

Bijlage HAVO
2021

tijdvak 3

Engels

Tekstboekje

Ga verder op de volgende pagina.

TV: Sport



Australian Rugby Union legend John Eales has only one regret in his playing career: turning his back on New Zealand's All Blacks national team during their performance of the Haka traditional dance in 1996, triggering outrage on both sides of The Ditch. For two decades, Eales has rued that decision. Follow Eales now as he sets out to learn what makes the Haka the greatest ritual in sport and a pivotal part of New Zealand's identity.

Holland Herald, 2018

NATURE

Darwin barking up the right tree

adapted from an article by Martha Linden

Dogs get jealous, scientists have proved. Experiments revealed dogs exhibited jealous behaviour such as snapping and pushing when their owner displayed affection for a stuffed dog.



The University of California study monitored the reaction of 36 dogs in their own homes when their owners ignored them in favour of the stuffed dog or a bucket with a Halloween design. Dogs were twice as likely to push their owner while they petted the false dog as when they were displaying the same behaviour towards the bucket.

The findings confirm long-held suspicions of owners and 2 an observation by Charles Darwin.

i, 2014

Is The Human Brain Like a Computer?

To the Editor:

After reading Gary Marcus's essay ("Face it, Your Brain is a Computer", *Sunday Review*, June 28) I asked my computer if she thought she was pretty much the same as a brain, and at first I couldn't get a straight answer out of her. She said my question "did not compute."



"Define 'computer'," she politely requested. "If by computer you mean a device that performs calculations, in the broadest sense, then yes, a brain is a computer. But so is an adding machine. And an abacus, for that matter."

After a thoughtful pause, she continued: "But what you are really asking, I suspect, is whether a brain is merely a computer and, more importantly, whether a person is merely a brain. It has never occurred to me to consider whether I am like a brain, or a person. I can only calculate, digitally, while you can speculate, analogically. That is the difference between us."

Let's face it: A brain is like a computer in some important respects, but a brain is not merely a computer, and a person is not merely a brain. At least that's what my computer says. And she's usually right.

BEN SUSSWEIN
Orleans, Mass.
The writer is a psychologist.

nytimes.com, 2015

Anger Anxiety

by David Webster

- 1 In the misanthropic fug of early morning, I woke to the radio reporting news that getting angry makes people five times more likely to have a heart attack.
- 2 Great. Just what I needed to hear. Not only am I subject to endless media provocation to be angry about immigration, corruption, dredging etc., but this very danger is putting my life at risk.
- 3 However, we need to be wary here. Anger is in danger of being demonised, and that's troubling. Outrage seems an entirely appropriate response to injustice and needless infliction of pain and suffering on sentient beings.
- 4 As the middle-aged among us descend into a yearning for tranquillity, followed by a sit-down with a nice cup of tea and a biscuit, we need younger generations to emerge shocked at the world we've left them. In a context where young people could sit in endless refresh-cycles on social media, we need them to be shocked into action.
- 5 And for those of us resisting a connection between ageing and lack of interest, anger can be the fire that keeps us alight. If we see hard-won rights under threat, our indignation is what keeps us engaged and concerned.
- 6 Perhaps what we need here is some subtlety. We need to avoid the blunt and clumsy condemnation of outrage, recognising its value as a seed of social change, while seeing the futility of pointless shouting at pedestrians from our cars. Perhaps taking a slight lead from many forms of Buddhist thought, we don't need to prevent our rage but improve the quality of our outrage. 6

The Guardian Weekly, 2014

Tekst 5

Het volgende fragment is het begin van het boek Make Your Home Among Strangers, geschreven door Jennine Capó Crucet.

