

Bijlage VWO
2022

tijdvak 2

Engels

Tekstboekje

The ties that bind

I was shocked to read Bartleby's unfounded claim that the tie was "an impractical garment that constricted male necks for a century" (May 4th). True, the tie is no longer regularly used to protect the neck during close combat, but it retains a vital function for the modern male: wiping and cleaning one's eyeglasses.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL MALLOY
McGeorge School of Law
Sacramento, California

Glenn O'Brien observed in "How to Be a Man", that the necktie's "almost transcendental pointlessness" is, in fact, its essential quality. A necktie's sole purpose is beauty. Or, as Mr O'Brien put it: "The functionless tie is to the wardrobe what the functionless soul is to the body. It is pure poetry."

BEN CLICK
Washington, DC

The demise of the male tie is somewhat premature. It has a function that is necessary and desirable: the partial cover-up of an extended gut, of which we have many.

ANDREW RUTTER
Tucson, Arizona

adapted from *The Economist*, 2019

Tekst 2

'Rules of the Road'

SIR – Perhaps your readers can assist. I have been trying to find a particular section in the *Rules of the Road*.

This one says once a driver activates hazard lights, they can execute whatever manoeuvre they fancy.

It seems to be in the taxi and delivery driver editions.

Yours, etc,

BARRY LYONS,
Dublin 6.

The Irish Times, 2018

Final Whistle

adapted from an article by Scyld Berry

1 If we all lived in France, I would have given my book a different title.

But, in Britain, "philosophy" is a bad or at least pretentious word, like "intellectual", even though it means seeking to understand. So I would have liked to call my book, *The Game of Life: a Philosophy of Cricket*. Or (more pretentiously?) *The Philosophy of Cricket*, as I do not know of a previous



attempt to answer the basic question: why do we play and watch this sport in England and its three other main hot-spots around the world?

2 In Australia, the answer is simple: playing cricket against the British regiments stationed in Sydney was the only form of revenge open to the native-born sons of convicts. In India, the Parsis of Bombay wanted to play cricket against British soldiers or civilians. Partly, the game was fun and partly it was jolly useful networking. And in the West Indies, the answer is simple, too. Cricket was the only way the black man was allowed to compete with the white man on any playing field, let alone a level one.

3 But perhaps the most interesting question is: why do almost all of England's 670 Test cricketers¹⁾ come from three main categories?

4 A third of them – 220 to be precise – attended fee-paying schools. Most have been batsmen, who have built long innings on decent pitches against challenging opposition, with a former county cricketer as coach and all the networking potential: e.g. Alastair Cook, one of the most prolific batsmen of the modern era, came to notice in a game between Bedford School and MCC, Marylebone Cricket Club.

5 Those who did not attend a fee-paying school, had someone close to them who showed them the ropes. Out of the 670, 154 had either a brother, father or uncle who also played for England, and another 110 had one who played first-class cricket. That means two out of every five England Test cricketers have grown up with someone to bat and bowl against, to coach them, to give or lend them kit and steer them towards the summit.

6 Or else you come from one of the three northerly counties where cricket is part of the community. Deduct the 81 England Test cricketers born outside England and Wales, which leaves 589, then one-third – or 190 to be precise – have been born in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Nottinghamshire.

