

Bijlage VWO
2021

tijdvak 2

Engels

Tekstboekje

Flu in flight

Avian influenza is no joke. Among domestic fowl that have been moved indoors because of the current flap over the H5N8 virus, spare a thought for the penguins. They are not designed for indoor life. At Edinburgh Zoo, the penguins have been banned from making their regular appearance for visitors, and to take their minds off things have been given early Christmas presents, the choice of which can never be an easy matter at the best of times. At London Zoo the penguins have long been banned from the pool designed by Berthold Lubetkin. It won prizes but was useless for penguins. Instead they had colonised the roomier Penguin Beach. Now all eyes are on the sky for incoming peril on wild wings.



adapted from *The Daily Telegraph*, 2016

Dead certainty

From Chris Skillern

- 1 Gareth Jones questions the use of unclaimed bodies for medical science, and is a perfect example of why it has become so difficult, and at times impossible, to get anything of any importance done (19 April, p. 26).
- 2 One would have to look long and hard to find a more straightforward and sensible use of an unclaimed dead body, yet here we have an educated person who takes issue with this practice since, rather obviously, there has been no informed consent.
- 3 Look no further than this bit of nonsense to understand why consensus can rarely, if ever, be obtained regarding truly controversial issues.
San Diego, California, US

NewScientist, 2014

Bumps in the road

by Malcolm Webb

1 Sir, John Gapper's article "Why would you want to buy a self-driving car?" (December 8) is interesting and thought-provoking. However, his conclusion, that all but the "wealthy and fussy" will eventually buy such vehicles, seems to me to be flawed in at least two respects.

2 First, he ignores what I call "electric window syndrome". I first encountered this phenomenon many years ago, when a salesman, quivering with rage, complained that his colleague had been given a company car with windows that were opened and closed by the touch of a button, whereas his, otherwise identical, model only had rotating handles to wind the windows up and down. The reason was that the carmaker had introduced electric windows as a standard on the model after the complainant had received his car. The explanation of that fact failed to assuage his hurt. Car status is a significant issue. Of course, not all people think or act alike in this regard. A sizeable proportion of the car-buying community (I would venture to suggest the clear majority), however, is motivated to a significant degree by vehicle status, and a grey, driverless, utility van, collecting people for a journey to be shared with others, is not going to fit the bill for them.

3 Second, the driverless vehicle will need to be programmed to avoid collisions. However, what will the programmed response be if the only alternative to knocking over the child, suddenly stepping in front of the vehicle travelling at speed, is an evasive manoeuvre that risks the lives of all the vehicle's passengers? Carry on and risk killing the child, or take late evasive action and risk killing passengers, including any children among them? Presumably the vendors of such cars would have to disclose the programmed response for this and other similar predicaments. The lawyers will have fun with that. In any event, I suspect that this could be another serious marketing problem for these vehicles.

4 Just as with aeroplanes, no matter how smart the driving technology becomes, I suspect the days of journeys completely devoid of 6 are a very long way off.



adapted from *Financial Times*, 2016

Puns get on everyone's nerves

Roni Jacobson

- 1 **Puns are controversial** in comedy. Critics groan that they are the "lowest form of wit," a quote attributed to various writers. Others – including Shakespeare – pun with abandon. The brain itself seems 7 puns, according to a recent study published in *Laterality:*

Asymmetries of Body, Brain and Cognition. The results suggest the left and right hemispheres play different roles in processing puns, ultimately requiring communication between them for the joke to land.



- 2
- 3
- 4

adapted from *Scientific American*, 2016

You MAY LIKE This Book

by Felix Gillette

1 **W**hy do we like the things we like? For centuries, the question has intrigued everyone including Immanuel Kant, Virginia Woolf, and Sigmund Freud. Yet despite much scrutiny, human taste has long remained 9. Enter the Internet. Not only have music streaming apps and video-on-demand services given us a vast array of inventory to choose from, but they've also created an unprecedented amount of data on human choice. Might the fundamental dynamics of desire be revealed therein?

