board's 'bias' is questioned") that "enthusiasm" is now to be considered a disqualification for serving on an independent advisory committee, in this case for releases of genetically modified crops to the environment. I suppose that definite and ignorant bias against something is going to be the new millennial requirement for such public service in future.

"Links to the food industry" is, unfortunately, a price to pay for having such good experts in the area. We cannot expect them to remain in an ivory tower, refusing all requests from industry to comment, consult and advise. We expect them to declare interests and that is exactly what they do, if the situation arises. This negative whingeing attitude and vandalism against crop biotechnology are doing no one any good. Biotechnology has a significant contribution to make to food quality and safety.

MEREDITH LLOYD-EVANS
Cambridge

'The Independent on Sunday', October 18, 1998

Not since the days of Julius Caesar...

Richard
Ingrams



ON THE EVE OF THE ANNIVERSARY of the death of the Princess of Wales there may not be many hacks who will want to be reminded of what they wrote a year ago. Could Libby Purves, for example, recall without a twinge of embarrassment her account of watching Earl Spencer's speech on TV: 'Sewing name tapes on to socks through a mist of tears.'?

But it would be a mistake to think there was anything unusual about this phenomenon. It was only an extreme example of something which has been with us for as long as I can remember – the suspension of all critical faculties which afflicts the average journalist when confronted by anything royal.

Claud Cockburn used to tell a story about a newspaper reporter who was sent to cover Queen Victoria's funeral. Returning to his paper from the Abbey he shut himself up in his room to write his piece. As the deadline approached and he failed to emerge, his colleagues became more and more frantic. Finally they broke into his room where they found our man slumped over his desk, an empty whisky bottle at his side. On the floor were lots of crumpled pieces of paper, on which were written the opening words of his story: 'Not since the days of Julius Caesar...'

Nothing much has changed. The monarchy has not changed. Deprived of Diana, the hacks will write the same kind of stuff only about the others. The Queen Mother – what a marvel! Hats off to Prince William. The royal soap opera goes on. Diana is dead. Long live the royal family.

'The Observer', August 30, 1998

De onderstaande tekst bestaat uit het eerste hoofdstuk van de misdaadroman "The death of Amy Parris", van T.R.Bowen

September 1991

Three miles offshore a yacht thumped through the waves. The wind, westerly and soon to veer northerly, pressed it over as it cut and lurched its way into the darkness that was coming down over the Wash. The boat's engine grumbled on low revs to keep it pushing on where, under sail alone, it might have been stopped short by the steep seas that develop quickly off this coast.

Snugged into his bunk, riding with the boat's motion, the owner knew he should unhook the lee-cloth supporting him, pull on his sweater, struggle aft, open the hatch and check that all was well. Something had woken him.

'Ah, sod it. She knows what she's doing.'

A heavy man, uneasy about his own condition, he rolled on to his back. In the dim red light he stared at the deckhead a few feet above his face. His head was thick from the wine he'd shared with his young crew. He reached out for the plastic water bottle he'd remembered to leave on the saloon shelf. He swigged it laddishly, then swilled it between the gap in his front teeth. He wondered if this trip might make some sort of article for one of the yachting mags. He wasn't exactly fond of the yachting culture, preferring the newsroom where he thrashed out a living. It wasn't even paid properly; but it was buncy, fun scribbling, something different.

He glanced across at his wife who had retired to her bunk as soon as the sea began to pick up. She was seasick.

'As usual ...'

He was glad, mind, that Ellie'd buggered off. Or she'd have been on to him for chatting up the lass. Harmless diversion but he'd not have heard the

end of it for days. Little punishments ... he knew them all. Boring. Not that he'd got anywhere with the girl. Pleasant enough, but some sort of maths boffin. Patronizing or what? She'd said she'd interface the Decca navigation system to the autopilot, something he'd never even tried. Well, there you go, she'd done it, the snooty bint. As he turned over in his warm sleeping bag, he touched the wart on his forehead as if it were a charm; an old friend. He could hear from the cockpit, above the force-five wind, the ratcheting of the toothed rubber belt as it spun the wheel, balancing the boat on its electronically determined course.

'Clever little cow,' he murmured to himself. He listened briefly to the steady beat of the engine and went back to sleep, satisfied that all was well with his boat. All was indeed well with his boat. The Decca receiver was picking up undisturbed signals from the chain of transmitting stations that ring the North Sea. Assessing them against the waypoints plotted into its computer, it transmitted instructions in turn to the autopilot. The autopilot's fluxgate compass sensed the boat's heading. Its electric motor spun the toothed belt, turning the wheel.

The boat was set fair to continue its uncomfortable journey as far as Spurn Head without further human attention. In fact, until the owner woke later and came on deck, the boat would receive none. The cockpit was empty.

Amy, the clever little cow, was dying, miles astern in the cold sea. In about ten minutes she would be dead. She was beginning to drift into the merciful warm dream which precedes hypothermal unconsciousness. In the distance the indifferent eye of Haweshead light rhythmically spread and disappeared, soon to be replaced by the greater light which signals the dying human brain.