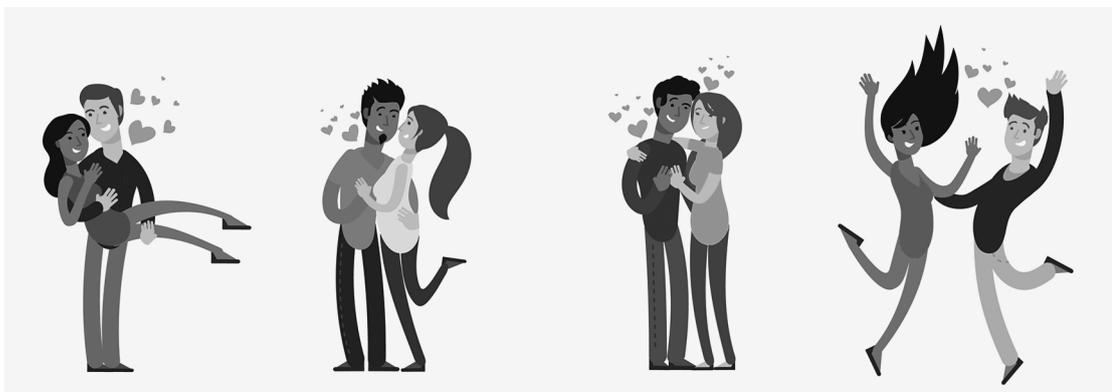
- 7 Of course, there are overlaps: English international cricketer Joe Root was born in Yorkshire, has a brother who plays first-class cricket and attended a fee-paying school. But that still leaves whole sections of society in England either under-represented or not represented at all. None of those 670 Test cricketers was born in Wolverhampton. Only one was born in Hull and one in Newcastle, in the 19th century. Only two were born in Cardiff, then attended fee-paying schools in England.
- 8 6, there has never been a pathway to the top in some English cities. And the most important question: what is going to be done about it so that English cricket involves all sections of society?

The Daily Telegraph, 2016

noot 1 Test cricket is the longest form of the sport of cricket and is considered its highest standard.

Too few on film

adapted from an article by Kevin Noble Maillard



- 1 The recent drama "Loving" is about an interracial marriage and takes place in midcentury rural Virginia, but there are no burning crosses, white hoods or Woolworth counters. Richard Loving and Mildred Jeter, a white man and an African American woman kiss in public at a drag race, and no one voices disapproval. A few white spectators stare and scowl. But the couple embrace and laugh, unsullied.
- 2 "Segregation wasn't a clean divide in these communities," the drama's writer-director, Jeff Nichols, told me, and for "Loving" it's true: The film, about the 1967 Supreme Court case striking down laws banning interracial marriage, addresses the long ignored topic of mixed race in America. Mixed-race couples existed in America long before 1967, but the Lovings (played by Joel Edgerton and Ruth Negga) were among the first to demand official recognition through marriage. According to the codes of popular culture and the law of domestic relations, families like theirs did not exist. Sustaining the legitimacy of racial boundaries requires 8 these narratives. Without policing and erasing by law and popular culture, taboos lose their authority.
- 3 Despite "Loving," which drew an Oscar nomination for Ms. Negga, and other recent films, the struggle to be seen onscreen is still real. The census finds record rates of mixed marriages and relationships, but few of these couples or their children make it to the screen. We may see and know mixed couples and families, but the anecdotal does not translate into collective visibility. #OscarsSoWhite is only the beginning of a conversation about diversity in Hollywood.
- 4 For many years, the industry forbade depictions of interracial relationships. From 1930 until the late 1960s, the Motion Picture Production Code banned "vulgarity and suggestiveness" so that "good taste may be emphasized." The code curtailed criticism of law enforcement, marriage and public institutions, and prohibited nudity, drugs and interracial couples.

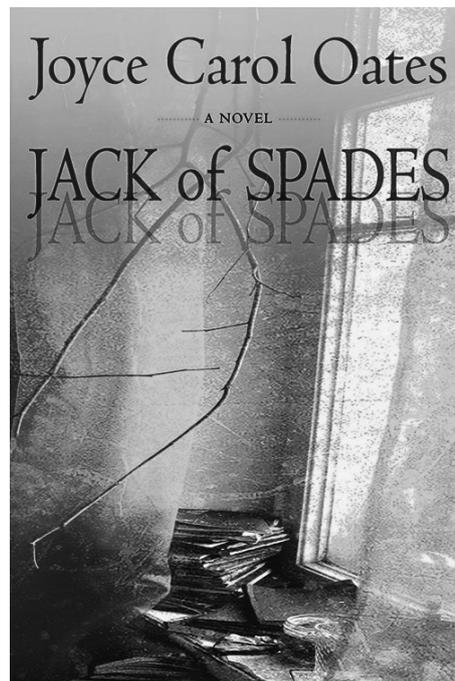
- 5 The code reveals the systematic dissemination of social and political values through entertainment. Film is a repository of societal beliefs – it authenticates experience, archives cultural memories, and suggests moral standards. Paired with legal proscriptions, film is a persuasive medium for administering racial convention and shaping romantic aspirations.
- 6 Mainstream film presupposes the abnormality of interracial intimacy, leaving little room for alternate stories. Features about historical subjects are likely to focus on rape and subjugation, as in "12 Years a Slave," in which white men sexually abuse black women. More contemporary dramas, like "White Girl" or "Heading South," posit racial and cultural difference as eternal inhibitors to real chances of stability. Romances, like the remake "Guess Who" or "Something New," feature race as the central element of the narrative arc.
- 7 Rarely do mixed-race couples – especially black men and white women – exist in their own, universal right.
- 8 Interracial love is the complicated, unacknowledged silence of the American past. The overwhelming lack of these stories onscreen reveals a tacit cinematic apartheid that insists upon racial separation. The absence of these accounts wordlessly 12 the impossibility of integration at the most intimate, personal level. It is the duty of film and art to fill these narrative voids.