2 In *You May Also Like: Taste in an Age of Endless Choice* (Knopf; \$26.95), Tom Vanderbilt sets out to demystify human appetites, exploring the forces underlying our tastes in art, music, food, baby names, even cat breeding. Along the way, he interviews sources at Netflix and Pandora. He scours academic literature on Yelp reviews. He visits the headquarters of flavoring giant McCormick. He travels to a company, NeuroFocus, that monitors subjects' preferences using brain sensors. He drinks pilsners with judges at the Great American Beer Festival.

3 It's tricky to observe in isolation, but partiality tends to reveal itself more reliably when pinned down in relationship to the favorites of others. We all want to believe our taste is a reflection of our individuality, not the result of subconscious groupthink, but usually that's not the case. Vanderbilt also visits the offices of Hunch.com, a "recommendation startup". There, he watches software accurately predict his answers to a long series of questions about what he likes based on whom he follows on Twitter. When a Hunch data scientist tells him that "taste is a space on a graph," he's mildly horrified.

4 The book bounces the insights of modern data scientists off the work of generations of critics, economists, neuroscientists, philosophers, psychologists, and sociologists. Taste, we learn, is an extremely relative phenomenon currently swerving through an age of extreme relativity. Often what the Internet reveals is what French sociologist Pierre Bourdieu noted decades ago: Our predilections are strongly influenced by social



affiliation. The ubiquity of social media only makes us sway in the wind even more.

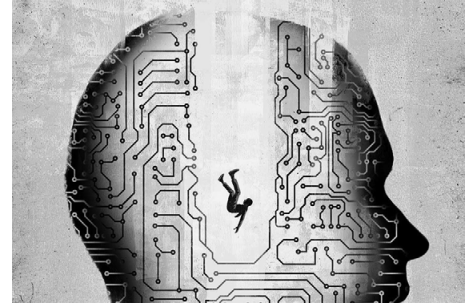
5 In the end, Vanderbilt churns out plenty of trivia ("Pink Floyd is one of the bands most liked primarily by Republicans") but little in the way of new models. His key takeaway is that taste remains a complex and erratic phenomenon that's endlessly shifting according to environmental, physical, and – echoing Bourdieu – social pressures. "The picture of taste I have presented is hardly reassuring," Vanderbilt writes. "We often do not seem to know what we like or why we like what we do. Our preferences are riddled with unconscious biases, easily swayed by contextual and social influences."

6 Vanderbilt is a skillful synthesizer, and *You May Also Like* is full of unexpected connections among seemingly disparate ideas. Before writing about taste, Vanderbilt wrote a book about traffic. He sees an analogy between the two. "Taste," he writes, "is like traffic, actually, a large, complex system with basic parameters and rules, a noisy feedback chamber where one does what others do and vice versa, in a way that is almost impossible to predict beyond that at the end of the day a certain number of cars will travel down a stretch of road, just as a certain number of songs will be in the Top 100."

adapted from *Bloomberg Businessweek*, 2016

Silicon Valley

- 1 Until recently, it was easy to define our most widely known corporations. Any third-grader could describe their essence. Exxon sells gas; McDonald's makes hamburgers; Walmart is a place to buy stuff. This is no longer so. Today's ascendant monopolies aspire to encompass all of existence. Google derives from googol, a number (1 followed by 100 zeros) that mathematicians use as shorthand for unimaginably large quantities. Larry Page and Sergey Brin founded Google with the mission of organizing all knowledge, but that proved too narrow. They now aim to build driverless cars, manufacture phones and conquer death. Amazon, which once called itself "the everything store," now produces television shows, owns Whole Foods and powers the cloud. Along with Facebook, Microsoft and Apple, these companies are in a race to become our "personal assistant."
- 2 16, the tech companies gesture toward individuality — to the empowerment of the "user" — but their worldview rolls over it. Even the ubiquitous invocation of users is telling: a passive, bureaucratic description of us. The big tech companies are shredding the principles that protect individuality. Their devices and sites have collapsed privacy; they disrespect the value of authorship, with their hostility toward intellectual property. In the realm of economics, they justify monopoly by suggesting that competition merely distracts from the important problems like erasing language barriers and building artificial brains.
- 3 When it comes to the most central tenet of individualism — free will — the tech companies have a different way. They hope to automate the choices, both large and small, we make as we float through the day. It's their algorithms that suggest the news we read, the goods we buy, the paths we travel, the friends we invite into our circles.
- 4 It's hard not to marvel at these companies and their inventions, which often make life infinitely easier. But we've spent too long marveling. The time has arrived to consider the consequences of these monopolies, to reassert our role in determining the human path.
- 5 Over the generations, we've been through revolutions like this before. Many years ago, we delighted in the wonders of TV dinners and the other newfangled foods that suddenly filled our kitchens: slices of cheese encased in plastic, oozing pizzas that emerged from a crust of ice. Time-consuming tasks — shopping for ingredients and tediously preparing a recipe — were suddenly and miraculously consigned to history.
- 6 The revolution in cuisine wasn't just enthralling. It was transformational. Processed foods were feats of engineering, all right —



