

**Bijlage VWO**  
**2022**

tijdvak 1

**Engels**

Tekstboekje

### Quite a scoop

**Quite a scoop for the *Mail Online*, the website overseen as editor-in-chief by Paul Dacre, on 2 August: "EXCLUSIVE: Diana thinks Kate is perfect but doesn't believe Meghan's 'the one': confidante reveals the princess still speaks to her from beyond the grave."**

- 1 The confidante in question is Simone Simmons, whom the *Mail Online* described as "an alternative healer and trusted friend of the princess... a member of her inner circle." Or, if you would prefer a different description, you can have this one from the, er, *Mail Online* in 2008, when it denounced Simmons as one of the "parade of crooks and charlatans" who had "shamelessly exploited their royal connection in sensationalist memoirs... those who profit from the Diana industry" — and protested that her appearance at the inquest into the princess's death meant her "assorted half-truths, wild fantasies, tittle-tattle and downright lies are being dignified as worthy of serious consideration."



- 2 No such errors at the *Mail Online*, which pointed out that Simmons had "parted company with reality long ago, informing the court she was still in touch with Diana from beyond the grave and that the dead princess had given her a lot of information." Yes, dear, of course she has.

adapted from *Private Eye*, 2017

## Tekst 2

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SIR - I agree with your leader "In praise of puppets" (May 21).

Anthony Minghella's wonderful production of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* employs a Japanese Bunraku puppet in the role of the young son. Despite the presence of three puppeteers in clear view to the audience, 3 by the brilliance of their manipulation.

The level of emotion and anguish achieved between mother and son is far beyond what an infant boy actor would be capable of.

**Michael B Smith**

*London SE13*

*The Daily Telegraph, 2016*

## Is Caffè Nero acting pennywise?



- 1 **T**HOUSANDS of Caffè Nero's UK staff have been learning one of the oldest lessons in economics this week as their pay packets rose but their complimentary £4 paninis went up in smoke: 5.
- 2 The idea that good things — a pay rise to £7.20 an hour as a result of the National Living Wage — have to be paid for from elsewhere isn't new but the experience of the coffee chain's 4,500 UK staff and the performance of the business over the next year or so is likely to prove fertile ground for behavioural economists, particularly if employees are less motivated as a consequence.
- 3 I should point out that this isn't a complete bonfire of the perks for beleaguered baristas. They still get a 65% discount on a wider range of foodstuffs, as well as free teas and coffees while they deliver the nation's caffeine fix. The company admits there was some internal opposition but says the vast majority of staff were in favour of the changes.
- 4 My extremely unscientific survey in the local branch found opinion split. One barista said he'd prefer the money while another said "why not have both?". His point was that the rise in the minimum wage is a legal requirement so why should he lose his perk?
- 5 Putting aside the company's understandable counter-argument about higher costs, that employee raises an interesting point: he didn't sound too happy, and unhappy people tend to be less productive. That at least was the finding of academics at the University of Warwick a couple of years ago. They conducted a range of experiments setting volunteers the same task under different conditions. Some were shown comedy clips before being set the task; others were given fruit and chocolates (the academic paper meticulously lists Cadbury's Heroes and Celebrations); the rest got nothing.