Country life

Let's be honest

Leanda de Lisle

I was fortunate enough to have been brought up by parents who had many foreign friends: Europeans, Chinese, Arabs, Persians and Indians, but no Africans, or people of African extraction – and I myself have only one black friend. Is that surprising? I don't think so. Britain has a very small black middle class. There were no black girls at school with me and only two in my college at university (one of whom is the friend I've referred to). While I worked in London I was made an NUJ¹⁾ equality officer for the simple reason there were no non-white journalists in the area and I was the only woman. Then I moved to the countryside, where, after seven years, I met our first black neighbour. She had just married a local landowner and her colour was the cause of much comment. Nothing 6 I hasten to add. Rather, she was the subject of natural curiosity.

But how do you suppose it feels to be black in a predominantly white country? To walk into a room and know you are being seen, not just as a woman, but as a black woman? Not very nice, according to the American feminist, Patricia Williams, who gave the Reith lectures this year. Not very nice at all, according to the supermodel Naomi Campbell. It doesn't take much imagination to see this may be true. 7 commentators have roundly condemned them both for expressing this view. The argument seems to go that these women are successful, therefore they have no right to whinge on about racism. But this surely misses the point. Their success must emphasise the 8 of being black in a world that gets whiter as you go up the social scale. And it allows them to explain what it feels to be a member of a minority and be heard.

Now, I realise racism isn't a specifically rural issue, but perhaps living in a rural area gives one a different perspective. There are very few Afro-Caribbeans living in villages and white town dwellers are likely to spend more time than we do worrying about whether

they are being fair and pleasant to blacks. Which may, in part, explain why some seem to regard any complaints from black people as 9. 'But look how much we've done for you,' they say. 'Stop whining' – the tone of which suggests we've done too much already. Which I suppose is rooted in the belief that blacks are being overprotected and over-promoted by the politically correct.

A year or two ago, police in London released statistics which indicated that large numbers of muggers were black and there was an outcry from self-styled community leaders. Am I wrong in suspecting that, since then, some newspapers have taken special pleasure in publishing photographs of 10? Perhaps it's easy for me to say this, living away from muggers, but the criminals who have had the most negative impact on our way of life in Britain are white burglars and white paedophiles. And, surrounded as I am by people who speak their mind without concern for what is politically correct, I do think we should ask ourselves whether black people aren't right to be concerned that, in drawing attention to violent black crime, we may 11 the belief that black men are all Othellos with vicious natures hidden under a civilised veneer.

Then there is the matter of positive discrimination. It has been disconcerting to see how ready people are to 12 'scientific' evidence which indicates that blacks have a lower IQ than everyone else – which leads to the obvious conclusion that blacks who are successful in intellectually challenging fields are either 13 or owe their good fortune to the charity of whites. Charming for them, I'm sure. There is no space here to discuss nature versus nurture or the advantages and disadvantages of positive discrimination, but I do wonder to what degree people's views have been influenced by the fear of competition and the hope that blacks are at the bottom of the pack because that is where they deserve to be.

Neither Patricia Williams nor Naomi Campbell accused us whites of being a bunch of Nazi pigs. They 14 asked us to accept that we are not colour blind and invited our sympathy and suggestions. Instead, they were damned as a pair of whingers, whose success makes them living proof of 15 fair and generous natures. It strikes me that it is the commentators, not they, who protest too much. And if we want open debate we should make it honest as well.

'The Spectator', May 3, 1997

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NUJ: National Union of Journalists

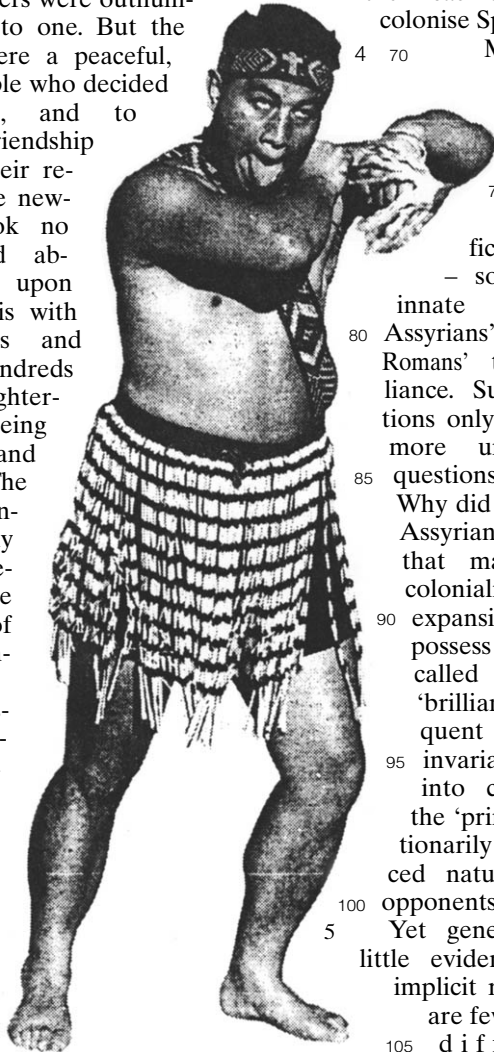
So early cannibalism was all about vegetables?