The New York Times, 2017

Tekst 5

The following text is a part of the first chapter of *Jack of Spades*, by Joyce Carol Oates.

- 1 Not unlike Stephen King, who is said to have speculated that his extraordinary career might have been an accident of some kind, I have sometimes harbored doubts about my talent as a writer; I have felt guilt, that more talented individuals have had less luck than I've had, and might be justified in resenting me. About my devotion to my craft, my zeal and willingness to work, I have fewer doubts, for the simple truth is that *I love to write*, and am restless when I am not able to work at my desk at least ten hours a day. But sometimes when I wake, startled, in the night, for a moment not knowing where I am, or who is sleeping beside me, it seems to be utterly astonishing that I am a published writer at all — let alone the generally admired and well-to-do author of twenty-eight mystery-suspense novels.
- 2 These novels, published under my legal name, known to all — *Andrew J. Rush*.
- 3 There is another, curious similarity between Stephen King and me: as Stephen King experimented with a fictitious alter ego some years ago, namely *Richard Bachman*, so too I began to experiment with a fictitious alter ego in the late 1990s, when my career as *Andrew J. Rush* seemed to have stabilized, and did not require quite so much of my anxious energies as it had at the start. 14, *Jack of Spades* was born, out of my restlessness with the success of *Andrew J. Rush*.
- 4 Initially, I'd thought that I might write one, possibly two novels as the cruder, more visceral, more frankly horrific "Jack of Spades" — but then, ideas for a third, a fourth, eventually a fifth pseudonym novel came to me, often at odd hours of the night. Waking, to discover that I am grinding my back teeth — or, rather, *my back teeth are grinding of their own accord* — and shortly thereafter, an idea for a new "Jack of Spades" novel comes to me, not unlike the way in which a message or an icon arrives on your computer screen out of nowhere.
- 5 While Andrew J. Rush has a Manhattan literary agent, a Manhattan publisher and editor, and a Hollywood agent, with whom he has long been associated, so too "Jack of Spades" has a (less distinguished) Manhattan literary agent, a (less distinguished) Manhattan publisher and editor, and a (virtually unknown) Hollywood agent, with whom he has been associated for a shorter period of time; but while "Andy Rush" is known to his literary



associates, as to his neighbors and friends in Harbourton, New Jersey, no one has ever met "Jack of Spades" whose *noir* thrillers are transmitted electronically and whose contracts are negotiated in a similar impersonal fashion. Dust jacket photos of Andrew J. Rush show an affably smiling, crinkly-eyed man with a receding hairline against a background of book-crammed bookshelves, who more resembles a high school teacher than a bestselling mystery writer; no photos of "Jack of Spades" exist at all, it seems, and where you would expect to see an author photograph on the back cover of his books, there is startling (black) blankness.

6 Online, there are no photos of "Jack of Spades," only just reproductions of the writer's several (lurid, eye-catching) book covers, a scattering of reviews, and terse biographical speculation that makes me smile, it is so naïve, and persuasive — *"Jack of Spades" is said to be the pseudonym of a former convict who began his writing career while incarcerated in a maximum security prison in New Jersey on a charge of manslaughter. He is said to be currently on parole and working on a new novel.*

7 Alternatively, and equally persuasively, "Jack of Spades" has been identified as *a criminologist, a psychiatrist, a professor of forensic medicine, a (retired) homicide detective, a (retired) pathologist* who lives variously, in Montana, Maine, upstate New York and California as well as New Jersey. "Jack of Spades" has also been identified, most irresponsibly, as *a habitual criminal, possibly a serial killer, who has committed countless crimes since boyhood without being apprehended, or even identified. Invariably, his true name, like his whereabouts, is "unknown."* No one wants to think that "Jack of Spades" is *only a pseudonym*, indeed of a bestselling writer who is no criminal at all but a very responsible family man and civic-minded citizen. That is not romantic!