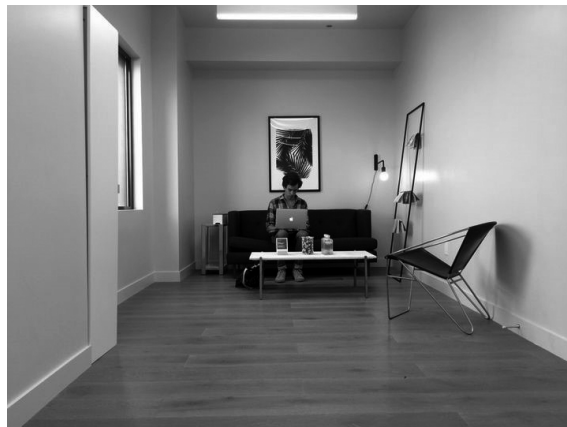
- 6 The experiments found that the 'treated' individuals were 12% more productive in the completion of the task, with the chocolates in particular delivering a 20% boost to performance. The volunteers were also questioned over recent life events, and those who had suffered a recent emotional tragedy were 'noticeably' less productive.
- 7 So should worried employers shell out for chocolates all round? Not so fast: the study pointed out that the cost of the chocolates was an average \$1.40 a head, but it could not make definite claims that the observed boost in productivity was big enough for the extra happiness to be seen as paying for itself. The Warwick academics added: "It is not possible here to be sure how long such productivity boosts would persist in a real-world setting."
- 8 That was certainly found by a pair of University of Chicago researchers who asked two unwitting groups to carry out door-to-door fundraising. One group was paid \$10 an hour; the other – the 'gift' group – was at first told it would be paid \$10 a hour, and then told just before the task began that the pay would be \$20 an hour. The higher wage group put in greater effort early in the task but "this higher effort level was not persistent: after a few hours, effort levels in the gift treatment mirrored those in the non-gift treatment".
- 9 The potential issue for companies like Caffè Nero is in the human instinct for loss aversion at the heart of behavioural economics: essentially feeling losses more than recognising gains.
- 10 At first glance a big wage rise is a good thing for lower-paid workers, setting aside the job losses and cost-cutting that might result. But it swiftly becomes treated as an entitlement in our minds, which are more predisposed to dwell on (for example) lost paninis. And if workers think they are no longer being treated 'fairly', for instance not getting both the panini and the higher wages, they might take their foot off the pedal. That was argued by economist George Akerlof and his wife Janet Yellen, now US Federal Reserve chairman, in their 'fair wage-effort hypothesis', under which workers proportionately withdraw effort as their actual wage falls short of their fair wage.
- 11 Divining the actual impact of Caffè Nero's move from other powerful forces on the business such as the price of coffee beans, competitors and the wider economy will admittedly be difficult, if not impossible. But even if the majority of staff say they're happy with the changes, I can't help but think they're taking a slight risk. We'll know in a year or so if staff get their free sandwiches back.

adapted from *Evening Standard*, 2016

### What would you pay for an empty room?

By Kyle Chayka

1 As a kid, *Harold and the Purple Crayon* was one of my favorite books. With the utensil of the title, Harold could draw anything in the air and it would come to life: A tree, a skyscraper, even his own bedroom all popped into being from simple outlines. As a New Yorker for most of the past decade, I often think about how nice it would be. Whenever you need a seat, a bathroom, or an extra closet, you just draw it, and it appears.



2 On a recent afternoon I was walking down the Bowery on Manhattan's Lower East Side feeling like I could use a break and a phone charge. I stopped at a building I had never been in before, got a door code from an app on my phone, took the elevator up to the fifth floor, and walked into an austere yet luxurious room with a floor-to-ceiling view of the street that would be mine alone for the next hour and a half.

3 This pop-up work lounge appeared courtesy of Breather, a start-up that has raised \$25 million in funding to provide on-demand multi-purpose rooms in cities. Breather could be described as Uber for living rooms, or an hourly version of WeWork, a provider of workspaces for start-ups. But what Breather really does is turn physical space into a frictionless app with the same magic as Harold's crayon, that is, 14.

4 CEO Julien Smith and CCO Caterina Rizzi founded Breather in Montreal. Like WeWork (offices), Common (apartments), and Managed by Q (cleaning), Breather isn't so much a technology company as a tech gloss on a very old, very conservative business: the temporary meeting-room industry. "We're slicing multiple use cases into the same space, making space more democratic in the city," Smith says. Breather's team of designers redecorates, installing furniture from hip design outlets. Then it goes live on the app, with prices ranging from \$10 an hour for a desk in a shared workspace to \$150 an hour for a 24-person room. One of the selling points is sameness: no matter where you are, a Breather room will look like Breather, with similar design, amenities, and branding. If you're used to the aesthetics of start-up offices and uniformly renovated condos, you're going to feel perfectly at home. The Wi-Fi will always be good and you won't have to sit next to any strangers. It's yours for an hour.

