

Bijlage VWO

2012

tijdvak 1

Engels

Tekstboekje

Clothes with nanotube ink

FED up with your MP3 player running out of juice? Maybe your shirt could help. A newly developed carbon-nanotube-based ink that can soak into fabrics could turn clothing into wearable batteries.

Yi Cui and colleagues at Stanford University in California created the ink, made with single-walled carbon nanotubes. The team dyed porous fabrics with the ink to create a conductive textile with very low resistance. The fabric maintained performance after repeated washes, suggesting that the ink is durable.

Cui says it's possible to treat the dyed material with an electrolyte to create a fabric capacitor capable of storing and releasing electrical charge. That, he says, means the technique could be harnessed 1.

New Scientist, 2009

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Tekst 3

The following text is the beginning of the first chapter of A Song, by Colm Toibin.

Noel was the driver that weekend in Clare, the only musician among his friends who did not drink. They were going to need a driver; the town was, they believed, too full of eager students and eager tourists; the pubs were impossible. For two or three nights they would aim for empty country pubs or private houses. Noel played the tin whistle with more skill than flair, better always accompanying a large group than playing alone. His singing voice, however, was special, even though it had nothing of the strength and individuality of his mother's voice, known to all of them from one recording made in the early seventies. He could do perfect harmony with anybody, moving a fraction above or below, roaming freely around the other voice, no matter what sort of voice it was. He did not have an actual singing voice, he used to joke, he had an ear, and in that small world it was agreed that his ear was flawless.

On the Sunday night the town had grown unbearable. Most visitors were, his friend George said, the sort of people who would blissfully spill pints over your uilleann pipes. And even some of the better-known country pubs were too full of outsiders for comfort. Word had spread, for example, of the afternoon session at Kieley's in Millish, and now that the evening was coming in, it was his job to rescue two of his friends and take them from there to a private house on the other side of Ennis where they would have peace to play.

As soon as he entered the pub, he saw in the recess by the window one of them playing the melodion, the other the fiddle, both acknowledging him with the tiniest flick of the eyes and a sharp knitting of the brow. A crowd had gathered around them, two other fiddlers and a young woman playing the flute. The table in front of them was laden down with full and half-full pint glasses.

Noel stood back and looked around him before going up to the bar to get a soda water and lime; the music had brightened the atmosphere of the pub so that even the visitors, including those who knew nothing about the music, had a strange glow of contentment and ease.

He saw one of his other friends at the bar waiting for a drink and nodded calmly to him before moving toward him to tell him that they would soon be moving on. His friend agreed to come with them.

"Don't tell anyone where we're going," Noel said.

As soon as they could decently leave, he thought, and it might be an hour or more, he would drive them across the countryside, as though in flight from danger.

His friend, once he had been served, edged nearer to him, a full pint of lager in his hand.

"I see you are on the lemonade," he said with a sour grin. "Would you like another?"

"It's soda water and lime," Noel said. "You couldn't afford it."

"I had to stop playing," his friend said. "It got too much. We should move when we can. Is there much drink in the other place?"

"You're asking the wrong man," Noel said, guessing that his friend had been drinking all afternoon.

"We can get drink on the way," his friend said.

"I'm ready to go when the boys are," Noel said, nodding in the direction of the music.

His friend frowned and sipped his drink, and looked up, searching Noel's face for a moment, then glancing around before moving closer to him so that he could not be heard by anyone else.

"I'm glad you're on the soda water. I suppose you know that your mother is here."

"I do all right," Noel said, smiling. "There'll be no beer tonight."

His friend turned away.

As he stood alone near the bar, Noel calculated that, as he was twenty-eight, this meant he had not seen his mother for nineteen years. He had not even known she was in Ireland and, as he looked around carefully, he did not think that he would recognize her. His friends knew that his parents had separated but none of them knew the bitterness of the split and the years of silence which had ensued.

Recently, Noel had learned from his father that she had written to Noel in the early years and that his father had returned each letter to her unopened. He had deeply regretted saying in response that he wished his father had abandoned him rather than his mother. He and his father had barely spoken since then and Noel resolved as he listened to the music rising and growing faster that he would go and see him when he got back to Dublin.