8 It has been increasingly difficult to 17, especially in a hyper-vigilant era of electronic spying, but through four novels by "Jack of Spades" and negotiations for the fifth I have managed to maintain a distance between Andrew J. Rush and "Jack of Spades."

Wolf Hall, a review

James Walton

- 1 If the fact that BBC Two has managed to squeeze the 1,100 pages of Hilary Mantel's *Wolf Hall* and its sequel, *Bring Up the Bodies*, into only six hours of television led you to expect just another fast-paced TV romp through Tudor history, then you were in for rather a surprise. With all the advance fuss, the opening episode might have been forgiven for trying too hard in the quest to make a big and obvious splash. In the event, what we got was something far more subtle and unhurried – but that still ended up packing an impressive dramatic punch.
- 2 The director, Peter Kosminsky, is best-known for contemporary political dramas (*The Government Inspector*, *The Promise*) that generally attract the word "controversial". Yet, while the politics here are easily as juicy as anything in the modern world, he observes the conventions of historical drama with some care. Episode one even began in the classic way: with a caption explaining the background ("It is 1529. Henry VIII is on the throne...") and then some blokes on horseback galloping across the countryside as a series of impeccably starchy actors' names appeared on screen.
- 3 The gallopers' destination was York Place, where they'd come on the king's behalf to remove the Seal of Office from Cardinal Wolsey (Jonathan Pryce). A surprisingly twinkly cardinal took the news with benevolent resignation – until a shadowy figure showed up at his side and whispered into his ear that, legally, the Seal could only be given to the Master of the Rolls. "Did you know that?" Wolsey asked him admiringly when the men retired, temporarily defeated. "Or did you make it up?"
- 4 The whisperer in question was Thomas Cromwell (Mark Rylance), who as we know – not least, thanks to Hilary Mantel – rose from the backstreets of Putney to wield a degree of power that today's politicians could never dream of. Yet, one of the huge strengths of the first episode was that, at this stage, Cromwell couldn't dream of it either. There was no nonsense here about a man of destiny, marked down for greatness. Instead, as the programme mirrored Mantel's own time-shifts with an artful if slightly confusing set of flashbacks, he spent much of the time being entirely peripheral to the grand affairs of state happening off-stage.
- 5 It's often said the test of a good actor is that you can tell what the character is thinking. What makes Rylance's performance so riveting, though, is that you can't. Why, for example, did Cromwell stay so loyal to Wolsey even after the cardinal's failure to get Henry a divorce had made him an enemy of the king? Was it simply out of decency, or was he cunningly playing the longer game? What, in short, was he up to, and why? Again, it seems a key strength of *Wolf Hall* that we might never get a definitive answer, just a series of intriguing possibilities.

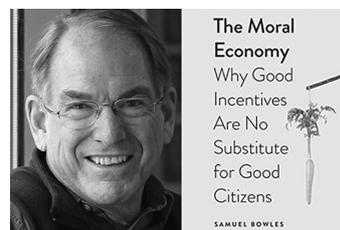
- 6 This mysteriousness was also given more literal form by the fact that we had to peer at many of the scenes through candlelight, which made them suitably shadowy, faintly sinister and — let's face it — quite hard to see. Even so, one undoubted gift that Cromwell did possess was the ability to disconcert whoever he was talking to, however powerful. At times, he felt almost like a Tudor version of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, complete with laconic wisecracks and a distinct lack of respect for his supposed betters.
- 7 He even employed the same tactics when, with around five minutes to go, he (and we) finally got to meet Henry and cheekily mocked his wars in France. Fortunately, like everybody else, Henry (Damian Lewis) seemed tickled to be so comprehensively wrong-footed, and as he walked away from the king, Cromwell permitted himself a telling little smile.
- 8 And in a way, this was a moment that summed up the whole programme: its willingness to allow a slow build; its defiant refusal to get overexcited by either its own material or its own hype; and, above all, its vivid sense that what we now regard as history (and therefore as somehow inevitable) is something that once unfolded — and unfolded uncertainly — in real time. My guess, and I don't think I'm going out on a limb here, is that future episodes might contain events that are more conventionally thrilling. 24, as a means of setting the scene, drawing us deep into the Tudor world and presenting us with a winningly ambiguous central character, it's hard to see how this one could have been done much better.