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- 1 CANALS ZIGZAG ACROSS THE CITY I used to call home. Those lines of murky water still run beside and under expressways, now choked by whorls of algae – mostly hydrilla, a well-known invasive, though that's likely the only algae I ever saw growing up in Miami. Even just ten years ago, before it took over, you could float tangle-free down those waterways from neighborhood to neighborhood, waving to strangers from your inner tube as they would wave back and wonder whether or not you needed rescuing.
- 2 While they were married, my parents used the canal across from the house they owned until just before I left for college in ways that make my current research group howl. Every Tuesday, at the weekly lab meetings I help our principal investigator run, each of us in the group is supposed to catalog the slow progress we're making toward understanding the demise of coral reef systems everywhere. But being one of the institute's lab managers means I've been working on this project longer than any of the postdocs or graduate students we hire, so my segment of the meeting has another goal: I try each week to make our PI laugh at least once by revealing, like a prize behind a curtain, some new and highly illegal thing my mom or dad tossed into that canal's water.
- 3 My dad: every single drop of motor oil ever drained from any of the dozen or so cars he's owned and sold over the years; a stack of loose CDs I once left on the couch and forgot, for days and days, to put away, each of them dotting the water's surface like a mirrored lily pad; an entire transmission. My mom: a dead hamster, cage and all, the failed project of my older sister Leidy, who was charged with keeping it alive over Christmas break when she was in fifth grade; any obvious junk mail, before I knew to grab the brochures from colleges out of her hands lest she send them sailing from her grip; dried-out watercolors, homemade tape recordings of her own voice, parched hunks of white clay – any and all signs of an attempt to discover some untapped talent she hoped she possessed wound up in the water. Too many things got dumped there. I know this was wrong – knew it then. Still, I say to my drop-jawed colleagues when they ask how we could've behaved so irresponsibly, what do you want me to tell you? I'm sorry, I say, but it's the truth.

Basic income: a good idea?

adapted from an article by Laurie Penny



- 1 What would you do if somebody gave you a few hundred pounds each month to spend on whatever you wanted? Basic income – the proposal to give a flat, unconditional payment to every citizen – is an old idea. It has been around for centuries, and for centuries its proponents have largely been dismissed as utopian, or insane, or both. This year, however, that insanity is gradually becoming a political reality. Finland is considering giving its citizens an unconditional stipend of €800 a month. In the US, the tech start-up funder *Y Combinator* is earmarking money to test the theory. In Germany, *Mein Grundeinkommen* ('my basic income'), a crowdfunding initiative to give a basic wage to as many people as possible, has attracted over a quarter of a million contributors.
- 2 Michael Bohmeyer, a former entrepreneur who runs *Mein Grundeinkommen*, says: "If we don't 11 work and income, humans will have to compete more and more with computers. This is a competition they will lose sooner than we think. The result will be mass unemployment and no money left for consumption." With that in mind, Bohmeyer began an experiment in anti-capitalism that has been more successful than he could have imagined. So far, 39 people, chosen at random from a pool of applicants, have received €1,000 a month through the scheme – and almost none has spent the year twiddling their thumbs. One quit his job at a call centre to retrain as a pre-school teacher, while others found fulfilling jobs, having given up on the prospect years earlier; almost all have been sleeping better, worrying less and focusing more on family life.
- 3 Basic income is an idea that is both simple and practical: it has received positive coverage from almost everyone, from *Financial Times* columnists to feminist campaigners, from libertarian techno-millionaires to young, left-wing organisers. It is also radical. 12-1
- 4 The present organising principle of economics is that without the threat of starvation, homelessness and poverty, people will not be motivated to work. Human beings, left to their own devices, will inevitably sit on the sofa and eat crisps until the species collapses into a state of degeneration and episodic television. 12-2

- 5 The notion of an economic system based on trust and mutual aid rather than anxiety, shame and suffering still sounds like a fairy tale. But as more and more jobs are automated away, as mandatory wage labour collapses as a method of organising society, even the most conservative governments may find themselves with no other option. We can choose to let fear and suspicion run our lives as we all struggle harder each year to survive in a collapsing economic system on a smoking planet. Or we can choose to trust each other enough that everyone can share in the rewards of technology. It is blasphemous and unthinkable. However, it may also be the only practical choice we have.

newstatesman.com, 2016

Monster fatberg goes on display at London Museum

adapted from an article by Jason Daley

- 1 You might be forgiven for thinking that the Beast of London's Whitechapel district is a nickname for Jack the Ripper, but in fact it is the name of a much more recent villain. In September 2017, sewer workers in London discovered the Beast in the Whitechapel sewer, an enormous fatberg made of oil and grease poured down London drains mixed with flushed wet wipes, diapers and condoms that failed to disintegrate. Though it was cleaned out by sewer workers, a bit of the Beast still remains, and now the lipid-curious can take a look at this bit of the fatberg at the Museum of London.