He found that he had finished his drink quickly without noticing; he turned back to the bar, which was busy, and tried to capture the attention of John Kielty, the owner, or his son, young John, as a way of keeping himself occupied while he worked out what he should do. He knew that he could not leave the bar and drive away; his friends were depending on him, and he did not, in any case, want to be alone now. He would have to stay here, he knew, but move into the background, remain in the shadows so that he would not meet her. A few people in the bar would know who he was, he supposed, since he had been coming here in the summer for almost ten years. He hoped that they had not noticed him, or, even if they had, would not have occasion to tell his mother that her son, two hundred miles away from home, was among the company, that he had wandered by accident into the same bar.

SLF

**ONTARIO SUPERIOR COURT OF JUSTICE IN
BANKRUPTCY AND INSOLVENCY COMMERCIAL LIST**

IN THE MATTER OF THE BANKRUPTCY OF

TAYLOR POOL PRODUCTS INC.

**A COMPANY DULY INCORPORATED PURSUANT TO THE LAWS OF
THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO WITH A HEAD OFFICE IN THE TOWN
OF PICKERING COUNTY OF DURHAM PROVINCE OF ONTARIO
EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST TAYLOR POOL PRODUCTS INC.**

Schwartz Levitsky Feldman Inc., as Receiver / Trustee (the "Trustee") of Taylor Pool Products inc. (the "Company"), pursuant to an Order of the Ontario Superior Court of Justice dated August 17, 2007, invites expressions of interest in the purchase of the Trustee's right, title and interest, if any, in the assets of the Company which is being offered for sale on an "as is, where is" basis.

The Company is a swimming pool manufacturer that fabricates steel wall swimming pool kits and vinyl swimming pool liners. Commencing on August 22, 2007 interested persons can obtain a confidential offering memorandum and access to the data room from the Trustee, upon signing a confidentiality agreement. Viewing of the assets will also commence August 22, 2007.

The deadline for filing expressions of interest with the Trustee will be August 31, 2007.

For further information interested parties are invited to contact James K. Graham, CIRP at the office of the Trustee:

**SCHWARTZ LEVITSKY FELDMAN INC.
1167 Caledonia Road
Toronto, Ontario M6A 2X1**

Editorial

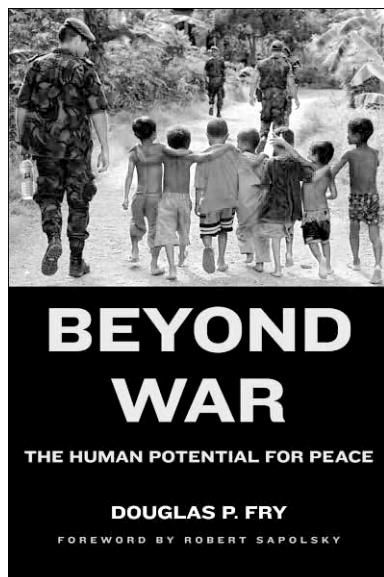
Nanny doesn't know best

- 1 **I**n the age of the working woman, guilt goes with motherhood as surely as apple pie. Two thirds of women are back at work within a year of giving birth, and it is a safe bet that most of them have felt a pang when the moment came to leave the infant in the care of others. It does not take much to reactivate these guilty feelings. However mothers juggle work and children, they are 5.
- 2 Maternal agony will scarcely be abated by a government-funded study on the effects of work patterns and childcare on 12,000 children. *Working Mums* claims to show that the children of mothers who returned to full-time work within 18 months of birth, and who relied solely on unpaid care (for example, a grandparent, friend or neighbour), were likely to suffer “significant detrimental effects”. Children who attended a day nursery, by contrast, had “better cognitive outcomes” than those whose mothers stayed at home. The authors recommend “inexpensive and high quality childcare”, but that is easier said than done. Leaving the baby with granny is for many women a cheap and reliable solution. The type of childcare the authors rate most highly – the nursery – is certainly stimulating, but by no means inexpensive.
- 3 The authors do not explain why the bad effects of relying solely on grandparents are more marked higher up the social scale. Such grandparents expect to exercise more choice than their predecessors. Could it be that these affluent grandparents resent being left in charge of the baby, but acquiesce in childcare out of a sense of duty?
- 4 What this research suggests is that each family finds a combination of work and childcare to suit its particular circumstances. The state should interfere in this process as little as possible. It is good policy, for instance, to let parents keep most of what they earn, so that mothers can choose whether or when to resume full-time work, and can afford good childcare. It is bad policy to confiscate a third or more of quite modest family incomes, while devising ever more complicated, means-tested subsidies for state-approved forms of childcare. The government, of course, prefers the latter policy. So much the worse for families.