5 Breather is part of the coming on-demand world. You will soon be paying for quick 'slices' of everything from cars and apartments to office

space and even cafe seating. Smith describes this condition as 'more democratic'. While it's true that getting an Uber requires less money upfront than buying a car, and a Breather less than renting office space, a more efficient distribution of resources is not necessarily any more 16. Breather creates a marketplace that excludes as many as it serves.

6 The Breather building on Bowery is down the street from the future site of a new 180-room Ace Hotel, which used to be the Salvation Army Chinatown Shelter. The shelter provided temporary space of a far different kind than the start-up, for people who do not have pockets that are deep enough to pay for an hour's office space or a quick nap on a designer couch. Next door, lines still form for meals at the Bowery Mission, no thanks to the online food ordering service Seamless.

7 'On demand' does not mean just anyone can demand it. By relentlessly turning any commodity into a short-term rentable product, these services downplay the role that stable public resources play in our lives. We use Uber instead of the subway, Breather instead of parks. And the less people use public resources, 18.

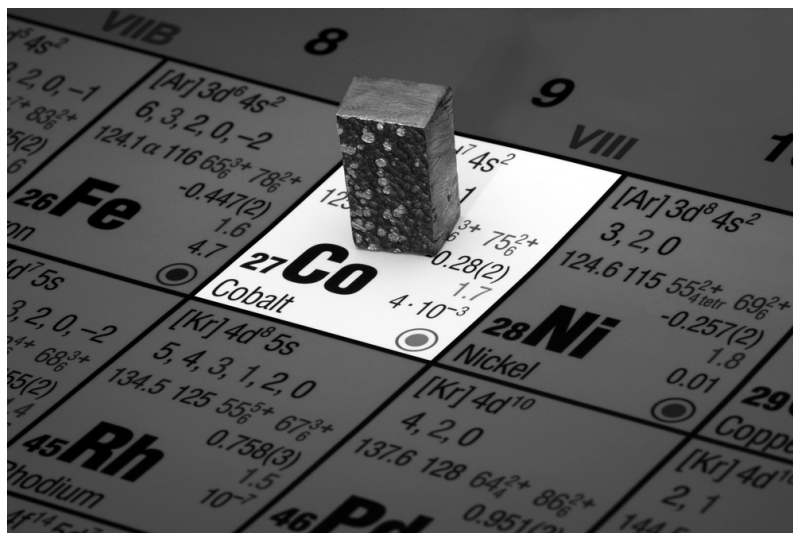
8 At the end of my allotted time (a \$120 value that I could never afford), I didn't want to leave the Breather room. I walked out onto the city street feeling a little calmer and more productive. A similar respite can be found in a coffee shop for \$3 or a bar for \$7. The fee isn't even hourly, but it might not come with designer furniture or a phone charger, and you won't be alone. As is the case with so many start-ups that continue to promote visions of democracy, how much of the future you have access to depends on how much you can pay for it.

adapted from *theatlantic.com*, 2016

## Small-scale mining

NEIL HUME AND HENRY SANDERSON  
LONDON

- 1 Speaking at the start of the London Metal Exchange Week event, Jeremy Weir, head of commodities trader Trafigura, said battery-related demand for cobalt was expected to at least treble by 2025, leaving the market dependent on a handful of mines in Africa. He said



mining in the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) was fraught with problems. One of the challenges was artisanal and small-scale mining (ASM). "I'm completely clear about the risks and other problems involved in ASM. It would obviously be preferable if we could secure all the needed supplies through industrial mining operations. But the fact is that we're not in that happy position."

