

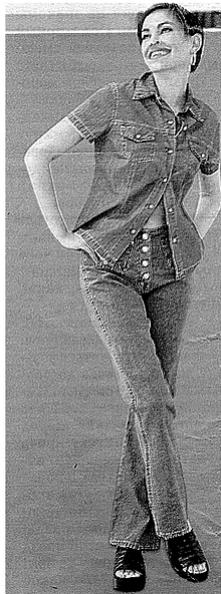
Carin C.Quinn

The Jeaning of America – and the World

This is the story of a sturdy American symbol which has now spread throughout most of the world. The symbol is not the dollar. It is not even Coca-Cola. It is a simple pair of pants called blue jeans, and what the pants symbolize is what Alexis de Tocqueville called 'a manly and legitimate passion for equality...' Blue jeans are favored equally by bureaucrats and cowboys, bankers and deadbeats, fashion designers and beer drinkers. They draw no distinctions and recognize no classes: they are merely American. Yet they are sought after almost everywhere in the world – including Russia, where authorities recently broke up a teen-aged gang that was selling them on the black market for two hundred dollars a pair. They have been around for a long time, and it seems likely that they will outlive even the necktie.

This ubiquitous American symbol was the invention of a Bavarian-born Jew. His name was Levi Strauss.

He was born in Bad Oheim, Germany, in 1829, and during the European political turmoil of 1848 decided to take his chances in New York, to which his two brothers already had emigrated. Upon arrival, Levi soon found that his two brothers had exaggerated their tales of an easy life in the land of the main chance. They were landowners, they had told him; instead, he found them pushing needles, thread, pots, pans, ribbons, yarn, scissors, and buttons to housewives. For two years he was a lowly peddler, hauling some 180 pounds of sundries door-to-door to eke out a marginal living. When a mar-



Carin Quinn tells about Levi Strauss's development of blue jeans, the sturdy and reliable American pants that are now famous worldwide. Quinn also explains some of the reasons for the popularity and success of blue jeans.

ried sister in San Francisco offered to pay his way West in 1850, he jumped at the opportunity, taking with him bolts of canvas he hoped to sell for tenting.

It was the wrong kind of canvas for the purpose, but while talking with a miner down from the mother lode, he learned that pants- sturdy pants that would stand up to the rigors of the diggings – were almost impossible to find. Opportunity beckoned. On the spot, Strauss measured the man's girth and inseam with a piece of string and, for six dollars in gold dust, had (the canvas) tailored into a pair of stiff but rugged pants. The miner was delighted with the result, word got around about those pants of Levi's, and Strauss was in business. The company has been in business ever since.

When Strauss ran out of canvas, he wrote his two brothers to send more. He received instead a tough, brown cotton cloth made in Nomes, France – called **serge de Nomes** and swiftly shortened to 'denim' (the word 'jeans' derives from **Gknnes**, the French word for Genoa, where a similar cloth was produced). Almost from the first, Strauss had his cloth dyed the distinctive indigo that gave blue jeans their name, but it was not until the 1870s that he added the copper rivets which have long since become a company trademark. The rivets were the idea of a Virginia City, Nevada, tailor, Jacob W.Davis, who added them to pacify a mean-tempered miner called Alkali Ike. Alkali, the story goes, complained that the pockets of his jeans always tore when he stuffed them with ore samples and demanded that Davis do something about it. As a kind of joke, Davis took the pants to a blacksmith and had the pockets riveted; once again, the idea worked so well that word got around; in 1873 Strauss appropriated and patented the gimmick – and hired Davis as a regional manager.

By this time, Strauss has taken both his brothers and two brothers-in-law into the company and ready for his third San Francisco store. Over the ensuing years the company prospered locally and by the time of his death in 1902, Strauss had become a man of prominence in California. For three decades thereafter the business remained profitable though small, with sales largely confined to the working people of the West-cowboys, lumberjacks, railroad workers, and the like. Levi's jeans were first introduced to the to the East, apparently, during the dude-ranch craze of the 1930s, when vacationing Easterners returned and spread the word about the wonderful pants with rivets.

Another boost came in World War II, when blue jeans were declared as essential commodity and were sold only to people engaged in defence work. From a company with fifteen salespeople, two plants, and almost no business east of the Mississippi in 1946, the organization grew in thirty years to include a sales force of more than twenty-two thousand, with fifty plants and offices in thirty-five countries. Each year, more than 250,000,000 items of Levi's clothing are sold- including more than 83,000,000 pairs of riveted blue jeans. They have become, through marketing, word of mouth, and demonstrable reliability, the common pants of America. They can be purchased pro-washed, pre-faded, and pre-shrunk for the suitably proletarian look. They adapt themselves to any sort of idiosyncratic use; women slit them at the inseams and convert them into long skirts, men chop them off above the knees and turn them into something to be worn while challenging the surf. Decorations and ornamentations abound.

The pants have become a tradition, and along the way have acquired a history of their own-so much so that the company has opened a museum in San Francisco. There was, for example, the turn-of-the century trainman who replaced a faulty coupling with a pair of jeans; the Wyoming man who used his jeans as a towrope to haul his car out of a ditch; the Californian who found several pairs in an abandoned mine, wore them, then discovered they were sixty-three years old and still as good as new and turned them over to the Smithsonian as a tribute to their toughness. And then there is the particularly terrifying story of the careless construction worker who dangled fifty-two stories above the street until rescued, his sole support the Levi's belt loop through which his rope was hooked.

Questions About the Reading

1. What reasons does Quinn give for the success of Blue jeans? Identify the sentences that support your answer.
2. What are the main incidents in the development of blue jeans?
3. What conclusions can you draw about Strauss's character?
4. How do you think Quinn feels about Levi's jeans and their popularity?
5. What do you think of JEANS?

Writing Assignment

Write a narrative essay in which you explain achievement – either your own or that of another person—resulting from one of the following: working hard, being lucky, taking a risk, or being innovative. Describe the series of events that led to success.

Kimberly Ordway (Student)

Mistaken Ideas about College

Before I came to college, I was sure I knew all about it. I had talked to guidance counselors, I had met some college students, I had looked at some catalogues, and I had seen more than my share of old 'college' movies where the heroes belonged to 'jock' fraternities and the heroines to sophisticated sororities. I knew all about it. Or so I thought. But, now, after one semester as a college student, many of my old ideas have changed completely.

I used to imagine bossy upper-classmen, for example. I thought they would be know-it-all rulers of the campus who got their kicks from harassing freshmen. I pictured being directed to the wrong classrooms, being snubbed because I was too young, and eating lunch standing up because older students wouldn't allow me at their tables. But, in fact, the upper-classmen (when I



could tell them from the freshmen) turned out to be quite civilized. They didn't even notice me, but if I did need help, they were willing to give it. In the beginning, more experienced students helped me to choose my professors and courses and to find my rooms, and later they encouraged me to stick with my tough courses (even calculus) and they tried (unsuccessfully) to teach me how to stay cool during examinations. No harassment here.

The upper-classmen weren't the only ones I worried about. I was also concerned about the other freshmen. I was afraid they might think I was too fat, too shy, too ugly, too cowardly, or even too dumb to bother with. I thought their backgrounds and interests would be much more exciting than mine; I wondered who would care about a small-town girl whose typical pastime was strolling to the corner store for penny candy, popsicles, and Pepsi. And, most of all, I was afraid of being alone, with my old friends far away and no new ones here. Again I was wrong. When I finally got to college, I discovered that most students felt exactly as I did. They were as uneasy with me as I was with them and as we, started to open we began to trust one another. We began to become curious about each others, backgrounds and interests; the differences among us, actually became attractions. We laughed, for example, at our comparative pronunciations of 'car' as 'cah' or 'caR' and I learned that 'Get down' means 'Feel good' in Boston. And no one seemed to think that I was fat, shy, ugly, cowardly or dumb!

These weren't all my worries, though. I was also frightened by the classes and especially by the teachers. I imagined myself lost in a two-hundred-seat lecture hall, desperately scratching down pieces of notes preached from a great-distance by a tiny, inaudible male professor with white hair and little gold-rimmed glasses. I was convinced he'd have no patience with my stupid questions, so I'd be perpetually lost. Wrong here too. Most of my classes had only thirty to forty students (some were smaller) and the professors, male and female, looked downright ordinary. One teacher had prematurely grey hair and none of them had gold-rimmed glasses. I did find myself desperately scratching down notes, but I also had plenty of chances to ask questions and even to take part in discussions. In the one-to-one meetings after class, I came to appreciate the teachers even more. They were actually interested in teaching me!

I changed my mind about other things too. I had expected homework to be a book-filled nightmare as I burned the midnight oil until two A.M., fighting off a headache which would keep me from meeting due dates and eventually send me back to the corner store. Actually, I got most of my homework done well before midnight and I met all my due dates. And even the examinations were not a total disaster. They were not three-hour tests crammed into one hour, nor were they made up of many pages of single-spaced typed questions exclusively

on details I had overlooked. Oh yes, I did have some awful tests; I did break out in a clammy sweat, develop a stomach upset and a gigantic headache; and I did spend finals week on Pepto-Bismol, but contrary to expectations, I passed all my exams with good grades.

I've always been a pessimist. Then if the worst happens, I'm ready for it. For at least three and a half more years, I plan to live by this philosophy, but even with this, I know I won't be as negative as I was before got to college. Not all schools would be the same, but this one turned out to be much better than I thought it would be – a good lesson in not jumping to conclusions. And, being a pessimist, I had the extra fun of discovering just how much better it could be. No doubt my attitude toward college will shift still more as I go on, but I know I'll never be as far off as I was before I got here.

Questions About the Reading

1. Where did the writer get her mistaken ideas about college?
2. What was the writer afraid of and Why?
3. Why has the writer always been a pessimist? How has her attitude changed?

Writing Assignments

1. How did you feel before entering the university and how comfortable you feel now? Contrast the way you approached and wrote your first university writing assignment with the way you handled a more recent one. Have your methods of your attitudes changed?
2. Has an important event or period in your life greatly changed your outlook on life? If so, write a paper describing the event and contrasting the attitudes you held before with those you hold now.

Roger Sipher

So That Nobody Has to Go to School if They Don't Want To

A decline in standardized test scores is but the most recent indicator that American education is in trouble.

One reason for the crisis is that present mandatory-attendance laws force many to attend school who have no wish to be there. Such children have little desire to learn and are so antagonistic to school that neither they nor more highly motivated students receive the quality education that is the birthright of every American.

The solution to this problem is simple: Abolish compulsory – attendance laws and allow only those who are committed to getting an education to attend.

This will not end public education. Contrary to conventional belief legislators enacted compulsory-attendance laws to legalize what already existed. William Landes and Lewis Solomon, economists, found little evidence that mandatory-attendance laws increased the number of children in school. They found, too, that school systems have never effectively enforced such laws, usually because of the expense involved.

There is no contradiction between the assertion that compulsory attendance has had little effect on the number of children attending school and the argument that repeal would be a positive step toward improving education.

Most parents want a high school education for their children. Unfortunately compulsory attendance hampers the ability of public school officials to enforce legitimate educational and disciplinary policies and thereby make the education a good one.

Private schools have no such problem. They can fail or dismiss students, knowing such students can attend public school. Without compulsory



The problem of the declining quality of American schools. Here is a different solution.

attendance, public schools would be freer to oust students whose academic or personal behavior undermines the educational mission of the institution.

Has not the noble experiment of a formal education for everyone failed? While we pay homage to the homily, 'You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink,' we have pretended it is not true in education.

Ask high school teachers if recalcitrant students learn anything of value. Ask teachers if these students do any homework. Ask if the threat of low grades motivated them. Quite the contrary, these students know they will be passed from grade to grade until they are old enough to quit or until, as is more likely, they receive a high school diploma. At the point when students could legally quit, most choose to remain since they know they are likely to be allowed to graduate whether they do acceptable work or not.

Abolition of archaic attendance laws would produce enormous dividends.

First, it would alert everyone that school is a serious place where one goes to learn. Schools are neither day-care centers nor indoor street corners. Young people who resist learning should stay away; indeed, an end to compulsory schooling would require them to stay away.

Second, students opposed to learning would, not be able to pollute the educational atmosphere for those who want to learn. Teachers could stop policing recalcitrant students and start educating.

Third, grades would show what they are supposed to: how well a student is learning. Parents could again read report cards and know if their children were making progress.

Fourth, public esteem for schools would increase. People would stop regarding them as way stations for adolescents and start thinking of them as institutions for educating America's youth.

Fifth, elementary schools would change because students would find out early that they had better learn something or risk flunking out later. Elementary teachers would no longer have to pass their failures on to junior high and high school.

Sixth, the cost of enforcing compulsory education would be eliminated. Despite enforcement efforts, nearly 15 percent of the school – age children in our largest cities are almost permanently absent from school.

Communities could use these savings to support institutions to deal with young people not in school. If, in the long run, these institutions prove more costly, at least we would not confuse their mission with that of schools. Schools should be for education. At present, they are only tangentially so. They have attempted to serve an all-encompassing social function, trying to be all things to all people. In the process they have failed miserably at what they were originally formed to accomplish.

Questions About the Reading

1. Explain the following statement: 'You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink.' Why this statement is used by the author concerning education?
2. Do you agree that schools have 'failed miserably' in their mission to educate. Find the phrase in the essay and give your arguments.
3. What are most important problems of children's or students' unwillingness to go to school?

Writing Assignments

1. Did you go to school because of the law or because your parents insisted on it? Write an essay arguing for or against the position that parents, not the law, should decide when and where their children go to school.
2. Many colleges require that students score at a certain level on the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) before admission to the college. There are many opinions about that. Some people think that such tests are biased in favor of white, middle-class students. Do you think colleges should require SAT as a prerequisite for admission? Are you for or against these tests? Write an essay that explains and provides evidence for your position.

Paul Theroux

Healthy Bodies, Healthy Minds?

There would be no food until Albany, when New York section, with its din-

ner, was hooked to this train. So I went into the lounge car and had a beer. I packed my pipe and set it on fire and savored the effulgent blur of lazy reflection that pipe smoke induces in me. I blew myself a cocoon of it, and it hung in clouds around me, so comforting and thick that the girl who entered the car and sat down opposite seemed wraithlike, a child lost in fog. She put three bulging plastic bags on her table, then tucked her legs under her. She folded her hands in her lap and stared stonily down the car. Her intensity made me alert. At the next table a man was engrossed in a Matt Helm story, and near him, two linesmen – they wore their tools – were playing poker. There was a boy with a short-wave radio, but his racket was drowned by the greater racket of the train. A man in a uniform – a train man – was stirring coffee; there was an old greasy lantern at his feet. At the train man's table, but not speaking, a fat woman sneaked bites at a candy bar. She did it quiltily, as if she feared that at any moment someone would shout **'Put that thing away!'**

'You mind not smoking?'

It was the girl with the bags and the stony gaze.

I looked for NO SMOKING sign. There was none. I said, 'Is it bothering you?'

She said, 'It kills my eye.'

I put my pipe down and took a swig of beer.

She said, 'That

Instead of looking at her I looked at her bags. I said, 'They say peanuts cause cancer.'

She grinned vengefully at me and said, 'Pumpkin seeds.'

I turned away.

'And these are almonds.'

I considered relighting my pipe.

stuff is poison.'



Paul Theroux is a novelist, essayist, and the world traveler. The essay bellow tells of an encounter he had during the journey from the suburbs of Boston to the southern tip of South America. He had that journey with a young woman whose absorption with the health of her body has closed her mind to thinking about other viewpoints.

'And this is cashews.'

Her name was Wendy. Her face was an oval of innocence, devoid of any expression of inquiry. Her prettiness was a remote from my idea of beauty as homeliness and consequently was not at all interesting. But I could not blame her for that: it is hard for anyone to be interesting at twenty. She was a student, she said, and on her way to Ohio. She wore an Indian skirt, and lumber jack boots, and the weight of her leather jacket made her appear round shouldered.

'What do you study, Wendy?'

'Eastern philosophy. I'm into Zen.'

Oh, Christ, I thought. But she was still talking. She had been learning the Hole, or perhaps the Whole – it still made no sense to me. She hadn't read all that much, she said, and her teachers were lousy. But she thought that once she got to Japan or Burma she would find out a lot more. She would be in Ohio for a few more years. The thing about Buddhism, she said, was that it involved your whole life. Like everything you did – it was Buddhism. And everything that happened in the world – that was Buddhism, too.

'Not politics,' I said. 'That's no Buddhism. It's just crooked.'

'That's what everyone says, but they're wrong. I've been reading Marx. Marx is a kind of Buddhist.'

Was she pulling my leg? I said, 'Marx was about as Buddhist as this beer can. But anyway, I thought we were talking about politics. It's the opposite of thought – it's selfish, it's narrow, it's dishonest. It's all half truths and short cuts. Maybe a few Buddhist politicians would change things, but in Burma, where...'

'Take this', she said, and motioned to her bags of nuts. 'I'm a raw-foodist-nondairy vegetarian. You're probably right about politics being all wrong. I think people are doing things all wrong – I mean, completely. They eat junk. They **consume junk**. Look At them!' The fat lady was still eating her candy bar, or possibly another candy bar. 'They're just destroying themselves to death. Look at the smoke in this car.'