Daily Telegraph, 2008

Review

THE MANY PATHS TO PEACE



- 1 IS HUMAN nature essentially warlike? *Beyond War: The human potential for peace* will reassure anyone who would like to think humans incapable of peace. In a broad look at our species with a special focus on hunter-gatherers, social anthropologist Douglas Fry documents groups of people that have lived entirely without war for decades or more. So war is not inevitable. Furthermore, when war does happen it takes a variety of forms depending on how the societies involved are organised. Such unpredictability, Fry claims, justifies a major conclusion: war does not have evolutionary roots and can therefore be stopped.
- 2 This is a passionate book containing a tidy account of systems of war and peace. Yet for all his care, Fry's conclusions are quirky at best. Take his claim that war was rare among nomadic hunter-gatherers.

This would startle anyone who has read about the appalling inter-group violence that sometimes touched the lives of hunter-gatherers, from the Arctic to the tip of South America.

- 3 Fry justifies his assertion by being peculiarly restrictive in his definition of war. For instance, among the Andamanese hunter-gatherers who live on islands in the Bay of Bengal, men of one group (the Jarawa) are known to have killed any members of a neighbouring group (the Aka-Bea) whenever they encountered them. In Fry's view this was feuding so it does not count as war. **10**, he excludes the practice of "maringo" by Australian aboriginals of the Murngin tribe, though it is defined as a surprise revenge attack by a group, always involving woundings or death.

- 4 If Fry chooses not to call these lethal attacks on neighbouring groups "war", that is his prerogative. But such attacks have long been known to have been the principal form of inter-group violence in small-scale societies, and were responsible for far more deaths than battles, which were relatively rare. Excluding them makes his conclusion about the rarity of war in primitive societies highly misleading.

- 5 Certainly there have been some hunter-gatherers who in recent history did not attack their neighbours, such as the Semai people of the Malay peninsula and the Mbuti from the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Remarkably, Fry treats such

cases as models of Pleistocene life without reminding us that those people lived in tiny groups adjacent to politically powerful farmers or pastoralists whose military superiority would have made any attempt at violence absurd. Instead of seeing this as evidence that people know when not to fight, as I would, Fry uses them to reject the view that warfare is ancient, natural and an intrinsic part of human nature.

6 What he really needs, but does not discuss, is an account of violence and peace among hunter-gatherers who lived surrounded by other hunter-gatherers. That would be an enormously better model of the Pleistocene. I believe I know what he would find. To judge from studies such as those of anthropologist Ernest Burch on the Inupaiq of Alaska, external warfare (meaning in this case lethal violence towards those who speak a different language or dialect) would regularly have been persistent and brutal.

7 Fry does not hide his biases. He has written a work of advocacy because, he says, "If war is seen as intrinsic to man, then there is little point in trying to prevent, reduce, or abolish it." We can sympathise with his distaste for violence and his wanting to do something about it. There is merit, too, in reminding us that there are many routes to peace. But he appears as if in a time-warp from the culture wars of the mid-20th century, when "biological" was taken to mean "inevitable" rather

than what it implies today: a selected tendency that responds to circumstance in ways that make sense.

8 Fry may claim the moral high ground when he asserts that the notion of a peaceful evolutionary history for humans will make violence less likely in the future. In reality, there is nothing about his anthropological recipe for peace that rests on the view that war is unnatural. He says, for example, that we should "utilise conflict management processes in place of war". Quite. So would someone who thinks that war has deep roots in human prehistory.

9 Fry's notion that an evolutionary analysis will lead to apathy in the face of threat is patently untrue. People like David Hamburg and Robert Hinde have been writing about the evolutionary roots of violence since the 1970s while also working at the highest levels to devise means of preventing war and genocide. Such efforts depend on a serious understanding of the biological propensities that tragically make humans vulnerable to the allure of inter-group violence, rather than on unrealistic visions of a prehistoric Eden. ●

Richard Wrangham is an anthropologist at Harvard University.