ROBIN MCKIE

reviews
GUNS, GERMS AND STEEL:
A SHORT HISTORY OF
EVERYBODY FOR THE LAST
13,000 YEARS by Jared Diamond
 Jonathan Cape £18.99, pp480

1 On 19 November 1835, a
 boat carrying Maori
 tribesmen – the vanguard of an
 invasion force of almost 1,000
 5 warriors – landed on the
 Chatham Islands, a remote
 archipelago, 500 miles east of
 New Zealand. The local Moriori
 people were now slaves, they
 10 were told.

2 The invaders were outnumbered
 two to one. But the Morioris
 were a peaceful, simple people
 who decided
 15 to submit, and to proffer
 friendship and half their
 resources. The newcomers took
 no notice, and abruptly set
 20 upon the Morioris with
 guns, clubs and axes. Hundreds
 were slaughtered, many being
 cooked and eaten. The rest
 were enslaved, only
 30 to be executed at the whim
 of their conquerors.
 ‘Not one escaped,’ recalled one
 Maori.
 40 ‘Some ran away, those we
 killed, others we killed – but
 45 what of that? It



was in accordance with our
 50 custom.’

3 This grim ‘custom’ is not new,
 of course. The bloody acquisition
 of food and territory has been
 repeated like a malignant
 55 mantra for millennia. Maori
 eradicated Moriori, Spaniards
 subjugated Inca, and Bantus
 became African overlords. In
 the process, we have created an
 60 absurdly lopsided world in
 which West European cultures
 now dominate the planet’s
 resources. But why? How did
 this global inequality come
 65 about? Why did Maori vanquish
 Moriori, and not the other way
 round? Why did the Incas not
 invade and colonise Spain?

4 70 Most historians respond in
 terms that stress – either
 specifically or tacitly – some
 kind of innate superiority:
 80 Assyrians’ vigour or Romans’
 tactical brilliance. Such
 explanations only beg further,
 more uncomfortable questions,
 85 of course. Why did Romans
 and Assyrians, and for that
 matter British colonialists
 and Nazi expansionists,
 90 possess this so-called ‘vitality’
 and ‘brilliance’? Subsequent
 responses invariably descend
 into claims about the ‘primitive’
 95 evolutionarily less advanced
 nature of their opponents.

5 Yet genetics provide little
 evidence for this implicit racism.
 There are few meaningful
 105 differences

between the innate abilities of
 the world’s peoples, though the
 notion of racial superiority
 remains seductive. As Jared
 110 Diamond says: ‘Until we have
 some convincing, detailed,
 agreed-upon explanation for
 the broad pattern of history,
 most people will continue to
 115 suspect that the racist biological
 explanation is correct after all.’

6 Hence *Guns, Germs and Steel*,
 a book of extraordinary vision
 and confidence which seeks,
 120 with considerable success, to
 demonstrate how environmental
 factors created our modern
 world of affluent Americans
 and impoverished Ethiopians,
 125 the fate of the Chatham
 Islands being particularly
 illustrative.

7 As Diamond says: ‘Moriori
 and Maori history constitutes a
 130 brief, small-scale natural
 experiment that tests how
 environments affect human
 societies’.

8 For a start, the Morioris and
 135 Maoris were both recent
 descendants of the same
 seafaring people. Neither had
 time to diverge biologically,
 showing that the seeds of the
 140 Morioris’ destruction did not
 reside in their genes, but
 elsewhere. And Diamond
 knows where.

9 ‘Those ancestral Maoris who
 first colonised the Chathams
 145 may have been farmers, but
 Maori tropical crops could not
 grow in the Chathams’ cold
 climate, and the colonists had
 no alternative except to revert
 150 to being hunter-gatherers. Since
 as hunter-gatherers, they did
 not produce crop surpluses
 available for redistribution or
 storage, they could not support
 155 and feed non-hunting craft
 specialists, armies, bureaucrats
 and chiefs.’

10 Thus the Morioris were
 doomed. And on a larger,
 160 equally unforgiving scale, so
 were civilisations that evolved
 away from farming’s birthplace,

the nurturing ground of the Middle East's Fertile Crescent. Of course, agriculture did develop elsewhere (China, the Andes, West Africa and New Guinea, for example), but these regions lacked the rich variety of Middle Eastern crops: wheat, barley, lentils, peas, and flax. Similarly, Eurasian peoples inherited many more domesticable wild mammalian herbivores – dogs, sheep, goats, pigs, cows and horses – than did the rest of the world. As a result, land that once supported only dozens of hunter-gatherers, now fed thousands. Stores needed bureaucrats, and fields required armies for protection. Wheels were invented and horses were yoked to chariots – though we