but they were engineered to make us fat. It took vast quantities of meat and corn to fabricate these dishes, and a spike in demand remade American agriculture at a terrible environmental cost. A whole new system of industrial farming emerged, with penny-conscious conglomerates cramming chickens into feces-covered pens and stuffing them full of antibiotics. By the time we came to understand the consequences of our revised patterns of consumption, the damage had been done to our waistlines, longevity, souls and planet.

7 Something like the midcentury food revolution is now reordering the production and consumption of knowledge. Our intellectual habits are being scrambled by the dominant firms. As with the food giants, the big tech companies have given rise to a new science that aims to construct products that pander to their consumers. Unlike the market research and television ratings of the past, the tech companies have a bottomless collection of data, acquired as they track our travels across the Web, storing every shard about our habits in the hope that they may prove useful. They have compiled an intimate portrait of the psyche of each user — a portrait that they hope to exploit to seduce us into a compulsive spree of binge clicking and watching.

8 In the realm of knowledge, monopoly and conformism are inseparable perils. The danger is that these firms will inadvertently use their dominance to squash diversity of opinion and taste. Concentration is followed by homogenization. As news media outlets have come to depend heavily on Facebook and Google for traffic — and therefore revenue — they have rushed to produce articles that will flourish on those platforms. This leads to a duplication of the news like never before, with scores of sites across the Internet piling onto the same daily outrage.

9 As individuals, we have accepted the omnipresence of the big tech companies as a fact of life. We've enjoyed their free products and next-day delivery with only a nagging sense that we may be surrendering something important. Such blitheness can no longer be sustained. Privacy won't survive the present trajectory of technology — and with the sense of being perpetually watched, humans will behave more cautiously. Our ideas about the competitive marketplace are at risk. With a decreasing prospect of toppling the giants, entrepreneurs won't bother to risk starting new firms, a primary source of jobs and innovation. And the proliferation of falsehoods and conspiracies through social media, the dissipation of our common basis for fact, is creating conditions ripe for authoritarianism. Over time, the long merger of man and machine has worked out pretty well for man. But we're drifting into a new era, when that merger threatens the individual. We're drifting toward monopoly, conformism, their machines. Perhaps it's time we steer our course.

adapted from *The Washington Post*, 2017

Leave them kids alone!

Modern parenting is stunting our kids, finds Shaoni Bhattacharya

- 1 PARENTING is a terrible invention. Spontaneous loving care, informed by tradition and human experience, has now become a "management plan". So says child developmental psychologist and writer, Alison Gopnik in *The Gardener and the Carpenter*. Alongside Gopnik's scientific new



tome comes a fascinating historical and cultural journey through American childhood by social historian Paula Fass, *The End of American Childhood*. Together the books present a view of Western parenting in crisis as we emerge from the seismic shifts of the 20th century, a world away from our evolutionary roots.