New Scientist, 2007

Reading on the web is not really reading

- 1 For anyone looking honestly at the American intellectual landscape today, it is impossible to escape the fear that something has gone badly wrong with ‘diffusion of knowledge throughout the community’ – even though, ironically, the internet offers the most powerful tool ever invented for the spread of education. And everything that has gone wrong has gone particularly wrong among the young.
- 2 The standard political approach from both Democrats and Republicans has been to blame undeniable educational deficiencies on bad schools and bad teachers. The ‘No Child Left Behind Act’, a centrepiece of President George W. Bush’s domestic agenda, mandates standardised tests and evaluates teachers and schools based on the test scores. But the chief effect seems to have been to force teachers to devote disproportionate time to stuffing students with soon-to-be-forgotten facts for the state-approved quizzes. The same teenagers falter when confronted with an international examination designed, as the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) test is, to assess their ability to apply scientific facts to real-life problems.
- 3 Among Americans aged 18 to 24, four out of ten never read any books – fiction or non-fiction – unless required for work or school. As for news, the majority of people under 30 are not paying attention at all. According to a study conducted by the journal *Television Quarterly*, only one in 12 adults under 30 reads a daily newspaper. Television newscasts are watched by one in six. Those figures are no surprise, but the study also 20 that the young have simply shifted their news-gathering to the web. In fact, only one out of eight Americans under 30 regularly reads news on the internet. Approximately half of men from 18 to 34, by contrast, spend nearly three hours a day playing video games.
- 4 It is hardly surprising that in 2006, three years into Iraq war, nearly two thirds of adults aged between 18 and 24 were unable to find Iraq on a map marked with the names of countries – meaning that they did not have the slightest idea of where in the world to look. 22 was another finding from the same poll, conducted by *National Geographic-Roper*. Nearly half of young Americans do not think it necessary to know the location of other countries in which important news is being made. It is ignorant not to know where your country is fighting a war, but it is arrogant and anti-rational to insist that such ignorance does not matter.
- 5 One of the more heated debates in the US today is whether ‘reading’ on the internet bears any resemblance to reading in the traditional sense. A horde of technophile writers and scholars (most of whom owe their living to the ‘new media’) predictably promotes the notion that worries about the decline of reading are confined to fuddy-duddy Luddites¹⁾. A recent article in the *New York Times* (coily headlined, ‘Literacy Debate: Online, R U Really Reading?’) quoted Donna E. Alverman, a professor of language and literacy education at the University of Georgia, who said that young people ‘are using sound and images so that they have a world of ideas to put together that aren’t necessarily language oriented’. What codswallop!

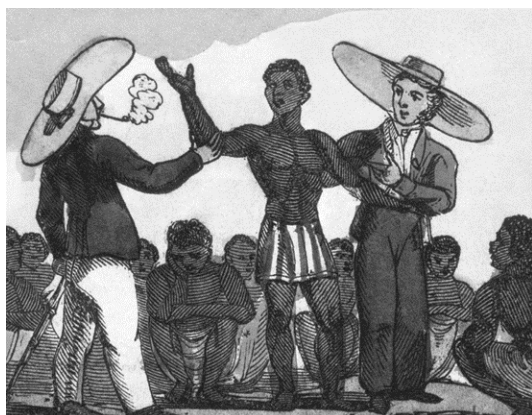
- 6 A more revealing comment in the same article came from a high-school student, Hunter Gaudet, who observed that he never read books unless forced to do so and said that ‘they go through a lot of details that aren’t really needed’. He added, ‘Online just gives you what you need, nothing more or less.’
- 7 American foundations and businesses are now spending huge amounts of money to develop more ‘educational’ video games, so that schools will not have to depend on pesky books with ‘details’ that aren’t really needed. The Federation of American Scientists, an organisation best known for advising the government on national security issues, issued a widely publicised report titled ‘Harnessing the Power of Video Games for Learning’. The document was released in conjunction with the Entertainment Software Corporation, a public relations group promoting video games that has cornered roughly 90 per cent of the \$7 billion gaming market worldwide.
- 8 Of course, the empire of infotainment knows no national boundaries, and neither do the knowledge deficits promoted by the decline of reading. There are several reasons why the dumbing down of American culture ought to worry people in parts of the world that are still behind the US on the ignorance curve. First and most obvious, there is the elephant-in-the-room factor. If the US turns to video games to address classroom problems created, in significant measure, by children’s addiction to video, only a nanosecond will pass before education establishment Pooh Bahs²⁾, in the UK and elsewhere, start pushing school-sponsored video games, in the absence of any evidence of their utility, as a way to improve student performance.
- 9 A more subtle factor is the impossibility of conducting informed discourse, nationally or internationally, when most of the public has lost its ability to follow a narrative. In our culture of distraction, more and more people cannot remember what they knew only a year ago – much less what happened five years ago.
- 10 This intellectual crisis – it is not too strong a word – clearly transcends politics. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a visionary 1837 speech at Harvard known as the ‘American Scholar’ oration, declared that ‘the mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself’. This line resonates even more strongly today, when the low objects are purveyed along an infotainment highway that fragments memory and encourages confusion between information and the genuine framework of knowledge essential to turning isolated facts (and errors) into a reasoned civic dialogue.