Daily Telegraph, 2015

Not by money alone

adapted from an article by Bob Holmes

- 1 HOW should a society encourage its members to act in socially beneficial ways, when these can run counter to their own self-interest? For several centuries, Western societies have tried to do this through incentives. We penalise things we want to discourage, by, say, taxing fossil fuel. Conversely, we reward what we want to encourage, for example, by giving tax breaks to job-creating businesses.
- 2 If we get the incentives right, say economists, the invisible hand of the market guides people to do the right thing out of sheer self-interested greed, with no need to appeal to mushy notions of ethical responsibility. "Virtue was something economists thought they could safely ignore," writes Samuel Bowles, himself an economist at the Santa Fe Institute in New Mexico.
- 3 In his new book, *The Moral Economy: Why good incentives are no substitute for good citizens*, Bowles makes the case that economists have got it wrong — as his subtitle suggests, incentives alone can't push people toward responsibility. In fact, they can backfire.
- 4 Consider the experience of an Israeli day-care centre, which had a problem with parents who picked up their kids late, forcing staff to work overtime. When the centre instituted a fine for tardy pickups, they found it turned inconsiderate behaviour into 26. Parents were happy to pay to be late.
- 5 This sort of reframing often happens with incentives for good behaviour, Bowles argues. And it isn't the only problem: they can convey subliminal messages, too. When a Boston fire commissioner decided to dock the pay of firefighters who took too many sick days, it sent the message that he didn't trust his employees — and absenteeism went up because he lost their goodwill.
- 6 More subtly, even when incentives work, they may not be necessary. Economic inducements can crowd out moral and ethical motives for doing good. The effect is hard to prove in the real world, although Bowles provides plenty of examples from experiments to show that it can happen under controlled conditions.
- 7 But the rot goes deeper still. An over-reliance on incentives can stifle our ethical development. People tend to value what they are familiar with, so a world that frames decisions within an economic calculus teaches that selfish motives matter more than ethical ones. That's a problem, because even the smoothest market economy still needs virtue to oil its gears — which is why business people prefer to deal with those they trust.



8 For Bowles, the upshot is that sound public policy should take account of people's virtuous motives as well as selfish ones. Sometimes, ethical persuasion alone 28. A former mayor of Bogota, Colombia, for example, tamed the city's chaotic traffic by issuing hundreds of thousands of thumbs-down cards for citizens to flash at inconsiderate drivers.

9 But properly done, economic incentives can help, especially when the problem is framed ethically to start with. The day-care fines might have worked, says Bowles, if it had been pointed out to parents first that late pickups upset the kids and kept staff from going home to their own families.

10 Bowles makes an appealing case that virtue has a place in the world of economics. Unfortunately, much of his argument rests on the results of games played out in labs, such as the prisoner's dilemma. Real-world tests would be more accessible and more persuasive, but are hard to come by. Still, Bowles's book adds to a tide of research (such as the work of economist Elinor Ostrom and evolutionary biologist David Sloan Wilson) showing that selfishness is not the only human incentive in the real world.

NewScientist, 2016

Miracle off the M5

adapted from an article by Tim Hayward

1 **T**he names of UK motorway service areas are gorgeously lyrical. I grieve that the poet Sir John

Betjeman passed on before immortalising Tibshelf, Chieveley or Watford Gap. Magor, Lymm, Heston. Newport Pagnell, Woolley Edge and Forton.