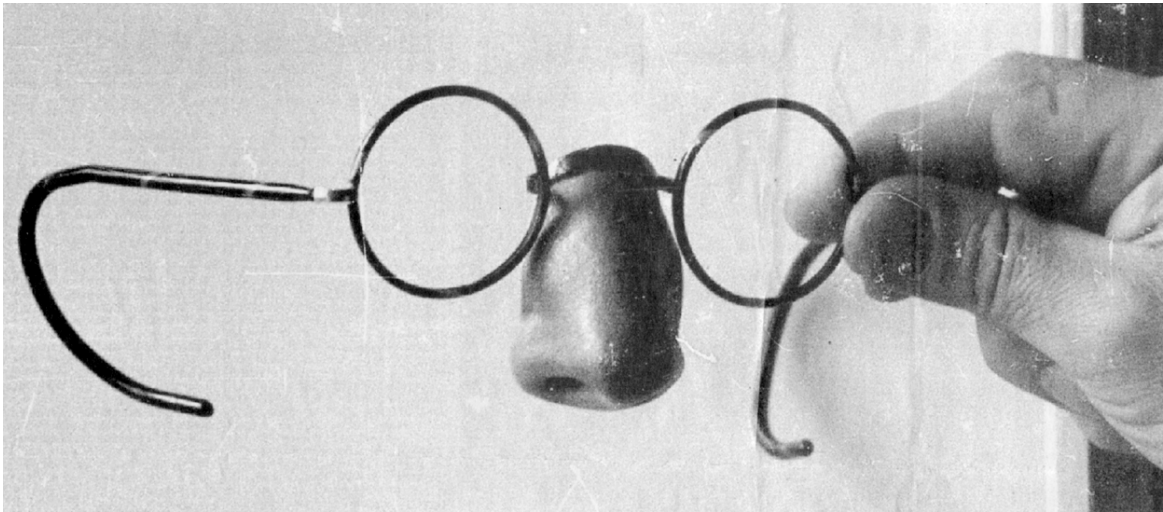
'gained' more than mere martial advantage from domestic animals, says Diamond. We also acquired measles, tuberculosis, smallpox and malaria microbes which were once pathogens of cattle, pigs and chickens.

These were 'Europe's sinister gift to other continents – the germs evolving from Eurasians' long intimacy with domestic animals.' It was a deadly combination, as we can see from the fate of the Incas.

Guns, Germs and Steel is history scrubbed clean of its idiosyncratic participants: Alexander the Great, Lenin, Buddha and the rest, an omission for which Diamond makes no apology. Instead, he

has tried to create a discipline based on science, rather than humanities, and has backed his bid with an impressive knowledge of molecular biology, evolutionary theory, plant physiology and sociology. The result is a prodigious, convincing work, conceived on a grand scale, and thoroughly executed, perhaps a little too thoroughly. Certainly, the book is thick with detail, a history that is still 'one damn fact after another' – though in this case, they are damn interesting facts.

*'The Observer Review',
April 13, 1997*



Striving for physical improvement has become a valid part of the American dream.

I'm not sure it's quite me...

Cressida Connolly

reviews

VENUS ENVY: A HISTORY OF COSMETIC SURGERY

by Elizabeth Haiken

Johns Hopkins £20.50, pp301

1 In 1936, leading British plastic surgeon Sir Harold Gillies was approached by a young general surgeon who was considering specialisation in the discipline. 'Really I do not think you have a chance, my boy,' he was told. 'There are four plastic surgeons in the country and I can't think there can be room for more.' Sixty-odd years later, Sir Harold's words seem almost comically misjudged: in Britain about 70,000 people a year now elect to undergo cosmetic procedures. According to a recent report in the *Times*, some women – 90 per cent of patients are female – are now being given corrective operations as Christmas presents: Bupa hospitals say January bookings for such treatments are up by 15 per cent on last year.

2 *Venus Envy* (great title) is a timely history of this extraordinary growth industry, which focuses on its development in the author's native America. Haiken makes a convincing case for her belief that the discipline

was not, as is often thought, born of advances in reconstructive surgery deriving from injuries sustained by soldiers in the First World War. While acknowledging that the war made cosmetic surgery respectable – even heroic – she sets out to prove that an interest in 'beauty surgery' predates 1917.

Haiken's contention is that cosmetic surgery has always tried to escape the charge of profiteering from vanity and insecurity by medicalising itself. By clinging to the idea that it was born from the noble cause of repairing the disfigurements of brave servicemen, it lent itself gravitas and respectability. The treatment of burns with skin grafts following the Second World War gave further weight to the by-product of cosmetic work. But over the years, it has taken hostages by pathologising flaws that might properly be regarded as quite normal. Double chins, big noses, thin lips and drooping breasts have all come to be regarded as deformities; as deserving of correction as conditions such as cleft palates or harelips. This trend Haiken ascribes to two things; the ever-green desire for self-improvement enshrined within the American way of life and, rather less probably, a mass collective adoption of psychoanalyst Alfred

Adler's inferiority complex.

She has unearthed some remarkable, disturbing findings. A chapter on ethnicity and cosmetic work reveals the alarming statistic that in 1990 alone 39,000 Asian patients in America underwent operations to create Western-style 'double eyelids'. In the build-up to the Vietnam war, scores of native women had breast augmentations in order to attract US servicemen posted in their country. Perhaps most scandalous of all is the fact that – unknowingly – US tax-payers were, during the 1970s at least, contributing between \$1 million and \$6m annually on free cosmetic operations for the wives of military personnel.