Susan Jacoby in The Spectator, 2008

noot 1 Luddites: people who oppose technical or technological change.

noot 2 Pooh Bahs: persons in high position or of great influence.

Books and arts



Rough Crossings: Britain, the Slaves and the American Revolution. By Simon Schama.

Black and white – and red all over

Britain's best-known historian examines a turning point in the history of slavery – and the fight for American independence

- 1 NATIONS need luck in their historians, as with everything else, and in Simon Schama, Britain – not to mention America, where he lives and works – has hit the jackpot. It must have been tempting to follow his panoramic “A History of Britain”, the three volumes of which dominated the bestseller lists in 2000 and beyond, and made him into Britain’s national storyteller, with more from the lucrative mainstream. The book trade would surely have opened up acres of space for Mr Schama on Victoria, on Churchill, on Lincoln.
- 2 But he has done no such thing. On the contrary, Mr Schama has deployed his celebrity in the service of an episode which did not even rate a

footnote in his earlier work – the noble but half-baked attempt to plant a colony of freed American slaves in Sierra Leone at the end of the American war of independence in 1776. Anyone who felt that his “A History of Britain” skipped a little lightly over the empire’s adventures overseas (leaving some ugly national skeletons unrattled in the process) 29. Like a stealthy chef, Mr Schama was pocketing truffles for his own later use.

- 3 He was also returning to the form of vibrant and cosmopolitan narrative which entitled him to write “A History of Britain” in the first place. His first book, “The Embarrassment of Riches” (1987), was a meticulous and witty account of Holland’s artistic golden age in the 17th century; “Citizens”, his next work, was a storming narration of the French revolution, a bloodbath which generations of abstract ideologues had managed to drain of blood. Now, once again, his articulate intelligence plays elegantly over a saga full of grim twists. There are heroes and cowards, fools, chancers and baffled victims. The doomed migration from Nova Scotia to Africa is gripping and vivid. It stinks of putrid flesh and maggots, tar and rope, chains and broken promises.
- 4 The story of the freed American slaves is not quite unknown, but neither is it well known. British history has rarely dwelt on the loss of its colonies across the Atlantic (preferring to celebrate victories), and until recently has been happy to draw a veil over the horrors of slavery (“ghastly business – the less said about it the better”). But this terrific story straddles some very large

contemporary concerns: the roots of transatlantic racism, and the ugly wrench that inspired the special relationship between Britain and America.

5 At the height of the conflict, Britain guaranteed freedom to any slave who fought for the king against George Washington's slave-owning rebels. And in 1772, in London, Lord Mansfield, nudged by the advocacy of Granville Sharp, an abolitionist, judged that Africans could not be transported against their will. It sounded good. Thousands of slaves, lacking a better offer, joined the king's cause.

6 It goes without saying that Britain's pledge was issued with only token expectation that it would need to be honoured – victory would surely render it irrelevant. But military incompetence and American resolve turned it into a disquieting political reality. After much smudging, a liberal haven was marked out in Sierra Leone.

African-Americans began to go "home".

7 It was 34 from the start; what began as a rescue mission was later seen as a "racist deportation". As revolutionary echoes from France made London's potentates tremble, cargoes of ex-slaves were dumped on a malarial strip of impossible land. Some were seized as slaves again; others, in an even more horrid reverse, became slavers themselves. It was the only business they knew.

8 With dash and cunning, Mr Schama follows his leading characters into the shadow that falls across his story. "Histories never conclude," he writes. "They just pause." If it is true that history is not the past – merely what we have now instead of the past – then we must tip our caps to Mr Schama for reminding us of the grotesque events whose scars still sting today.

The Economist, 2005

Does a degree really set you up for life?