2 But their promise to the pilgrim motorist is rarely borne out. I admit that stopping to drink amphetamine coffee slurry after 200 miles of staring at tarmac may astigmatise the critical eye but I'm convinced that Thurrock is a test community for a future rightwing dystopia and that everyone at Knutsford has a leaking bin liner of body parts in the boot. Prepare, then, to weep tears of joy as you pull off the M5 (southbound) between Junction 12 and 11a, for Gloucester Services is very heaven.

3 The car park is set out on a gentle slope, curving around the central building like an amphitheatre — and the building itself is spectacular to behold. Circular, part sunk into the earth, bastioned with the butter-coloured local stone and covered with a grass dome, it looks like a bucolic spaceship. This is the second production from Westmorland Ltd, the innovative company that blessed us with Tebay Services in Cumbria, and they have outdone themselves.

4 A normal service station smells like men who have sat long miles in a plastic seat. Gloucester smells of fresh baking. The "Farmshop" has a butchery counter selling meat so organic, grass-fed and humanely reared that I swear I saw a kilo of mince that was actually smug. Where normal service stations offer a range of irradiated pasties, Gloucester has hand-raised pies and a bookshop. There are bacon rolls but they sit alongside breakfast pastries from the estimable Bertinet Bakery in Bath.

5 The M5 isn't officially on the spice route but it joins Birmingham and Bristol, two cities with a strong appreciation of such things, so one might expect the curry menu to be pretty good. I plunged into a muscular chicken dhansak (£9.25) served with artisanal chutneys and a freshly made raita. Spice flavours were distinct and considered, though I'd like to take this opportunity to deplore the use of handfuls of whole cardamom in rice. Crunching in to one assaults the mouth like some powerful cleaning product.

6 Fish and chips, *de rigueur*¹⁾ at British service stations of all classes, came in a trucker-sized portion (£10.95). The chips showed all signs of having

been hand-fettled although the fish (unspecified but doubtless worthily sustainable) suffered from a slight oiliness of batter.

7 I sat in a sort of beach hut at one end of the vaulted dining space and wondered what the two Polish drivers I'd seen climbing down from their 18-wheelers in the car park would make of this. Then I took my leaf tea and home-baked scone with raspberry jam and clotted cream (£2.75) out to the terrace by the pool and sat, enjoying the sunshine while children disported themselves decoratively in the shallows.

8 I looked out over the manicured parkland and any reservations evaporated. This, I had to keep reminding myself, is a British motorway service area, usually a circle of hell too deep for Dante to have counted. To be treated humanely in one of these places is unheard of but to be fed well on locally sourced food, to buy at a farm shop that would shame the most fashionable farmers' market, and to sit in the sun slathering cream on a scone . . . it's almost too much to believe.

9 It's just been announced that for the next three weeks, customers will also be blessed with Gloucester Cathedral Choir singing Compline at 6.45 each evening – truly "Gloucester Services".

10 As I drove on, I watched Gloucester Services diminish in the rear-view mirror and wink out of existence. Did that actually happen? If you're driving that route any time soon, please do check it for me. I fear I may have imagined the whole incredible thing.

Financial Times, 2015

noot 1 de rigueur = demanded by custom

I write about thinking in no language at all

*From Andrew Fogg,
Cambridge, UK*

- 1 David Werdegarr suggests we should redefine knowledge to include the non-language-based thought processes that are presumably used by animals but not, he supposes, by humans (Letters, 29 April). I suggest that the perception of thinking in language arises in humans simply because, from a very early age, we know we are likely to have to verbalise a thought to share it with someone else, and so the brain just does it automatically all the time, 35
- 2 I don't believe my personal stock of knowledge is affected by which language I'm speaking. I recall seeing some magnificent riveted girder-work and thinking, in German, since I'd been over there for some weeks, "that's a fine piece of... ummm... er...." The concept was completely clear in my mind, in no language at all.
- 3 And a picture often is worth a thousand words.