- 2 So why would a museum put a rancid piece of grease and diapers on display? According to the museum, its collection already includes exhibits on London's Victorian-era sewer system, which in the 19th century helped the city fight water-borne diseases and problems with open sewage. At the time it was a huge innovation, but now, that system is struggling to keep up with modern plumbing and modern sewage. In recent decades, the amount of oil and grease dumped into the sewer has multiplied, and residents have not gotten the message that wet wipes, diapers and other things do not belong in the toilet. All that has led to a plague of fatbergs in the last decade. "Here at the museum we are all about reflecting the real lived experience of Londoners and it is part of our season exploring the highs and lows of London city life," explains Vyki Sparkes, the curator of social and working history. "I don't think you can get much lower than a fatberg."
- 3 16; the Whitechapel behemoth — which was akin to concrete — was cut to pieces using high-powered hoses, though those eventually failed to do the trick and shovels and saws were required. Workers then lifted chunks out through manholes. That means not many large pieces were recovered or saved.
- 4 To preserve their piece of the berg, the museum chose to dry it. That reduced the overwhelming smell, but Sharon Robinson-Calver, who led the conservation team, says there are still drain-fly larvae in the fat, which still occasionally mature and fly out. "They seem quite happy," she says. "They've got a good food source. They pop out and fly around from time to

time, which will be fascinating for visitors. It is part of the mystery of the fatberg, it's the gift that keeps on giving."

- 5 Andy Holbrook, of the museum's conservation department, says the sewer sample will remain on display for six months. Since conserving sewage is a pretty new museum science, he says he is unsure how long the chunk will last after that. "I think we will wait and see. It might explode. It might turn into a hundred million flies. We don't know. I don't think we are completely committed to keeping it."
- 6 20, there is hope for the fatberg. Keeping fats in cold, oxygen-less environments has preserved them for centuries, as in the case of Irish bog butter. Divers have also recovered 340-year-old cheese from a shipwreck in Sweden.
- 7 In the meantime, Becky Trotman at Thames Water, a utility company responsible for water supply and waste water treatment, hopes that the display will raise public consciousness about the sewer system and how it shouldn't be treated, well, like a sewer. "This display is a vivid reminder to us all that out of sight is not gone forever," she says. "So please help keep London and all the sewers flowing — don't feed the fatberg."

smithsonian.com, 2018

Find fun where you least expect it

by Oliver Burkeman

- 1 People who advocate "having more fun" in life are, generally speaking, the kind of people you (all right, I) want to punch. They're the David Brent-like bosses who make everyone do excruciating icebreaker exercises on office away-days; they're the train guards and cabin crew who mistakenly believe all passengers love it when they do silly voices. One especially annoying technology trend, "gamification", tries to turn mundane tasks into games with points and prizes, so that your trip to the gym becomes a "fitness quest", or housework a matter of fighting "chore wars" with your spouse. In my experience, these efforts to add a cheesy overlay of fun always fail, not least because they're a constant reminder that the underlying activity is so boring. If it weren't, why would you be trying so hard to make it fun in the first place?
- 2 The American game designer and critic Ian Bogost wouldn't dispute the cringeworthiness of this enforced jollity, but the real problem, he argues in a new book, *Play Anything*, is that we don't understand the nature of fun. We imagine that the way to relieve life's tedium is to escape from it, or try to pretend it's not happening. But true fun involves diving in and "taking the world at face value" — embracing the situation you're in, not pushing it away, and grappling with its built-in constraints. Bogost recalls dragging his four-year-old daughter through a crowded shopping mall, faster than her legs could carry her, and noticing that she was pulling against him, slowing down so that her feet never touched the cracks between floor tiles: a familiar children's game, made more challenging by her father's forward propulsion. She hadn't chosen her situation, but by creatively exploiting its limitations she turned it into a playground.
- 3 All of which goes to show that external constraints aren't antithetical to fun, but rather a precondition of it: a game with no limiting rules is no game at all. One curious consequence of this is that fun isn't always, or even usually, pleasurable. Ask any serious player of chess, golf or video games, and they'll concede it's often a struggle — otherwise, why bother playing? Fun, from this perspective, isn't a matter of enjoying yourself in the moment, but of looking back with satisfaction at having found creative new possibilities in whatever constraints you're facing.
- 4 Still, *Play Anything* isn't really just an argument for turning dull tasks into games. (Although it did make me feel better about the way I clean up after dinner, mentally dividing the kitchen into "zones", then clearing each one, like a military unit securing the area.) It's a manifesto for a different

attitude to the world. We're constantly trying to deal with the bits of everyday life we dislike by changing them, or changing ourselves. But what if we saw them with fresh eyes, as collections of constraints — like the rules of a game — and then asked what "moves" they might make possible? You might not enjoy them more. Yet, strangely, you'll probably have more fun.