I said, 'Some of that is my smoke.'

'It kills my eyes.'

'Nondairy', I said. 'That means you don't drink milk.'

'Right.'

'What about cheese? Cheese is nice. And you've got to have calcium.'

'I get my calcium in cashews', she said. Was this true? 'Anyway, milk gives me mucus. Milk is the biggest mucus-producer there is.'

'I didn't know that.'

'I used to go through a box of Kleenex a day.'

'A box. That's quite a lot.'

'It was the milk. It made mucus', she said. 'My nose used to run like you wouldn't believe.'

'Is that why people's noses run? Because of the milk?'

'Yes!' she cried.

I wondered if she had a point. Milk drinkers' noses run. Children are milk drinkers. Therefore, children's noses run. And children's noses do run. But it still struck me as arguable. Everyone's nose runs – except hers, apparently.

'Dairy products give you headaches, too.'

'You mean, they give **you** headaches.'

'Right. Like the other night. My sister knows I'm a vegetarian. So she gives me some eggplant parmian. She doesn't know I'm a non-dairy raw foodist. I looked at it. As soon as I saw it was cooked and had cheese on it, I knew that I was going to feel awful. But she spent all day making it, so what could I do? The funny thing is that I liked the taste of it. God, was I sick afterwards! And my nose started to run.'

I told her that, in his autobiography, Mahatma Gandhi stated that eating meat made people lustful. And yet at thirteen, an age at which most American children were frolicking with the Little League team or concentrating on making spit balls, Gandhi had got married – and he was a vegetarian.

'But it wasn't real marriage', said Wendy. 'It was a kind of Hindu ceremony.'

'The betrothal took place when he was seven years old. The marriage sealed the bargain. They were both thirteen...'

Wendy pondered this. I decided to try again. Had she, I asked, noticed a falling off of her sexual appetite since her conversion to raw vegetables?

'I used to get insomnia', she began. 'And sick – I mean, really sick. And I admit I lost my temper. I think meat **does** cause people to be hostile.'

'But about sexual desire? Lechery, cravings – I don't know quite how to put it.'

'You mean sex? It's not supposed to be violent. It should be gentle and beautiful. Kind of a quiet thing.'

Maybe if you're a vegetarian, I thought. She was still droning on in her pedantic college student way.

'I understand my body better now... I've gotten to know my body a whole lot better... Hey, I can tell when there's just a little difference in my blood sugar level. When I eat certain things.'

I asked her whether she ever got violently ill. She said absolutely not. Did she ever feel a little bit sick?

Her reply was extraordinary: 'I don't believe in germs.'

Amazing. I said, 'You mean, you don't believe that germs exist? They're just an optical illusion under the microscope? Dust, little specks-that sort of thing.'

'I don't think germs cause sickness. Germs are living things-small, living things that don't do any harm.'

'Like cockroaches and fleas,' I said. 'Friendly little critters, right?'

'Germs don't make you sick,' she insisted. 'Food does. If you eat bad food it weakens your organs and you get sick. It's your organs that make you sick. Your heart, your bowels.'

'But what makes your organs sick?'

'Bad food. It makes them weak. If you eat good food, like I do,' she said, gesturing at her pumpkin seeds, 'you don't get sick. Like I never get sick. If I get a runny nose and sore throat, I don't call it a cold.'

'You don't?'

'No, It's because I ate something bad. So I eat something good.' I decided to shelve my inquiry about sickness being merely a question of a runny nose, and not cancer or the bubonic plague. Let's get down to particulars, I thought. What had she had to eat that day?

'This Pumpkin seeds, cashews, almonds. A banana. An apple. Some raisins. A slice of wholemeal bread – toasted. If you don't toast it you get mucus.'

'You're sort of declaring war on the gourmets, eh?'

'I know I have fairly radical views,' she said.

'I wouldn't call them radical,' I said, 'They're smug views, self-important ones. Egocentric you might say the funny thing about being smug and egocentric and thinking about health and purity all the time is that can turn you into a fascist. **My** diet, **my** bowels, **my** self it's the way right-wing people talk, the next thing you know you'll be raving about the purity of the race.'

'Okay,' she conceded in a somersault, 'I admit some of my views are cinservative. But so what?'

'Well, for one thing, apart from your bowels there's a big world out there. The Middle East, The Panama Canal, Political prisoners having their toenails pulled out in Iran. Families starving in India.'

This rant of mine had little effect, though it did get her onto the subject of families – perhaps it was my mention of starving Indians. She hated families, she said. She couldn't help it; she just hated them.

I said, 'What does a family make you think of?'

'A station wagon, a mother, a father. Four or five kids eating hamburgers. They're really awful, and they're everywhere – they're all over the place, driving around.'

'So you think families are a blot on the landscape?'

She said, 'Well, yes.'

She had been at this college in Ohio for three years. She had never in that time taken a literature course. Even more interesting, this was the first time in her life that she had ever been on a train. She liked the train, she said, but didn't elaborate. I wondered what her ambitions were.

'I think I'd like to get involved in food. Teach people about food. What they should eat. Tell them why they get sick.' It was the voice of a commissar, and yet a moment later she said dreamily, 'Sometimes I look at a piece of cheese. I know it tastes good. I know I'll like it. But I also know that I'm going to feel awful the next day if I eat it.'

I said, 'That's what I think when I see a magnum of champagne, a rabbit pie, and a bowl of cream puffs with hot chocolate sauce.'

At the time, I did not think Wendy was crazy in any important sense. But afterward, when I remembered our conversation, she seemed to me profoundly

loony. And profoundly incurious. I had casually mentioned to her that I had been to Upper Burma and Africa. I had described Leopold Bloom's love of 'the faint tang of urine' in the kidneys he had for breakfast. I had shown a knowledge of Buddhism and the eating habits of Bushmen in the Kalahari and Gandhi's early married life. I was a fairly interesting person, was I not? But not once in the entire conversation had she asked me a single question. She never asked what I did, where I had come from, or where I was going. When it was not interrogation on my part, it was monologue on hers. Uttering rosy generalities in her sweetly tremulous voice, and tugging her legs back into the lotus position when they slipped free, she was an example of total self-absorption and desperate self-advertisement. She had mistaken egotism for Buddhism. I still have a great affection for the candor of American college students, but she reminded me of how many I have known who were unteachable.

Questions About the Reading

1. What is the writer's opinion of the girl? Does he state his opinion? If so, in which sentences particularly?
2. What is your own opinion of the girl?
3. When the girl talks about wanting to teach other people about foods, the writer says, 'It was a voice of a commissar.' Explain what he means. Would you like to be taught by the girl? Why or why not?
4. Is there anything in the first paragraph to suggest that the writer had already formed an opinion of the girl before she began to speak? Do you think his opinion of her changed during their conversation?

Writing Assignments

1. Write a narrative essay about an interesting conversation you had during a bus ride or a plane ride, while waiting in a long line, or in some similar situation. Use dialogue to recount what was said.
2. Write a narrative essay describing an argument between two people on some important issue, such as the death penalty, the nuclear freeze movement, acid rain, or teenage pregnancy. If you like, make this an imaginary argument.

Isaac Asimov

What is Intelligence, Anyway?

What is intelli-gence, anyway? When I was in the army I received a kind of aptitude test that all soldiers took and, against a normal of 100, scored 160. No one at the base had ever seen a figure like that, and for two hours they made a big fuss over me. (It didn't mean anything. The next day I was still a buck private with KP as my highest duty.)

All my life I've been registering scores like that, so that I have the complacent feeling that I'm highly intelligent, and I expect other people to think so, too. Actually, though, don't such scores simply mean that I am very good at answering the type of academic questions that are considered worthy of answers by the people who make up the intelligence tests – people with intellectual bents similar to mine?

For instance, I had an auto-repair man once, who, on these intelligence tests, could not possibly have scored more than 80, by my estimate. I always took it for granted that I was far more intelligent, than he was. Yet, when any thing went wrong with my car I hastened to him with it, watched him anxiously as he explored its vitals, and listened to his pronouncements as though they were divine oracles – and he always fixed my car.

Well, then suppose my auto-repair man devised questions for an intelligence test. On suppose a carpenter did, or a farmer, or, indeed, almost anyone but an academician. By every one of those tests, I'd prove myself a moron. And I'd be a moron,



Many of us think that intelligence is something one is simply born with, or that it has to do with doing well in school or managing with all people. In the essay Isaac Asimov asks everybody to think about intelligence and rethink our definition of this thing.

too. In a world where I could not use my academic training and my verbal talents but had to do something intricate or hard, working with my hands, I would do poorly. My intelligence, then, is not absolute but is a function of the society I live in and of the fact that a small subsection of that society has managed to foist itself on the rest as an arbiter of such matters.

Consider my auto-repair man, again. He had a habit of telling me jokes whenever he saw me. One time he raised his hand from under the automobile hood to say: 'Doc, a deaf-and-dumb guy went into a hardware store to ask for some nails. He put two fingers together on the counter and made hammering motions with the other hand. The clerk brought him a hammer. He shook his head and pointed to the two fingers he was hammering. The clerk brought him nails. He picked out the sizes he wanted, and left. Well, Doc, the next guy who came in was a blind man. He wanted scissors. How do you suppose he asked for them?'

Indulgently, I lifted my right hand and made scissoring motions with my first two fingers. Whereupon my auto-repair man laughed raucously and said, 'Why, you dumb jerk, he used his **voice** and asked for them.' Then he said, smugly, 'I've been trying that on all my customers today.' 'Did you catch many?' I asked. 'Quite a few,' he said, 'but I knew for sure I'd catch you.' 'Why is that?' I asked. 'Because you're so goddamned educated, Doc, I knew you couldn't be very smart.'

And I have an uneasy feeling he had something there.

Questions About the Reading

1. What distinction does the writer make between being educated and being smart?
2. What would you answer the repairman if he asked you the same question? Try to be honest.
3. Do you think the repairman is smarter than the writer? Why and why not?
4. Does the writer actually define **intelligence**? If so, state his definition in your own words. If not, explain why not.
5. Can you say anything about the writer's attitude toward the joke? Why

his attitude ironic or why not?

6. Is the repairman a **symbol**? If so, what does he represent?

Writing Assignments

1. Write an essay defining the term joke. Use examples to illustrate your definition.
2. What do you understand intelligence?
3. Pick one or all the following concepts and define it in an essay: **BEAUTY, TRUTH, WISDOM, or QUILTY.**

Ellen Goodman

The Family / Career Priority Problem

One day last week Ed Koch left his Greenwich Village apartment to take the M-6 bus downtown. About the same time he was being sworn in as mayor of New York City, my friend Carol was turning down a job as a top executive of a New York corporation.

On the surface, these two events seem to be totally unrelated, except for the fact that they took place in the same city. But I don't think they are. You see, Ed Koch is a bachelor, and my friend Carol is married and a parent, and there's a difference.

No, this isn't a story that ends with a one-line complaint from Carol: 'If it hadn't been for you, I would have been a sat.' (Or a mayor, for that matter). Nor is it a story of discrimination. Her husband didn't put his foot down. Her parents didn't form a circle around her shouting, '**Bad** mother, **bad!**' until she capitulated.

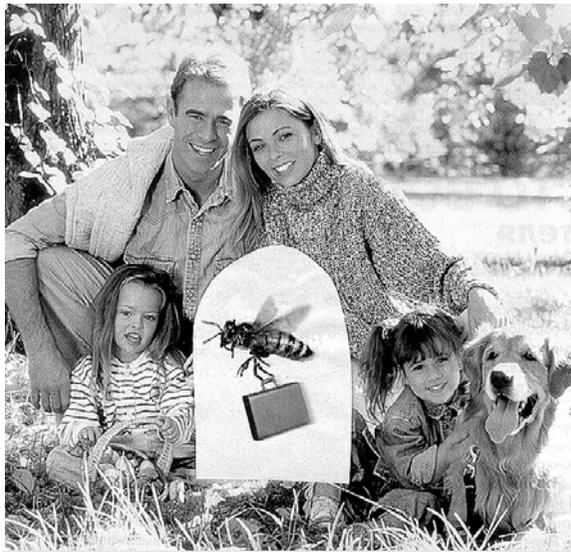
Carol chose. She wanted the promotion so much she could taste it. But the job came with weekends and evenings and traveling attached, and she didn't want to miss that time with her husband and two children. She couldn't do both. Knowing that didn't make it any easier.

Carol is not the only one I know making these decisions. Another friend refused to move up a rung on the professional ladder because it would have meant uprooting his family and transferring his wife out of a career of her own. A third couple consciously put their careers on the back burner in order to spend time with the family they'd merged out of two previous marriages.

These were no bitter choices, but tough ones. As Carol said, it isn't possible to give overtime at work and decent time at home.

Once it was normal for a man to devote his energy entirely to his work, while his family was taken care of by his wife. Once men led the public lives and women the private lives. Now that gap is closing, and another one is growing between family people and single people. Everywhere it seems that men and women who care the most about their private lives are living them that way, while the single people have become the new upwardly mobile.

In Washington you can see the difference. There, a twenty-eight-year old bachelor such as White House aide David Rubinstein works more than sixteen hours a day and eats vending-machine meals, while a guy like Representative Lloyd Meeds (D-Washington) decides not to take his family through another congressional



How do today's successful people find time for both family and career? Find the answer yourself.

election fight, and drops out. There, despite the attempts of the Cartes to encourage family time, the government still runs on excess. As one observer puts it, the only way to get the work done is to be single or to have a lousy marriage.

In New York the successful politicians (aside from Koch) now include Carol Bellamy, the single head of the city council, and Andrew Stein, the divorced borough president. The governor is a widower, the lieutenant governor is legally separated.

All around us the prototypical workaholics are single, with Ralph Nader leading the Eastern division, and Jerry Brown bringing up the West. And in the U.S. Senate last year there were enough divorces to justify legal insurance.

I don't think that this is something 'movements' or legislation can solve. I am reminded of the moment in the movie **The turning Point** when Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine realize that they both wanted it all. These two women hadn't chosen in their lives between work and family in the classic sense, but between workaholicism and family: between the sort of success that demands single-minded devotion to a goal and the sort of 'balanced' life that includes family and work, but precludes overachieving. In the end the star was a bachelor.

The decisions they faced are the rock-bottom ones, the toughies. How do you divide the pie of your life – your own time and energy?

Today, the cast of characters is changing. It isn't only men in high-powered work lives and women at home. But the choices have remained the same. There seems to be an inherent contradiction between the commitment to become number one, the best, the first, and the commitment to a rich family life. A contradiction between family-first people and work-first people.

The irony is that we need decisionmakers who care and understand about children and private lives. And I wonder how we will find them if the room at the top becomes a bachelor pad.

Questions About the Reading

1. Politics figures in most of the essay's examples, even though Carol worked for a corporation. Why do you think the writer focuses on

politics?

2. Do you think Goodman favors family-first people or work-first people? Who does she think is stronger? Is she neutral? Cite examples from the essay to support your answer.
3. Does Goodman believe all work must lead to a choice between work and family? Support your answer with the statements from the essay.
4. Work or family – What would you choose and Why?

Writing Assignment

Do you agree with the writer's opinion about the family/career problem? Write an essay in which you state how you view the family/career problem. Use examples to develop and explain your view.

Michael Korda

Obtaining POWER

My friend and I are sitting at the Central Park Zoo, on the terrace of the cafeteria, one of those hot summer afternoons when the park is so crowded with people that the animals seem more human than oneself. To our right are the towers of commercial New York, a high, brutal cliff of great buildings, rising through the layers of haze like the dreaded tower of Barad-Du in Tolkien's **The Lord of the Rings**. I can understand how one can become a powerful person in simpler societies and cultures; it may be a long, hard initiation, but the distractions are fewer. The sheer size of the city distorts the ego. We are either reduced to the impotence of a meaningless daily routine—sleep, eat, made even more painful by the knowledge that we have no power over our lives; or worse, we destroy ourselves by trying to become bigger, more famous, more powerful than the city itself. Can one have power here, I want to know, in a life full of compromises, decisions, worries, pressures, in a place where even the mayor seldom seems able to control anything at all? I can understand the meaning of power in the desert, the significance of the rites of power, the sudden illuminations of self-awareness that come when one is alone with Nature – all that makes sense. But in an office on the thirty-eighth floor of

a huge building in which thousands of people work? How does one seek power there?

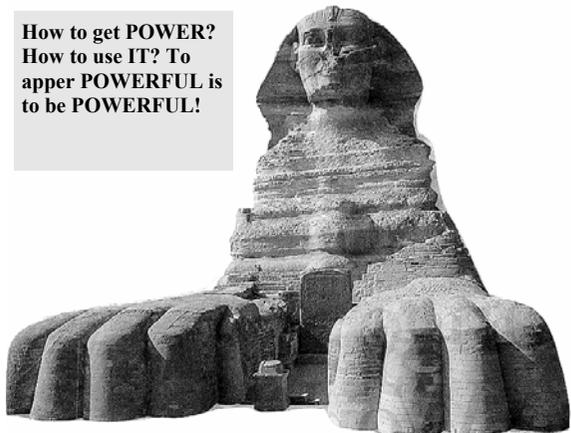
My friend smiles. There are rules, they are the same for everybody, this terrace is not so very different from a jungle clearing. The rules of power do not change because one is on the subway, or in Central Park, or in an office without windows, where everything is made of plastic. 'The first rule,' he says, 'is simple. Act impeccably! Perform every act as if it were the only thing in the world that mattered.'