- 2 As a parent of young children, I'm often overwhelmed by advice. After reading these books, I'm no clearer on what to do. But I am clearer about what not to do: don't "over-parent" or micromanage your child. In short:
24.
- 3 Gopnik in particular stresses parents should stop stultifying their kids with endless schedules and heavy expectations, quit the helicoptering and let them get on with it. Fair enough. The idea that some parents now look over their millennial offspring's university assignments or talk through the minutiae of their kidult's work issues is mad to a Generation X-er like me. Gopnik's book seems a welcome burst of common sense.
- 4 Parents, she writes, should be like gardeners, tending young shoots and providing fertile ground. Instead, many resemble carpenters, chiselling away at them to create an image of success that has little to do with their kids' wishes, talents or needs. 'Parent' is not actually a verb, she writes, not a form of work... and shouldn't be directed toward the goal of sculpting a child into a particular kind of adult.
- 5 This model causes Western parents untold anxiety, while the kids wilt under an "oppressive cloud". Worse, Gopnik argues, it's a "poor fit to the scientific reality". We used to learn from tribes, or large extended families and communities. Now we have small, geographically scattered families, often with parents who work long hours. Some transfer skills they learned

over years in a goal-oriented job to raising their children in the hope this will give them the resources to withstand unpredictable futures.

6 "Gardening," says Gopnik, can create robust and resilient children with the resourcefulness to adapt to an unpredictable world. She draws on current research to build a view that balances the tensions inherent in growing up with intergenerational conflicts.

7 Take play, something that is fundamental to learning. By filling their time with packed schedules of enriching activities, parents may rob their kids of a vital formative window. And while 5-year-olds play-fighting may not look as valuable as ballet classes or Kumon maths, rough-housing is something many animals do. Rat experiments suggest it is vital for honing social competence.

8 If you chain children to desks, and demand focused attention in a life so different from our evolutionary past, you can expect trouble. As she writes, there's "a close connection between the rise of schools and the development of attention deficit disorder". In the US, 1 in 5 boys have an ADD label by 17.

9 It's all fascinating, but I'm left with many questions. Gardening children sounds intuitively better than chiselling, but are there risks? ADD aside, it isn't clear. Gardens can face north, too. When must you intervene? And can gardening turn into chiselling?

10 Then there's culture. What works in one place may not elsewhere. Some carpenter-like behaviours – say, the expectation of filial obedience – can work in other cultures if underwritten by love. Gopnik doesn't mention it, but a long-term study in nine countries shows this approach works in Kenya, but not Sweden, and among European Americans in the US.

11 Fass's book helps with the cultural picture science needs to fully grasp the complexities of Western childhood. She recalls the sheer brutality of the past, when there was a simple goal: child survival. Fass tells extraordinary tales of children who worked the farms, helped raise their families from the dirt, and absorbed the pain of slavery and the Civil War.

12 For her, this made American children more independent and able to hold their own with adults compared with their European counterparts. This may no longer be the case, for reasons similar to those Gopnik cites. "American parents ... (I do not exclude myself) worry too much and provide their children with too little space to grow," writes Fass. The free-spirited American childhood is no longer possible for Fass, as overparenting in the face of rapid societal change has ensured that, in a sense, childhood does not end.

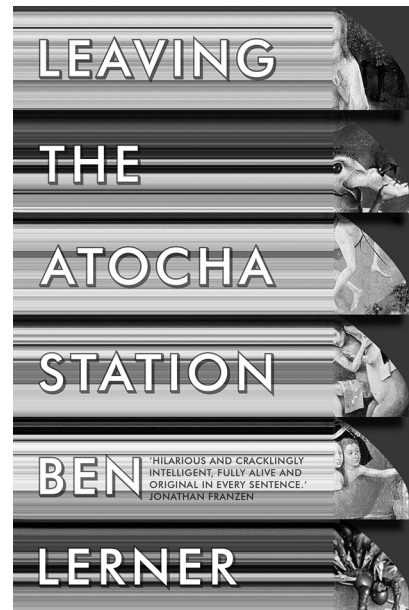
13 There is still no one magnum opus floating on the ocean of books on parenting, but maybe if Fass and Gopnik got together they would be a force to reckon with.

NewScientist, 2016

Tekst 8

The following text is an adapted part of the first chapter of *Leaving the Atocha Station*, by Ben Lerner.