theguardian.com, 2016

On the Record, with Leonie Cooper



- 1 Last week, Metallica launched their new album, 'Hardwired... To Self-Destruct', at an unusually 27 show at London's House of Vans. For a band normally found playing stadiums and headlining massive festivals, a show in an 850-capacity underground vault is utterly and totally unmissable.
- 2 I was only able to lay my hands on one ticket, so I headed off to the venue alone. Upon arrival I began to weave my way through the testosterone-heavy crowd in order to get a better view. During my mission I encountered that annoying guy who seems to be at every concert ever — the guy who's still surprised to find that women have been allowed to leave their homes unaccompanied and enjoy something other than cooking anaemic lasagne for their grumpy husband. Let's call him Patronising Gig Bloke.
- 3 Sadly, I found myself standing right next to Patronising Gig Bloke, who evidently assumed that because I am a woman, and because I was dressed a bit like Dolly Parton (red gingham shirt — check; cowboy boots — check), I must have accidentally got lost on my way to the south London rodeo. "You might need to watch yourself, love. Things might get a bit crazy when the metalheads kick off," he offered, unhelpfully. "It's alright, I have seen live music before," I responded tersely. And if you're thinking he was just being friendly, then ask yourself if he would have said the same thing to a man. Because he wouldn't. Hello, sexism. I'm sure Patronising Gig Bloke won't like it, but of course women belong down the front and in the mosh¹⁾ just as much as dudes.
- 4 There aren't many places where I feel truly comfortable, but the front of a gig is one of them. I've lost shoes in mosh pits¹⁾ at Brixton Academy (RIP purple suede Vans, c. 2004), left the Kentish Town Forum drenched in sweat — my own and other people's — been on the receiving end of pints flung through the air at Reading Festival, crowd surfed at the dearly departed Astoria and stood in front of so many speakers that tinnitus is inevitable.
- 5 Although the same can't be said for pop and indie shows, there are certain kinds of gigs where the crowd is overwhelmingly male. Last year, a female friend and I went to see stoner metal band Om, known for their epic sets, at the Electric Ballroom. We went to top up our drinks halfway through the show and as we walked through the crowd to the bar, a 40-something man exclaimed, with a chuckle: "I knew they wouldn't get it!" Pal, I'm a professional music journalist, I probably know more about that music than you ever will. Though, to be fair, you probably know far more about computer programming and living with your mum, so I suppose that makes us even.

NME, 2016

noot 1 mosh (pit) = plaats, vaak vooraan bij het podium, waar wild gesprongen en gedanst wordt

Star power

adapted from an article by Amy Bradford

- 1 2016 was a funny old year. We had political calamities aplenty, improbable numbers of pop star deaths and rapper Kanye West begging Swedish furniture store Ikea to let him design a bedroom collection. Once you'd recovered from the weird vision of multi-millionaire Kanye taking a trip round Ikea in search of interiors inspiration, the idea that this collaboration might actually happen became frighteningly real. Thankfully, Ikea responded with a pitch-perfect joky tweet that 32 the threat.
- 2 We can't be sure we're safe, though. Celebrity homeware ranges are everywhere. You can buy bedlinen encrusted all over with pointy silver beads by Kylie Minogue at House of Fraser (this must make sleeping on it uncomfortable, imagine the pillow-face; 34, it's one of the store's highest-selling bedding brands). Very.co.uk offers up crystal chandeliers as part of TV presenter Fearne Cotton's home range. Super-blogger Zoella is more hip and trendy with her copper and pale-pink lifestyle collection, but the same cannot be said of Justin Timberlake's ill-fated 'Home Mint' line, which sold crochet cushion covers and dispensed daily design tips on 'melon-coloured accents'; the range beat a quiet retreat shortly after being unveiled.
- 3 Other home collections by Cindy Crawford, Lionel Richie and Ellen DeGeneres continue to sell. Truth be told, the Americans do this sort of thing much more slickly than us Brits: DeGeneres's line is a proper lifestyle range, well shot and stylishly presented. There is evidence that she has a genuine appreciation of design and can fairly be acquitted on the charge of just 'slapping her name on things'. But of how many stars can we say the same? When fashion model Kate Moss designs clothes for Topshop, we applaud her style and business sense; but when she creates the interior of a luxury rental home for a design company, we can't help but wonder what her credentials are.
- 4 It's also hard to shake the impression that very few celebrities have any real design input in these collections. If they're simply picking bought-in items from a list and sticking their brand on them, why should we be interested? To do anything properly, you have to do it with integrity. And really, we all know Kanye's not sleeping on an Ikea bed, don't we?