- 2 Mr Weir said the answer was not to shun subsistence mining or exclude it from the supply chain but to see if ASM-produced cobalt could be sourced in a responsible way, by improving conditions and safety for workers but stopping short of regulation. "The reality is that there are hundreds of thousands of people in the DRC who earn a living through work in the ASM sector. It's illegal in many cases; it's unregulated and can be very dangerous. But it can't be wished away."
- 3 Groups such as Amnesty International say children as young as seven are mining cobalt by hand in the DRC. The allegations have put pressure on carmakers such as Tesla and BMW to ensure that cobalt in their batteries is traceable to reputable mines. Elisabeth Caesens, founder of Brussels-based NGO<sup>1)</sup> Resource Matters, said: "It is too simplistic to think [all ASM is dirty and] all large-scale mining is clean. High-level corruption, for instance, is rife in the industry and is one of the key causes of the systemic poverty that prompts parents to send their kids into the pits. It is time for buyers to adopt a comprehensive and tailored approach to supply-chain due diligence."
- 4 Trafigura's approach differs from that of Swiss rival Glencore, which mines cobalt from largely mechanised open pit mines in the DRC.



Glencore has said that it does not support artisanal mining and that alternative livelihoods should be created for those in the sector.

5 In April, Trafigura signed a deal to buy cobalt from Chemaf, a subsidiary of Shalima Resources, a copper and cobalt company focused on the DRC. As part of that deal Trafigura is working with Pact, a Washington-based NGO, on a pilot project to allow artisanal mining under monitored conditions on one of Chemaf's concessions in the southeastern DRC. Miners excavate under close supervision in approved micro-pits and are properly paid.

6 Mr Weir's comments come after the London Metal Exchange said last week it would 25 cobalt traded on its exchange, in an effort to make sure it is sourced responsibly.

adapted from *Financial Times*, 2019

noot 1 NGO=non-governmental organisation, usually non-profit and active in humanitarian areas

### Sunset saddles

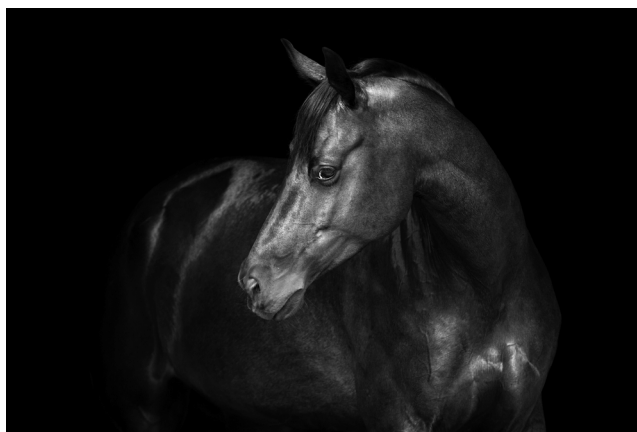
*Farewell to the Horse: The Final Century of Our Relationship*

by Ulrich Raulff

Allen Lane, 464pp

adapted from a review by **Kate Kellaway**

- 1 As you pick up the reins of *Farewell to the Horse* – trying to get a sense of what sort of a ride it is to be – it becomes evident within three paragraphs that you have never read a book like it. Its author, Ulrich Raulff, is a one-off. He has an extraordinarily connective mind and it is seldom possible to predict where he is going with it. Just as you are telling yourself