- 1 A turning point in my project: I arrived one morning at the Van der Weyden to find someone had taken my place. He was standing exactly where I normally stood and for a moment I was startled, as if beholding myself beholding the painting, although he was thinner and darker than I. I waited for him to move on, but he didn't. I wondered if he had observed me in front of the *Descent from the Cross* and if he was now standing before it in the hope of seeing whatever it was I must have seen. I was irritated and tried to find another canvas for my morning ritual, but was too accustomed to the painting's dimensions and blues to accept a substitute. I was about to abandon room 58 when the man broke suddenly into tears, convulsively catching his breath. Was he, I wondered, just facing the wall to hide his face as he dealt with whatever grief he'd brought into the museum? Or was he having a *profound experience of art*?
- 2 I had long worried that I was incapable of having a profound experience of art and I had trouble believing that anyone had, at least anyone I knew. I was intensely suspicious of people who claimed a poem or painting or piece of music "changed their life," especially since I had often known these people before and after their experience and could register no change. Although I claimed to be a poet, although my supposed talent as a writer had earned me my fellowship in Spain, I tended to find lines of poetry beautiful only when I encountered them quoted in prose, in the essays my professors had assigned in college, where the line breaks were replaced with slashes, so that what was communicated was less a particular poem than the echo of poetic possibility. Insofar as I was interested in the arts, I was interested in the disconnect between my experience of actual artworks and the claims made on their behalf; the closest I'd come to having a profound experience of art was probably the experience of this distance, a profound experience of the absence of profundity.
- 3 Once the man calmed down, which took at least two minutes, he wiped his face and blew his nose with a handkerchief he then returned to his pocket. On entering room 57, which was empty except for a lanky and sleepy guard, the man walked immediately up to the small votive image of Christ attributed to San Leocadio: green tunic, red robes, expression of deep sorrow. I pretended to take in other paintings while looking sidelong



at the man as he considered the little canvas. For a long minute he was quiet and then he again released a sob. This startled the guard into alertness and our eyes met, mine saying that this had happened in the other gallery, the guard's communicating his struggle to determine whether the man was crazy — perhaps the kind of man who would damage a painting, spit on it or tear it from the wall or scratch it with a key — or if the man was having a profound experience of art. Out came the handkerchief and the man walked calmly into 56, stood before *The Garden of Earthly Delights*, considered it calmly, then totally lost it. Now there were three guards in the room — the lanky guard from 57, the short woman who always guarded 56, and an older guard with improbably long silver hair who must have heard the most recent outburst from the hall. The one or two other museum-goers in 56 were deep in their audio tours and oblivious to the scene unfolding before the Bosch.

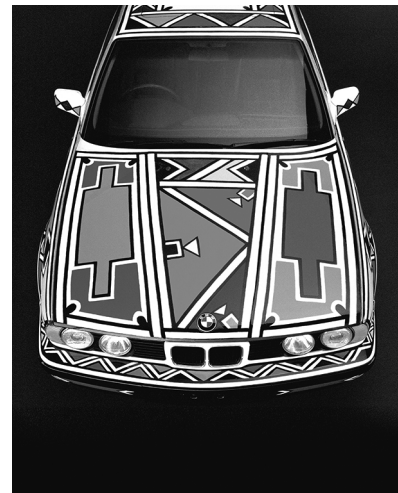
South Africa: The Art of a Nation

1 **S**outh Africa: The Art of a Nation, the latest exhibition to be curated at the British Museum, is a concise yet eloquent and extremely effective show. It embarks on a mission to showcase the age, depth and continuity of traditions in South Africa, against a backdrop of the harsh political conditions that have affected the country for centuries.

2 The narrative of the exhibition is illustrated using archaeology alongside contemporary art to demonstrate the common ideas of what it has meant to be human in the region for millennia. This story begins with some of the earliest art found in the world, through to the arrival of the Europeans and subsequent periods of colonisation and apartheid. Due to this vigorous and well-documented history, South Africa is displayed as a unique case study for the development of human kind.

3 When addressing the colonial period, a refreshingly honest account is offered of the hardships suffered by the local population. As South Africa transformed from a materially under-developed region in the 17th century, to a lynchpin for European global trade, the land and its people underwent great changes, largely without consultation or thought for their welfare. However, this did not go unchallenged, as a succession of wars in the following centuries testifies.