5 Too much of this book is taken up with the 'how' of cosmetic surgery. How the early surgeons organised themselves; how liquid paraffin predated silicone and eventually collagen as an implanting agent; how Barbra Streisand didn't have a nose job, despite the vastness of her snout, and how Michael Jackson did, despite the modest size of his. (Haiken's admiration for Streisand's early rhinoplastic restraint is boundless. The singer is mentioned again and again, in the warmest tones. Odd, then, that the author has not remarked on Streisand's

remarkable youthfulness, nor her fullness of upper lip and ski-
115 slope straightness of nose. Reassuring to note that, even to the eye of a historian of facelifts, love remains blind.)

6 Elizabeth Haiken is assistant
120 professor of history at the University of Tennessee and a high level of scholarly and thorough research is everywhere evident. This is not a populist book. It
125 reads like a very well-written PhD thesis. The problem with such an approach, though, is that cosmetic surgery is a populist subject. Much as I rue the
130 triumph of opinion over knowledge which characterises so much contemporary writing, this book errs so far in the opposite direction. The fascination of cosmetic surgery lies not in how it
135 developed, but in why: what *Venus Envy* cries out for is conjecture.

7 The most interesting passages
140 are gleaned from the writings of social historians. Warren Susman's theory is particularly sound: that nineteenth-century values on 'character' gave way, 9

145 early this century, to an emphasis on 'personality' – in other words an onus on inner spiritual qualities became replaced by
150 outer magnetism and charm. As society became more urbanised and competitive, the community was displaced by the individual. First impressions became a commodity. Then as now, good
155 looks improved career prospects. (A pair of research economists found, in 1993, that good looks improve earnings by
160 5 per cent, whatever the occupation.) Striving for physical improvement thus became a valid part of the American dream.

8 So much for the early days, but Haiken does not address
165 enough attention to the current state of cosmetic surgery: although one chapter is called 'The Michael Jackson Factor', she makes no attempts to address
170 the bizarre psychology which drives his bid for transformation. The only conclusion she reaches is that Jackson suffers from self-hatred. She
175 could surely do better than this.

For a wider and more convin-

cing investigation into the American obsession with youthfulness, readers will have to search
180 elsewhere. Robert Bly (scorned creator of *Iron John*) has addressed the issue in *The Sibling Society*, and many feminist commentators, from Naomi Wolf's
185 *The Beauty Myth* onwards, continue to question the mores which fuel the search for eternal youth. What does this mania for youth and beauty say about a nation's moral health? About the value of sexual desire? About the life of the soul? What worth does a society with such superficial preoccupations put on the
195 wisdom of age? What might be lost by forgoing senescence, and might anything be gained?

10 These are the sort of questions which anyone buying
200 *Venus Envy* will surely be interested in. The pity is that Elizabeth Haiken does not come closer to answering them.

*'The Observer Review',
January 11, 1998*

SOCIOLOGY

CONSUMING FEARS

1 In recent months Britons have been told they might get the brain-destroying Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease from eating sheep, a bowel disorder called Crohn's disease from drinking pasteurized milk and a damaged immune system from dining on genetically modified foods. Consumer groups, newspapers and broadcasters have acted as though lives were at stake. Yet in the first two cases, the Department of Health described the risk as negligible, and the genetic crop worry last August was later admitted to be bogus – a scientist had muddled the results of a colleague's research, confusing rats from two different experiments.

2 These incidents were only the latest in about 15 years of food scares in Britain. People were scared about salmonella in eggs; listeria in cheese; *Escherichia coli*, antibiotics and hormones in meat; and pesticide residues and phthalates (benzene-related compounds) in just about everything. And of course, most infamous was the scare about beef from cows infected with bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE). Besides creating panic, food scares can wreak havoc with the agricultural economy – sales of beef have only recently returned to their pre-BSE levels.

3 Whereas genuine outbreaks of food poisoning are not uncommon, the reactions in Britain seem particularly out of line with the threat. A large part of that, notes food-safety expert Derek Burke, stems from the handling of the BSE outbreak. The ongoing inquiry has caused the complete collapse of public faith in food-regulating authorities, such as the Ministry of Agriculture Fisheries and Food (MAFF) and the Department of Health, as well as in politicians and scientists.

4 For instance, MAFF admitted that it knew in 1986 that prions, unusual proteins that are thought to cause BSE, might be able to infect humans and cause Creutzfeldt-Jakob. Not until 1989, however, did it introduce legislation to ban specifically high-risk material – brains and spleens – and only last year did it ban the material

from use in pharmaceuticals and cosmetics. More recently, press reports last September indicated that MAFF turned a blind eye to abattoirs that flouted BSE safety requirements. "It is going to take years to get rid of that problem of public mistrust," says Burke, who served as chairman of the government's Advisory Committee on Novel Foods and Food Processing.

5 Lynn Frewer agrees. She is head of the risk perception and communications group at the Institute of Food Research, which works for, among others, MAFF and the European Union in multilateral research programs. "Fifty years ago science was equated with progress. It was trusted and seen as properly regulated. But in the past 50 years there have been many symbols of it getting out of control, such as DDT, thalidomide and, more recently, BSE," she concludes.



6 Frewer adds another reason for the escalating concerns about foods. Many once-feared illnesses, such as polio, smallpox and scarlet fever, are preventable or curable now. That has prompted people to magnify other worries instead. Burke quips that there would be fewer food scares if war broke out.