- this is a book of calm erudition, you will run into a deadpan joke. Or you will come across a moment of barely concealed emotion. At the end of the first chapter, he explains his book is for everyone and no one and then relents: "I have written it for my mother, who loved horses and understood them. Whether she would have liked it I will never know. Ten years have passed since I could have asked her."
- 2 Without having known Raulff's mother, I confidently suppose that she would have loved this book, as any reader interested in horses, history, art, literature or language will. She would have been stunned by its scope and stylish intellect. This is about the end of a relationship between man and horse that Raulff likens to the 27 an idiosyncratic workers' union, and what is thrilling is that the horse becomes a subtext – a new way of considering history via the stable door. It is not altogether a farewell.
  - 3 He declares that horses are now in "semi-retirement" with a "part-time job as a recreational item, a mode of therapy, a status symbol, and a source of pastoral support for female puberty". Professional competition riders might get huffy about this dismissive summation. However, compared with the past he describes, the "semi-retirement" is true enough. He gives a vivid sense of horse-filled cities, helped by statistics (there were on the streets of New York 1,100 tons of manure and 270,000 litres of urine daily). Horses were doomed to slum dwellings and short lives – it was malodorous chaos. Nor were they ever an ideal form of urban transport, for although a horse's strength is equal to seven men, horses as motors were "costly, sensitive and unreliable".

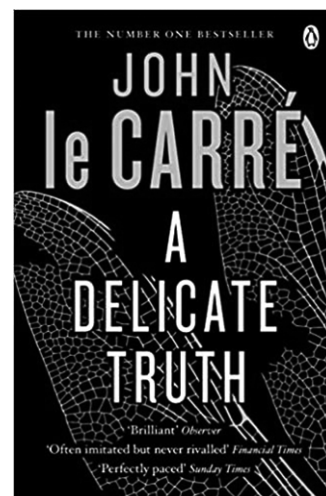
- 4 The farewell was 30; it took a century and a half for man and beast to part and the horse remained a hospitable vehicle for ideas in painting and literature, as Raulff reveals in his marvellous way. Tolstoy calculated he had spent seven years in the saddle and the book includes a splendid photograph of him riding through woods with such naturalness that one feels sure this was no exaggeration. In a fascinating chapter devoted to country doctors, there is a shrewd analysis of Flaubert's Charles Bovary, whose doomed inelegance as a rider is set against Emma's lover, a nifty horseman. We then move on, at a lick, to another country doctor, John Boyd Dunlop, vet, friend of Queen Victoria and inventor of the first successful pneumatic tyre.
- 5 Raulff's ability to corral scattered equestrians in art, letters and life makes stimulating reading and his writerly pace is exhilarating — especially when he takes flight from his own starting gates. Writing about the 19th-century photographer Eadweard Muybridge, famous for photographs of horses in motion, he considers the way time is broken into component parts and then, without warning, makes a dazzling comparison with the historian's need to acknowledge "a certain invisibility within periods of longer duration".
- 6 Riding West, a chapter on cowboys and Indians, opens with a quote from John Wayne: "I don't get on a horse unless they pay me." But it was the horse, Raulff maintains, that "made possible both the conquest of the West and the invention of the western". This same chapter reveals that Native Americans came to riding late and — little-known fact — that Jewish cowboys were "the first cowboys in America". The chapter on war horses is 31 but horrifying. In the First World War, of an estimated 16 million horses involved, 8 million were killed.
- 7 A horse is perhaps safest within a frame and Raulff is in his element writing about art. He describes Stubbs as "the Ingres of the stable", identifies the ominous stillness of Degas' painting *The Fallen Jockey* and gives an inspired analysis of Rembrandt's *The Polish Rider*, with its spectral horse, and RB Kitaj's homage *The Jewish Rider*.
- 8 The book is beautifully illustrated. The frontispiece is especially arresting — a black-and-white photograph in which a woman holds up a framed mirror. A grey horse looks solemnly into the glass. It seems to ask what a horse knows about itself, something even the revelatory Raulff — who respects the mystery of his subject — does not attempt to answer.

adapted from *The Guardian*, 2017

## Tekst 7

The following text is the beginning of *A Delicate Truth*, by John le Carré, first published in 2013.