I can understand that all right. It's an old Zen principle – you put your whole soul and being and life into the act you're performing. In Zen archery your entire being, wills the arrow into, the bull's-eye with an invisible force. It's not a question of winning, or even caring, it's making the everyday acts we all perform important to ourselves. No matter how small the task, we have to teach ourselves that it **matters**. If we are going to intervene in a meeting, we must do so at the right moment, prepare for what we want to say, speak up at the crucial point when our intervention will be heard and listened to, make sure that attention is paid. Otherwise, it's best to remain silent. It is better to do nothing than to do something badly.

'Second rule: never reveal all yourself to other people, hold something back in reserve so that people are never quite sure if they really know you.'

I can see that too. It's not that anybody seeking power should be secretive-secrecy isn't the trick at all. It's more a question of remaining slightly mysterious, as if one were always capable of doing something surprising and unexpected. Most people are so predictable and reveal so much of themselves that a person who isn't

**How to get POWER?
How to use IT? To
appear POWERFUL is
to be POWERFUL!**



and who doesn't automatically acquire a kind of power. For this reason, it is important to give up the self-indulgent habit of talking about one self. The power person listens instead, and when he **does** talk about himself, it is in order to change to subject of conversation. Good players can always tell when someone is about to ask them to do something they don't want to do, and they effortlessly but firmly move the conversation onto a personal level. One of the best players I know can talk about himself for hours at the slightest sign of opposition or a demand about to be made on him. Even so, he reveals nothing. Sometimes he gives the impression that he has two children, sometimes three, occasionally none, and he has at various times given people to understand that he was graduated from Yale, Harvard, and Stanford. Some confusion exists as to whether or not he is Jewish or Protestant, since he has claimed to be both, and also crosses himself when he passes St. Patrick's Cathedral. Nobody really knows the truth about him, and he is therefore respected. Once we know everything about person, we have squeezed him dry like a juiced orange, he is no longer of any use or interest to us, we can throw him away.

'Third rule: learn to use time, think of it as a friend, not an enemy. Don't waste it in going, after things you don't want.'

Using time! Of course, but how seldom we do! Time uses us, we are merely its servants. We fight it as if it were the enemy, trying to force two hours' work into forty-five minutes if we're ambitious, or to stretch forty-five minutes' work into two hours if we're not. Powerful people devote exactly as much time to what they're doing as they need to or want to. They do not try to answer two telephones at once, or begin a meeting and then end it before a conclusion has been reached because 'time has run out', or interrupt one conversation to begin another. They are willing to be late, to miss telephone calls, and to postpone today's work to tomorrow if they have to. Events do not control them – they control events.

'Fourth rule: learn to accept your mistakes. Don't be a perfectionist about everything.'

True enough. Half the people we know are rendered powerless by their need to be perfect, as if making one mistake would destroy them. Powerful people accept the necessity of taking risks and of being wrong. They don't waste time justifying their mistakes, either, or trying to transform them into

correct decisions. Nothing makes one seem more foolish or impotent than the inability to admit a mistake.

'Last rule: don't make waves, move smoothly without disturbing things.'

That makes sense too, even in our world. Half the art of power lies in arranging for things to happen the way we want them to, just as a good hunter stays in one place and draws the game toward him. Instead of wearing himself or pursuing it. The skills of the hunter are not out of place in our world: they must merely be applied differently.

My friend smiles again. 'What more can I say?' he asks, waving to the buildings south of the park. 'It's your world. You picked it – telephones, Telex machines, credit cards and all. Myself, I wouldn't care buying a new car, or running a corporation – we don't have the same ambitions and desires. But I could live here as easily as I can anywhere else. You only need power. And since you live in it, you have to examine this world of yours coldly and clearly, as if your life depended on it. Because it **does**.'

Questions About the Reading

1. What conditions of modern society make people feel powerless? Why?
2. What are the rules of seeking power? How do you feel about them? Can you think of more rules than those that are listed? How many of them can you find?
3. How do you think is the writer powerful and what facts show you that?
4. Are you Powerful? How did you reach your power?

Writing Assignments

1. Write an essay describing the steps you would take if you wanted to become more powerful in your personal life. If you're powerful enough, give some guides to a person who wants to be powerful.
2. The writer's third rule is gaining control of time. Write an essay describing what steps you might take to be more in control of your time.

Andy Rooney

How to Put Off

Doing a Job

February is one of the most difficult times of the year to put off doing some of the things you've been meaning to do. There's no vacation coming up, there are no long weekends scheduled in the immediate future; it's just this long, grim February. Don't tell me it's a short month. February is the longest by a week.

Because I have so many jobs that I don't like to do, I've been reviewing the notebook I keep with notes in it for how to put off doing a job. Let's see now, what could I use today?

– Go to the store to get something. This is one of my most dependable putter-offers. If I start a job and find I need some simple tool or a piece of hardware, I stop right there. I put on some better clothes, get in the car and drive to the store. If that store doesn't have what I'm looking for, I go to another. Often I'm attracted to some item that has nothing whatsoever to do with the job I was about to start and I buy that instead. For instance, if I go to the hardware store to buy a new snow shovel so I can clean out the driveway but then I see a can of adhesive spray that will keep rugs in place on the floor, I'm apt to buy the adhesive spray. That ends the idea I had to shovel out the driveway.

– Tidy up the work area before starting a job. This has been useful to me over the years as a way of not getting started. Things are such a mess in my workshop, on my desk, in the kitchen and in the trunk of the car that I decide I've got to go through some of the junk before starting to work.

– Make those phone calls There's no sense trying to do a job if you have other things on your mind, so get them out of the way first. This is very effective way of not getting down to work. Call friends you've been meaning to call, or the distant relative you've been out of touch with. Even if someone is in California, Texas or Chicago and you're in Florida, call. Paying for a long distance call is still easier and less unpleasant than actually getting down to work.

– Study the problem. It's foolish to jump right into a job before you've thought it through.



Some steps you can follow to avoid accomplishing something.

You might be doing the wrong thing. There might be an easier way to accomplish what you want to do, so think it over carefully from every angle. Perhaps someone has written a how – to book about the job you have in front of you. Buy the book and then sit down and read it. Ask friends who have had the same job for advice about the best way to do it.

Once you've studied the problem from every angle, don't make a quick decision. Sleep on it.

– Take a coffee break. Although the term 'coffee break' assumes that you are drinking coffee in an interim period between stretches of solid work, this is not necessarily so. Don't be bound by old ideas about when it's proper to take a coffee break. If taking it before you get started is going to help keep you from doing the work, by all means take your coffee break first.

– As a last resort before going to work, think this thing over. Is this really what you want to do with your life? Philosophize. Nothing is better for putting off doing something than philosophizing. Are you a machine, trapped in the same dull, day-after-day routine that everyone else is in? Or are you a person who makes up his or her own mind about things? Are you going to do these jobs because that's what's expected of you, or are you going to break the mold and live the way you feel like living?

Try these as ways for not getting down to work.

Questions About the Reading

1. How do vacations and weekends make it easier to put off doing things?
2. Why does the writer say that February is the longest month – do you agree?
3. Which of the methods for putting off a task can someone use when all the others have been tried?
4. Did you try to follow the writer's directions: did they work?
5. In the end of the essay there are several questions which haven't been answered. Try to answer them.

Writing Assignments

1. Write a process essay describing, how you **do** get down to work – university work, an odd job, or perhaps an athletic activity or practicing

with a musical instrument. How do you discipline yourself to begin, and what steps do you take to get started?

2. Write a process essay describing the steps you would follow if you wanted to teach someone to read.

Michael Korda

Defining Success

Others may ask how you define success. This is more difficult—Success is relative; not everybody wants to put together a four-billion-dollar conglomerate or become President of the United States, or win the Nobel Peace Prize. It is usually a mistake to begin with such grandiose ambitions, which tend to degenerate into lazy daydreams. The best way to succeed, is to begin with a reasonable realistic goal and attain it, rather than aiming at something so far beyond your reach that you are bound to fail. It's also important to make a habit of succeeding, and the easiest way to start is to succeed at something however small, every day, gradually increasing the level of your ambitions and achievements like a runner in training, who begins with short distances and works up to Olympic levels.

Try to think of success as a journey, an adventure, not a specific destination. Your goals may change during the course of that journey, and your original ambitions may be superseded by different larger ones. Success will certainly bring you the material things you want, and a good healthy appetite for the comforts and luxuries of life is an excellent road to success, but basically you'll know you have reached your goal when you have gone that one step further in wealth, fame or achievement, than you ever dreamed was possible.

How you become a success is, of course, your business. Morality has very little to do with success. I do not personally think it is necessary to be dishonest, brutal or unethical in order to succeed, but a great many dishonest, brutal or unethical people in fact do succeed. You'd better be prepared for the fact that

success is seldom won without some tough infighting along the way. A lot depends on your profession, of course. There is a great deal of difference between setting out to become a success in a Mafia family and trying to become vice president of a bank, but the differences simply consist of contrasting social customs and of what is the appropriate way to get ahead in a given profession or business. Whether you're hoping to take over a numbers game or an executive desk, you have to make the right moves for your circumstances. In the former example, you might have to kill someone; in the latter, you might only have to find ways of making your rivals look foolish or inefficient. In either case, you have to accept the rules of the game and play to win, or find some other game. This is a book about success, after all, not morality. The field you go into is your choice but whatever it is, you're better off at the top of it than at the bottom.

Questions About the Reading

1. What does the writer say is the best way to succeed?
2. What does the writer mean while saying think of success as a journey, an adventure, not a specific destination? Does this sentence in any way contradict what he says is the best way to succeed? Do you agree with him?
3. Do you believe that how a person becomes a success is that person's business only? Why or why not?
4. What is the main idea (thesis) of the essay?

Writing Assignments

1. Write an essay in which you define success in terms of a person's life.
2. Write an essay in which you define one or several of the following terms: **competition, cooperation, ambition or substance**. Give some



Do you understand what it is? Then you have to know how to get it and how to use it!

examples. Develop a paragraph for each example.

3. Write an essay defining **morality**.

Ellen Goodman

It's Failure, Not Success

I knew a man who went into therapy about three years ago because, as he put it, he couldn't live with himself any longer. I didn't blame him. The guy was a bigot, a tyrant and a creep.

In any case, I ran into him again after he'd finished therapy. He was still a bigot, a tyrant and a creep, **but** ... he had learned to live with himself.

Now, I suppose this was an accomplishment of sorts. I mean, nobody else could live with him. But it seems to me that there are an awful lot of people running around and writing around these days encouraging us to feel good about what we should feel terrible about, and to accept in ourselves what we should change.

The only thing they seem to disapprove of is disapproval. The only judgment they make is against being judgmental, and they assure us that we have nothing to feel guilty about except guilt itself. It seems to me that they are all intent on proving that I'm OK and You're OK, when in fact, I may be perfectly dreadful and you may be unforgivably dreary, and it may be-gasp! – **wrong**.

What brings on my sudden attack of judgmentitis is success, or rather, **Success!** – the latest in a series of exclamation-point books all concerned with How to Make It.

In this one, Michael Korda is writing a recipe book for success. Like the other authors, he leapfrogs right over the 'Shoulds' and into the 'Hows'. He eliminates value judgments and edits out moral questions as if he were Fanny Farmer and the subject was the making of a blueberry pie.

It's not that I have any reason to doubt Mr.Korda's advice on the way to

achieve success. It may very well be that successful men wear handkerchiefs stuffed neatly in their breast pockets, and that successful single women should carry suitcases to the office on Fridays whether or not they are going away for the weekend.

He may be realistic when he says that 'successful people generally have very low expectations of others.' And he may be only slightly cynical when he writes: 'One of the best ways to ensure success is to develop expensive tastes or marry someone who has them.'

And he may be helpful with his handy hints on how to sit next to someone you are about to overpower.

But simply finesses the issues of right and wrong-silly words, embarrassing words that have been excised like warts from the shiny surface of the new how-to books-Right off the bat, he tells the would-be successful reader that:

– It's OK to be greedy.

– It's OK to look out for Number one.

– It's OK to recognize that honesty is not always the best policy (provided you don't go around saying so). And it's always OK to be rich.

Well, in fact, it's not OK. It's not OK to be greedy, dishonest. It's not OK to be rich. There is a qualitative difference between succeeding by making napalm or by making penicillin.

There is a difference between climbing the ladder of success, and macheteing a path to the top.

Only someone with the moral perspective of a mushroom could assure us that this was all OK. It seems to me that most Americans harbor ambivalence toward

success, not for neurotic reasons, but out of a realistic perception of what it demands.

Success is expensive in terms of time and energy and altered behavior – the sort of behavior he describes in the



Another definition of success, another term, failure. Do you agree with Korda or with Goodman?

grossest of terms: 'If you can undermine your boss and replace him, fine, do so, but never express anything but respect and loyalty for him while you're doing it.'

This author – whose *Power!* topped the best-seller list last year—is intent on helping rid us of that ambivalence which is a signal from our conscience. He is like the other 'Win!' 'Me First!' writers, who try to make us comfortable when we should be uncomfortable.

They are all Doctor Feelgoods, offering us placebo prescriptions instead of strong medicine. They give us a way to live with ourselves, perhaps, but not a way to live with each other. They teach us a whole lot more about 'Failure!' than about success.

Questions About the Reading

1. You read Mr. Korda's 'Obtaining Power' and 'Defining Success'. You agreed or disagreed with something. It was your own opinion. Now you've read the essay about Success as Failure. Is there anything you agree or disagree?
2. Try to analyze the essays in your own way. If you have some arguments you can criticize one of the writers or both.
3. Give your own definitions of **POWER**, **SUCCESS** and **FAILURE**.

Writing Assignment

Write an essay defining **generosity** and **kindness**.

Scott Russell Sanders

Women and Men

I was slow to understand the deep grievances of women. This was because, as a boy, I had envied them. Before college, the only people I had ever known who were interested in art or music or literature, the only ones who read books, the only ones who ever seemed to enjoy a sense of ease and grace were the mothers and daughters. Like the menfolk, they fretted about money they scrimped and made-do. But, when the pay stopped coming in, they were not

the ones who had failed. Nor did they have to go to war, and that seemed to me a blessed fact. By comparison with the narrow, iroclad days of fathers, there was an expansiveness, I thought, in the days of mothers. They went to see neighbors, in shop in town, to run errands at school, at the library, at church. No doubt, had I looked harder at their lives, I would have envied them less. It was not my fate to become a woman, so it was easier for me to see the graces. Few of them held jobs outside the home, and those who did filled thankless roles as clerks and waitresses. I didn't see, then, what a prison a house could be, since houses seemed to me brighter, handsomer places than any factory. I did not realize – because such things were never spoken of – how often women suffered from men's bullying. I did learn about the wretchedness of abandoned wives, single mothers, widows; but I also learned about the wretchedness of lone men. Even then I could see how exhausting it was for a mother to cater all day to the needs of young children. But if I had been asked, as a boy, to choose between tending a baby and tending a machine, I think I would have chosen the baby (Having now tended both, I know I would choose the baby).

So I was baffled when the women at college accused me and my sex of having cornered the world's pleasures. I think something like my bafflement has been felt by other boys (and by girls as well) who grew up in dirt-poor farm country, in mining country, in black ghettos, in Hispanic barrios, in the shadows of factories, in Third World nations-any place where the fate of men is as grim and bleak as the fate of women. Toilers warriors. I realize now how ancient these indentities are, how deep the tug they exert on men, the undertow of a thousand generations. The miseries I saw, as a boy, in the lives of nearly all men I continue to see in the lives of many – the body-breaking toil, the tedium, the call to be taught, the humiliating powerlessness, the battle for a living and for territory.

When the women I met at college thought about the joys and privileges of



When Sanders reached college and learned that men were viewed as oppressors by the women there, it was not easy for him to relate that idea to his experience of what manhood meant.

men, they did not carry in their minds the sort of men I had known in my childhood. They thought of their fathers, who were bankers, physicians, architects, stockbrokers, the big wheels of the big cities. These fathers rode the train to work or drove cars that cost more than any of my childhood houses. They were attended from morning to night by female helpers, wives and nurses and secretaries. They were never laid off, never short of cash at month's end, never lined for welfare. These fathers made decisions that mattered. They ran the world.

The daughters of such men wanted to share in this power, this glory. So did I. They yearned, for a say over their future, for jobs worthy of their abilities for the right to live at peace, unmolested, whole. Yes, I thought, yes yes. The difference between me and these daughters was that they saw me, because of my sex, as destined from birth to become like their fathers, and therefore as an enemy to their desires. But I knew better. I wasn't an enemy, in fact or in feeling. I was an ally. If I had known, then, how to tell them so, would they have believed me? Would they now?