7 Although questions of food safety occur in the U.S., they do not cause as much panic. Americans hold a less equivocal attitude toward science than Britons and other Europeans do. That might explain why most Americans are not too bothered by genetically modified foods. The crops – mostly corn, potatoes and soybeans – are designed to produce their own insecticide or to withstand herbicides and can turn up anonymously in such prepared products as

french fries. Because no evidence has been found that genetically modified foods are dangerous, the Food and Drug Administration does not require any special labeling for them.

8 Britain, like most of Europe, however, feels differently – after all, many argue, there is no evidence they are safe over the long term, either. Moreover, transgenic crops can lead to unpredictable environmental consequences: a maize trial, for instance, ended up killing off lacewings, which are beneficial crop insects.

9 Perhaps not surprisingly, therefore, the actions of ecoterrorists, who have destroyed at least 30 of more than 300 crop trials in the past few years, take place in a blaze of admiring publicity. Prosecutions are rare for fear of copy-cat action and adverse press.

10 The reactions to the possible hazards of food, real or imagined, have raised questions about exactly what the public should be told and when. Both the scientific community and consumer groups agree that the current ad hoc system of reporting food concerns is inadequate. For instance, a report from the Food Commission, a British lobbying group, states that some nut imports are contaminated with deadly aflatoxins, a potent liver carcinogen. MAFF has admitted the problem, but the finding has gone almost unnoticed and unreported. Tim Lobstein, co-director of the commission, pins the blame on the news media.

11 To streamline food regulation and the reporting of threats, the government wants to establish a food standards agency. Exactly who pays for this agency and whether the bill authorizing its creation is passed in the next legislative session are still up in the air. It may be a while before Britons look at their dinner plates without apprehension once more.

– Peta Firth

PETA FIRTH, who was an award-winning journalist for the Hong Kong daily newspaper the HK Standard, is a freelance writer based in London.

'Scientific American',
January 1999

dominica

TravelWise

Planning your trip

Entering Dominica U.S. and Canadian visitors must show a passport or proof of citizenship with photo ID, and a return air ticket.

The Eastern Caribbean dollar (\$ EC) is the unit of currency. As of press time, \$1 U.S.=\$2.70 EC;\$1 EC=\$.37 U.S. The U.S. dollar is universally accepted; prices below are in U.S. dollars.

Dominica is one hour ahead of Eastern Standard Time. Temperatures average in the 70s and 80s (F) year-round. The island receives abundant rainfall, especially in the interior. Hurricane season runs July-Oct. The least-rainy months are Feb.-May.

To call Dominica direct from the U.S., dial 1, the area code 809, and the local number. Address mail to "Commonwealth of Dominica, West Indies."

Things you should know Dominica is an independent republic; English is the official language, although French Creole is commonly spoken. Prices are relatively low compared to many Caribbean islands. Dominica is known for its natural highlights—waterfalls, geologic formations, flora and fauna—but beaches are few, narrow, and usually of dark sand. Dangerous surf and currents are a hazard on the Atlantic side. Bring rain gear, waterproof walking shoes or hiking boots, sweaters and jackets for mountain hikes, insect repellent, binoculars.

How to get there

By air To Melville Hall Airport, on the northern end, or Canefield Airport, near Roseau, via such island gateways as Antigua and St. Thomas, on regional Caribbean airlines. American Airlines serves Melville Hall from Puerto Rico. **By sea** Daily high-speed ferries connect Dominica with Guadeloupe and Martinique.

Getting around

Buses and taxis are abundant and inexpensive; they may be preferable to renting a car, since driving is on the left and the roads can be narrow and very winding. Visiting drivers must be at least 25, have had two years of driving experience, and have a local driving license (available at the airports or rental-car offices).

Things to see and do

The best way to see Dominica's natural wonders is with local guides, who know the trails and wildlife. Local tour outfitters include Ken's Hinterland Adventure Tours (448-4850) and Antours Dominica (448-6460). Local guides can also be contracted through hotels and guesthouses. The author's guides were Bobby Frederick, at 448-0412, and Jep Simelda, at 448-7725.

Roseau, Dominica's capital, was severely damaged by Hurricane David in 1979 and has been recovering ever since. Attractions include the **public market** (Bay St.;closed Sun.); the new **Dominica Museum** (on the waterfront); and the **Botanical Gardens** (Morne Bruce Hill). The **Forest Service** office (448-2401) at the gardens has advice and publications on how to see nature around the island.



Affable guide Bobby Frederick calls his brand of Rastafarianism, common on Dominica, more a way of life than a religion.

In the northern interior of the island, the 22,000-acre **Northern Forest Reserve** includes **Morne Diablotin**, Dominica's highest peak and the main habitat of the island's two endangered parrot species. First-time hikes here are best done with guide Bertrand Jno.-Baptiste, or someone he suggests; 446-6358.

Dominica's second city, **Portsmouth**, hugs the northwest coast. Just to the south the **Indian River** winds through marsh and swamp. Guides with skiffs will take you upstream from the coast highway; ask for Cobra or Rice. The **Cabrits National Park**, on a peninsula north of town, is the site of 18th-century **Fort Shirley** (448-2731 or -2401), whose ruins house a small museum. Also in Cabrits Park are the island's largest swamp and protected coral reefs.