NewScientist, 2017

Ama-San review: a deep dive into Japan's fisherwomen culture

adapted from an article by Leslie Felperin

- 1 The ama are Japan's fisherwomen, free divers who retrieve abalone, sea snails and other ocean products (they're best known for their pearl fishing) out of the shallows without using oxygen tanks. Portuguese documentarian Cláudia Varejão immerses herself in the daily rhythms and rituals of one group, filming them at home and at work as they go about raising kids, singing karaoke and swimming to the bottom of the sea.
- 2 Varejão favours an austere approach that relies on long, unblinking takes, uses no music that doesn't occur within the action itself and no subtitles that clarify who's who. 37, there are no explanations at all, leaving the viewer to work out why, for instance, the women wear both modern diving suits and traditional linen headscarves over their waterproof balaclavas. Much screen time is devoted to watching the subjects wrapping, folding and tucking these bits of white cloth, a kind of origami that's seemingly both symbolic and practical, like the tying up of the laces on a ballet slipper. Out of the water, they favour dress that similarly mixes modern and traditional, with regular trousers and blouses below the neck and white bonnets with deep brims on their heads.
- 3 This kind of unfiltered anthropological study can be mesmerising and there are some lovely sequences here, not just of the women diving in the olive-green depths but also moments where they're just hanging out with their families, playing with fireflies or making supper. But some viewers may find it frustrating that we never hear them discuss their lives or even learn their names properly, as if we are just ghosts, weaving among them while they go about their business. It's a style of film-making that's as traditional and in its way mannered as the head wraps and diving techniques that are being observed.



theguardian.com, 2019

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

Tekst 11

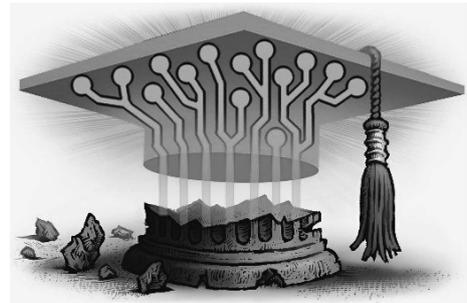
Letters

The new diploma

1

If Prof. David Gelernter's doomsday scenario ("A High-Tech Rebirth From Higher Ed's Ashes," op-ed, Jan. 23) is ever enacted, the word "college" will be replaced by "post-secondary school," and what were colleges will be trade schools, equipping students with the tools of their trade and little else. What bothers Prof. Gelernter is the failure of educators "to produce adults who can read and write and speak and listen like adults." The fault often lies with those behind the desk. If English teachers will accept ungrammatical prose, arguing that it is content and not form that matters, and speech teachers allow students to use "like" and "you know" without weaning them away from such verbal crutches, what can be expected of the young adults who are victims of such sloppy pedagogy?

Em. Prof. Bernard F. Dick
Fairleigh Dickinson University
Teaneck, N.J.



2

So much of the college experience is about young people developing socially and encouraging them to form opinions, and to learn to express those opinions. Perhaps their secondary educations have failed, if they need to spend the majority of their college course work doing rote survey classes. It is a wonderful thing to be able to peruse and choose electives that open up sophisticated, abstract thinking.

While I'm a new fan of online learning, there is no substitute for face-to-face teaching (as Prof. Gelernter admits), and the suggestion that the Trump administration is going to completely revamp higher education "using not much money" is just, well, alternative facts.

Susan Roberson
New York

3

From my perch within one of the most politicized academic disciplines on campus (Middle East Studies), I believe David Gelernter has it mostly right. Universities and colleges fail their student-customers and the nation that backs their education loans by offering a low intellectual and financial return on their investments. The persistent attempt to indoctrinate students with a politically correct belief system that leaves them with few skills, fewer job prospects and disdain for America and its ideals is central to this failure.

As long as the Education Department continues to underwrite the existing and emerging education platforms, and course content flows from the same biased sources (also underwritten by government), higher education will continue to decline. The new administration needs one bold idea and no new funds to fix this – get the Education Department out of the business of higher education.

David Silverstein
Washington

4

Though disruptive, technology can ensure many colleges thrive. Prof. Gelernter suggests there will be more certificates, but I don't see them replacing a college degree. I am comfortable with an experienced programmer signing a certificate saying a student has studied a particular programming language. Packaging a group of certificates and calling them a college degree is not something I am comfortable with.

Ultimately, the spirit and sense of excitement on a campus is hard to replicate online, especially for undergraduates who experience four years living together in an intellectual environment. This is a university's major contribution to preparing graduates for society.

Prof. Henry C. Lucas Jr.
University of Maryland
College Park, Md.

adapted from *wsj.com*, 2017