Questions About the Reading

1. What did the writer envy women when he was a boy?
2. In addition to women and men, what other groups is the writer comparing and contrasting in the essay?
3. Which of the groups that the writer describes does he identify with most closely? Find statements in the essay to support your answer.
4. Sanders received a scholarship and was able to go to a university attended by students from wealthy families. What was his attitude towards the students? Why do you think he chose an elite university over a less prestigious one?
5. Is this essay written objectively or subjectively? Identify objective or subjective elements, or both, in writer's presentation.

Writing Assignment

Compare or contrast two or more social groups at your university, for instance nerds, business majors, art majors, party-goers, or social activists.

Richard Wright

My First Lesson in How to Live as a Negro

We were living in Arkansas. Our house stood behind the railroad tracks. Its skimpy yard was paved with black cinders. Nothing green ever grew in that yard the only touch of green we could see was far away, beyond the tracks, over where the white folks lived. But cinders were good enough for me and I never missed the green growing things, and anyhow cinders were fine weapons. You could always have a nice hot war with huge black cinders. All you had to do was crouch behind the brick pillars of a house with your hands full of gritty ammunition. And the first wooly black head you saw pop out from behind another row of pillars was your target. You tried your very best to knock it off. It was great fun.

I never fully realized the appalling disadvantages of a cinder environment till one day the gang to which I belonged found itself engaged in a war with the white boys who lived beyond the tracks. As usual we laid down our cinder barrage, thinking that this would wipe the white boys out. But they replied with a steady bombardment of broken bottles. We doubled our cinder barrage, but they hid behind trees hedges, and the sloping embankments of their lawns. Having no such fortifications, we retreated to the brick pillars of our homes. During the retreat a broken milk bottle caught me behind the ear opening a deep gash which, bled profusely. The sight of blood pouring over my face completely demoralized our ranks. My fello-combatants left me standing paralyzed in the center of the yard, and scurried for their homes. A kind neighbor saw me and rushed me to a doctor, who took three stitches in my neck.

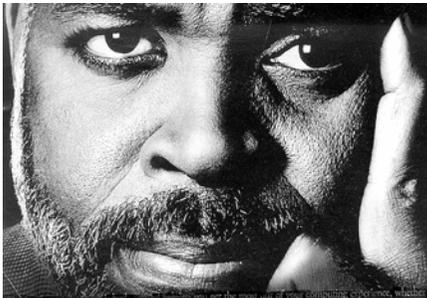
I sat brooding on my front steps, nursing my wound and waiting for my mother to come from work. I felt that a grave injustice had been done me, It was all right to throw cinders. The greatest harm a cinder could do was leave a

bruise. But broken bottles were dangerous; they left you cut bleeding and helpless.

When night fell my mother came from the white folks kitchen, I raced down the street to meet her. I could just feel in my bones that she would under stands I knew she would tell me exactly what to do next time. I grabbed her hand and babbled out the whole story. She examined my wound, then slapped me.

'How come yuh didn't hide?' she asked me 'How come yuh always fightin?' I was outraged, and bawled. Between sobs I told her that I didn't have any trees or hedges to hide behind. There wasn't a thing I could have used as a trench. And you couldn't throw very far when you were hiding behind the brick pillars of a house. She grabbed a barrel stave, dragged me home, stripped me, naked and beat me till I had a fever of one hundred and two. She would smack my rump with the stave, and, while the skin was still smarting, impart to me gems of Jim Crow wisdom I was never to throw cinders any more I was never to fight any more wars. I was never never under any conditions, to fight white folks again. And they were absolutely right in clouting me with the broken milk bottle. Didn't I know she was working hard every day in the hot kitchens of the white folks to make money to take care of me? When was I ever going to learn to be a good boy? She couldn't be bothered with my fights. She finished by telling me that I ought to be thankful to God as long as I lived that they didn't kill me.

All that night I was delirious and could not sleep. Each time I closed my eyes I saw monstorous white faces suspended from the ceiling, leering at me.



My first lesson in how to live as a Negro came when I was quite small.

From that time on the charm of my cinder yard was gone. The green trees, the trimmed hedges the cropped lawns grew very meaningful, became a symbol. Even today when I think of white folks, the hard sharp outlines of white houses surrounded by trees, lawns, and hedges are present somewhere in the background of my mind. Through the years they grew

into an overreaching symbol of fear.

Questions About the Reading

1. Why do you think Wright expected his mother to understand what had happened? Why do you think she punished him instead?
2. Why do you think the green trees trimmed hedges and cropped lawns become a symbol of fear for Wright?
3. Why do you think White people hate Black people so much? Is it some wisdom we cannot and will never understand?

Writing Assignments

1. Have you ever been involved in a fight or an argument that you knew you couldn't win? Describe the incident and its effects on you in an essay.
2. Try to recall an incident that brought home to you the gainful meaning of discrimination and prejudice. Write an essay describing the incident and its influence on you.

Abigail Trafford

Doctor's Dilemma: to Treat or Let Die?

Medical advances in wonder drugs, daring, surgical procedures, radiation therapies, and intensive-care units have brought new life to thousands of people, yet to many of them modern medicine has become a double-edged sword.

Doctors' power to treat an array of space-age, techniques has outstripped the body's capacity to heal. More medical problems can be treated, but for many patients, there is little hope of recovery. Even the fundamental distinction between life and death has been blurred.

Many Americans are caught in medical limbo, as was the South Korean boxer Duk Koo Kim, who was kept alive by artificial means after he had been

knocked unconscious in a fight and his brain ceased to function. With the permission of his family, doctors in Las Vegas disconnected the life-support machines and death quickly followed.

In the wake of technology's advances in medicine, a heated debate is taking place in hospitals and nursing homes across the country-over whether survival or quality of life is the paramount goal of medicine.

'It gets down to what medicine is all about,' says Daniel Callahan, director of the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. 'Is it really to save a life? Or is the larger goal the welfare of the patient?'

Doctors, patients, relatives, and often the courts are being forced to make hard choices in medicine. Most often it is the two extremes of life that these difficult ethical Questions arise – at the beginning for the very sick newborn and at the end for the dying patient.

The dilemma posed by modern medical technology has created the growing new-discipline of bioethics. Many of the country's 127 medical schools now offer courses in medical ethics, a field virtually ignored only a decade ago. Many hospitals have chaplains, philosophers, psychiatrists, and social workers on the staff to help patients make crucial decisions, and one in twenty institutions has a special ethics committee to resolve difficult cases.

DEATH and DYING

Of all the patients in intensive-care units who are at risk of dying, some 20 percent present difficult ethical choices – whether to keep trying to save the life or to pull back and let the patient die. In cancer units, decisions regarding life-sustaining care are made about three times a week.

Even the definition of death has been changed. Now that the heart-lung machine can take over the functions of breathing and pumping blood, death no longer always comes with the patient's



It becomes more and more difficult for doctors, nurses, and patients to know what is right and wrong in medicine.

'last gasp' or when the heart stops beating. Thirty-one states and the District of Columbia have passed brain-death statutes that indentify death as when the whole brain ceases to function.

More than a dozen states recognize 'living wills' in which the patients leave instructions to doctors not to prolong life by feeding them intravenously or by other methods if their illness becomes hopeless. A 1979 syrvey of California doctors showed that 20 to 30 percent had followed instructions of such wills in that year. Meanwhile, the hospice movement, with its emphasis on providing comfort- not cure- to the dying patient, has gained momentum in many areas.

Despite progress in society's understanding of death and dying, thorny issues remain. Example: A woman, 87, afflicted by the nervous-system disorder of Prkinson's disease, has a massive stroke and is found unconscious by her family. Their choices are to put her in a nursing home until she dies or to send her to a medical center for diagnosis and possible treatment. The family opts for a teaching hospital in New York City. Tests show the woman's stroke resulted from a blood clot that is curable with surgery. After the operation, she says to her family: 'Why did you bring me back to this agony?' Her health continues to worsen, and two years later she dies.

On the other hand, doctors say prognosis is often uncertain and that patients, just because they are old and disabled, should, not be denied life-saving therapy. Ethicists also fear that under the guise of medical decisions not to treat certain patients, death may become too easy, pushing the country toward the acceptance of euthanasia.

For some people, the agony of watching high-technology dying is too great. Earlier this year, Woodrow Wison Collums, a retired dairyman from Poteet, Texas, was put on probation for the mercy killing of his older bropther Jim, who lay helpless in his bed at a nursing home, a victim of severe senility resulting from Alzheimer's disease. After the killing, the victim's widow said: 'I thank God Jim's out of his misery. I hate to think it had to be done the way it was done. But I understand it.

CRISIS in NEWBORN CARE

At the other end of the life span, technology has so revolutionized new-born care that it is no longer clear when life Is viable outside the womb. Twenty-five

years ago, infants weighing less than three and one-half pounds rarely survived. The current survival rate is 70 percent, and doctors are 'salvaging' some babies that weigh only one and one-half pounds. Tremendous progress has been made in treating birth deformities such as spina bifida.

Just ten years ago, only 5 percent of infants with transposition of the great arteries – the congenital heart defect most commonly found in newborns – survived. Today, 50 percent live.

Yet, for many infants who owe their lives to new medical advances, survival has come at a price. A significant number emerge with permanent physical and mental handicaps.

'The question of treatment and nontreatment of seriously newborns is not a simple one,' says Thomas Murray of the Hastings Center. 'But I feel strongly that retardation or the fact that someone is going to be less than perfect is not good grounds for allowing an infant to die.'

For many parents, however, the experience of having a sick newborn becomes a lingering nightmare. Two years ago, an Atlanta mother gave birth to a baby suffering from Down's Syndrome, a form of mental retardation; the child also had blocked intestines. The doctors rejected the partners' plea not to operate, and today the child, severely retarded, still suffers intestinal problems.

'Every time Melanie has a bowel movement, she cries,' explains her mother. 'She's not able to take care of herself, and we won't live forever. I wanted to save her from sorrow, pain, and suffering. I don't understand the emphasis on life at all costs, and I'm very angry at the doctors and the hospital. We felt doing nothing, to sustain her life was best for her. The doctors went against nature. I asked the doctors, who threatened to take us to court if we didn't go along with their procedures: 'Who will take care of Melanie after we're gone? Where will you doctors be then?'

CHANGING STANDARDS

The choices posed by modern technology have profoundly changed the

practice of medicine until now, most doctors have been activists, trained to use all the tools in their medical arsenals to treat disease. The current trend is toward nontreatment as doctors grapple with questions not just of who should get care but when to take therapy away.

Always in the background is the threat of legal action. In August, two California doctors were charged with murdering a comatose patient by allegedly disconnecting the respirator and cutting off food and water. In 1981, a Massachusetts nurse was charged with murdering a cancer patient with massive doses of morphine but subsequently was acquitted.

Between lawsuits, government regulations, and patients' rights, many doctors feel they are under siege. Modern medical technology actually has limited their ability to make choices. More frequently, these actions are resolved by committees.

PUBLIC POLICY

In recent years, the debate on medical ethics has moved to the level of national policy. 'It's just beginning to hit us that we don't have unlimited resources,' says Washington Hospital Center's Dr. Lynch. 'You can't talk about ethics without talking about money.'

Since 1972, Americans have enjoyed unlimited access to a taxpayer-supported, kidney-dialysis program that offers life-prolonging therapy to all patients with kidney failure. To a number of policy analysts, the program has grown out of control-to a \$1,4 billion operation supporting 61,000 patients. The majority are over 50, and about a quarter have other illnesses, such as cancer or heart disease, conditions that could exclude them from dialysis in other countries.

Some hospitals are pulling back from certain lifesaving treatments. Massachusetts General Hospital, for example, has decided not to perform heart transplants on the ground that the high costs of providing, syrgery help too few patients. Burn units-though extremely effective-also provide very expensive therapy for very few patients.

As medical scientists push back the frontiers of therapy, the moral dilemma will continue to grow for doctors and patients alike, making the choice of to

treat or not to treat the basic question in modern medicine.

Questions About the Reading

1. What would do you if you found out doctors couldn't treat you properly?
2. What should be done in the case if a mother who is expecting a baby knows that the baby can die of a Disease the baby has been ill?
3. Who must make the following decision: whether or not to let a patient die? Why?
4. Why, according to Dr. Lynch, 'you cannot talk about ethics in medicine without talking about money?'
5. What you understand under 'Professional ethics'?

Writing Assignment

If your mother or grandmother were eighty-seven and her doctors said that she needed a major operation, would you wish that she had it or not? Why?

Isaac Asimov

The Difference Between a Brain and a Computer

The difference between a brain and a computer can be expressed in a single word complexity.

The large mammalian brain is the most complicated thing for its size known to us. The human brain weighs three pounds, but in that three pounds are ten billion neurons and a hundred billion smaller cells. These many billions of cells are interconnected in a vastly complicated network that we can't begin to unravel as yet.

Even the complicated computer man has yet built can't compare in intricacy with the brain. Computer switches and components number in the thousands rather than in the billions. What's more, the computer switch is just an on off device, whereas the brain cell is itself possessed of a tremendously complex

inner structure.

Can a computer think? That depends on what you mean by 'think' if solving a mathematical problem is thinking, then a computer can 'think' and so much faster than a man, of course, most mathematical problems can be solved quite mechanically by repeating certain straightforward processes over and over again. Even the simple computers of today can be geared for that.

It is frequently said that computers solve problems only because they are 'programmed' to do. They can only do what man have them do. One must remember that human beings also can only do what they are 'programmed' to do. Our genes 'program' us the instant the fertilized ovum is formed and our potentialities are limited by that 'program'.

Our 'program' is so much more enormously complex, though, that we might like to define 'thinking' in terms of the creativity that goes into writing a great play or composing a great symphony, in conceiving a brilliant scientists theory or profound ethical judgment. In that sense computers certainly can't think and neither can most humans.

Surely, though is a computer can be made complex enough, it can be as creative as we, if it could be made as a human brain it could be the equivalent of a human brain and do whatever a human brain can do.

To suppose anything else is to suppose that there is more to the human brain than the matter that composes it. The brain is made up of cells in a certain arrangement and the cells are made up of atoms and molecules in certain

arrangements. If anything else is there, no signs of it have ever been detected to duplicate the material complexity of the brain is therefore to duplicate everything about it.

But how long will it take to build a computer complex enough to duplicate the human brain? Perhaps not as long as some think long before we approach a computer as complex as our brain we will perhaps build a computer that is at least complex enough to design another computer more complex than itself This more complex computer could design one still more complex and so on and so on and so on.

In other words, once we pass a certain critical point, the computers take over and there is a 'complexity explosion'. In a very short time there after computers may exist that not only duplicate the human brain-but far surpass it.

Then what? Well, mankind is not doing a very good job of running the earth right now. Maybe, when the time comes we ought to step gracefully aside and hand over the job to someone who can do it better. And if we don't step aside perhaps Supercomputer will simply move in and push us a side.

Questions About the Reading

1. What makes the human brain more complex than a computer? If you disagree give your own arguments.
2. Can a computer be built that would duplicate the human brain? Explain your answer.
3. Can a computer be creative? How?
4. What might happen to humanity if a



Most scientists and knowledgeable observers agree that computers will change our lives more completely than the automobile did, than television and technological innovation has so far How far can computers go? This essay will try to make you stop and think.

computer were built that could surpass the human brain?

Writing Assignments

1. Human memory and the memory of a computer. What is stronger? What will win? Has it got any gender? If yes, what is it?
2. Asimov maintains that there is nothing more to the human brain than its material substance – that the brain is just 'atoms and molecules in certain arrangements. If anything else is there, no signs of it have ever been detected'. Do you agree? Write an essay where you compare, and contrast Asimov's description of the brain with your own views.

Lewis Thomas

Computers

You can make computers that are almost human. In some respects they are super-human; they can beat most of us at chess, memorize whole telephone books at a glance, compose music of a certain kind and write obscure poetry, diagnose heart ailments send personal invitations to vast parties even go transiently crazy. No one has yet programmed a computer to be of two minds about a hard problem, or to burst out laughing, but that may come. Sooner or later there will be real human hardware great whirring, clicking cabinets intelligent enough to read magazines and vote, able to think rings around the rest of us.

Well maybe not for a while anyway. Before we begin organizing sanctuaries and reservations for our software selves lest we vanish like the whales here is a thought to relax with.

Even when technology succeeds in manufacturing a machine as big as Texas to do everything we recognize as human, it will still be, at best a single individual. This amounts to nothing, practically speaking. To match what we can do, there would have to be 3 billion of them with more coming down the assembly line, and doubt that anyone would all have to be wired together, intricately and delicately, as we are communicating with each other, talking incessantly, listening. If they weren't at each other this way all their waking

hours they wouldn't be anything like human, after all I think we're safe for a long time ahead.

It is our collective behavior that we are most mysterious. We won't be able to construct machines like ourselves until we've understood this and we're not even close. All we know is the phenomenon we spend our time sending messages to each other, talking and trying to listen at the same time exchanging information. This seems to be our most urgent biological function; it is what we do with our lives, by the time we reach the end, each of us has taken in a staggering store enough to exhaust any computer much of it incomprehensible and we generally manage to put out even more than we take in. Information is our source of energy; we are driven by it. It has become a tremendous enterprise a kind of energy system on its own. All 3 billion of us are being, connected by telephones, radios, television sets, airplanes, satellites, harangues on public-address systems, news-papers, magazines, leaflets dropped from great heights, words got in edge-wise. We are becoming a grid, circuitry around the earth. If we keep at it, we will become a computer to end all computers, capable of fusing all the thoughts of the world into a syncretium.