On the east coast, the 3,700-acre **Carib Territory**, an agricultural area, is home to most of the island's indigenous Carib people, known for, among other things, their intricate baskets. Stop in at the Territory Office in **Salybia** (445-7336). Salybia is also noted for the **St. Marie Church**, with murals of Carib history. Along the coast a few miles south is the **Escalier Tête Chien**, an unusual lava outcrop that seems to snake into the sea and figures in Carib legends.

In the central interior you'll find one of Dominica's most popular sights - the **Emerald Pool**, at the northern edge of the 17,000-acre **Morne Trois Pitons National Park** (448-2401). The park encompasses of wild rain forest as well as several attractions. **Trafalgar Falls** (accessible from the Papillote Wilderness retreat, in Trafalgar Village), a set of two falls, one cascading over a sheer rock face and the other (wider and less dramatic) ending in a pool large enough to swim in; **Freshwater Lake**, Dominica's largest (a 2.5-mile hike across Morne Macaque); and 300-foot **Middleham Falls**, one of the highest on the island.

You'll need a guide when you'll go through the **Valley of Desolation**, an area laid barren by volcanic eruptions in 1880 and now a fumarole area. At trail's end on your return, relax in **Titou Gorge**.

Dominica's offshore attractions include snorkeling and diving sites said to rival those of Bonaire. Whales are present year-round, with the best viewing Feb.-May. Several outfits run trips, of which the most established is Dive Dominica (448-2188). Sport fishing is available through Paul Wren (448-7285).

Lodging

Dominica has no major international hotels or resorts; expect small hotels, inns, guesthouses, and B&Bs. Rates for a double room range from perhaps \$30 a night in a basic B&B to \$200 or so for a kitchen-equipped luxury unit.

Lodgings mentioned in the story include the **Fort Young Hotel** in Roseau (448-5000, fax 448-5006); **Castaways**, on the western coast, in Mero, on one of Dominica's few beaches (449-6244/5, fax 449-6246); **Papillote Wilderness Retreat** in the Roseau Valley (to avoid the sound of generators, ask for the Waterfall Cottage; 449-1401, fax 449-2160); **Springfield Plantation Guest House**, where you can often chat with natural-science experts who stay here (449-1401 or 449-1224), fax 449-2160); **Petit Coulibri**, in the mountains south of Soufrière, with great views and seclusion (five units; 446-3150). Splurge on dinner.

The Roseau Valley has a growing number of guesthouses. Also recommended: **Hummingbird Inn**, north of Roseau (phone and fax 449-1042); **Regate Hall Hotel**, in the hills above Roseau (448-4031, fax 448-4034); the **Layout Valley Inn**, in the interior, with views of mountains north and south (449-6203, fax 448-5212); **Castle Comfort Lodge**, catering to divers and housing Dive Dominica, just south of Roseau (448-2188, fax 448-6088). In the Carib Territory, Charles Williams runs a guesthouse and gives tours (phone and fax 445-7256).

National Geographic Traveler, November/December, 1996

SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

For a full bibliography of studies of the Brontës see *The New Cambridge Bibliography*, III (1969) and for other bibliographical surveys see the Introduction, p. 32 above. The following studies of Emily Brontë are of special interest and include several which the editor would have represented in the present collection had space allowed.

The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë, ed. C. W. Hatfield (Columbia U.P. and Oxford U.P., 1941). The standard edition of the poems.

Leicester Bradner, 'The Growth of *Wuthering Heights*', in *PMLA* XLVIII (1933). More information has come to light since this essay appeared, but it can still be read as a helpful attempt to 'show how the imagination of a poet, who for once turned novelist, has fused together ... a number of raw materials existing in her mind'. The 'raw materials' include memories of various tales (notably Hoffmann's *Das Majorat* and 'The Bridegroom of Barna' (see above, pp. 234, 236), Emily's stay at Law Hill in 1837 and her own Gondal poems.

John Fraser, 'The Name of Action: Nelly Dean and *Wuthering Heights*,' in *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, XIX (1965).

A humane analysis of Nelly Dean's role in the novel, dismissing a contemporary 'sentimental disengagement' which simultaneously encourages uncritical acceptance of the 'wickedness' in Catherine and Heathcliff, and the depreciation of Nelly Dean as 'an agent of repression': '... a just appreciation of Nelly Dean ... might be relevant to our understanding of a good deal more than *Wuthering Heights* ... the world that she confronts so admirably ... seems remarkably like ours ...'

Lew Girdler, 'Wuthering Heights and Shakespeare', in *Huntington Library Quarterly*, vol. XIX, no. 4 (Aug 1956). A short paper rehearsing the principal Shakespearian allusions, verbal echoes and 'general resemblances in character, plot structure and motifs' in *Wuthering Heights*. The plays referred to include *Twelfth Night*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Hamlet*.

John Hagan, 'The Control of Sympathy in *Wuthering Heights*', in *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, XX (1966). Our 'double view of Catherine and Heathcliff with its blend of moral disapproval and compassion' is determined chiefly by Emily Brontë's 'ability to convince us that cruelty is not innate in [them] ... but is the consequence of extreme suffering...'