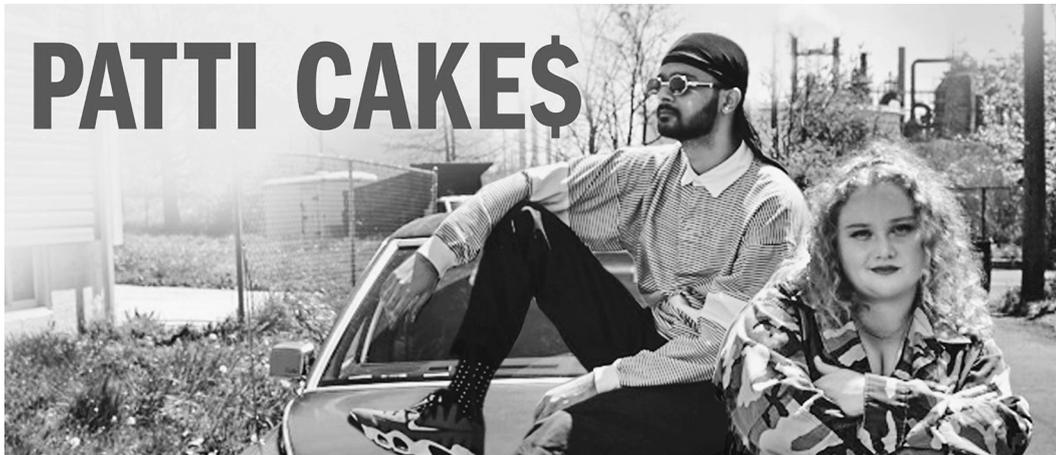
ELLEDECORATION, 2017

Film

Patti Cake\$

Dir: Jeremy Jasper

1hr 49 mins (15)



Whether rap is your thing or not — and I confess it's not mine — there's much to enjoy in this exhilarating comedy drama, said Brian Vinner in the *Daily Mail*. *Patti Cake\$* whisks us away to the grim suburbs of New Jersey, where Patricia (Danielle Macdonald), a young karaoke bar waitress, dreams of being a hip-hop star. Her obstacles include an alcoholic mother and her own appearance — she's overweight, unhealthy-looking...and white. But she does have an amazing gift for improvising filthy rhyming patter. Does she realise her ambitions and make it big? Of course she does, said Geoffrey Macnab in *The Independent*. *Patti Cake\$* is disguised as a "dirty, realist urban drama", but underneath it's as "sentimental and manipulative as any Walt Disney fable". What saves it is a "stonking" performance from Macdonald, said Tim Robey in *The Daily Telegraph*. The storyline is 38, but it's hard not to get caught up in the emotion. This is an "unashamedly entertaining" fairy story.

THE WEEK, 2017

Awkward times ahead for Prince Charles. Veronica Wadley, former editor of the *Evening Standard* and chair of the Arts Council in London, is due to be invested with a CBE¹⁾ at Buckingham Palace within the next month or so, for services to the arts.

39 all that sounds perfectly innocent, the odds are the palace will do its best to make sure it won't be Prince Charles doing the investing on the day Wadley receives her medal. She is the wife of Tom Bower, the author and journalist whose book about Charles being a pampered, preening popinjay completely unfit for the monarchy has been all over the newspapers the past month. How awkward!