Already, there are no closed, two-way conversations. Any word you speak this afternoon will radiate out in all directions, around town before tomorrow, out and around the world before Tuesday accelerating to the speed of light, modulating as it goes, shaping new and unexpected messages, emerging at the end as an enormously funny Hungarian joke, a fluctuation in the money market, a poem or simply a long pause in someone's conversation in Brazil.

We do a lot of collective thinking, probably more than any other social species, although it goes on in something like secrecy. We don't acknowledge the gift publicly, and we are not as celebrated as, the insects, but we do it. Effortlessly, without giving



External complexity that characterizes the human race and can never characterize computers.

it a moment's, thought, we are capable of changing our language, music, manner, morals, entertainment, even the way we dress, all around the earth in a year's turning. We seem to do this by general agreement, without voting or even polling. We simply think our way along, pass information around, exchange codes disguised as art, change our minds, transform ourselves.

Computers cannot deal with such levels of improbability, and it is just as well. Otherwise, we might be tempted to take over the control of our-selves in order to make long-range plans, and that would surely be the end of us. It would mean that some group or other marvelously intelligent and superbly informed, undoubtedly guided by a computer, would begin deciding what human society ought to be like, say, over the next five hundred years or so, and the rest of us would be persuaded, one way or another, to go along. The process of social evolution would then grind to a standstill, and we'd stuck in today's rut for a millennium.

Much better we work our way out of it on our own, without governance. The future is too interesting and dangerous to be entrusted to any predictable, reliable agency. We need all the fallibility we can get. Most of all, we need to preserve the absolute unpredictability and total improbability of our connected minds. That way we can keep open all the options, as we have in the past.

It would be nice to have better ways of monitoring what we're up to so that we could recognize change while it is occurring, instead of waking up as we do now to the astonished realization that the whole century just past wasn't what we thought it was, at all. Maybe computers can be used to help in this, although I rather doubt it. You can make simulation models of cities, but what you learn is that they seem to be beyond the reach of intelligent analysis; if you try to use common sense to make predictions, things get more botched up than ever. This is interesting, since a city is the most concentrated aggregation of humans, all exerting whatever influence they can bring to bear. The city seems to have a life of its own. If we cannot understand how this works, we are not unlikely to get very far with human society at large.

Still, you'd think there would be some way in. Joined together, the great mass of human minds around the earth seems to behave like a coherent, living system. The trouble is that the flow of information is mostly one-way. We are all obsessed by the need to feed information in, as fast as we can, but we lack

sensing mechanisms for getting anything much back I will confess that I have no more sense of what goes on in the mind of mankind than. I have for the mind of an ant. Come to think of it, this might be a good place to start.

Questions About the Reading

1. What is the main difference between human beings and computers, according to the writer?
2. In your own words, explain what makes human beings mysterious, in the writer's view.
3. 'Information is our source of energy'. Do you agree with that? Explain your answer.
4. What type of audience do you think the writer had in mind when he wrote this essay-philosophers? mathematicians? you and me? Do you think his purpose in writing was similar to Asimov's in his essay? Why or why not?
5. How would you characterize this essay-**subjective or objective**? Do you think the writer is expressing approval or disapproval of computers? How about people?

Writing Assignment

Write an essay comparing or contrasting Asimov's views of people and computers with Thomas's ones. Use quotations from the essays to illustrate.

Geoff Simons

Are Computers Alive?

The topic of thought is one area of psychology and many observers have considered this aspect in connection with robots and computers. Some of the old worries about AI (artificial intelligence) were closely linked to the question of whether computers could think. The first massive electronic computers, capable of rapid (if often unreliable) computation and little or no creative activity were soon dubbed electronic brains. 'A reaction to this terminology quickly followed: To put them in their place, computers were called high-speed idiots,' an effort to protect human

vanity. In such a climate the possibility of computers actually being alive was rarely considered. It was bad enough that computers might be capable of thought. But not everyone realized the implications of the high-speed idiot tag. I has not been pointed out often enough that even the human idiot is one of the most intelligent life forms on earth. If the early computers were even that intelligent, it was already are markable state of affairs.

One consequence of speculation about the possibility of computer thought was that we were forced, to examine with new care the idea of thought in general. It soon became clear that we were not surew what we meant by such terms as **thought** and **thinking**. We tend to assume that human beings think, some more than others, though we often call people thoughtless or unthinking. Dreams cause a problem partly because they usually happen outside our control. They are obviously some type of mental experience, but are they a type of thinking? And the question of non-human life forms adds further problems. Many of us would maintain that some of the higher animals-digs, casts, apes, and so on-are capable of at least basic thought, but what about fish and insects? It is certainly true that the higher mammals show complex brain activity when tested with the appropriate equipment. If thinking is demonstrated by evident electrical activity in the brain, then many animal species are capable of thought. Once we have formulated clear ideas on what thought is in biological creatures, it will be easier to discuss the question of thought in artifacts. And what is true of thought is also true of the many other mental processes. One of the immense benefits of all research is thate are being forced to scrutinize, with new rigor the working of the human mind.

It is already clear that machines have superior mental abilities to many life forms. No fern or oak tree can play chess as well as even the simplest digital computer; nor can frogs weld car bodiers as well as robots. The three-fingered mechanical manipulator is cleverer in some ways than the three-toed sloth. It seems that viewed in terms of intellect, the computer should be set well above plants and most animals. Only the higher animals can, it seems, compete with computers with regard to intellegence and

even then with diminishing success. Examples of this are in the games of backgammon and chess. Some of the world best players are now computers.

Questions About the Reading

1. Explain why computers were called high-speed idiots and you would call them now? Why?
2. Is there any difference between **thinking** and **thought**? What exactly?
3. What do you understand by mental activity?

Writing Assignment

Why do we need some robots or thinking machines? Write an essay explaining your point of view.

Jane Brody

Fatigue

Fatigue is one of the most common complaint's brought to doctors, friends, and relatives. You'd think in this era of labor-saving devices and convenient transportation that few people would have reason to be so tired. But probably more people complain of fatigue today than in the days when hay was baled by hand and laundry scrubbed on a washboard. Witness these typical complaints:

'It doesn't seem to matter how long I sleep – I'm more tired when I wake up than when I went to bed.'

'Some of my friends come home from work and jog for several miles or



Do they think? Can they feel? Is it possible at all?

swim laps. I don't know how they do it. I'm completely exhausted at the end of a day at the office.'

'I thought I was weary because of the holidays, but now that they're over. I'm even worse. I can barely get through this week, and on the weekend I do not even have the strength to get dressed. I wonder, if I'm anemic or something.'

'I don't know what's wrong with me lately, but I've been so collapsed that I haven't made a proper meal for the family in weeks. We've been living on TV dinners and packaged mixes. I was finally forced to do a laundry because the kids ran out of underwear.'

The causes of modern-day fatigue are diverse and only rarely related to excessive physical exertion. The relatively few people who do heavy labor all day long almost never complain about being tired, perhaps because they expect to be. To day, physicians report, tiredness is more likely a consequence of underexertion than of wearing yourself down with over-activity. In fact, increased physical activity is often prescribed as a cure for sagging energy.

Kinds of Fatigue

There are three main categories of fatigue. These are physical fatigue, pathological fatigue, and psychological fatigue.

Physical. This is the well-known result of overworking your muscles to the point where metabolic waste products-carbon dioxide and lactic acid-accumulate in your blood and sap your strength. Your muscles can't continue to work efficiently in a bath of these chemicals. Physical fatigue is usually a pleasant tiredness, such as that which you might experience after playing a hard set of tennis, chopping wood, or climbing a mountain. The cure is simple and fast. You rest, giving your body a chance to get rid of a accumulated wastes and restore muscle fuel.

Pathological. Here fatigue is a warning sign or consequence of some underlying physical disorder, perhaps, the common cold or flu or something more serious like diabetes or cancer. Usually other symptoms besides fatigue are present that suggest the true cause.

Even after all illness has passed, you're likely to feel dragged out for a week or more. Take your fatigue as a signal to go slow while your body has a chance to recover fully even if all you had was a cold. Pushing yourself to resume full activity soon could precipitate a relapse and almost certainly will prolong your period of fatigue.

Even though illness is not a frequent cause of prolonged fatigue, it's very important that it is not be overlooked. Therefore, anyone who feels drained of energy for weeks on end should have a thorough physical checkup. But even if nothing shows up as a result of the various medical tests, that doesn't mean there's nothing wrong with you.

Unfortunately too often a medical work-up ends with a battery of negative test results, the patient is dismissed, and the true causes of serious fatigue goes undetected. As Dr. John Bulette, a psychiatrist at the Medical College of Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, tells it, this is what happened to a Pennsylvania woman who had lost nearly fifty pounds and was 'almost dead-so tired she could hardly lift her head up'. The doctors who first examined the woman were sure she had cancer. But no matter how hard they looked, they could find no sign of malignancy or of any other disease that could account for her wasting away. Finally, she was brought to the college hospital, where doctors noted that she was severely depressed.

They questioned about her life and discovered that her troubles had begun two years earlier, after her husband died. Once treated for depression, the woman quickly perked up, gained ten pounds in just a few weeks, then returned home to continue her recovery with the aid of psychotherapy.

Psychological. Emotional problems and conflicts, especially depression and anxiety, are by far the most common causes of prolonged fatigue. Fatigue may represent a defense mechanism that



When so few people do hard physical labor, why do so many people feel tired? In the following essay you will find the answer and you will find out what we can do about it.

prevents you from having to face the true cause of your depression, such as the fact that you hate your job. It is also your body's safety valve for expressing repressed emotional conflicts, such as feeling trapped in an ungratifying, role or an unhappy marriage. When such feelings are not expressed openly, they often come out as physical symptoms, with fatigue as one of the most common manifestations. 'Many people who are extremely fatigued don't even know they're depressed,' Dr. Bulette says. 'They're so busy distracting themselves or just worrying about being tired than they don't recognize their depression.'

One of these situations is so common it's been given a name-tired house-wife syndrome. The victims are commonly young mothers who day in and day out face the predictable tedium of caring for a home and small children, fixing meals, dealing with repairmen, and generally having no one interesting to talk to and nothing enjoyable to look forward to at the end of their boring and unrewarding day. The tired housewife may be inwardly resentful, envious of her husband's job, and guilty about her feelings. But rather than face them head-on, she becomes extremely fatigued.

Today, with nearly half the mothers of young children working outside the home, the tired housewife syndrome has taken on a new twist, that of conflicting roles and responsibilities and guilt over leaving the children, often with an overlay of genuine physical exhaustion from trying to be all things to all people.

Emotionally induced fatigue maybe compounded by sleep disturbance that results from the underlying psychological conflict. A person may develop insomnia or may sleep the requisite number of hours but fitfully, tossing and turning all night, having disturbing dreams, and awakening, as one woman put it, feeling as if she 'had been run over by a truck'.

Understanding the underlying emotional problem is the crucial first step toward curing psychological fatigue and by itself often results in considerable lessening of the tiredness. Professional psychological help or career or marriage counseling may be needed.

Questions About the Reading

1. How can you cure physical fatigue?
2. What is 'tired housewife syndrome'?
3. Why might physical activity help cure some types of fatigue?
4. What is your type of fatigue?

Writing Assignments

1. Write an essay in which you identify and describe at least three activities that would cause physical fatigue.
2. Everyone feels bored now or sometimes. Write an essay in which you classify the types of situations that make you bored. Describe each type to show it is boring.

Deems Taylor

The Monster

He was an undersized little man, with a head too big for his body – a sickly little man. His nerves were bad. He had skin trouble. It was agony for him to wear anything next to his skin coarser than silk. And he had delusions of grandeur.

He was a monster of conceit. Never for one minute did he look at the world or at people, except in relation to himself. He was not only the most important person in the world, for himself; in his own eyes he was the only person who existed. He believed himself to be one of the greater dramatists in the world, one of the greatest thinkers, and one of the greatest composers. To hear him talk, he was Shakespeare, and Beethoven, and Plato, rolled into one. And you would have had no difficulty in hearing him talk. He was one of the most exhausting conversationalists that ever lived. An evening with him was an evening spent in listening to a monologue. Sometimes he was brilliant; sometimes he was maddeningly tiresome. But whether lies was being brilliant or dull, he had one sole topic of conversation: himself. What he thought and what he did.

He had a mania for being in the right. The slightest hint of disagreement, from anyone, on the most trivial point, was enough to set him off

on a harangue that might last for hours, in which he proved himself right in so many ways, and with such exhausting volubility, that in the end his hearer, stunned and deafened, would agree with him, for the sake of peace.

It never occurred to him that he and his doing were not of the most intense and fascinating interest to anyone with whom he came in contact. He had theories about almost any subject under the sun, including vegetarianism, the drama, politics, and music; and in support of these theories he wrote pamphlets, letters, books... thousands upon thousands of words, hundreds and hundreds of pages. He not only wrote these things, and published them-usually at somebody else's expense – but he would sit and read them aloud, for hours, to his friends, and his family.

He wrote operas; and no sooner did he have the synopsis of a story, but he would invite – or rather cummon – a crowd of his friends to his house and read it aloud to them. Not for criticism. For applause. When the complete poem was written, the friends had to come again, and hear that read aloud. Then he would publish the poem, sometimes years before the music that went with it was written. He played the piano like a composer, in the worst sense of what that implies, and he would sit at the piano before parties that included some of the finest pianists of his time, and play for them, by the hour, his own music, needless to say. He had a composer's voice. And he would invite eminent vocalists to his house, and sing them his operas, taking all the parts.

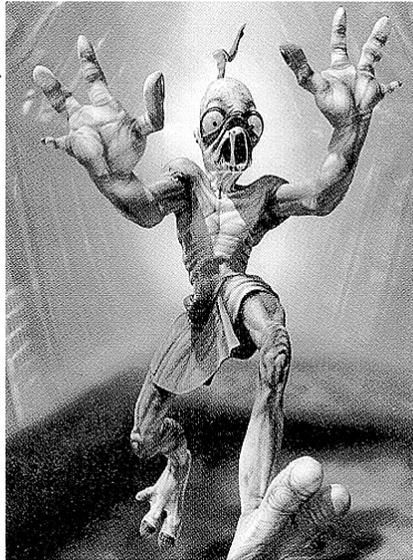
He had the emotional stability of a six-year-old child. When he felt out of sorts, he would rave and stamp, or sink into suicidal gloom and talk darkly of going to the East to end his days as a Buddhist monk. Ten minutes later, when something pleased him, he would rush out of doors and run around the garden, or jump up and down on the sofa, or stand on his head. He could be grief-stricken over the death of a pet dog, and he could be callous and heartless to a degree that would have made a Roman

emperor shudder.

He was almost innocent of any sense of responsibility. Not only did he seem incapable of supporting himself, but it never occurred to him that he was under any obligation to do so. He was convinced that the world owed him a living. In support to this belief, he borrowed money from everybody who was good for a loan men, women, friends, or strangers. He wrote begging letters by the score, sometimes groveling without shame, at others loftily offering his intended benefactor the privilege of contributing to his support, and being mortally offended if the recipient declined the honor. I have found no record of his ever paying or repaying money to anyone who did not have a legal claim upon it.

What money he could lay his hand on he spent like an Indian rajah. The mere prospect of a performance of one of his operas was enough to set him running up bills amounting to ten times the amount of his prospective royalties. On an income that would reduce, a more scrupulous man to doing his own laundry, he would keep two servants. Without enough money in his pocket to pay his rent, he would have the walls and ceiling of his study lined with pink silk. No one will ever know—certainly he never know—how much money he owed. We do know that his greatest benefactor gave him \$6,000 to pay the most pressing of his debts in one city, and a year later had to give him \$16,000 to enable him to live in another city without being thrown into jail for debt.

He was equally unscrupulous in other ways. An endless procession of



In this essay, Deems Taylor describes a totally unpleasant man. In each paragraph, he piles detail upon detail until we find ourselves wondering, 'How bad can one man be?' Near the end, though Taylor identifies his subject and offers some possible explanations – some surprising ones – for the 'monster's' bad nature.

women marched through his life. His first wife spent twenty years enduring and forgiving his infidelities. His second wife had been the wife of his most devoted friend and admirer, from whom he stole her. And even while he was trying to persuade her to leave her first husband he was writing to a friend to inquire whether he could suggest some wealthy woman-any wealthy woman-whom he could marry for her money.

He was completely selfish in his other personal relationships. His liking of his friends was measured solely by the completeness of their devotion to him, or by their usefulness to him, whether financial or artistic. The minute they failed him – even by so much as refusing a dinner invitation – or began to lessen in usefulness, he cast them off without a second thought. At the end of his life he had exactly one friend left whom he had known in middle age.

He had a genius for making enemies. He would insult a man who disagreed with him about the weather. He would pull endless wires in order to meet some man who admired his work and was able and anxious to be of use to him – and would proceed to make a mortal enemy of him with some idiotic and wholly uncalled – for exhibition of arrogance and bad manners. A character in one of his operas was a caricature of one of the most powerful music critics of his day. Not content with burlesquing him, he invited the critic to his house and read him the libretto aloud in front of his friends.