L. and E. M. Hanson, *The Four Brontës*: (Oxford U.P., 1949; revised Hamden, Connecticut, 1967). A useful general study which assembles most of the known facts.

John Hewish, *Emily Brontë: a critical and biographical survey* (1969). A sensible,

economical résumé of most of the available material concerning Emily Brontë's life and critical reputation since 1847.

G. D. Klingopulos, 'The Novel as Dramatic Poem: *Wuthering Heights*', in *Scrutiny*, XIV (1947). *Wuthering Heights* is 'not a moral tale' and is less artistically coherent than some recent critics have claimed, but it exacts in certain speeches of Catherine's and Heathcliff's the same kind of attention as the poetry of an Elizabethan play exacts 'at the crises of its meaning'.

Q. D. Leavis, 'A Fresh Approach to *Wuthering Heights*', in *Lectures in America* by F. R. and Q. D. Leavis (1969). A reappraisal which seeks to distinguish 'what is genuine from what is merely confusion', and finally reaffirms the novel's 'truly human contrality. How can we fail to see that the novel is based on an interest in, concern for, and knowledge of, real life?' (see Introduction, p. 30 above). There are four Appendixes on, respectively, 'The Northern Farmer, Old Style', 'Violence', 'Superstitions and Folklore' and '*Wuthering Heights* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*'.

Philippa Moody, 'The Challenge of Maturity in *Wuthering Heights*', in *Melbourne Critical Review*, V (1962). 'It seems to me a mistake to assume too readily that the love of Catherine and Heathcliff is necessarily outside normal experience. In duration it may be, but in essence it is closely related to the extreme, intense, but not necessarily sexual involvement that is most frequently felt in adolescence.'

Norman Sherry, *The Brontë Sisters: Charlotte and Emily* (Evans Brothers Ltd., 1969). A short introductory primer which includes a succinct account of Emily Brontë's writings, stressing especially the ultimately 'Shakespearian' vision in her novel, which shows a good natural order re-establishing itself after temporary disturbance by the forces of evil.

Charles Simpson, *Emily Brontë* (Country Life, 1929). In spite of its comparatively early date this remains one of the most level-headed biographies devoted exclusively to Emily (see Introduction, pp. 22-3). It is particularly interesting in its treatment of the probable influence on her novel of her stay at Law Hill, where she worked as a teacher in 1837.

M. R. Watson, 'Tempest in the soul: the theme and structure of *Wuthering Heights*', in *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, IV (1950). The novel is 'a masterpiece'; it is 'consciously organised like a five-act tragedy'; but it is not, as David Cecil contends, 'a metaphysical dissertation' since Emily Brontë 'was attempting something more concrete, more closely related to human experience'.

Thrillers *Chris Petit*

Schedule Two, by Gaylord Dold (Hale, £16.99)

Although irritatingly told in the present tense, this is several blocks ahead of the rest of the round-up, thanks to economy, pace, a no-frills story, and a satisfactory rearrangement and reduction of the usual elements — bodies in dumpsters, guns, drugs, suitcases of money. It follows the progress cum descent of Grace Wu, a nark posing as a cabbie and dealer, through a San Francisco of drugs and double dealing where individual colleagues prove as dangerous as any army of Koreans. Dold is strong on Bay Area topography — like Chandler and Ross McDonald, he believes that crime and place are inseparable — but what really lifts this is the portrait of Wu's superior, a rogue cop who's going off the rails.

The Set-Up, by Paul Erdman (Macmillan, £16.99)

A fair premise, as there's always mileage in seeing a big cheese overturned, guilty or not: a recently retired vice-chair of the US Federal Reserve Board finds himself inexplicably accused of mega-fraud charges by petty-minded Swiss police, which look like sticking. But this dwindles in the development, with Erdman revealing the identity of the guilty party, a dull stick of a Swiss banker who falls into a perfunctory honeypot trap featuring exotic

locales — offering plenty of opportunity for tax-deductible author expenses — and finds himself in too deep to get out, unlike the reader.

Apaches, by Lorenzo Carcaterra (Century, £15.99)

Another good premise frittered; this starts with separate case histories recounting the disabling of six New York cops. Thanks to an abduction, retirement is traded for vigilante derring-do, the result an increasingly uncomfortable combination of politically correct cast and *The Dirty Half-a-Dozen*, with a bit of *Dirty Harry* thrown in, as they take on an army of dope dealers run by a queen bitch who uses dead babies as a way of moving drugs around.

The Inner Sanctum, by Stephen Frey (Michael Joseph, £16.99)

Our old chum, the US military-industrial complex, resurfaces, up to no good as per usual, spinning a web of fraud and financial manipulation via a crooked senator, with a \$30 billion annual Defence Department budget the prize. Pitted against, two small fry — a lowly female Internal Revenue lawyer and a compromised investment broker working for a secretive top-drawer firm with its own hit man, who dispenses routine jeopardy and by-the-numbers suspense borrowed from old movies (*The Encounter in the Lift*). Things are not greatly enlivened by a dully troubled cast.

'The Guardian', September 11, 1997

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