Phil Hogan

- 1 In the haste to bundle one's difficult teenagers off to university, it can easily slip your mind to ask them if they actually want to go. For those of us who have suffered the earache of marching our children at gunpoint through A-levels, this doesn't seem the time to entertain doubts that they might be unsuited to an academic environment. They have to go, and that's it. What else is there?
- 2 I used to warn my eldest son – who is still recovering from his freshers' fortnight – that the choice was swotting for exams or wasting his life in a dead-end job. The joke of course is that there aren't enough dead-end jobs to go round. When I left school at 16 in the early Seventies, our town offered a variety of unskilled employment – the sauce factory, the dyeworks, the bins – while three O-levels could get you a job as the managing director of the Yorkshire Bank. No one knew anyone with a degree.
- 3 We don't have factories now, and Britain has long been banging the drum for the benefits of hard study. Today there are twice as many 25-year-olds with degrees than there were 18-year-olds with A-levels in the Sixties. Even I have a degree, having gone back to school in the Eighties as a 'mature' student of 27. Higher education took an exciting turn in 1993 when the polytechnics were transformed into universities, gathering speed in 2000 when Tony Blair declared his aim of turning half of all under-30s into graduates by 2010. Would under-achievers from poorer backgrounds be lured by the promise of lifetime earnings at £400,000 above those without degrees? Perhaps 50 per cent seemed possible then, with the figure already at 39.2 per cent, but by last year it had only crept up to 39.8. The ambition remains though. The new higher education minister, David Lammy, says: 'Labour has been working tirelessly to raise aspirations in communities like mine in Tottenham, where not many young people grow up thinking university is for them. Our hard work is paying off – over 50 per cent of young people from every social class say they want to go to university. So our target is a way of showing our determination to make their dreams a reality. The Tories think the trouble with higher education is that too many of other people's kids go to university these days.'
- 4 And they do – there are three times more students today (about 2.4m) than in the early Eighties, though snipers are quick to point out that many of them are attracted to golf studies and surfing theory. 39, in the 19th century they made the same jibes about history, but it is the sort of thing that gets people wondering whether the race to 'widen participation' is such a great idea.
- 5 40. Students – fearful of piling up debt and ending up with a 'McJob' – complain about poor standards of teaching, tutors complain about poor standards of student literacy, and everybody else complains about the gold standard of A-levels turning into chocolate coins, and that what Britain really needs is more plumbers. Which is true. And not just plumbers. Many talented school leavers are waving goodbye to academia and diving straight into hands-on training or setting up in business, helped by energetic charitable foundations

such as Young Enterprise and Edge, whose chairman Gary Hawkes says: 'Our work to combat the perception that vocational and practical learning is a second-class option is crucial to the well-being of our future generations, and to our country's economic vitality.'

- 6 For those less bullish about their motor skills and entrepreneurial talents, university is still the place to spend your A-levels – somewhere to turn raw, binge-drinking *joie de vivre* into something noble and fine. Many would add 'marketable' to that, though I am still glued to the idea of education for the adventure of it, on the grounds that thinking long and hard for three years, even about surfing, might teach you how to think in general. And where better to grow up, smoke, learn to cook and contract an unpleasant disease more than 100 miles from home? As Prof Edward Acton, provice-chancellor of the University of East Anglia, says: 'Going to university is the fastest, most agreeable way to gain confidence. A society rich in critically-thinking graduates is best equipped to build and sustain the good life.'
- 7 Yet all is not well. The drop-out rate is 22 per cent, despite the government pumping £800m into schemes designed to plug the leak. For these escapees (they are more likely to be at Bolton and Sunderland than Oxford or Cambridge), something has gone wrong. And current job prospects are not great, with traineeships dwindling, recruitment moribund, banking in tatters. Where, you ask, is your £400,000 coming from? Where do you go from here? Back to your parents' house? No one wants that.

The Observer, 2008

Tekst 10

Terms and Conditions of Sale

Article 1: Scope

The present general terms and conditions of sale apply to the distance-selling operation of Cookwell (UK) Ltd (us) and cover all sales to its customers (you) through the www.cookwell.co.uk website as well as orders posted to our Direct Sales Team. We reserve the right to amend the present general terms and conditions of sale at any time, with the proviso that details of all amendments are published on our website.

In order to place an order and to enter into a legally binding contract with us, you must be over 18 years old.

We reserve the right to refuse to accept your order if we find that you are in breach of these Terms and Conditions.

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