The name of this monster was Richard Wagner. Everything I have said about him you can find on record – in newspapers, in police reports, in the testimony of people who knew him, in his own letters, between the lines of his autobiography. And the curious thing about this record is that it does not matter in the least.

Because this undersized, sickly, disagreeable, fascinating little man was right all the time. The joke was on us. He was one of the world's greatest dramatists; he was a great thinker; he was one of the most stupendous musical geniuses that, up to now, the world has ever seen. The world did owe him a living. People couldn't know those things at the time, I suppose;

and yet to us, who know his music, it does seem as though they should have known. What if he did talk about himself all the time? If he talked about himself for twenty-four hours every day for the span of his life he would not have uttered half the number of words that other men have spoken and written about him since his death.

When you consider what he wrote – thirteen operas and music dramas, eleven of them still holding the stage, eight of them unquestionably worth ranking among the world's great musico-dramatic masterpieces – when you listen to what he wrote, the debts and heartaches that people had to endure from him don't seem much of a price. Edward Hanslick, the critic whom he caricatured in 'Die Meistersinger' and who hated him ever after, now lives only because he was caricatured in 'Die Meistersinger'. The women whose hearts he broke are dead; and the man who could never love anyone but himself has made them deathless atonement, I think, with Tristan and Isolde. Think of the luxury with which for a time, at least; fate rewarded Napoleon, the man who ruined France and looted Europe; and then perhaps you will agree that a few thousand dollars' worth of debts were not too heavy a price to pay for the Ring trilogy.

What if he was faithless to his friends and to his wives? He had one mistress to whom he was faithful to the day of his death: MUSIC. Not for a single moment did he ever compromise with what he believed, with what he dreamed. There is not a line of his music that could have been conceived by a little mind. Even when he is dull, or downright bad, he is dull in the grand manner. There is greatness about his worst mistakes. Listening to his music, one does not forgive him for what he may or may not have been. It is not matter of forgiveness. It is a matter of being dumb with wonder that his poor brain and body didn't burst under the torment of the demon of creative energy that lived inside him, struggling, clawing, scratching to be released; tearing, shrieking at him to write the music that was in him. The miracle is that what he did in the little space of seventy years could have been done at all, even by a great genius. Is it any wonder he had no time to be a man?

Questions About the Reading

1. Why does the writer say that the joke was on us?
2. Would you like to have known Wagner? Why?
3. Would you like to have attended one of his parties? What would you have said him?
4. Napoleon was a tyrant but also a military genius who changed the course of Western history. Why do you think the writer mentions him?
5. The writer uses colorful words to enliven his descriptive Identify five effective adjectives in those paragraphs, and five effective verbs.

Writing Assignments

1. Do you know someone who is extremely good at what he or she does but is impossible to live with? Describe that person in an essay.
2. Think of a movie, television, or sports personality whose personal behavior is disagreeable or in some way unacceptable. Write an essay using detailed examples to describe how that person's behavior influences your opinion of his or her professional achievements.

Robert Johnson

This Man Has Expired

We entered the witness area, a room within, the death chamber and took our seats. A picture window covering the front wall of the witness room offered a clear view of the electric chair, which was about twelve feet away from us and well illuminated. The chair, a large, high-back solid oak structure with imposing black straps, dominated the death chamber. Behind it, on the back wall, was an open panel full of coils and lights. Peeling paint hung from the ceiling and walls; water stains from persistent leaks were everywhere in evidence.

Two officers, one a hulking figure weighing some 400 pounds, stood alongside the electric chair. Each had his hand crossed, at the lap and wore a forbidding, blank expression on his face. The witnesses gazed at them and the chair, most of us scribbling notes furiously. We did this, I suppose, as much to record the experience as to have a distractions from the

growing tension. A correctional officer entered the witness room and announced that a trial run of the machinery would be undertaken. Seconds later, lights flashed on the control panel behind the chair indicating that the chair was in working order. A white curtain, opened for the test, separated the chair and the witness area. After the test the curtain was drawn. More tests were performed behind the curtain. Afterwards the curtain was reopened, and would be left open until the execution was over. Then it would be closed to allow the officers to remove the body.

A handful of high-level correctional officers were present in the death chamber, standing, just outside the witness area. There were two regional administrators, the director of the Department of Corrections, and the prison warden. The prisoner's chaplain and lawyer were also present. Other than the chaplain's black religious garb, subdued grey pinstripes and bland correctional uniforms prevailed. All parties were quite solemn.

At 10:58 the prisoner entered the death chamber. He was, I knew from my research, a man with a checkered, tragic past. He had been grossly abused as a child, and went on to become grossly abusive of others. I was told he could not describe his life, from childhood on, without talking about confrontations in defense of a precarious sense of self – at home, in school, on the streets, in the prison yard. Belittled by life and choking with rage, he was hungry to be noticed. Paradoxically, he had found his moment in the spotlight, but it was a dim and unflattering light cast before a small and unappreciative audience. 'He'd pose for cameras in the chair – for the attention,' his counselor had told me earlier in the day. But the truth was that the prisoner was not smiling and there were no cameras.

The prisoner walked quickly and silently toward the chair, an escort, of officers in tow. His eyes were turned downward, his expression a bit glazed. Like man before him, the prisoner had threatened to stage a last stand. But that was lifetimes ago, on death row. In the death house, he joined the humble bunch and kept to the executioner's schedule. He appeared to have given up on life before he died in the chair. En route to the chair, the prisoner stumbled slightly, as if the momentum of the event had overtaken him. Were he not held, securely by two officers, one at each

elbow, he might have fallen. Were the routine to be broken in this or indeed any other way, the officers believe, the prisoner might faint or panic or become violent, and have to be forcibly placed in the chair. Perhaps as a precaution, when the prisoner reached the chair he did not turn on his own but rather was turned, firmly but without malice, by the officers in his escort. These included the two men at his elbows, and four others who followed behind him. Once the prisoner was seated, again with help, the officers strapped him into the chair.

The execution team worked with machine precision. Like a disciplined swarm, they enveloped him. Arms, legs, stomach, chest, and head were secured in a matter of seconds. Electrodes were attached to a cap holding his head and to the strap holding his exposed right leg. A leather mask was placed over his face. The last officer mopped the prisoner's brow, then touched his hand in a gesture of farewell.



Do you favor the death penalty or oppose it? Do you think about it very much? Be warned that once you have read this sensitive and disturbing description of the final minutes before an execution, you may find it hard to stop thinking about it. Then answer the question: Must the Death Penalty be canceled or not?

During the brief procession to the electric chair, the prisoner was attended by a chaplain. As the execution team worked feverishly to secure the condemned man's body, the chaplain, who appeared to be upset, leaned over him and placed his forehead in contact with the prisoner's, whispering urgently. The priest might have been graying, but I had the impression he was consoling the man, perhaps assuring him that a forgiving God awaited him in the next life. If he heard the chaplain, I doubt the man comprehended his message. He didn't seem contorted. Rather, he looked stricken and appeared, to be in shock. Perhaps the priest's urgent ministrations betrayed his doubts that the prisoner could hold himself together.

The chaplain the withdrew at the warden's request, allowing the officers to affix the death mask.

The strapped and masked figure sat before us, utterly alone, waiting to be killed. The cap and mask dominated his face. The cap was nothing more than a sponge encased in a leather shell with a metal piece at the top to accent an electrode. I looked decrepit and resembled a cheap, ill-fitting toupee. The mask, made entirely of leather, appeared soiled and worn. It had two parts. The bottom part covered the chin and mouth, the top the eyes and lower forehead. Only the nose was exposed. The effect of the rigidly restrained body, together with the bizarre cap and the protruding nose, was nothing short of grotesque. A faceless man breathed before us in a tragicomic trance, waiting for a blast of electricity that would extinguish his life. Endless seconds passed. His last act was to swallow, nervously, pathetically, with his Adam's apple bobbing. I was struck by that simple movement then, and can't forget it even now. It told me, as nothing else did, that in the prisoner's restrained body, behind that mask, lurked a fellow human being who, at some level, however primitive, knew or sensed himself, to be moments from death.

Questions About the Reading

1. Why was the writer attending the execution?
2. Do you think the writer is fully opposed to the death penalty or just did not like attending the execution? Or is he unsure? Give examples from the essay to support your view.
3. What were you feeling while reading the essay – you were scared, inquisitive or felt compassion towards the prisoner?

Writing Assignment

Write an essay describing what you imagine jail to be like. Try to describe the actual effects you think being confined would have on you.

Pete Shields

Why Do People Own Handguns?

Answers to the question 'Why do people own or acquire handguns' are entirely different from answers to the question 'Why do people own rifles and shotguns?'

It is not at all difficult to explain why people own firearms other than handguns. From southern Florida to northern Michigan, and from Portland, Oregon, to Portland Mains, men and women have been using rifles and shotguns for hunting and for sport for as long as this country has been a country – and before. Their use of firearms-rifles and shotguns – is not part of the problem...

It is important to understand that our organization, Handgun Control, Inc., does not propose further controls on rifles and shotguns. Rifles and shotguns are not the problem; they are not concealable.

Why do people own and acquire handguns? That's the hard question. There are many answers to it. Some are perfectly logical, others questionable, and a few downright hard to figure.

Criminal Activity

After the handgun, the criminal next weapon of choice is the knife, but it is such a far second that guns used in crime outnumber knives used in crime by at least three to one. The handgun, especially one with a relatively short barrel, is the preferred weapon of crime because it is both so lethal and so easily concealed. Stuck inside the belt, only the grip or handle is visible, and a jacket or suitcoat or sweater can easily cover that small bulge. Also, the handgun slips easily into a coat, jacket pocket or purse. The inside of an automobile offers any number of handy hiding spots...

In the American Handgun War, the small, easily concealable handgun in the wrong is the enemy. For despite what the pro-pistop lobby says, guns do kilt people. One person every fifty minutes.

Self-Defence

The frightening rise in crimes of violence throughout the country has caused mere and more well-intentioned people to arm themselves. They buy guns to protect their homes and to carry with them for personal protection when traveling. Many, many people now carry handguns in their cars. Perhaps we should have not been so startled by an incident at the height of the gasoline crisis a few years ago, when one motorist shot and killed another who had cut in front of him in a filling-station line.

Unfortunately, instead of protections, what the new handgun owner owner too often gets is personal tragedy. As I found out in my original reading and as research in the area of self-defence has borne out ever since, a handgun does not protect the American home very well.

The home handgun is far more likely to kill or injure family members and friends than anyone who breaks in, and is especially harmful to young adults and to children.

Because 90 percent of burglaries take place when no one is home, the handgun bought for self-defence is very often stolen. According, to law-enforcement authorities, each year an estimated 100,000 handguns are stolen from law-abiding citizens. These guns then enter the criminal underworld and are used in more crimes. Thus, inadvertently, the solid citizen is helping, to arm the criminal class.

As a New York City police sergeant recently pointed out to a homeowner who asked if he should buy a handgun to protect his home, too often it is the homeowner himself who ends up getting shot and killed, because he most often warns the robber by saying something like 'Stop?' or 'That do you think you're doing?' Alerted, the thief turns and fires.

Another reason the handgun is not essential for home protection is that citizens in their homes don't need the one feature which most appeals to

and attracts the criminal to the handgun – its concealability. The shotgun is far more intimidating to the intruder.

In street crime, the use of a handgun for self-defence is extremely risky, with the defender often losing the weapon and having it used against his. The handgun owner Seldom even gets the chance to use his or her weapon because the element of surprise is always with the attacker. In fact, trying to use a handgun to ward off someone bent on aggravated assault makes the risk of death quite a bit higher.

For the ordinary citizen, using a handgun is seldom helpful for self-defence on the street. And, in the home, about the only way to get real protection from a personal handgun would be to have it always at the ready, perhaps in hand every time there is a knock on the door, loaded and ready to fire. That is not exactly the American way. Or my idea of a civilized society.

One question should be asked of anyone who says he or she would be willing to use a handgun to keep from being robbed: Are you sure you want to take a life-and-death risk just to keep from losing some replaceable property?

The Southland Corporation, which operates the more than 5,000 '7-11' stores, has ordered its managers and employees not to try and defend themselves against a handgun robbery attempt. The Employee's Workbook, in its Violence Prevention Procedures section, says pointedly, 'DON'T USE WEAPONS. Southland policy forbids guns or other weapon in stores. Weapons breed violence; it's dangerous to even have them in the store. The robber's weapon is already one too many!'



What are the reasons people give for owning handguns? Here is some information which will help you with answering the question.

Hunting and Target-

Shooting

In my opinion, there is only one legitimate handgun sport and that is target-shooting. It is practiced at target ranges which are properly supervised and usually quite safe. Only certain handguns are true 'sporting weapons' recognized as such by the sport's adherents.

On the other hand, 'plinking'-shooting at tin cans and other small targets – in one's backyard is not and should not be considered a serious sport. When uncontrolled and unsupervised, it can be a very dangerous practice.

Some opponents of handgun control have claimed that we are out to stop all hunting and that controlling the handgun would severely affect hunting. That is simply untrue. Handgun control would in no way abridge the freedom of the true hunter. Few if any knowledgeable hunters consider the handgun an effective hunting weapon.

There are a few hunters who do hunt with handguns, but most states place restrictions on the type of guns that can be used in hunting, the reason being that killing of game should be done in as humane a manner as possible. Small-caliber handguns are more likely to wound the animal rather than kill it outright. Realistically, only long guns, rifles and shotguns are effective firearms for hunting.

People must understand that handguns and hunters are distinctly separate issues. Because the vast majority of hunters use a rifle or a shotgun, there is no reason why their pursuit of game (and sport) should be affected by handgun control. Mixing anti-hunting sentiment with the handgun issue confuses the killing of animals with the killing of people.

Two further reasons have been advanced, to show why people should be allowed to own or acquire handguns without restriction. The first of the two, the Second Amendment argument which the NRA (National Rifle Association) has worked so hard and spent so much time and money to implant in our minds, is that there is a constitutional right to own any type of firearm. Actually, I consider their argument an excuse rather than a reason. The other 'reason', the 'macho' image argument, is more properly an explanation of an attitude or point of view which sheds some light on

why certain types of people own, acquire, and use handguns.

The Second Amendment Argument

To understand the supposed constitutional argument it is essential that the reader be familiar with the full and complete wording of the Second Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It reads: 'A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.' I would be interesting to take a poll of Americans and see how many have forgotten, or never knew the Amendment's initial twelve words. Certainly, the pro-pistol lobby has not seen fit to clarify that point. The 'militia' of the Amendment is what we all know today as the National Guard.

On five separate occasions, the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that the Second Amendment was intended to protect members of a state militia from being disarmed by the federal government. In additions to those five Supreme Court decisions, the American Bar Associations stated, in 1975, at its annual convention, that 'every federal court decision involving the amendment a collective, militia interpretation and/or held that firearms-control laws enacted under a state's police power are constitutional'.

The five cases in which the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled on the Second Amendment are: U.S.v. Cruickshank (1875); Presser v. Illinois (1886); Miller v. Texas (1894); and U.S.v. Tot (1942)...

The 'Macho' Image Argument

To many handgun buyers is owning a gun is a carry – over from the days of the Wild West, the frontier days, when the six-shooter made might, and might made the man. And in that era, one of the mightiest or most macho of men was Wyatt Earp – at least that is what many of today's handgun owners believe. Yet few of these present-day tough guys know that Earp was in fact an early proponent of handgun control. He went so far as to ban them inside the city limits. There was a law in Dodge City that no one but law-enforcement officers was allowed to carry a six-shooter in public. Earp arrested anyone who broke this law.

Psychiatrists tell us that the great frontier still lives in the minds of men who buy handguns believing the weapon will give them a stronger sense of masculinity. The deadly nature of a handgun can make the smallest man bigger than the biggest unarmed man.

As we have seen time and time again, a loaded handgun in the possession of someone driven by emotion is a time bomb ready to explode. Examples are provided by almost any newspaper on almost any day.

Clarsville, Tennessee: 'RUSSIAN ROULETTE GAME PROVES FATAL'

Austin, Texas: 'FRIENDS TRIED TO STOP HIM, HE TRIED RUSSIAN ROULETTE – AND HE LOST'

Chicago, Illinois: 'CHICAGO BOY, 9, DIES IN CLUB'S 'RUSSIAN ROULETTE' INITIATION'

Indianapolis, Indiana: 'DRIVER SHOT TO DEATH ON FREEWAY FOLLOWING RIGHT – OF – WAY DISPUTE'...

When asked by a psychologist why they had used or obtained handguns, inmates of a Florida prison told him that the main reason was for 'protection', and that if the felony they were about to commit carried a prison term of ten to twenty years, they didn't worry about the extra three years they might get because they had used a handgun. Another common answer was that they had obtained a handgun because they would rather take the chance of getting caught by the police for carrying an illegal weapon than have their friends and associates find them without one. Apparently, it is not nacho to be unarmed...

I would like to underline a point about the extent of violence in America today. It concerns the effect that all the crimes have on us whether we realize it or not.

It is said, and certainly my own experience bears it out, that until the violence touches you, no matter how great your concern may be, it still remains concern and not action.