4 At this time, the inspiration for art changed rapidly from scenes primarily depicting local spiritual practices, to European technologies of war. The overall aesthetic of the art becomes more militaristic and seems to convey a newly taught artistic preoccupation with war. This should not be viewed as a new violent society, rather as evidence of a cultural exchange with Europe, where a lengthy history of military painting had been extollingly employed. As trade increased, contact with Asia did too, further expanding the reach for cultural influence.



5 By the 19th century, the abject disregard for those the colonisers had enforced dependency upon manifested itself in the social cleansing of the apartheid. The art from this period rarely forgets the overbearing strains of this racial oppression. For some, the most effective way of regaining personal freedom was to express subtle yet powerful objection through the personalising of everyday objects, like the beaded waistcoat on display at the exhibition. For the more radical, "resistance" art openly criticised the apartheid regime and harshly campaigned for a better quality of life.



6 Now, the country has emerged as a major force in contemporary art, boasting one of the most established markets on the African continent. Much of this art draws on the earlier politics of the region, exploring what it is to be a South African in a modern, increasingly liberal society. The exhibition justly celebrates this exciting time for South Africa, including art by Jane Alexander, Penny Siopis and the world famous William Kentridge.

7 This exhibition comes at a poignant time in South African history, as the country begins to heal from centuries of misconduct and oppression. It delivers justice to a global audience by remembering the millennia of artistic traditions in the region prior to the European arrival, and starkly describing their brutal mission. Along with the 2015 *Indigenous Australia* exhibition, this show ushers in a new era of conscious global curating for the British Museum, where both the negative and positive realities of their collection are acknowledged; one that is much needed in the 21st century.

adapted from *KCWToday*, 2016

journal

Human rights and the future of Formula One

1 Last week *the Guardian* reported that Bernie Ecclestone has indicated that Formula One (F1) will have new ownership by the end of the year and that three parties are currently interested (theguardian.com, 6 October).



2 While these talks take place behind closed doors, we have a public message for any potential owners: you have an opportunity to put F1 on track to respect human rights and position the sport globally as a foremost example of how big sporting events and human rights should interact.

3 Far from being associated with the values the global public associate with sport – friendship, mutual respect, fair play and excellence – F1's reputation has been marred by links with repressive states and their human rights abuses, primarily through its choice of countries as Grand Prix hosts.

4 F1 published a human rights statement in April this year, which was 38 (Formula One reverses human rights stance in runup to Bahrain Grand Prix, theguardian.com, 17 April). But, given that shortly afterwards it announced a Grand Prix in a country where the already worrying human rights situation had deteriorated rapidly, it remains unclear how seriously the company is taking these commitments.

5 Any future owners of F1 have a tremendous opportunity to push the company to build on its human rights commitments and ensure they are followed up by genuine action. This will create a sport the fans deserve and act as an example of how major sporting events can ensure respect for human rights.

Kenneth Roth

Executive Director, Human Rights Watch

Phil Bloomer

Executive Director, Business & Human Rights Resource Centre

adapted from *The Guardian*, 2015

Peter Wilby *First Thoughts*

May's mobility

If Theresa May must have grammar schools, she could do two things to make them more palatable to lefties like me. First, she should stipulate that any children who have benefited from their parents paying for education – whether through attending a fee-paying school or through private tuition – must be banned from entry. Second, she should instruct the schools to recruit all their pupils from postcodes where two-thirds or more of the child population is eligible for free school meals. I remain opposed to grammar schools, the evidence against them being so overwhelming. Yet at least those two steps would give them a small chance of doing what it says on the tin of May's social mobility policy, and the second may have the pleasing side effect of creating a house-price premium in the poorest areas.



New Statesman, 2016

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

Tekst 12

FILM REVIEWS FT

adapted from an article by Nigel Andrews

Barely four months after Noah Baumbach's last movie, *While We're Young*, the new one, ***Mistress America***, screeches into view. Is it time to warn him? That he drives too fast? That he races too often? Baumbach can keep going, for now, on his magic tyres. ***Mistress America*** is quite wonderful. It may be his best film to date. It lasts 84 minutes — the right kind of speed — and doesn't waste one of them. It stars Greta Gerwig who plays Brooke: a high-striding boho 30-year-old, dizzy with self-assurance while ditzy with self-delusion. Her newest mission: to show off New York to her younger prospective stepsister (newcomer Lola Kirke), a student and wannabe writer whose mum is about to wed Brooke's dad.