- 1 On the second floor of a characterless hotel in the British Crown Colony of Gibraltar, a lithe, agile man in his late fifties restlessly paced his bedroom. His very British features, though pleasant and plainly honourable, indicated a choleric nature brought to the limit of its endurance. A distraught lecturer, you might have thought, observing the bookish forward lean and loping stride and the errant forelock of salt-and-pepper hair that repeatedly had to be disciplined with jerky back-handed shoves of the bony wrist. Certainly it would not have occurred to many people, even in their most fanciful dreams, that he was a middle-ranking British civil servant, hauled from his desk in one of the more prosaic departments of Her Majesty's Foreign and Commonwealth Office to be dispatched on a top-secret mission of acute sensitivity.
- 2 His assumed first name, as he insisted on repeating to himself, sometimes half aloud, was Paul and his second — not exactly hard to remember — was Anderson. If he turned on the television set it said *Welcome, Mr Paul Anderson. Why not enjoy a complimentary pre-dinner aperitif in our Lord Nelson's Snug!* The exclamation mark in place of the more appropriate question mark was a source of constant annoyance to the pedant in him. He was wearing the hotel's bathrobe of white towelling and he had been wearing it ever since his incarceration, except when vainly trying to sleep or, once only, slinking upstairs at an unsociable hour to eat alone in a rooftop brasserie washed with the fumes of chlorine from a third-floor swimming pool across the road. Like much else in the room, the bathrobe, too short for his long legs, reeked of stale cigarette smoke and lavender air freshener.
- 3 As he paced, he determinedly acted out his feelings to himself without the restraints customary in his official life, his features one moment cramped in honest perplexity, the next glowering in the full-length mirror that was screwed to the tartan wallpaper. Here and there he spoke to himself by way of relief or exhortation. Also half aloud? What was the difference when you were banged up in an empty room with nobody to listen to you but a colour-tinted photograph of our dear young Queen on a brown horse?
- 4 On a plastic-topped table lay the remnants of a club sandwich that he had pronounced dead on arrival, and an abandoned bottle of warm Coca-Cola. Though it came hard to him, he had permitted himself no alcohol since he had taken possession of the room. The bed, which he had learned to detest as no other, was large enough for six, but he had only to stretch out on it for his back to give him hell. A radiant crimson counterpane of imitation silk lay



over it, and on the counterpane an innocent-looking cellphone which he had been assured was modified to the highest state of encryption and, though he was of little faith in such matters, he could only suppose it was. Each time he passed it, his gaze fixed on it with a mixture of reproach, longing and frustration.

5        *I regret to inform you, Paul, that you will be totally incommunicado, save for operational purposes, throughout your mission, the laborious South African voice of Elliot, his self-designated field commander, is warning him. Should an unfortunate crisis afflict your fine family during your absence they will pass their concerns to your office's welfare department, whereupon contact with you will be made. Do I make myself clear, Paul?*

6        You do, Elliot, little by little you do.

7        Reaching the overlarge picture window at the further end of the room, he scowled upward through the grimy net curtains at Gibraltar's legendary Rock which, sallow, wrinkled and remote, scowled back at him like an angry dowager. Yet again, out of habit and impatience, he examined his alien wristwatch and compared it with the green numerals on the radio clock beside the bed. The watch was of battered steel with a black dial, a replacement for the gold Cartier presented to him on their twenty-fifth by his beloved wife on the strength of an inheritance from one of her many deceased aunts.

8        But hang on a minute! *Paul hasn't got a bloody wife!* Paul Anderson has no wife, no daughter. Paul Anderson's a bloody hermit!

9        'Can't have you wearing *that*, Paul darling, can we now?' a motherly woman his own age is saying to him a lifetime ago in the red-brick suburban villa near Heathrow airport where she and her sisterly colleague are dressing him for the part. 'Not with those nice initials engraved on it, can we? You'd have to say you'd nicked it off of somebody married, wouldn't you, Paul?'

10       Sharing the joke, determined as ever to be a good chap by his own lights, he looks on while she writes *Paul* on an adhesive label and locks his gold watch away in a cash box with his wedding ring for what she calls *the duration*.