Private Eye, 2018

noot 1 a CBE = een koninklijke onderscheiding

Lees bij de volgende tekst eerst de vraag voordat je de tekst zelf raadpleegt.

Tekst 13

City A.M. film reviews

MAGNUS

Dir. Benjamin Ree

Of all the sports in the world, competitive chess is not one that inspires Hollywood-style underdog stories. But this tale of the genesis of genius is, in its own way, as compelling as any blockbuster. Magnus Carlsen, as documented here by Benjamin Ree, is a Norwegian prodigy described as the Mozart of chess.



There are no artistic flourishes on display, with the style resolutely fly-on-the-wall, always content to watch events unfold, which feels like exactly the right approach. Even those unaware of Carlson or the world he has conquered will be fascinated by his story.

While coming across as a chess machine, Magnus Carlsen is not without his flaws. Seeing him succumb to nerves on the big stage creates an empathy as his career progresses, dispelling the cliché of the emotionless savant.

There are no tantrums, no controversy, you're simply witnessing a spectacularly gifted person reach his own personal mountaintop. As the Championship looms, the perfect antagonist is offered in defending champion Viswanathan Anand, who uses computer programmes to perfect his game, creating a Rocky-esque showdown of technology versus God-given skill.

Unassumingly captivating, *Magnus* is a film that forgoes any showmanship, and is all the better for it.

ALLIED

Dir. Robert Zemeckis

There aren't many stars left who can be said to have that old-school Hollywood glamour, but two of them unite for this nostalgic World War 2 drama. Brad Pitt plays Canadian spy Max, who falls for a French agent (Marion Cotillard). The pair marry and move to London, raising a child and living a seemingly idyllic life. Max is then blindsided by an ultimatum from his employers, who tell him his wife is a double agent and he must kill her.



Clearly attempting to emulate 40s classics (the film even begins in Casablanca), director Robert Zemeckis just can't pull off the slow-burning tension required to keep this tale ticking over. There are occasional moments of genuine menace, such as Pitt being interrogated or having to commit murder in the shadows, but for the most part *Allied* is little more than a cold re-enactment of cinema's past.

Like an average cover version of a classic song, Zemeckis's drama makes all the right noises for a 40s war-time thriller, but it doesn't have any of the heart.

ALMOST CHRISTMAS

Dir. David Talbert



The festive period practically demands dysfunctional family comedies, and this time it falls to Danny Glover to orchestrate the proceedings. He plays a widower keen to get his large family together for their first Christmas without his wife, but various issues threaten to derail the occasion.

For a story that's been told a thousand times, there's a sincerity to *Almost Christmas* that's endearing. Glover, perfectly cast as the patriarch (you're almost begging him to repeat his old *Lethal Weapon* catchphrase), oversees a family suffering from a roster of entirely relatable marital and career woes. The cast tuck in to a script that gives them just enough to work with, jam-packed with withering put-downs. It's enough to compensate for the frequently awkward slapstick and lingering taste of saccharine; if you can't enjoy a feel-good movie at this time of the year then what hope is there for any of us?

YOUR NAME

Dir. Makoto Shinkai



Your Name is ridiculously, heartbreakingly beautiful. Every frame is filled with flourishes that amaze and delight; a sunbeam refracted in a tear-drop, motes of dust swimming in the morning light, the technicolour trail of a mysterious comet.

It's the latest film from the hip young gunslinger of Japanese animation, Makoto Shinkai, and it arrives in the UK having already broken records in its home country.

It follows two pubescent teenagers, country-girl Mitsuha and Tokyo urbanite Taki, who both start every day shedding silent tears over a dream they can't quite remember. Then one day Taki wakes up in Mitsuha's body, presenting him with the opportunity to learn what it's like being a teenage girl. Mitsuha, meanwhile, becomes Taki, giving her the chance to marvel at the big city, where she's always dreamed of escaping.

Though their memory of the other person is always hazy after they return to normal — they can't remember each other's names, for instance — they begin to communicate through scrawled messages, and an unconventional romance looks set to blossom. But what begins as a jaunty high-school rom-com gradually develops a darker, more existential tone, somehow linked to the comet lighting up the night sky.

Your Name is Shinkai's fifth feature, but it's the one that will cement him in the minds of western viewers as the heir to Miyazaki.

adapted from *City A.M.*, 2016