We all deplore the statistics, and we shudder as we read the latest horror story in the newspaper or see the interview with the grieving, survivors, but until we are touched personally we seldom take action.

But the point is we already are personally touched by the amount of

violence in this country.

If you love to walk in the evening but aren't doing so because your neighborhood isn't 'as safe as it once was', or you avoid seeing certain old friends because of where they live, or if you find yourself getting up in the middle of the night to double-check doors and windows, then you are already a casualty, already a victim of the American Handgun War.

Questions About the Reading

1. The writer thinks that a handgun in the home is always a tragedy. Do you agree? Why or why not?
2. Based on the essay define your the term 'MACHO IMAGE' in your own words.
3. What are the main reasons of having a gun?
4. Would you like to have a handgun? If so, explain why.
5. What psychologists think about having a handgun? Try to find the information in the essay or give your own arguments.

Writing Assignment

Write a classification essay in which you identify and explain at least three actions for which a person should be cited for exceptional bravery.

Mike Royko

Death to the Killers

Some recent columns on the death penalty have brought some interesting responses from readers all over the country.

There were, of course expressions of horror and disgust that I would favor the quick dispatching of convicted murderers.

I really don't like to make fun of people who oppose the death penalty because they are so sincere. But I wish they would come up with some new arguments to replace the worn-out ones.

For example, many said something like this: 'Wouldn't it better to keep the killers alive so psychiatrists can study them in order to find out what makes them the way they are?'

It takes average psychiatrist about five years to figure why a guy wants to stop for two drinks after work and won't quit smoking. So how long do you think it will take him to determine why somebody with an IQ of 92 decided to rape and murder the little old lady who lives next door?

Besides, we have an abundance of killers in our prisons-more than enough to keep all the nation's shrinks busy for the next 20 years. But shrinks aren't stupid. Why would they want to spent all that time listening to Willie the Wolfsan describe his ax murders when they can get \$75 an hour for listening to an executive's fantasies about the secretarial pool?

Another standard is: 'The purpose of the law should be to protect society, not to inflict cruel retribution, such as the death penalty.'

In that case, we should tear down all the prisons and let all the criminals go because most people would consider a long imprisonment to be cruel retribution-especially those who are locked up. Even 30 days in the Cook County Jail is no picnic.

And: 'What gives society the right to take a life is an individual, can't?'

The individuals who make up society give it that right. Societies perform many functions that individuals can't. We can't carry guns and shoot people, but we delegate that right to police.

Finally: 'The death penalty doesn't deter crime.' I heard from a number of people who have a less detached view of the sensitive souls who oppose it.

For instance, Doris Porch wrote me about a hired man on Death Row in Tennessee. He hired men to murder his wife. One threw in a rape, free of charge.

Porch wrote: 'My family had the misfortune of knowing this man (the husband) intimately. The victim was my niece. After liar decomposed body was found in the trunk of her car, I made the trip to homicide with my sister.'

Sharon Rosenfeldt of Canada wrote: 'We know exactly what you are talking about because our son was brutally murdered and sexually abused

by mass murderer Clifford Olson in Vancouver.'

'Words can't explain the suffering the families of murder victims are left to live with. After two years, we're still trying to piece our lives back together mentally and spiritually.'

Eleanor Lulenski of Cleveland said: 'I'm the mother of one of the innocent victims. My son was a registered nurse on duty in an emergency room. A man walked in demanding a shot of penicillin. When he was told he would have to be evaluated by a physician, he stomped out, went to his car, came back with a shotgun and killed my son.'

'He was sentenced to life, but after several years the sentence was reversed on a technicality-it being that at the time of his trial it was mentioned that this was his second murder.'

And Susie James of Greenville, Miss.: 'My tax dollars are putting bread into the mough of at least one murderer from Mississippi who showed no mercy to his innocent victim.'

'He caught a ride with her one cold February night. She was returning to her home from her job in a nursing home. She was a widow. The murderer, whom she had befriended, struck her on the head with a can of oil. Ignoring her pleas, he forced her through a barbed-wire fence into the woods at knifepoint. He stabbed her repeatedly, raped her and left for dead.'

'When the victim's son walked down the stairs to leave the court-house after the guilty sentence had been uttered, he happened to look at the killer's mother.'

She said: 'You buzzard, watching me.'

'The murder victim was my mother.'

There are many others. The mother of the boy who angered some drunken street thugs. They shot him and then ran him over repeatedly with a car.



These are the stories of the families of murder victims. Read them very attentively and after that try to answer the following question: Why were they written?

The mother whose son and daughter were beaten to death. The brother who remembers how his little sister would laugh as they played-until she was butchered.

They have many things in common. They suffered a terrible loss, and they live with terrible memories.

One other thing they share: The knowledge that the fillers are alive and will probably remain alive and cared for by society.

Opponents of the death penalty try explaining to these people just how cruel it is to kill someone.

Questions About the Reading

1. Why do you think psychiatrists are not interested in finding out why people kill?
2. Find a paragraph with the following 'to make fun of people who oppose the death penalty because they're so sincere'. Try to explain what the writer meant by that.
3. What do the families and friends of homicide victims have in common?
4. How does the author refute the argument that the death penalty won't deter criminals?

Writing Assignment

Some people support mandatory sentencing for criminals, or ensuring that people who commit certain crimes are automatically given prison sentences of a certain length. What purpose do you think mandatory sentencing would serve. Write an essay in which you support or reject the concept of such sentencing.

Coretta Scott King

The Death Penalty Is a Step Back

When Steven Judy was executed in Indiana (in 1981) America took another step backwards towards legitimizing murder as a way of dealing with evil in our society.

Although Judy was convinced of four of the most horrible and brutal murders imaginable, and his case is probably the worst in recent memory for opponents of the death penalty, we still have to face the real issue squarely: can we expect a decent society if the state is allowed to kill its own people?

In recent years, an increase of violence in America, both individual and political, has prompted a backlash of public opinion on capital punishment. But however much we abhor violence; legally sanctioned executions are no deterrent and are, in fact, immoral and unconstitutional.

Although I have suffered the loss of two family members by assassination, I remain firmly and unequivocally opposed to the death penalty for those convicted of capital offences.

An evil deed is not redeemed by an evil deed of retaliation. Justice is never advanced in the taking of human life.

Morality is never upheld by legalized murder. Morality apart, there are a number of practical reasons which form a powerful argument against capital punishment.

First, capital punishment makes irrevocable any possible miscarriage of justice. Time and again we have witnessed the specter of mistakenly convicted people being put to death in the name of American criminal justice. To those who say that, after all, this doesn't occur too often, I can only reply that if it happens just once, that is too of ten. And it has occurred many times.

Second, the death penalty reflects an unwarranted assumption that the wrongdoer is beyond rehabilitation. Perhaps some individuals cannot be rehabilitated; but who shall make that determination? Is any amount of academic training sufficient to entitle one person to judge another incapable of rehabilitation?

Third, the death penalty is inequitable. Approximately half of the 711 persons now on death row are black. From 1930 through 1968, 53.5% of those executed were black Americans, all too many of whom were represented by court-appointed attorneys and convicted after hasty trials.

The argument that this may be an accurate reflection of guilt, and homicide trends, instead of a racist application of laws lacks credibility in light of a recent Florida survey which showed that persons convicted of killing whites were four times more likely to receive a death sentence than those convicted of killing blacks.

Proponents of capital punishment often cite a 'deterrent effect' as the main benefit of the death penalty. Not only is there no hard evidence that murdering murderers will deter other potential killers, but even the 'logic' of this argument defies comprehension.

Numerous studies show that the majority of homicides committed in this country are the acts of the victim's relatives, friends and acquaintances in the 'heat of passion'.

What this strongly suggests is that rational consideration of future consequences are seldom a part of the killer's attitude at the time he commits a crime.

The only way to break the chain of violent reaction is to practice non-violence as individuals and collectively through our laws and institutions.

Questions About the Reading

1. What does the writer think we should do instead of using the death penalty? What is your own alternative?
2. How do you feel about 'mistakenly convicted people being put to death in the name of American criminal justice'?
3. The writer states that she has lost two family members by assassination. Why does she do it? How does this contribute to the effectiveness of her argument?

Writing Assignment

Write a persuasive essay for or against the death penalty. Try to appeal

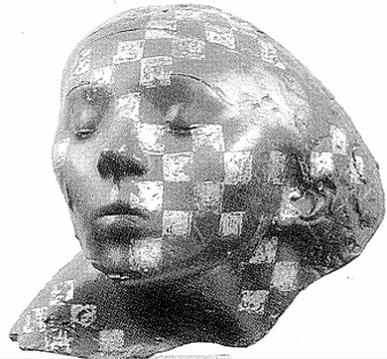
to your reader's emotions, but remember that you must still be clear and logical in your reasoning for your persuasion to be effective.

Brent Staples

A Brother's Murder

I have been more than two years since my telephone rang with the news that my younger brother Blake—just twenty-two years old—had been murdered. The young man who killed him was only twenty-four. Wearing a ski mask, he emerged from a car, fired six times at close range with a massive 44 Magnum, then fled. The two had once been inseparable friends. A senseless rivalry beginning, I think with an argument over a girlfriend – escalated from posturing, to threats, to violence, to murder. The way the two were living, death could have come to either of them from anywhere. In fact, the assailant had already survived multiple gunshot wounds from an accident much like the one in which my brother lost his life.

As I wept for Blake I felt wrenched backward into events and circumstances that had seemed light-years gone. Though a decade apart, we both were raised in Chester, Pennsylvania, an angry, heavily black, heavily poor, industrial city southwest Philadelphia. There, in the 1960s, I was introduced to mortality, not by the old and failing, but by beautiful young men who lay wrecked after sudden explosions of violence. The first, I remembered from fourteenth year – Johnny, brash lover of fast cars, stabbed to deaths two doors from my



The are many points of view about death penalty. Some think it is morally wrong and unjustifiable, some are for it. Coretta Scott King believes that the practice of nonviolence is the way to make our society a more just human place to live. In the following essay she argues for her convictions.

house in a fight over a pool game. The next year, my teenage cousin, Wesley, whom I loved very much, was shot dead. The summers blur. Milton, an angry young neighbor, shot a cross-town rival, wounding him badly. William, another teenage neighbor, took a shotgun blast to the shoulder in some urban drama and displayed his bandages proudly. His brother, Leonard, severely beaten, lost an eye and donned a black patch. It went on. I recall not long before I left for college, two local Vietnam veterans—one from the Marines, one from the Army—arguing fiercely, nearly at blows about which outfit had done the most in the war. The most killing, they meant. Not much later, I read a magazine article that set that dispute in a context. In the story, a noncommissioned officer – a sergeant, I believe—said he would pass up any number of affluent, suburban-born recruits to get hard-core soldiers from the inner city. They jumped into the rice paddies with 'their manhood on their sleeves', I believe he said. These two items—the veterans arguing and the sergeant's words—still characterize for me the circumstances under which black men in their teens and twenties kill one another with such frequency. With a touchy paranoia born of living battered lives, they are desperate to be **real** men. Killing is only machismo taken to the extreme. Incursions to be punished by death were many and minor, and they remain so: they include stepping on the wrong toe, literally; cheating in a drug deal; simply saying 'I dare you' to someone holding a gun; crossing territorial lines in a gang dispute. My brother grew up to wear his manhood on his sleeve. And when he died, he was in that group—black, male and in its teens and early twenties – that is far and away the most likely to murder or be murdered.

I left the East Coast after college, spent the mid- and late 1970s in Chicago as a graduate student, taught for a time, then became a journalist. Within ten years of leaving my hometown, I was overeducated and 'upwardly mobile', ensconced on a quiet, tree-lined street where voices raised in anger were scarcely ever heard. The telephone, like some grim umbilical, kept me connected to the Old World with news of deaths, imprisoning and misfortune. I felt emotionally beaten up. Perhaps to protect myself, I added a psychological dimension to the physical distance

I had already achieved. I rarely visited my hometown. I shut it out.

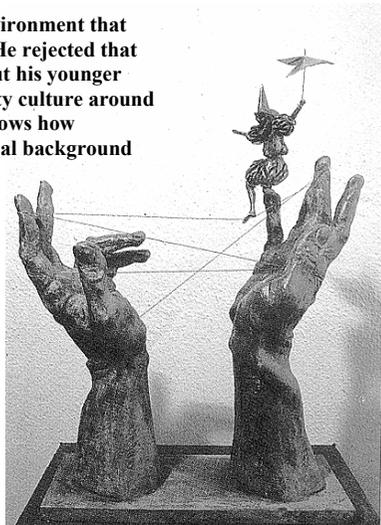
As I fled the past, so Blake embraced it. On Christmas of 1983. I traveled from Chicago to a black section of Roanoke, Virginia, where he then lived. The desolate public housing projects, the hopeless, idle young men crashing against one another – these reminded me of the embittered town we'd grown up in. It was a place when once I would have been comfortable, or at least sure of myself. Now, hearing of my brother's forays into crime, his scrapes with police and street thugs, I was scared unsteady on foreign terrain.

I saw that Blake's romance with the street life and the hustler image had flowered dangerously. One evening that late December, standing in some Roanoke dive among drug dealers and grim, hair-trigger losers, I told him I feared for his life. He had affected the image of the tough he wanted to be. But behind the dark glasses and the swagger, I glimpsed the baby-faced toddler I'd once watched over. I nearly wept. I wanted desperately for him to live. The young think themselves immortal, and a dangerous light shone in his eyes as he spoke laughingly of making fool's of the policemen who had raided his apartment looking for drugs. He cried out as I took his right hand. A line of stitches lay between the thumb and index finger. Kickback

Brent Staples grew up in the bleak, threatening environment that confronts so many poor young blacks in America. He rejected that environment and became a successful journalist, but his younger brother was trapped and consumed by the inner-city culture around him. In this essay on his brother's death, Staples shows how narrative writing can express the powerful emotional background behind a single tragic event.

from a shotgun, he explained, nothing serious. Gunplay had become part of his life.

I lacked the language simply to say: Thousands have lived this for you and died. I fought the urge to lift him bodily and shake him. This place and the way



you are living smells of death to me, I said. Take some time away, I said. Let's go downtown tomorrow and buy a plane ticket anywhere, take a bus trip, anything to get away and cool things of f. He took my alarm casually. We arranged to meet the following night-an appointment he would not keep. We embraced as though through glass. I drove a way.

As I stood in my apartment in Chicago holding-the receiver that evening in February 1984, I felt as though part of my soul had been cut away. I questioned myself then, and still do. Did I not reach back soon enough or earnestly enough for him? For weeks I awoke crying from a recurrent dream in which I chased him, urgently trying to get him to read a document I had, as though reading it would protect him from what had happened in waking life. His eyes shining like black diamonds, he smiled and danced just beyond my grasp. When I reached for him, I caught only the space where he had been.

Questions About the Reading

1. The writer describes one main event by recounting several subordinate events. What is the main event? And how many subordinate events are described?
2. What reasons does the writer give for his brother's behavior?
3. In paragraph 3, what does the expression 'with their manhood on their sleeves' mean?
4. How does the writer let you know that this essay is about more than his brother's death? What comment is he making on American society?
5. In paragraph 6, what details does the writer use to give the reader an idea of his brother's character?

Writing Assignment

Write an essay narrating an event in which someone important to you-a brother or sister, a friend, or a friend's child-did something foolish or dangerous. Try to show the reader how you reacted to the incident.

Friends, Good Friends – and Such Good Friends

Women are friends, I once would have said, when they totally love and support and trust each other, and bare to each other the secrets of their souls, and run-no questions asked-to help each other, and tell harsh truths to each other (no, you can't wear that dress unless you lose ten pounds first) when harsh truths must be told.

Women are friends, I once would have said, when they share the same affection for Ingmar Bergman, plus train rides, cats, warm rain, charades, Camus, and hate with equal ardor Newark and Brussels sprouts and Lawrence Welk and camping.

In other words, I once would have said that a friend is a friend all the way, but now I believe that's a narrow point of view. For the friendships I have and the friendships I see are conducted at many levels of intensity, serve many different functions, meet different needs and range from those as all-the-way as the friendship of the soul sisters mentioned above to that of the most nonchalant and casual playmates. Consider these varieties of friendship:

1. Convenience friends. These are the women with whom, if our paths weren't crossing all the time, we'd have no particular reason to be friends: next-door neighbor, a woman in our car pool, the mother of one of our children's closest friends or maybe some mommy with whom we serve juice and cookies each week at the Glenwood Co-op Nursery.

Convenience friends are convenient indeed. They'll lend us their cups and silver wear for a party. They'll drive our kids to soccer when we're sick. They'll take us to pick up our car when we need a lift to the garage. They'll even take our cats when we go on vacation. As we will for them.

But we don't, with convenience friends, ever come too close or tell too much; we maintain our public face and emotional distance. 'Which means, – says Elaine, that I'll talk about being overweight but not about being depressed. 'Which means I'll admit being mad but not blind with, rage. Which means I might say that we're pinched this month but never that I'm

worried sick over money.'

But which doesn't mean that there isn't sufficient value to be found in these friendships of mutual aid, in convenience friends.