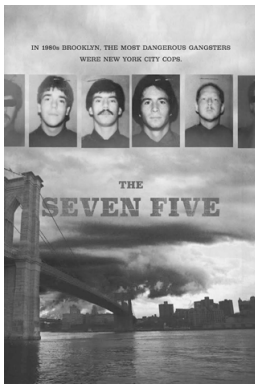
Gerwig, as in their last teaming, *Frances Ha*, co-wrote the script with partner Baumbach. Midway the film shifts to a different setting but higher gear: neo-screwball in a Connecticut country mansion. Like *While We're Young*, this is a film about love (carnal and comradely), art and betrayal. And about the pitfalls of hero worship versus the wise counsels of judicious disenchantment. It's funny, witty, joyous, mischievous and casually profound.



What a week for female-centric American comedy. There can be different meanings or understandings of the word "babe". At times in ***Trainwreck*** Amy Schumer, the TV comedian/writer now turned feature film star/scenarist, looks like a giant baby who has jumped out of a pram to scare the (male) world. The round, full-cheeked face, small bright eyes and mischief-primped mouth form an infant-shaped pouring vessel for the scandalising humour and attack-feminism she dispenses on Comedy Central.

When her dad dies, Schumer's funeral address honours him with the tone of loving insult he liked to dispense: "He was racist, homophobic... he was a drunk," before briefly getting to the good bits, then the maudlin. That her character gets choked with tears in this scene is typical of *Trainwreck*. It mixes comedy and pathos without ever poisoning the whole cocktail. Directed by Judd Apatow as if his recent debacles had never happened (*This is 40*, *Funny People*), the film even has a romcom love plot that works. "Dr" Bill Hader as the heroine's whitecoated Mr Right gets the parodic pelting required

from other characters — "Boring!" snaps mag boss Swinton of Schumer's intended cover boy — before the movie dares a happy ending fit to out-kitsch *An Officer and a Gentleman*.



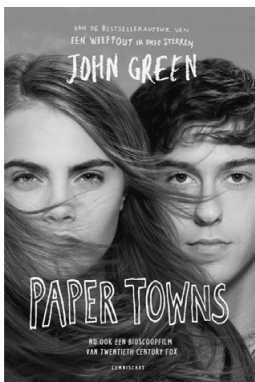
Power corrupts and in ***Precinct Seven Five***, a documentary about bad New York cops, absolute power corrupts almost absolutely everyone.

It's the tale of NYPD officer Michael Dowd, impeccably recorded by director Tiller Russel, who progressed from peccadillo to industrial wrongdoing during a long, dedicated career. Bribe-taking; drug dealing; burglary; kidnapping...

Dowd, after a 12-year jail term, talks to the camera today with an aghast yet unbowed recollection. No sign of remorse. Just a few signs of enduring, or emergent, awe at the liberties

he and his fellow bad apples were able to take — and to be overlooked taking — in a town lit by Liberty's torch.

"Hammer and Cavill" sound like a law firm relying on a blend of concussion and patience-wearing banter. That about sums up ***The man from U.N.C.L.E.*** Guy Ritchie, fresh from re-vogueing Sherlock Holmes, directed this dismal makeover of the 1960s television spy series. Henry Cavill's Napoleon Solo is a series of expensive suits awaiting human occupation. Sharing the pulseless quips and joyless action scenes is Armie Hammer as his limpid-eyed, limply acted Russian sidekick, played on TV by a David McCallum now gone to greater or no less great glory as autopsy wizard on the ratings-through-the-roof NCIS.



Paper Towns is a teenage yarn with a shaggy dog tail. The last part of this bromance cum romance from a novel by John Green (*The Fault in Our Stars*) is a mini road movie, the hero (Nat Wolff) pursuing his dream girl (Cara Delevingne) from Florida to upstate New York in a pal-packed Honda Odyssey. (There's globalism for you. What happened to the Fords and Chevrolets of yesterday's Americana?) Here and earlier, the roughhouse joys of male bonding are juggled, dapperly, charmingly, with the precious precocity of first love.

Financial Times, 2015