### **Surely one who robs a bank is a thief?**

Sir, Rod Price's attempt (Letters, August 26) to equate savers with imprudent lenders is so illogical as to take one's breath away. A "saver" is one who spends less than he takes in. Whether the saver holds the savings as banknotes or in the form of other assets — equities, real estate, loans, the assets are still the saver's savings. The saver may indeed become an investor or a lender. But to say that a saver who makes prudent investments (whether equities or loans) is responsible for the folly of others is ludicrous.

I agree that if some people caused problems by borrowing beyond their means, those who lent to them should bear part of the consequences by not being repaid in full. But diminishing by intentional inflation the value of assets of those who saved and invested prudently so as to permit the imprudent and irresponsible to avoid paying their lawful debts is nothing other than immorality and theft. A person who robs a bank is a thief, irrespective of whether he gives a portion or all of what he has stolen to what he may consider to be a worthy cause.

**Charles Frisbie,  
Kansas City, MO, US**

*The Financial Times, 2011*

### Healthy diet

- 1 People who cut out carbohydrates tend to have a higher protein intake because they replace carb-filled foods such as bread and pasta with protein-rich meat and dairy.
- 2 Since protein boosts dopamine in our blood and dopamine affects decision-making, Soyoung Park of the University of Lübeck in Germany wondered whether a low-carb diet might change people's behaviour.
- 3 To find out, her team asked people to participate in the "ultimatum game", in which you are split into pairs. Your partner is given some money and they decide how much to share with you. If you accept the offer, both of you get the cash, but if you reject it, no one gets anything.
- 4 .....
- 5 .....
- 6 .....
- 7 Dopamine might have this effect because it is involved in signalling that we have experienced a reward. Perhaps people with higher baseline dopamine levels found a lower sum of money offered by their partner more satisfying and were therefore more likely to find their low offer acceptable, speculates Park.

adapted from *NewScientist*, 2017

### Oxbridge 'rejects'

- 1 SIR - Mark Bailey, high master of St Paul's, is right (Thunderer, Jan 25): Oxbridge<sup>1)</sup> has a distorting and completely outdated pull on 21st-century Britain. The parents are much to blame; again and again, as head of Brighton College and then Wellington College, I saw Oxbridge rejects go off to other universities in Britain and abroad with a lasting impression that they had somehow failed to get into the best.
- 2 Equally absurd is the obsession with Oxbridge as a measure of the success of social mobility in Britain. The young from disadvantaged backgrounds would often be much better off going to more local high-achieving universities than being shunted off to Oxbridge, which might make the social class warriors feel good but can leave the young people lost in a totally alien environment. I went to Oxford, and it suited me perfectly, 42.

SIR ANTHONY SELDON  
Vice-chancellor, University of Buckingham

*The Times, 2018*

noot 1 term used to refer to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge

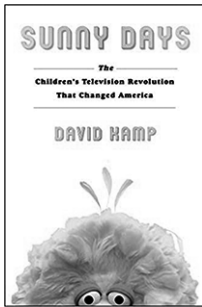


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## Tekst 11

### New Books We Recommend This Week

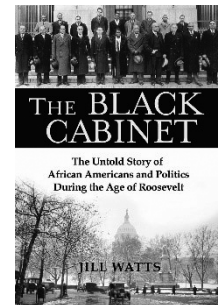
#### **SUNNY DAYS: The Children's Television Revolution That Changed America**, by David Kamp. (Simon & Schuster, \$27.50.)



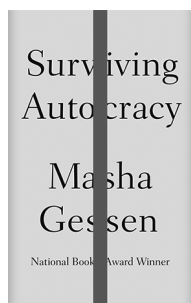
Tracing the origin of a handful of shows ("Mister Rogers," "Sesame Street," "The Magic Garden"), Kamp provides a lively recounting of a particularly ripe period in television and cultural history, when our notion of how to communicate with young children was upended, forever. "Kamp fluidly proves that the Children's Television Workshop — whose shows ("Sesame Street," then "The Electric Company") set the standard for educational programming — was as much a part of the golden era of '70s TV as Norman Lear and Mary Tyler Moore," Melena Ryzik writes in her review.