2. Special interest friends. These friendships aren't intimate, and they needn't involve kids or silver wear or cats. Their value lies in some interest jointly shared. And so we may have an office friend or a yoga friend or a tennis friend or a friend from the Women's Democratic Club.

'I've got one woman friend,' says Joyce, 'who likes, as I do, to take psychology courses. Which makes it nice for me-and nice for her. It's fun to go with someone you know and it's fun to discuss what you've learned, driving back from the classes.' And for the most part, she says, that's all they discuss.

'I'd say that what we're doing is doing together, not being together,' Suzanne says of her Tuesday-doubles friends. 'It's mainly a tennis relationship, but we play together well. And I guess we all need to have a couple of playmates.'

I agree.

My playmate is a shopping friend, a woman of marvelous taste, a woman who knows exactly where to buy what and for the more is a woman who always knows beyond a doubt what one ought to be buying. I don't have the time to keep up with what's new in eye shadow, hemlines, and shoes and whether the smock look is in or finished already. But since (oh shame!) I care A lot about eye shadow, hemlines and shoes, and since I don't want to wear smocks if the smock look is finished, I'm very glad to have a shopping friend.

3. Historical friends. We all have a friend who knew us when... maybe way back in Miss Meltzer's second grade, when our family lived in that three-room flat in Brooklyn, when our dad was out of work for seven months, when our brother Allie got in that fight where they had to call the police, when our sister married the endodontist from Yonkers and when, the morning after we lost our virginity, she was the first, the only friend we told.

The years have gone by and we've gone separate ways and we've little

in common now, but we're still intimate part of each other's past. And so whenever we go to Detroit we always go to visit this friend of our girlhood. Who knows how we locked before our teeth were straightened. Who knows how we talked before our voice got un Brooklyned. Who knows what we ate before we learned about artichokes. And who, by her presence, puts us in touch with an earlier part of our-self, a part of our-self it's important never to lose.

'What this friend means to me and what I mean to her,' says Grace, 'is having a sister without sibling rivalry. We know the texture of each other's lives. She remembers my grandmother's cabbage soup. I remember the way her uncle played the piano. There's simply no other friend who remembers those things.'

4. Crossroads friends. Like historical friends, our crossroads friends are important for what was-for the friendship we shared at a crucial, now past, time of life. A time, perhaps, when we roomed in college together; or worked as eager singles in the Big City together; or went together, as my friend Elizabeth and I did through pregnancy, birth and that scary first year of new motherhood.

Crossroads friends forge powerful links, links strong enough to endure with not much more contact than once-a-year letters at Christmas. And out of respect for those crossroads years, for those dramas and dreams we once shared, we will always be friends.

5. Cross-generational friend. Historical friends and crossroads friends seem to maintain a special kind of intimacy-dormant but always ready to be revived- and though we



Do you know what friendship is? Are you sure you know what friends mean to you? Do you know friend can be classified? How? Here you are!

may rarely meet, whenever we do connect, it's personal and intense. Another kind of intimacy exists in the friendships that form across generations in what one woman calls her daughter's mother and her mother-daughter relationships.

Evelyn's friend is her mother's age – 'but I share so much more than I ever could with my mother' – a woman she talks to of music, of books and of life. 'What I get from her is the benefit of her experience. What she gets and enjoys- from me is a youthful perspective. It's a pleasure for both of us.'

I have in my own life a precious friend, a woman of 65 who has lived very hard, who is wise, who listens well; who has been where I am and can help me understand it and who represents not only an ultimate ideal mother to me but also the person I'd like to be when I grow up.

In our daughter role we tend to do more than our share of self-revelation; in our mother role we tend to receive what's revealed. It's another kind of pleasure-playing; wise mother to a questing younger person. It's another very lovely kind of friendship.

6. Part-of-a-couple friends. Some of the women we call our friends we never see alone- we see them as part of a couple at couple's parties. And though we share interests in many things and respect each other's views we aren't moved to deepen the relationship. Whatever the reason, a lack of time or- and this is more likely- a lack of chemistry our friendship remains in the context of a group. But the fact that our feeling on seeing, each other is always, 'I'm so glad she's here' and the fact that we spend half the evening talking together says that this too, in its own way, counts as a friendship.

(Other part-of-a-couple friends are the friends that came with the marriage, and some of these are friends we could live without. But sometimes, alas, she married our husband's best friend; and sometimes, alas, she is our husband's best friend. And so we find ourself dealing with her, somewhat against our will, in a spirit of what I'll call reluctant friendship.)

7. Men who are friends. I wanted to write just of women friends, but

the women I've talked to won't let me—they say I must mention man-woman friendship too. For these friendships can be just as close and as dear as those that we form with women. Listen to Lucy's description of one such friendship:

'We've found we have things to talk about that are different from what he talks- about with husband and different from what I talk about with his wife. So sometimes we call on the phone or meet for lunch. There are similar intellectual interests- we always pass on to each other the books that we love-but there's also something tender and caring too.'

In a couple of crises, Lucy says, 'he offered himself, for talking and for helping. And when someone died in his family he wanted me there. The sexual, flirty part of our friendship is very small but, **some**- just enough to make it fun and different.' She thinks – and I agree – that the sexual part, though small is always **some**, is always there when a man and a woman are friends.

It's only in the past few years that I've made friends with men, in the sense of a friendship that's **mine**, not just part of two couples. And achieving with them the ease and the trust I've found with women friends has value indeed. Under the dryer at home last week putting on mascara and rouge, I comfortably sat and talked with a fellow named Peter. Peter, I finally decided, could handle the shock of me minus mascara under the dryer. Because we care for each other. Because we're friends.

8. There are medium friends, and pretty good friends, and very good friends, indeed, and these friendships are defined by their level of intimacy. And what we'll reveal at each of these levels of intimacy is calibrated with care. We might tell a medium friend, for example, that yesterday we had a fight with our husband. And we might tell a pretty good friend that this fight with our husband made us so mad that we slept on the couch. And we might tell a very good friend that the reason we got so mad in that fight that we slept on the couch had something to do with that girl who works in his office. But it's only to our best friends that we're willing to tell all, to tell what's going on with that girl in his office.

The best of friends, I still believe, totally love and support and trust each other, and bare to each other the secrets of their souls, and run-no questions asked- to help each other, and tell harsh truths to each other when they must be told.

But we needn't agree about everything (only 12-year-old girl friends agree about **everything**) to tolerate each other's point of view. To accept without judgement. To give and to take with pit ever keeping score. And to be there, as I am for them as they are for me, to comfort our sorrows, to celebrate our joys.

Questions About the Reading

1. What is the definition of women friends you find the most original? Why?
2. Why does the writer refer to special-interest friends as playmates?
3. Why do you think Viorst uses the order she does in discussing different kinds of friends? What is the order that she uses-time, space, or importance?

Writing Assignments

1. Classify some of the people you know based on some category-perhaps study methods, sense of humor (or lack of it), taste in clothes, or levels of physical fitness. Use examples to clarify your classifications.
2. What your own classification of friends would you represent and in what order. Try doing it in an essay. Before writing the essay think of the friends you have.

Marvin Cetron and Thomas O'Toole

Encounters With the Future

Encounters with the Future (Excerpt)

The majority of us will be better off in the year 2000 than we are today. We'll feel better, we'll look better, and we'll live longer. Of course, there

will be change, but it won't be the kind of change that worsens our lot in life. There will be hardship, but most of it will be the kind of hardship we can endure and overcome.

You can expect an 8 percent per year inflation rate out to the year 2000, which is an acceptable rate of inflation. That means that interest rates in the world will stabilize at percent, which is a livable rate of interest for people who want to own cars, 11 appliances, and their own homes. There will be fewer billionaires, but that will be the result of tax reform cuts, which after all are long overdue in the United States. There will also be fewer Americans living in poverty, as jobs and welfare reforms are made through the years ahead. Do you want to be rich? The top entertainer's or professional athlete's already high salary will be tripled by cable television. You will retire later as you live longer. Taxes will do down as stock prices go up and as America reindustrializes robot factories to raise productivity. The energy crisis will be a crisis of the past when we begin to generate nuclear electricity with fusion power for the first time.

Cars will cost twice what they do today but they will be half their present weight and get twice the gasoline mileage. Automobile lifetimes will double in the next twenty years, in part because people will once more put a value on durability. Cars will be safer because they'll all be smaller.

In the United States, the future looks south. The only thing that will restrict mass migrations to the Sun Belt is a water shortage. Look for much of the world to suffer water shortage, but look for much of the world to solve its water shortage. Look for the countries of the Middle East to build nuclear desalting plants, and look for the United States to tow glaciers out of the Arctic to the East and West coasts to tap them for their water.

There will be medicines that improve and restore memory and prevent senility. There will be pills that cure fear of heights, fear of elevators, and fear of flying. Men will take drugs to grow hair, women will take drugs to keep their hair from turning gray. There will be a nutlike snack to keep teeth white, strong, and free of cavities. There will be a hormone for weight control, another for growth control, and a third for memory control. There will be a nonaddictive painkiller more powerful than morphine. There will be medicines that cure addictions to drugs and alcohol.

Ahead of us lie vaccines to prevent tuberculosis and immunize people against their own tumors, the kinds of cancer like breast cancer that appear to be caused by viruses and seem to run in families. People with genetic disease will undergo gene therapy, where the abnormal gene is removed and a healthy gene is spliced in to take place. There will be new drugs to dissolve blood clots and gallstones. There will be an artificial liver, an artificial spleen, and an artificial pancreas. There will be artificial blood that can be given to people with any blood type and that carries none of the risk of infections that human blood can.

We will soon enter a checkless and cashless society. Funds will be transferred by voiceprint, and almost nobody will shop in person. Two-way home television will let you dial a store, check prices on your screen, and order by credit card. You will still need cash, but instead of carrying it around you'll stop at your neighborhood automated teller and withdraw it when you need it. Don't be frightened by depression talk. The United States is depression-proof, partly because of the ongoing computer revolution that exercises such tight controls on money supply.

We can anticipate big things from the large Space Telescope after it's put into orbit in 1985. The Space Telescope will tell us the precise age of the universe, whether black holes exist, and what quasars are all about. The Space Telescope should also tell us if the cosmos will go on expanding forever or it will explode again in another Big Bang. This will be a heavy cosmological answer to a heavy cosmological question and will alter religious thought for centuries to come.

The strongest, most stable country in the world will continue to be the United States. Second in turn will be Australia and Canada, mostly because they're so rich in raw resources. The Soviet Union will have domestic trouble in the years ahead. The Russian race will be a minority in their country, and the Soviet Union will face the instability that comes with minority rule.

We expect wars to break out in the last part of the century, but they will be small border conflicts compared with what the world has lived through in the first half of this century. There will be no nuclear wars between the

sup empowers. The years ahead may be difficult, but on the whole they are years of hope and promise.

Questions About the Reading

1. Can you guess the year of this selection writing? What are the details which can help you with it?
2. Do you Believe fortunetellers and horoscopes? Why or why not?
3. What are the events or things which have been realized?
4. Comment the following: 'There will no longer be money', 'There will be fewer billionaires and fewer poor people'.
5. What are the Questions people are often interested in? Why?

Writing Assignments

1. In the essay all the predictions are perfect. Write your own essay describing the possible and, maybe, impossible ways of making our dreams and expectations come true.
2. Which of the predictions you like most of all? Why?

Edited by Robert Weil

Omni Future Almanac

Are you still interested in your future? What do you expect to find in all predictions fortunetellers, horoscopes offer?



We've been always interested in our future. Some of us, the bravest ones, went to fortunetellers, others stayed at home very attentively reading different horoscopes trying to find something special and very happy in their future. Why are we doing everything to know our future? Are we so curious or it is something else?

Would you like to live and work in space? Is that possible?

World Population Totals

From Stone Age to Space Age Historical demographers estimate that the total world population around the end of the Stone Age in Europe (about 700 BC) stood between 5 and 10 million people. By the dawn of the Christian Era, the human number had risen to about 300 million. At the beginning of the modern age in Europe, seventeen centuries later (1650), the population had risen again, to about 500 million, representing a growth rate in world population of little more than 20,000 people per year.

After 1650, the course of human population growth changed radically. It took ninety centuries for world population to increase from 16 million to 500. The next 500 million in growth took only a century and a half. And the largest explosion was yet to come.

The population soared, to 1 billion in 1800 to 1.6 billion in 1900, and then to 2.5 billion in 1950. This unparalleled growth of 900 million occurred despite two devastating world wars.

The next bust or population growth, from 2.5 to 3.8 billion, occurred over a much shorter span of time in just two decades between 1950 and 1970. Finally, the 1970s witnessed by far the fastest grown yet, from 3.6 to 4.4 billion. Thus, the growth of the last forty years has roughly equaled the growth of the entire previous history of mankind.

The Future Prospect. Our world population growth rate is beginning to decelerator, but the gross totals continue to mount. Eighty million new human beings are born each year. Even the most conservative forecasters project a total world population of around 6 billion by the turn of the century.

Space Carrers

By 2050, it is estimated that thousands of people will be living, in space. Here's a list of likely job opportunities.

Computer Programmers and hardware experts. These people will be essential to the success of any space industry their expertise will range

from navigation to robotics.

Space habitual builders.

Industrial engineers. People will be needed to run equipment, oversee mining, operations, act as robot technicians, and perform countless other tasks Flight crewmembers for shuttle flights.

Support and life-sustaining industries. Job opportunities will include hotel management and restaurant or food service positions.

Manufacturing and mining. The weightlessness of space may make steel production a reality in many space settings.

Living In Space

The urge to reach out and settle new regions has persisted in every age of human history. Wherever people have been able to conceive of viable habitations – from the frigid Arctic to windswept tropical islands-they have moved and often prospered.

Now the ultimate unexplored reaches of space lie open for pioneering settlements. Plans are already drawn for several types of space colonies, and the implementation of these ideas should follow swiftly on the heels of space manufacturing projects and military development. Orbital space may soon become like the old West-the preserve of rugged miners and builders, dreamers and soldiers.

We stand on the threshold of human habitation of space. Our grandchildren may come down to earth to visit us only on holidays. The path toward space colonization can be seen clearly in projects proposed over the next twenty years.

Space Stations the Johnson Space Center in Houston, meanwhile, has plans for an American space station that would orbit some 300 kilometers above the planet, Eight to twelve people would inhabit the \$9 billion facility, coordinating American activity in space.

Moon Station Outer space scientists propose the moon as a practical alternative to an orbiting space station They point out that coordination of

the facility could be handled from the moon with ease, while a moon base could double as a mining operation or factory.

The most striking moon plans come from Georg von Tiesenhausen and Lesley Darbro of the Marshal Space Flight Center. Their idea is to place a factory on the moon that would manufacture parts for an identical factory that would in turn make more parts.

Even as early as 1952, John Von Neumann proposed an elaborate theory for a self-replicating factory. Employing his basic ideas, the Marshal team produced engineering plans for a moon factory that would use the lunar surface's raw materials to create new factories. The facility would have four parts: 1) a collection unit that would mine material, 2) a process unit that would manipulate these resources, 3) a production system that would fabricate them into subassemblies, and 4) a universal constructor, a maze of computers and robots that would arrange the pieces according to detailed instructions into a replica of the original facility. Each new plant, of course, would contain its own universal constructor, endowing the operation with a robotic immortality.

The first moon factory could manufacture its counterpart within one year. Within thirty years, such methods would increase the number of factories to 1,000.

The Marshal team points out, however, that engineers would stop the replication process before this point and would retool the existing plants to make other products. Within one generation, a major manufacturing center on the moon could develop.

Space Colonies. Author and scientist Gerard O'Neill's dream of a civilian space colony remains well off in the future, but it will be technically feasible by 2010. O'Neill proposes a city of 10,000 people that would be built for orbit above the earth. The cylindrical city would spin slowly along its major axis, creating a semblance of gravity. Environment engineering techniques already in use today could cover the surface of the cylinder city with a verdant setting of grass and trees. Fiber optic light would simulate the passing of the sun overhead, so that citizens would not suffer chrono-biological shock.

The most serious drawback to this design would be the missing sky. If 'up' in the cylinder is a view of its opposite side, people could suffer from the consequences of prolonged vertigo, for they would look up and see other people and buildings that would be standing upside down. One solution might be to generate a gentle haze along the cylinder's midline. This covering would preclude any sunny days in the colony but would give the impression of a cloudy sky overhead, rather than the looming presence of a suspended village. More likely than full space colonies in the short term are transient construction camps. If factories and other commercial facilities are to be built and maintained in space, they will need quarters for the construction and maintenance teams. At first, these jobs would be handled by shuttle crews, but eventually a permanent presence would be required. Some smaller version of O'Neill's cylinder may be used to give workers a suitable living habitat that would have both 'inside' and 'outside' areas. Such environmental amenities would make workers' stay in space physically and psychologically less trying. By 2050, there may be 7,500 people living in space.

Question's About the Reading

1. What evidence do we have about a population problem in the future?
2. What other professions could you add to the list suggested above? Why?
3. What would make workers stay in space for a long time? In what way?
4. Living in a space colony. Does this idea attract you? Why or why not?

Writing Assignment

Imagine the following situation: You are living and working in space. You're doing well and your family are proud of you. But the family have some problems. And these problems are... Write an essay describing the problems people have there, and why.