#### **THE BLACK CABINET: The Untold Story of African Americans and Politics During the Age of Roosevelt**, by Jill Watts. (Grove, \$30.)

A revealing chronicle of a group of African-American intellectuals, many of them little known, who worked in government during the New Deal, forming an unofficial advisory council to lobby the President, to get the community's needs on the table and to bring about social justice. "Watts highlights the gains those efforts secured," Kevin Boyle writes in his review, "but she's at her best when she gives a frank accounting of the barriers the Black Cabinet encountered." The Black Cabinet was never officially recognized by FDR, and with the demise of the New Deal, it disappeared from history. This book is packed with information that every American should be privy to.

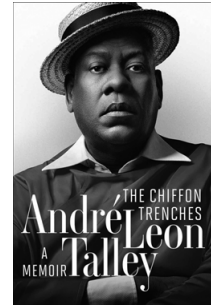


#### **SURVIVING AUTOCRACY**, by Masha Gessen. (Riverhead, \$26.) "Surviving Autocracy" stems from an essay Masha Gessen wrote in November 2016 that offered a set of numbered rules for "salvaging your sanity and self-respect"

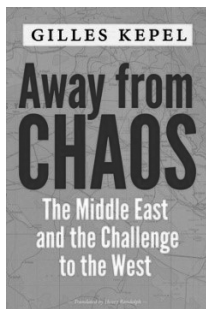


during a time of political upheaval. Gessen links together seemingly disparate elements of Trump's regime to offer a roadmap to his approach, policies, and ultimate aims. "Gessen's writing style is methodical and direct," our critic Jennifer Szalai writes. "To combat nonsense, Gessen counsels making sense, deliberately and with precision, including the reclamation of 'politics' and 'political' — words that have come to denote empty bombast and wily maneuvering when they should call to mind something more substantive."

**THE CHIFFON TRENCHES: A Memoir**, by André Leon Talley. (Ballantine, \$28.) A former Vogue editor sums up his decades-long career in the fashion world, from his first apprenticeship to the front row at couture shows to his fraught relationship with Anna Wintour. "For all its name-dropping, backstabbing, outsize egos, vivid description and use of words like 'bespoke' and 'sang-froid,'" Rebecca Carroll writes in her review, the book is "less about the fashion elite than it is about a black boy from the rural South who got swallowed whole by the white gaze and was spit out as a too-large black man when he no longer fit the narrative."



**AWAY FROM CHAOS: The Middle East and the Challenge to the West**, by Gilles Kepel. Translated by Henry Randolph. (Columbia University, \$35.) Kepel, a French expert on the Middle East, surveys the region's immense geopolitical complexity, the receding but still formidable danger of the region's Islamists and the relative decline in importance of the Arab-Israeli conflict amidst intensifying Sunni-Shiite rivalry in the region. It hopefully but guardedly theorizes that a new era may have begun in the Islamic world. Michael J. Totten writes in his review: "It's devoid of the crippling ideological blinders that sometimes disfigure books about a part of the world so rife with ideology."



**TROOP 6000: The Girl Scout Troop That Began in a Shelter and Inspired the World**, by Nikita Stewart. (Ballantine, \$27.) A Times reporter explores what happened after her article about homeless Girl Scouts went viral, complete with celebrity shampoo donations and a star turn on "The View." Stewart steadfastly shows that behind the myth lies the continued debilitating chaos of homelessness. "She dutifully describes the Cinderella episodes the girls and parents of Troop 6000 enjoy, but she refuses to avert her eyes from their precarious lives," Samuel G. Freedman writes in his review. The scouts' leader "faces exasperating obstacles in forming a troop with the rules regulating life in homeless shelters."



adapted from *Nytimes.com*, 2020